

constant cross-streams from streets opening into these, and the vast number of vehicles of all kinds, are taken into consideration, the problem to be solved assumes a most serious aspect. Then one must include the frequent stoppages caused to the bedlam of wheels by the constantly increasing number of foot-passengers, on an occasion of such interest. On such a day as a Londoner would say, "Cheapside is a sight." This street forming as it does the connecting link between Cornhill and Holborn, and in the heart of the business part of the city, is overflowing with traffic at any time. But to-day it is packed as tightly as a box of sardines. From the general post office, clean up to Bow church, from Bow church clean down to the Mansion House, five rows of creeping, struggling vehicles line the pavement. Were these all moving in the same direction; were there no cross stream of the slow-moving trucks from adjacent streets; were none of the foot-passengers under necessity to cross from one side of the way to the other; were a few policemen where they were wanted, there would be no difficulty. But the long, snake-like rows, do not move in the same direction; constant accessions pour in from all sides; every pedestrian on the right-hand side of the way, has occasion to cross at the eminent peril of his bones to the left side, and vice versa; policemen are few, and the difficulty great. Misery, which loves company, is a great leveller and rejoices in seeing all here on an equality. The fine carriage of the rich, keeps pace with the dirty barrow of the equally dirty street hawker.

At the Mansion House the jam becomes frightful. Barrows, cabs, dustcarts, buses, heavy trucks, dogcarts, light trucks, traps, trains, barouches, all in the same fix. A corner in wheels! Ladies poke fine bonnets out of carriage windows, and scream faint screams of amazement at the situation. Agile boys dart about among the wheels, and under the noses of horses; fiery-nosed men, loquacious women, and shrill-voiced youths offer their wares at your coach windows. Wondergazes out, impudently stares in. "May we never meet again," says one gentleman whose cab has moved twenty feet in as many minutes to another by his side. "I applaud your words to the echo," replies the other. "Chaff" flies freely. Jokes are cracked as well as whips. Finally the jam gives way. Somebody has succeeded to get out of everybody's way. Lucky somebody! He is ahead. Whips snap; drivers shout to straining horses; bystanders cheer with what little breath they can get; and we are not sorry to get away, although the only glimmer of the day's splendour that we carry with us, is a penny view of the Lord Mayor's show.

In the docks everything is confusion. Boxes and bales going aboard, and bales and boxes coming ashore. Baggage being claimed and disclaimed. Hurry and bustle, noise and dirt. A long string of A. B.'s dragging their song out and their line in. Swarms of coolies jabbering wildly over a bundle which is scarcely a load for one man.

Few words for those who elasp our hands, and press our lips!—Such a moment is so sacred for words, idle and deceitful as they often are. But there is One who reads the tender thoughts that cannot find utterance; and in some mysterious way—by the pressure of the hand, the throbbing of the heart, the tear dimmed eye—perhaps reveals them.

The gates are opened, and we pass from the dock. Sunset finds us running down the river, with the broad, misty, cold marshes on either hand. Night comes on. The lights of Woolwich glide into those of Gravesend. Trains on elevated lines of railway, shoot like meteors across the sky. Steamers dash by; barges creep from under our bows with slow-flapping sails; furnaces throw lurid paths across the turbid water. Night passes on, and we catch our last glimpse of Old England's chalky cliffs through the hazy morning, looking for all the world like the Cobi-quid Hills after a fall of snow.

On Monday the 14th we sight the coast of Portugal, the Bird Rocks; then long, vine-clad hills sloping down to the blue sea, dotted with white villas, and beautiful in the warm glow of the mid-day sun. A distant view of a city by the sea, with Cape Race looming up hazy and graveled in the dim distance; showing as we approach nearer bold cliffs, with corrugated sides, lofty peaks, and, nestling in a cosy recess where the hillsides look like gold, a white convent.

Sundown, and Gibraltar still in the distance! Our hopes of seeing that grim fortress by daylight are to be disappointed. Land on each side now; on this Algeria; on that Gibraltar. The "pillars of Hercules" tower above us in the darkness, and are long the twinkling lights of Gibraltar shine out like a valley full of fallen stars. On the African coast

is another town, Centa, they call it, just behind the Cape of the same name, on which a light blinks sleepily; in striking contrast to the steady, wide-awake gaze of that on the opposite side of the strait. The mind at once associated them with African dulness and British watchfulness.

How glorious is our first sunrise in the Mediterranean! The deep blue of the sky is only equalled by the cerulean hue of the sea. The earliest rays of the sun light up the snow-capped peaks of the Siera Navadas. How like some natures; however warm the genial sun may smile upon them, their icy points are always in view.

The readers of these desultory scribbles will have observed that I attempt no imitation of geographies. This I do for two reasons: first, because I have every reason to believe that the readers of this paper are as well versed in geography as myself; and, secondly, because I detest the repetition of lessons out of school. Moreover, I seldom see an object as others see it; which quality, it may be insinuated, is especially marked when I view myself.

Neither have I adopted the sober style of a floating D. D.; but considering buoyancy to be admirably suited to a sea-voyage, I have attempted to jot down my cogitations in the lightest manner possible. If at any time I fail in this, it must be attributed to a sinking in the abdominal region, which, while it may eventually cause unusual activity in the action of particular organs, has at the best a depressing effect on the brain.

J. R. H.
Port Said, Nov. 28rd, 1881.

For the Visitor.

THE LATE REV. RICH'D. McLEARN.

BY SILAS T. RAND.

MR. EDITOR.—In reading Dr. Bill's interesting History, I was forcibly reminded among other events engraved on memory's tablet, of several incidents connected with the history of the excellent brother, whose name stands at the head of this article, whose character the doctor has so graphically and truthfully sketched. Particularly do I recall two events in his life. The one is the first time I saw him. The other is the last time I saw him. The first took place in the summer of 1827. The other in August, 1860. I saw him and heard him preach for the first time in a private house, on a week-day evening, in what is now called Brooklyn Street, in Cornwallis, N. S. No sermon that I ever heard before or since, produced so deep and so lasting an impression on my mind. The text was Isa. 3: 10, 11; "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings." Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." Distinctly to this day do I remember the divisions and subdivisions of the discourse, his tone of voice, and his method, and manner. But more vividly do I remember the deep feelings that were awakened in my breast, never to be eradicated, by that discourse. Months and years of mental struggle passed before I was sure that I had been brought out of darkness into marvellous light, and my feet placed upon "The Rock of Ages," and the "new song put into my mouth, even praise unto our God." But that day came at last, and I was enabled, by believing in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, though I could not see him, "to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

It was nearly a year after I saw him first before I saw him again—and he was then moving out from the old Baptist meeting house in Horton, followed by a portion of the overcrowded audience at the Association in 1828, to take his stand under an apple-tree, and address us from Prov. 12: 26; "The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor." And it was several years later before I had the pleasure of speaking with him. But a strong affection and reverence was awakened in my bosom for him when I first saw and heard him, as I sat on a bench in my father's kitchen, and he stood in the "backroom" telling us of the unutterable misery of the wicked, and of the eternal joys of the righteous. And that affection and that reverence were only deepened and intensified by our acquaintance and intimacy subsequently. Our friendship was never shaken by a single jar. Our looks must have been somewhat alike, for in spite of the fact that I wore glasses, and he did not, I was constantly mistaken for him. But my affection and reverence for our good, our excellent brother, culminated in our last interview. That was at his own house, in the month of August, 1860. He was then dying. When I entered the room he recognized me, and said as I grasped his hand: "I can add my testimony"—here his speech failed, but I could easily fill out the sentence, what he intended to say was plain to be understood: wanted much to wait and see him die; but as there

were evidently as many persons there, prepared to pass the night, as could be of any service, and not be in the way, I concluded to return to Halifax. Just before I left, I stepped into the room to take a farewell look of my beloved friend and brother. His eyes were closed, as though he were asleep. But he opened them, and looking me full in the face, he exclaimed in a full, strong voice, "All right." Then he closed his eyes, and seemed wandering in mind, and as though debating the question with himself or some other, and said in a somewhat feeble voice, "I'd rather die to-night." I was profoundly impressed with the scene. And a few days after I endeavored to embody his words in the following verses, which were published in the *Messenger* at the time.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-SONG.

"All right! all right!
I'd rather die to-night!
I have no wish to live,
No cause to grieve:
My hopes are firm, my prospects bright;
Triumphant over death,
Joyful I yield my breath;
Children and friends, ye
All I have I leave
In thy safe keeping, O my God, this night,
In fullest confidence, thou wilt receive
The sacred trust: I die in peace; all right!"

"All right! all right!
I'd rather die to-night!
Why should I cling to life?
I'm weary of its turmoil, toil and strife:
I long for rest!
And holy voices from the realms of light,
Are calling me away; peace fills my breast:
And all around is bright:
Oh! I shall die to-night!
All right! all right!"

"My peace is made with God;
I long have trusted in a Saviour's blood;
He's been my life, my light:
No merits of my own I plead;
With me and for me, all I need
In this dread hour I find Him. And
to-night,

While on eternity's bright verge I stand,
And full before me beams the better land,
My dying testimony I add for Him,
Who died to bless me and my soul redeem;
His love sustains me now, and in His
might
I triumph over death and hell—all right!"

Oh! I would die to-night,
Shouting—All right!
Rather than rise again to life and health,
To full prosperity, and ease, and wealth,
And worldly honors, for long coming
years.
How empty, vain, and false, the world
appears.
As seen by me to-night!
Through that soft heavenly light,
That breaks upon my ravished sight
From the celestial spheres!
All right! all right!"

"God's ways are right, all right, and al-
ways right,
When the deep fountains of my soul were
stirred

In early youth, and He, the Eternal Word,
Became my constant al-laboring theme,
To live, to labor, and to die for Him—
That choice was right—all right:
When crippled, wounded, driven from
the field,

With weapons broken, but unsullied
shield,
I dropped into the rear, though mortal
sight

Failed to discern it, that was right, all
right;
I see it clearly so to-night.
Still was I called to struggle midst the
fight.

For God, for Truth, though in a different
sphere
From what I'd willed; but I was needed
here;
The Master willed it, and 'twas right, all
right."

Yes, brother, it is right, all right:
Go to thy longed-for rest! go die to-night!
We would not longer keep thee here; Oh
no!

Thy work is done, well done; now brother,
go
To thy reward on high—Our tears will
flow,
For much we loved thee, and we sorely
grieve

To part with thee—Thou diest, and we
live
Still live to struggle midst the deadly
fight:
Brother, we too, would rather die to-
night,

If it were right, in heaven's sight;
If we were right,
Ready like thee to go
From danger, sin, and suffering below,
To thy bright land of sunshine and de-
light;

But that same grace will bear us safely
through:
Our faith grows strong to-night:
Brother, we catch the light
From thy visions bright—
The Jasper walls seem blazing full in
sight

And mingled echoes from the eternal
spheres,
Prolong their sweet vibrations in our ears,
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! All right!

Mr. M. never attempted to com-
pose in rhyme and measure. He
used to assure me that he could not
make a rhyme, were he ever so much
inclined to attempt it. But his last
utterance in my hearing was not only
rhyme, but true poetry. I have at-
tempted only to fill out this triumph-
ant Christian Death Song.

Those who knew Mr. McLearn, or
those who have read Mr. Bill's sketch,
will understand the allusion in the
verses to the fact that twenty years
before he died, he was laid aside from
the regular work of the ministry, by
the failure of his voice. He then en-
gaged in mercantile affairs. In this
capacity I never heard but one single
complaint concerning him, and that
resembled the fault that was found
with Daniel at the Persian court, on
the day of his funeral. I heard an
aged lawyer say that Mr. McLearn
was too good a man to succeed in
business. Would that there were
many more of a like weakness.

News Summary.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The plant of the Albert Mines was recently sold for \$2,500.—Two boys were drowned in the Maguadavic River and one in the St. Croix on Friday last.—The trial of Tertulius Theal for the murder of his wife ended on Thursday last, the jury finding the prisoner guilty of manslaughter.—Sir Leonard Tilley gave \$20 to the ladies' light fund of Carleton.—As Christmas and New Year comes on Sunday the Lieut. Governor has proclaimed Monday 26th and Monday Jan. 2nd as public holidays in this Province.—The primary school building at St. Stephen was destroyed by fire on Friday last. No insurance.—The Christmas holidays in the public schools begin on Friday next.—About ten days ago Mr. Thos. Pye, of Hopewell Cape, had his barn entirely destroyed by fire. Mr. Pye was poor but much respected and his neighbors clubbed together and built him another.—Work on the St. Stephen cotton mill is advancing, and so far as the machinery is concerned, will soon be completed. The boiler room was to have been only one story, but it has been deemed prudent to add another. The tower is also to receive an additional 12 feet. Four elevators are to be put in, and the "way" to the basement floor is now ready. There are now about 24 bricklayers employed. Several hundred hands are at work preparing the race for the water and the wheel pit.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The steamer "Rockdale" cotton laden, from Charleston, S. C., for Sebastopol, was ashore at Indian Harbor, on Thursday last. She is a total wreck.—The brig, "W. C. Warren" went ashore at Meteghan on Saturday last and is a total wreck. Her cargo of flour, meal, &c., is badly damaged.—Economy, is declared an export of Customs, under the survey of the Collector of Londonderry.—The 20th of January is appointed a polling day on the Canada Temperance Act for Inverness county.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Captains Irving and Muttart have closed the contract to carry the mails across the Cape during the winter season, after the "Northern Light" ceases to make her regular trips.—The steamers of the P. E. I. Steam Navigation Company are running between Charlottetown and Picot.—It would appear from some of the statements in the Island papers that the overdrafts on the Bank of Prince Edward were shipping produce from the Island and these overdrafts were made as a matter of accommodation, and that had the cashier stood his ground the calamity might have been avoided as the names of the parties to whom these payments were made are considered reliable men. The cashier only slightly overdraw his own account.—The President, John Longworth, Esq., in closing a letter addressed to the stock holders and others interested says: "We hope that the Bank's actual condition is much better than was originally reported in the excitement of the suspension."—A despatch of the 15th says: The steamship "Prince Edward" was towed into St. John's, Nfld., by the steamer "Thannon." The latter steamer found her without coal and drifting helplessly.

UPPER PROVINCES.

A petition will be presented to the next session of Dominion Parliament asking that the law be changed so that unbelievers in the existence of God may be allowed to give testimony.—The Dominion Government has now more than ten million dollars on deposit in the Banks.—Gold is said to have been discovered on the line of the proposed Gaitneau Valley Railway.—At Edmonton wheat is quoted at \$2, barley \$1.25, oats \$1, and potatoes \$1 a bushel.—The Montreal Land League is to give one thousand dollars towards the Chicago Convention of \$25,000.—The Coughnawaga Indian Chiefs are at loggerheads with the agents on the question of distributing the Government grants.—Mr. Balfour, brother-in-law of the Governor General will accompany His Excellency to Canada. He is a nephew of Lord Salisbury.—It is proposed to celebrate the Conservative success in Quebec Province, by holding a great demonstration in Montreal, at which the political leaders will speak.—Considerable difficulty is being experienced in keeping the Canadian Pacific Railway open to Portage, La Prairie owing to the drift off Manitoba.—Earl Dunmore, who is President of a Colonization Company owning land in Canada will visit the Dominion to see what progress is being made in settlement.—There was an increase of imports at Montreal in November last of \$700,000 over the corresponding month of 1880. During the eleven months expired of the present year the increase of imports was five million and a quarter.

—Mrs. Turcot, of Montreal, who lost her husband by a beam from a building of John Ogilvie & Co.'s mill falling on him has sued the firm for \$10,000 damages.—A few gentlemen in Quebec have recently purchased, it is said, some \$367,000 acres of mining lands in Beauce and Thetford, Megantic, including gold, mica and asbestos deposits, which it is said to be their intention to open and work and then offer for public sale.—Capt. John Stewart, who recently returned to Montreal from the North West Territories, says millions of dollars of foreign capital have been deposited in the banks of Winnipeg awaiting investment next spring. The captain himself has leased 100,000 acres of land in the Bow River district, which he has stocked with five thousand head of cattle and horses.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The total number of lives lost in the Vienna theatre disaster was over 1000. One man has contributed \$62,000 to aid the sufferers.—Prospectus of British and American Bank with capital of \$1,000,000 has been issued.—The property defence Association was organized at the London Mansion House. Mr. O'Donnel was refused admission.—A new land company, headed by the Duke of Manchester, has been formed in London, England, to promote colonization in the Northwest.—The Pope addressing the prelates at Rome, said that the Holy See brought to Italy not danger but prosperity.—There is some excitement in Madrid about the French advance toward

Morocco, and the Republicans are working up popular sentiment for the recovery of Gibraltar.—While the Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital of Moscow was on his way to the Commercial Bank with 300,000 roubles, he was robbed of the whole sum.—It is reported that another mine assassination plot has been discovered at the Russian imperial palace, at Gatchina, and several officers have been arrested.

FOOLED ONCE MORE.

Mr. Editor.—The most of people relish a good story, provided it be a truthful one. Tales of adventures, daring, heroism, dangers of the deep, battles, &c., all have their charms. Who amongst us could read of Robinson Crusoe half way through, and not have a desire to know the end of it. We confess being of this class. Now, the first thing we do when we receive our weekly newspaper is to hurriedly glance through it and pick out what we consider the most important items. These are generally distinguished by their headings; but you don't catch us trusting any longer to these glaring impositions. We could laugh at being fooled once or twice, but to get caught a third time is our reason for remonstrating. Two or three weeks since we got to reading what we thought was a very nice story in one of our Toronto weeklies, and towards the end it informed us about St. Jacob's Oil: we only laughed, and said humbug. The week following we noticed another heading: "How Mark Twain Entertained a Visitor." Well, thinking we might learn a little etiquette, in case Mark should take a fancy to send us an invitation, we read it, but by St. Patrick, if they didn't finish by making Mark introduce St. Jacob's Oil. Well, confound it, we exclaimed, but they have got another dose of that St. Jacob's Oil on us again, determined not to be caught so simple next time but now, sir, I admit the corn; along comes our Toronto Mail on Thursday, down we sat, and almost the first thing that caught our eye was the adventures of Capt. Paul Boynton; it appeared quite interesting; it told how he had bumped against sharks, &c. At this point we began to feel a little incredulous, because, from our knowledge of these gentry, they would relish the captain alive or dead, all the same. However, determined to learn some more of his exploits, we read a little further, when—O, well, it don't matter what we said, you can't find it in any of the dictionaries. I'm dashed if the captain wasn't oiling himself all over with St. Jacob's Oil, it may be, the more easily to evade the sharks, for we no further search, our curiosity was satisfied. Now, Mr. Editor, in order to fool us again, it will require to be printed wrong end up. We have made up our mind to look out for anything and everything in the shape of St. or Saint attached to their name.

We are sorry for the readers of any journal to be thus "taken in," so to phrase it, but what can they expect when we editors are caught in the same storm without any protection. Whilst sympathising with them, we can only admire the ability shown in any enterprise that can thus compel, as it were, the attention of people. When it is considered that only a short time ago St. Jacob's Oil was scarcely known in Canada, and now has so commended itself to the favor of the people of the Dominion as to be come the household remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, pains, bruises, chilblains, &c., and all because of its surprising efficacy in these ailments, we think it will be regarded by everybody as a matter of congratulation that we possess, so easily attainable, such a reliable means for the cure of disease. Such is our view of the matter, although we are "fooled," on an average, about five times a week. If St. Jacob can stand it, we've made up our mind to "fight it out on that line, if it takes all Winter."

Notice.

Copies of the Year Book for 1881 have been sent to the Clerks of the churches of the Maritime Provinces. Should any church fail to receive them, information of the fact should be given to the Publication Committee.

(Signed)
E. M. KEIRSTEAD { Publication
G. O. GATES { Committee.
J. W. MANNING

Notice of Sale.

To William Hurst of Carleton, in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, Carpenter, and all whom it may concern.

Take notice that there will be sold at Public auction on Saturday the Twenty-eighth day of January next, at the hour of twelve of the clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, All that certain Lot of Leasehold land and premises, with the buildings thereon situated, lying and being in Carleton, in the City of Saint John, and bounded and described in two certain indentures of assignment of Lease, by way of Mortgage, dated the seventh day of July, A. D. 1872, and the twenty-second day of July, A. D. 1873, respectively, made between the said William Hurst, of the First Part, and the Saint John Building Society of the second part, as follows:—

"That certain lot, piece, and parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Albert Ward on the Western side of the Harbour of the City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on a plan of that part of the said City, called Carleton on file in the office of the Common Clerk, by the number (86) Eight hundred and fifty-five, the said lot having a front of fifty feet, on Winslow Street, and extending back preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet, more or less, with all buildings and improvements thereon, together with all, and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the said lot, piece and parcel of land, belonging, or in any way appertaining, together with the lease thereof, from the Mayor Alderman and Commonalty of the said City of Saint John, to the said William Hurst, dated the ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty six, the unexpired term, and the right of renewal thereof.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of the power of Sale, contained in the above mentioned indentures of Assignment of Lease, by way of Mortgage, one of which is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, in and for the City and County of Saint John, as follows: in Book H. No. 6, of Records, pages 66, 67, and 419; and in Book 2, No. 6, of Records pages 263, 265, and 264, as by reference thereto will more fully appear.

And the said Sale will be made, because default has been made in the payments of the money, or contributions, secured and made payable by the said indentures of Mortgage, and by virtue of an order of the Board of Directors of the said Saint John Building Society, made for that purpose.

Terms and particulars made known at the time of Sale, or on application to the undersigned. Dated this fifteenth day of December, A. D. 1881.

WM. PUGSLEY, JR., and
R. CHAPMAN SKINNER,
Solicitors for Mortgagees.

BUY NO HOLIDAY PRESENT

Without seeing Dr. Scott's beautiful (pure braille) Electric Hair and Flesh Brushes, during the next 30 days. Everybody may have them on trial, and if they fail to cure Head-ache, Neuritis, Rheumatism, &c., and cure a few minutes or quickly cure Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness, the Price will be returned, at Drug and Fancy Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of \$2.00 by C. S. SCOTT, 40 So. Broadway, New York. Pamphlets free. dec21 31

CLUB RATES.

The CHRISTIAN VISITOR and any of the following Magazines or papers will be sent one year at following reduced rates.

Harpers Monthly cost	\$6 for \$5.30
" Weekly "	6 " 5.30
" Bazar "	6 " 5.30
Godey's Lady Book "	4 " 3.70
Agriculturalists "	3.50 3.25
St. Nicholas Mag. "	5.00 4.50
Scribners Monthly "	6.00 5.50
Wide Awake "	4.50 4.00
Babyland Monthly and a 1.50 Book cost	5.00 3.50

And most other publications at a similar discount

Exhibition 1880.

St. John, N. B.

CRAWFORD & BELL,

81 GERMAIN STREET,
Received Highest Award for the Best Sewing Machines for Family and General use. Also, Diploma for the Best Assortment of Sewing Machines.

THE above were the ONLY AWARDS offered for SEWING MACHINES at the Exhibition in St. John, N. B. 1880. Both boys awarded to Crawford & Bell for the superiority of their SEWING MACHINES over the other competitors. And for the "BEST ASSORTMENT." If you want to buy the BEST SEWING MACHINE,

Call at 81 Germain St.,

The largest assortment of First Class Sewing Machine

At 81 Germain Street,

Great Reduction in Price during the Holidays

Crawford & Bell,

81 Germain St., St. John, N.B.

All kinds of Sewing Machines repaired



Intercolonial RAILWAY.

Christmas & New Year Holidays.

Excursion Return Tickets

will be issued from all booking Stations at

ONE FIRST CLASS FARE,

from Saturday, December 24th up to and including Monday January 2nd 1882. Available to return by any Passenger Train until 4th January inclusive. D. FOTTEGGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. dec21

GOLD.

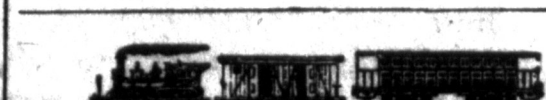
Great chance to make money. These who do not take advantage of the good chances for "making money" that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expenses outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland Maine. dec21 ly

BEST.

business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you, \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industries. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can save at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. dec21 ly

\$66.

a week in your own town. \$5 Outfit for free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. BALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. dec21 ly



Intercolonial Railway.

1881. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1882.

On and after MONDAY, the 21st Nov, the Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

RAILWAY ST. JOHN

Express, for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North 7.55 a.m. 9.00 a.m.

Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.45 a.m. 11.50 a.m.

Express for Sussex, 5.00 p.m. 5.05 p.m.

Express for Halifax, and Quebec, 7.25 p.m. 7.30 p.m.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a Pullman car for Montreal, will be attached to the Express, leaving at 7.25 p.m., and on Monday Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman car for Montreal is attached at Moncton.

WILL ARRIVE—

Express from Quebec, and Halifax, 7.30 a.m. 7.35 a.m.

Express from Sussex, 9.10 a.m. 9.15 a.m.

Accommodation from P't du Chene, 2.30 p.m. 2.35 p.m.

Express from Halifax and Point du Chene, 8.20 p.m. 8.25 p.m.

The Express train from Quebec runs to destination on Sunday morning.

Tickets and information can be procured at the City Agency, No. 74 Prince William Street

D. FOTTEGGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 14th Nov, 1881.