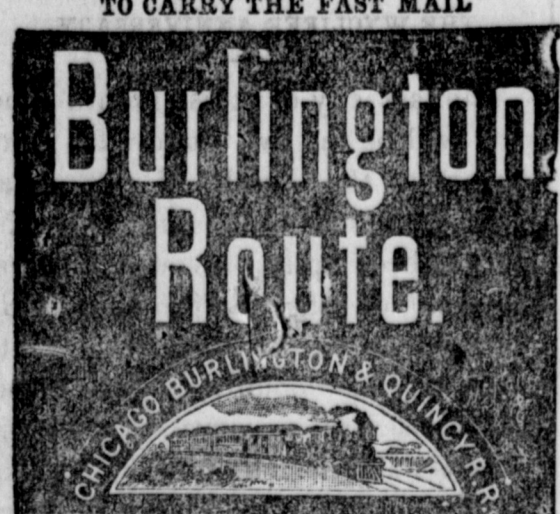


THE LINE SELECTED BY THE U. S. GOVT
TO CARRY THE FAST MAIL



GOING WEST.

ONLY LINE RUNNING TWO THROUGH
TRAINS DAILY FROM

CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS,

Through the Heart of the Continent by way
of Pacific Junction or Omaha to

DENVER,

and all points in the Far West. Shortest Line to

KANSAS CITY,

And all points in the South-West.

TOURISTS AND HEALTH-SEEKERS

Should not forget the fact that Round Trip tickets at

reduced rates can be purchased via this Great

Through Line to all the Health and Pleasure

Resorts of the West and South West, including

the Mountains of COLORADO, the Valley of the

Yosemite, the

CITY OF MEXICO,

and all points in the Mexican Republic.

HOME-SEEKERS

Should also remember that this line leads direct to

the heart of the Government and Railroad Lands in

Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Colorado and Washing-

ton Territory.

It is known as the GREAT THROUGH CAR LINE

of America, and is universally admitted to be the

Finest Equipped Railroad in the World for

all purposes of Travel.

Through Tickets via this line for sale at all Rail-

road Ticket Offices in the United States and

Canada.

T. J. POTTER,

Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager.

LOWELL,

Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago.

JNO. Q. A. BEAN, Gen. Eastern Agt.,

617 Broadway, New York, and

300 Washington St., Boston.

COOKING STOVES,

Ranges, &c.

The subscribers are showing a large assort-

ment of above goods. Being of our

Own Manufacture,

we can offer large inducements to cash

patrons.

J. HARRIS & Co.,

27 & 29 Water St.,

SAINT JOHN. - N. B.

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Incorporated 1861.

DIRECTORS:

HON. C. N. SKINNER, Judge Probates, President

JAMES CHURCHILL, Esq., M.D., Vice-President

ALEXANDER DUFF, Esq., Managing Director

GILBERT MURDOCH, Esq., C. E.

WILLIAM CHRISTIE, Esq., M. D.

DAVID A. FINCHAM, Esq., M. E.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St.

ST. JOHN. N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold

Securities, at reasonable rates.

Mortgages, City and Water Bonds are pur-

chased.

Money received on deposit at five per cent

per annum. Interest paid or compounded

half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from one

to five years, interest six per centum per

annum, payable half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from five

to ten years. Interest six per centum per

annum, payable half-yearly.

FOR SALE: Capital Stock, and four years

Stock, dividends on each payable half-yearly.

Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year

ending Dec. 31, 1881, was four per cent, on

four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REED,

Secretary-Treasurer.

NEW FALL GOODS

At McNally's.

Several car loads New Furniture (all kinds)

at greatly reduced prices. All the latest

styles in Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Hall,

I Shall Find My Loved Ones Watching.

BY UNA.

Sometime in the far away future,

I know not when or where,

I shall meet again my loved ones

And heavenly joys will share.

We shall walk the "Golden City,"

Wherever that may be,

And be clothed in robes of beauty,

And Christ's dear face we'll see.

I know not, oh, I know not,

How long I'll have to wait,

But I'll find my dear ones watching

Beside the pearly gate.

And I know that they will lead me

Up to the Great White Throne,

Where Christ himself will give me

A welcome to my home.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Faster and faster fell the snow,

Soft as feathers, silent as death; the

ruddle wind which had ushered in the

storm had long ago died away, and

now, as the night closed in, nothing

was to be heard outside but an occa-

sional muffled foot-fall or the merry

jingle of sleigh bells as people dashed

to and fro on the Christmas errands

which were necessary in spite of the

storm.

Within, all was peaceful and com-

fortable, for, although very poor, the

occupants of the low-ceiled room,

high up in the quaint, old gabled

house, always managed to keep warm

from their share of the stove, which,

in German fashion, was set in the

angle of four rooms with a glass door

opening into each. Indeed, pale

little Elaine would have drooped

even faster than she seemed to be

doing, had she been compelled to

shiver day and night in damp, chilly

air. As it was, she crouched close

to the fire and sighed at the remem-

brance of the far-off summer days

when she had been able to walk in

the fields, like other children, and

wondered how many more months it

would be before she might again de-

scend the long flight of stairs and go

into the street. The little girl felt so

lonely that she was almost inclined

to make the effort now; only she

might take cold and be still more

sick, and that would trouble Gret-

chen and make her work still harder.

Poor Gretchen! How late she was

to-night! It must be very merry up

at the big house, where she was

stitching away at the children's

dresses. Elaine wished, and confided

her opinion to her only companion, a

little gray kitten with a white star

on its forehead, and another on the

tip of its tail, that somehow Kriss

Kringle would give Gretchen some-

thing nice to bring home for supper.

Not that Elaine had felt hungry—it

was a long time since she had felt

well enough for that—but it would

seem a little more like Christmas to

have something besides black bread,

sausages and sauerkraut upon the

table, even if one could not eat it.

The kitten, however, was quite used

to sauerkraut, and considered saus-

ages a great luxury; moreover, she

knew nothing about Kriss Kringle,

and was quite contented to run after

her tail, which she did with such

comical antics, that for a moment

the little girl forgot her pain and her

loneliness, and laughed out more

merrily than she had been known to

do for a long time before.

"What a glad sound," said Gret-

chen to herself, as she climbed the

long stairs; poor, little Elaine, it is

all the Christmas festivity she will

have this year. I have only been

able to get black bread for to-night,

though I did think Madame Profes-

mother," said Elaine, as the two sis-

ters sat later in the still room, dully

lighted by the glow of the stove. She

had gotten over her disappointment

about the supper, which was, after

all, one of fancy, as she neither ate

nor desired to eat anything. Gre-

chen had brought her a little spray

of holly with five bright, red berries

upon it, but this she had insisted

upon pinning into her sister's dress,

"where she might see them," she

said. She had listened with interest

to a description of the splendors of

the Christmas tree, and the beautiful

gifts which had been hung upon its

branches, but she was tired now, and

resting her head upon her sister's

shoulder, she listened for the hun-

dredth time to the description of the

sweet, pale-faced mother, with her

soft, blue eyes, and shining, golden

hair, which she could only so dimly

remember, and the story of how the

strong, stern father, whom she did

not remember at all, was so cruel,

"only because of the beer," Gretchen

would say, beating the poor, patient

mother, speaking hard, unkind words

to her, and finally going away, across

the sea, and leaving her and her little

girls to get along in the cold world

as well as they could. When the

elder sister got as far as this she

generally became excited and doubled

up her fist, and did not feel as though

she loved her father very much, even

though it was "beer" that was re-

sponsible for his actions. But just

now she unfolded her fist to raise her

hand, and interrupted her story to

say: "Hark! there are the Christmas

bells."

"I like to fancy that the angels

ring them," said Elaine; "what do

they say to you?"

"I don't know, dearie. Christmas

is coming, perhaps."

"I hear them say, 'Peace and good

will, peace and good will.' 'Aren't

they saying it aloud, Father Greta?"

"I suppose so," said Gretchen,

accepting the rebuke. "I suppose

nobody should ever feel anything

but good will on Christmas Eve. I

know our mother did not, and I am

sure she does not now."

"Tell me more about her, Greta."

So the old story of pain and

patience, of suffering and rejoicing

was repeated, and both girls tried to

picture to themselves how their

mother was spending this Christmas

Eve. Then, as the bells continued

to ring, their thoughts went back to

the first Christmas and what it

meant; the little Child of Bethlehem,

and what he came to do for sinners,

till as the strokes were quicker and

more jubilant their notes seemed to

change from "Peace and good will"

to "Glory, glory to God in the high-

est."

"I want to go there," said Elaine,

dreamily. "I want to see the Christ-

child and mother, don't you think I

will soon, Greta?"

"God forbid," thought the elder,

with a sharp pain at her heart.

"Hark," she said aloud, and both

listening, heard a heavy step ascend-

ing the long stairs.

"This was not so uncommon, since

an old woman lived in the room on

the opposite side of the landing. But

it was uncommon that it should be a

man's step, and should pause directly

in front of their room. Then there

was a knock, and when Gretchen rose

to open the door, there stood a tall

man with slightly gray hair.

"May I come in?" he said. "I

know I don't deserve that my for-

saken daughters should forgive me,

enough to come home with, he had