THE MONTHS.

Twelve fair sisters, tall and grand,
In a palace by the sea;
Tall and fair, with graces rare,
Are those sisters by the sea;
Tall and fair, with graces rare,
And the fairest one loves me.

Some are fair with golden hair,
Some with tresses darkest brown;
Some are fair with flaxen hair,
All are the fairest ever found;
Some are fair with eyes of brown,
Some with blue eyes, like the sea;
All are fair with beauty rare,
And the fairest one loves me.

Twelve fair sisters in one home,
Full of happy songs and glee,
Corn and wine and all things rare—
Gems to ransom Kingdoms there—
All are fair with graces, rare,
And the fairest one loves me.

Coming joyously at morn
From their palace by the sea,
Singing through the world they go,
Hand in hand and three and three;
Scattering blessings as they go
From their home beside the sea;
All are fair, with beauty rare,
And the fairest one loves me.

Twelve fair maidens in the sight,
Reaping down the golden grain,
Gold and brown and chestnut hair,
Shining through the summer rain;
Falls the rain on golden grain,
Shimmering falls upon the sea;
All are fair as whions are,
And the fairest reaps for me.

Twelve sweet sisters tall and fair,
From their palace by the sea,
Reaping down the golden fields,
Singing cheerfule merrily;
Reaping in the summer time,
And the fairest reaps for me.

Twelve sweet maidens, dusk yet fair,
Under autumn's purple sun,
Kiss the apples from the trees,
Paint the apples one by one;
Singing ever merrily
Till their happy task is done;
In their vineyard by the sea,
Press their vintage in their hands,
Scatter plenty everywhere,
Clust'ring like the sea-shore's sands;
All are fair with sun-browned hair,
In their palace by the sea;
All are fair, with graces rare,
And the fairest one loves me.

A FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A COAL STOVE.

The chill breath of winter is in the air, and, as the frosty wind whistles around the house and wrestles with the blinds, the husband and father, happy that his wife and little ones are sheltered and comfortable, draws the drapery of his couch about him and is about going to pleasant dreams, when the partner of his joys and sharer of his sorrows says:

"——, you must go down and fix the stove, or the gas will strangle the baby."

Then the wretched man buttons his jacket over his night shirt, pokes his left foot into his right slipper and his right into the left, and, "drunken with sleep," feels his way down stairs, falls over the hod of coals and kindlings at the kitchen door, and invigorates the dining room like a torrent. He jerks open the stove door, and having shook it down before he went to bed and put on a fresh scuttle of coals, taking the precaution to turn off all the dampers and shut it up tight, and the stove being one of those old-fashioned patterns and styles, which always command a sale amongst people before they have any experience, it is not wonderful that he inhales a few quarts of coal gas, spits it up mixed with some hard words, bangs the door and knocks over the poker and cast iron shovel with a clang like a rolling mill in full operation. He opens the dampers, seizes the shaker, and hooking it on the grate, shakes it savagely; and the grate, which has heretofore yielded sillerly to his strength, revolves as if it was set in oil, depositing the whole fire in the ash-pan, with the exception of two or three big clinkers that wedge it up edgewise. First he tries to pull it back with the shaker, but the thing won't move. Then he gets down on his hands and knees and jabs at the clinkers with the poker, like a man stirring up a cage of animals in a menagerie, but the hot coals heat him up to another attempt on the shaker, and, springing to his feet, he braces himself for a mighty pull, when the grate slips into place like a spring lock, the shaker slides off and bangs his bare shins so he staggers back and knocks his head against the plaster partition.

Just then the night guard man rings the front door bell, and asks, "If there is a fire in there?" and having the door slammed in his face with "No, I wish there was," tells his chum at the next corner that "—— is drunk and raising an awful row."

That unhappy citizen has hurried back into the dining room, and throwing a basketful of kindlings and wood into the stove, he lights them and starts for the coal bin. Returning with a hodful of coal, he essays to pitch it dexterously into the stove. Just then a puff of wood smoke strikes him in the eyes, the edge of the scuttle strikes just below the stove door, and the contents are dashed on the floor, with the exception of the finer particles, which sift into his slippers. With the calmness of despair, he fills the stove by shovels full, and with sneezes heralding a coming cold, waits until the fire is an accomplished fact. As he reaches the chamber door, a distant wail freezes his already chilled blood, and he is welcomed back by his loving wife with:—

"I wish you could ever do anything about the house without making such a dreadful noise. Here is the baby broad awake, and I don't believe we shall get another wink of sleep to-night."

Then the poor man pulls the few hairs a virtuous life has left him, the comforts of his home fade from his mind, and he wishes he was a homeless wanderer in the cold streets, with the prospect of a warm lodging in the lock-up; but when he wakes up in the morning he regrets having harbored such thoughts.

LOOKING FOR PERKINS.

[From the New York Telegram.]

There was a sad case at the Erie Railway depot this morning. A colored man, well dressed and carrying a heavy valise, entered in something of a hurry, looked sharply around and then crowded himself into a corner as if to escape observation until the boat was ready to go over. In about two minutes a second colored man entered, breathing hard, and at his heels came a third, fourth and fifth. Directly they caught sight of the man in the corner, and as they all gathered around him he rose up and smilingly remarked:

"Good mawning, gem'len. I is down heah lookin' for a man."

"You is, eh?" sneered one of the crowd. "What's de occasion of dat satchel?"

"Dat satchel? Why, I is gwine to take my washin' over to Jersey City. You gem'len seem to be excited bout sumthing or other?"

"I guess we is," replied a third. "You is holdin' our 'lection bets, an' dis fowsin' up yer situation, packin' yer satchel an' gettin' down to the depot doan' look like the square thing.

"Gem'len, has it come to dis?" gravely asked the first. "'Cause I is holdin' $200 bet on dis 'lection, mus I be looked upon as a villyun? Can't I cum down heah to look for Mr. Perkins without bein' followed by a delegation?"

"We has concluded to draw our bets an' call the 'lection off," called out the fourth man of the party.

"Is can't be done, gem'len," smiled the stakeholder; "dat money cah only be given up when de 'lection is decided."

"I say we have a right to draw our bets," exclaimed a delegate.

"You kin say so, Brudder Johnson, but de fact stares me in de face dat you can't."

"Well, you can't jump out o' heah with dat $200!" angrily shouted a voice.

"Gem'len, dat money is right in de bank."

"What bank?"

"In a big bank in Broadway."

"What bank, I say?"

"Gem'len, d'ye spose I has nuffin to do but remember names of banks? I dun forget de name, but I kin walk right to it."

"Come on, come on," they shouted in chorus.

"Gem'len, I must find Mr. Perkins!"

"Come on!" they shouted in more determined tones; and with a look of despair in his eyes he went out with them.

Ten minutes afterwards the "delegates" were rushing through Washington Market in search of the man with a satchel, who had given them the slip. The hunt was unsuccessful, and ere this some thriving town west of New York has increased its colored population by one.

IN NEBRASKA they do not confine their efforts to raising huge pickers to fit cattle. The genus homo receives an appropriate share of attention. A Nebraska journal casually mentions a man and his wife of the vicinity whose combined weight turned the scales at 850 pounds. He weighed 450 and the lady 350 pounds. Ten children have been born unto them, seven of whom are now living, and all honest, respectable citizens. With pride does the old gentleman point to his offspring, and especially to a nineteen-year-old son, who kicks the beam at 200, stout as an ox, and as good-natured as his father. His eating capacity is enormous, half each day adds something to his avoirdupois. A six-year-old girl weighs over a hundred, and the remainder hold out in the same proportions.

LOVE'S ICY DREAM.

The other evening as a patient policeman was pacing his beat on Howard Street, a young man passed him and ran up a flight of stone steps and rang the bell. The officer heard the door open, a young lady's voice sing out, and he said to himself:

"'Tis love's young dream."

He was just moving on when another young man approached, looked up at the house, and in a sheepish way asked the officer if he had seen any one go in. He was informed of what had occurred a moment before and he gasped:—

"It was that sneaking chap from Cass avenue!"

He walked on, and the officer walked, but ten minutes later the young man climbed the stone steps with a pail of water in his hand, and emptied its contents on every stone. He was sitting on the horse-block opposite as the officer came back, meaning to stay there until his plan unfolded or until he froze to death. He didn't freeze. In about ten minutes the door opposite opened, two voices were heard for a moment, and then the young man from Cass avenue came down the steps on his ear, his elbow, his shoulder-blade, his heel, or on any other part of the human make-up. He struck the sidewalk, shot across it to the gutter, and came to a standstill with his head in the snow. There was a peal of laughter from the house as the door shut, and the watcher from the horse-block chuckled and remarked:—

"That heartless laugh was not uttered by a woman who loves—I'm hunky!"

Five minutes later he carefully crawled up the icy steps, and the good policeman heard him cordially greeted, and mused:—

"Well, if there ain't mor'n seventeen different ways of finding out if a girl loves you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FUN IN DETROIT.

The Detroiter who has a trotting-horse drives him on Cass avenue these days, and if it be a fast horse, and the owner is well off, he comes down town about dark, hunts up his lawyer, and says:

"I killed an old woman up there this afternoon. What damages do you think her heirs can recover?"

"Oh, I suppose about five hundred dollars," is the careless reply.

"Five hundred dollars, eh? Well, I ran over a boy and broke both legs."

"Call that one hundred and fifty dollars, if it was a poor man's boy," says the lawyer.

"And I drove into a gutter and smashed it, hurt a horse, and probably fatally injured a carpenter. Give me the damages in a lump."

"Well," slowly replies the lawyer, "I suppose $200 will cover it, as horses and carpenters are very cheap just now. Is that all?"

"Let's see!" muses the trotting horse owner. "Well, I have a dim recollection of looking back and seeing a dead woman on the street, but I don't think they can prove that I killed her. If you can settle the case for five or ten dollors you may do so, but carry a stiff back on the other cases, as the streets of Detroit were laid out especially for race courses."—*Free Press.*

HENRI MONNIER'S JOKES.

The Paris correspondence of the New York *Herald* relates some of the witticisms of the late Henri Monnier, the creator of Joseph Prudhomme. He says: A friend of his pointed out to him a negro who wore a white tie. "Yes," said Monnier, "he has put it on to mark where his head begins."

Monnier was as incorrigible a joker as Monnier, but one dry he was very neatly taken in by a clockmaker in the Palais Royal. Enter Monnier, pretending to be a gentleman from the country, of a very simple type, indeed.

Monnier (with strong provincial accent).—"Pray, sir, can you tell me what are those little round machines hung up in your shop window?"

Clockmaker.—"They are called watches, sir." (Unhooks one and shows it.)

Monnier.—Ah, watches, and what are they for, please?"

Clockmaker.—"To indicate the time, sir."

Monnier.—"To indicate the time! And how, pray?"

Clockmaker.—"I will show you. (Enters into brief but lucid explanation. Then concluding.) You must wind up the watch every twenty-four hours."

Monnier.—"Every twenty-four hours! Morning or evening?"

Clockmaker.—"Morning."

Monnier.—"Why morning?"

Clockmaker (blandly).—"Because, Monsieur Monnier, in the evening you are generally drunk."

Exit Monnier.

SINGULAR HARMONY OF FIGURES.

[Columbus (Ga.) Sun.]

The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits, and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45, we get a result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123,456,789 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6,666,666,666. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987,654,321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all threes except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and using 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667—all sixes except the first and last figures, which, read together, give 27, the multiplier. Next, interchanging the figures in the number 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, with 987,654,321 as the multiplicand, we obtain a product of 71,111,111,112—all ones except the first and last figures, which, read together, give 72, the multiplier.

VASSAR GIRL GRADUATES.—They have a unique custom at Vassar, says the Yale *Courant*, and without a very good one for these times, when it is much harder to get cash than to spend it. It is a custom, too, which should be brought to the notice of the student in political economy, for it creates a money value in what has not heretofore had a dollar and cent value. It is stated that if a "fair Vassarite" has a young gentleman visitor on "Phil." day, or founder's day, it seems to be generally known beforehand. As he walks to or about the college, he is at once made the cynosure of many eyes. The lady who has the good fortune to be visited disposes of the innocent subject, and the unfortunate youth is sold by auction—yes, put up, struck off, sold by the hour to the highest bidder. If he is good-looking, stylish, *distingue*, the bids run high, the excitement is intense, and the profits enormous. In this way he is disposed of for the evening, and the fair one realizes a handsome sum, enough to supply her with creams and pin money for a fortnight at least. If he does not possess those charming attributes, the bidding is languid and not much realized. Such is the custom as related by one of the traffickers.

THE NEW WESTERN BEVERAGE.—Says a writer in the Winnipeg *Herald*:—"I am informed by three different persons, neither of whom can be aware that I had any other informant on this matter, that Perry Davis' Painkiller is frequently used by both whites, half-breeds and Indians as a beverage; that it is facetiously termed Perry Davis' Cocktails; that one man connected with the Sutherland party drank thirty-two bottles of the Painkiller in three days; that the Indians put it into a kettle of water and boil it with tobacco, and drink the vile decoction; that it has the intoxicating effects of any other spirituous stimulant; that the price paid, $1 per bottle, does not deter men from buying it in sufficient quantities to make them wild, howling drunk, and that all these facts are well known to the authorities, who give permission for its conveyance to the North-West."

GARDNER'S FINANCIAL ADVICE.—While a crowd of twenty-one men stood around the coalstove in the market yesterday morning, each one facing outward and having his hands crossed behind him, Brother Gardner was asked whether he thought it was better for a man to put a dollar in the bank than to hide it away at home.

"Put it in de bank, sah," was his prompt reply, "put it in de bank for two reasons. De fust reason is because it kind o' lifts you up in society to hev money in de bank. De nex' reason is you kin let it lay in de bank till de cashier see kind o' lost track o' yer face, an' you kin walk in dar sum day when he's busy an' say: 'I guess I'll take out dat two hundred dollars to-day.' He'll hand de cash over, you hex de capital to go into business, an' de goose hangs high. Leastways dat's my idee 'bout bankin."

A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING—"What is a 'cold deck' and a 'bob-tail flush?'" a young lady, the light of a South Hill home, asked the other evening, looking up from a newspaper she was reading. "Why," said her elder brother, "a cold deck——," and it was worth fifteen cents for a student of human nature to note how suddenly he checked himself, and what a variety of conflicting emotions played over his face as he bent over his book, and pretended not to perceive the sharp glance of suspicious enquiry which his father shot at him over his spectacles, while the silence was so profound and awful that the other members of the family looked up and gazed around in dumb amazement. An excess of knowledge is often times a burden. What does a man want to make himself a walking encyclopedia for?—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

"Pull down your ear a moment, I want to look down the street," said a man on Main street yesterday to a traveller just ahead of him. The traveller meekly folded his ears under his hat and passed mournfully on. He was from Chicago.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

A FARM BALLAD WITH A MORAL.

Well! Farmer Smith has lost his wheat, his shed
and mammoth barn;
His little boy, with one small match, burnt up the
whole concern;
I'll tell you, wife, he'll feel it sore; a man on money
bent
Can't stand up under such a load, when not insured
a cent.

I don't know as I pity him; I call it a great sin
To hoard the harvest of three years in spacious
barn and bin;
I can't feel pity for a man who doubly locks his
door,
And stops his ears to all the cries that come up
from the poor.

I like to see economy; I like to see men save,
And lay up something for their kin when they are
in the grave:
But you and I know very well, from what we both
have seen,
There is a line which, when 'tis crossed, a man gets
to be mean.

When wheat was sixteen shillings—a price that
paid us well—
Smith said, "I'll wait for twenty, I vow, before I'll
sell."
Then when it reached that figure, he said to me
one noon,
"I'll guess I'll hold it longer, 'twill be five dollars
soon."

He held it and he ran in debt for things to wear
and eat;
When merchants dunned him he would say, "Wait
till I sell my wheat."
Soon that old tune got fiddled out and men began
to sue,
And he began to borrow to pay accounts long due.

When Smith goes off to buy a thing he spins
around the town,
And tries with all his might and main the price
to banter down;
When he has anything to sell 'tis priceless in his
eyes,
And he must have the highest price—the lowest
when he buys.

"Live and let live," are golden words; the other
motto, too,
"Do unto others as you'd wish that they would do
to you."
If Smith had done as they command, he would not
have to-day
The ashes of three harvests to load and draw away.

Wife, if you take a berry and dry it in the sun,
'Twill shrivel up till it takes two to make the size
of one;
Thus many a man in grasping gain, so shrivels up
his soul,
That it will ne'er expand again while life's years
o'er him roll.

God bless the farmers of our land! They are not
all like him,
Who walks around the smouldering pile now in
the twilight dim:
Living on God's broad acres, their souls expand
and grow;
Their ears are ever open to tales of want and woe.

A QUEER COLORADO FISH.—It has the head of a catfish, the body of an eel, the legs of a lizard, while the gills are long feathery plumes. In the fall of 1859 the writer carried back to the States four of these strange fish, preserved in alcohol. They were procured in Gold Lake, Boulder County, a beautiful body of water, in which they were as thick as tadpoles in a puddle. One of them was forwarded to Prof. Agassiz, who said the fish was first discovered by Humboldt, in the mountain lakes of Mexico. He did not know it was found north of that country until he received the specimens we sent him. It is not really a fish, but belongs to the batrachian family.

MANSFIELD ISLAND, in Lake Erie, has been bought by a man who intends to stock it with black cats, and kill their progeny for their fur. He will feed them at first on fish caught off the shore by men who will live on the island; but after the enterprise is well started he will utilize the meat of the slaughtered cats as food for the living ones.

DEXTER, the tamer of oxen, created a great sensation on the streets, says a Cheyenne paper, by appearing in a carriage drawn by four milk-white oxen, all in harness and driven tandem. The beasts pranced along in fine style. Governor Thayer was invited to take a ride, and was driven about for some time by Dexter. Other gentlemen also enjoyed the novelty. Dexter says that either of his oxen can trot a mile in 3.47. He offers to bet any amount of money that he can load a wagon with 4,500 pounds of freight, attach his four oxen, and make better time to Deadwood than any four-horse or mule team with the same load can possibly do.

—MRS. Porteous has a nail in a beam in the cellar for hanging the ham on. She drove the nail herself, with much trifulation, last fall. It was not a successfully driven nail, of course, and Mrs. Porteous had several times suggested to her husband that he make it more secure—a service he readily promised to perform. The other morning he was contemplating something when the ham, which unfortunately hung just above him, suddenly lost its hold and came down like a shot, taking him along about at every jump, and rushed into Mrs. Porteous' presence in such an awful state of features and mind that that horrified lady dropped dead away in a faint. Thus left alone Mr. Porteous in the extreme of his terror flew into the next house, where, bursting open the door, he cried—

"I am a dead man!"

And sank senseless upon the floor. Aside from a small strip of court plaster running along the bridge of his nose, there is nothing to indicate the extent of the accident, but had the result been fully as bad as he thought he could not be more subdued by it than he is. He will not even stay where the subject is being discussed.

—Of course, almost every one has heard of the New England farmer who signed the pledge with the reservation that he might drink all he wanted to when he washed sheep; and how he kept the pledge three or four months, and then got very drunk one day in the middle of January. A brother taxed him with breaking the pledge, whereupon the farmer led him to the barn, and pointing to a shivering, dripping old ram, remarked:—

"I've (hic) washed the old (hic) feller eight times (hic) already this mornin', and I ain't (hic) done a washin' of him yet!"

—"Do you reside in this city," asked a man of a masked lady at a masquerade party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him in a low voice, "Don't be a fool, John. I know you by that wart on your thumb." It was his wife.

—A singular phenomenon occurred on James street last week. A man was cleaning the snow from the roof of his house, when he observed a dark object which shot rapidly over the snow on the roof and was buried in a drift in the back yard. As the object disappeared he distinctly heard a human voice, as of one in deep distress, cry, "Oh, Matilda!" He thought it was a meteor at first, but investigation proved that the man himself had rolled off from the roof.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, when there was music, vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, Mr. Jones, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate!"

—Is croup contagious? Last week Dr. Regnault was interred; he was a victim to his professional attendance on a child attacked with croup, and who communicated the disease also to its grand parents, with fatal effect. The diseased Dr. was attended in his illness by Dr. Biset, and this gentleman has just succumbed to the same malady.

—"What do young men want?" solicitously enquires an exchange. Most of them around here want a recipe for living a twelve dollar life on nine dollar wages.—*Rockland Courier.*

—If you have no cold victuals for the poor, hungry tramp, don't send him away without anything. Give him your mother's recipe for making oyster dressing.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—It was at a party the other evening. There was a lull in the conversation, which made the host, who was inexperienced in party matters, somewhat nervous. With a view to relief he asked a mournful looking man who was sot like a packing box up in one corner, if he was married.

"No, I am a bachelor," stiffly replied the sombre man.

"Ah!" observed the host, warming up with the subject. "How long have you been a bachelor?"

There was another lull in the conversation.

MEAL. MEAL.

LANDING and in Stock:—250 bbls. Cornmeal—Toledo; 100 bbls. Cornmeal—Hart; 100 bbls. Cornmeal—Marsh's; 100 bbls. Oatmeal—Otter.
TO ARRIVE:—1000 bbls. Cornmeal—Pure Gold; 200 bbls. Cornmeal—Hart; 100 bbls. Cornmeal—Coarse.
GILBERT BENT,
feb9 South Wharf.

New Advertisemesnt.

TWO MORE CASES
OF OUR CELEBRATED
Copp Winceys!
EX CASPIAN.
T. R. JONES & CO.
feb3
2 MARKET SQUARE.

EVENING WEAR!

SILKS AND POPLINS, Fashionable and Delicate Tints;
Light, Striped and Checked SILKS, inexpensive;
TARLATANS and BOOK MUSLINS, White and Light Colors;
REAL LACES; HANDKERCHIEFS;
LISE FRILLINGS; BRUSSELS NET;
SILK TULLE; ECRU ILLUSIONS;
SILK LACES, Cardinal, Ivory, Pink, White, Sky, Salmon;
DAMASSE RIBBONS, every shade;
SHETLAND PROMENADE SHAWLS;
White and delicate tints in Ladies and Gentlemen's KID GLOVES.
W. W. JORDAN.
jan27

BETTER THAN INK,
IN THIS WEATHER, IS THE
PATENT INK PAPER, with which you can produce the Ink as you want it. Price trifling. Result instantaneous. Quality excellent. Wholesale and Retail.
H. CHUBB & CO.
jan20 1m

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, James Richey and John Johnston, of the City of Saint John (Plain and Decorative Painters) under the name, style and firm of RICHEY & JOHNSTON, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the late firm will be collected by James Richey, and all indebtedness of the said firm will be paid by James Richey.
JAMES RICHEY,
JOHN JOHNSTON.
January 17, 1877.

CARD.

THE Undersigned, James Richey, beg leave to inform my customers and the public generally that I have this day associated with me in the Plain and Decorative Painting business my son, WILLIAM RICHEY, and that the business will be conducted at the old stand of Richey & Johnston, 105 Princess street, under the name and firm of RICHEY & SON. I trust that the same liberal patronage which has been given to the late firm of Richey & Johnston will be extended to the new firm of Richey & Son.
JAMES RICHEY.
January 18, 1877. jan27 4i

By Order of the Common Council,

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented to the Local Legislature at the next Session for enactment intituled, "An Act to confirm the transfer to the Crown of certain Property at the City Corporation of Saint John."
The object of this Bill is to confirm the deed made by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of St. John to the Queen for Railway and other public purposes of the Dominion of Canada, of a right of way round the Eastern and Southern sides of the City, and of the Ballast Wharf Property.
The Bill also provides that the money received by the City for the transfer of the Ballast Wharf Property, shall be appropriated in reduction of the original City debt charged on that part of the City of Saint John, lying on the Eastern side of the Harbor.
jan 27—4w

Go and See Them!

LADIES' SERGE CONGRESS BOOTS FOR 70 cts.
Ladies' Serge Slippers for 50 and 60 cts.
Ladies' Grain Calf Foxed Button boots for $1.85.
Ladies' Grain Calf Balmoral Boots, Sewed, for $1.50.
OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION, AT
GEO. A. KIMBALL'S,
71 KING STREET.
jan27

NEW GOODS
FOR SPRING, 1877.
100 DOZEN WHITE DRESS SHIRTS,
100 dozen FANCY REGATTA SHIRTS,
100 dozen LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS,
100 dozen RIBBED SHIRTS and DRAWERS,
400 pieces CANADIAN TWEEDS,
70 bales AMERICAN GREY COTTONS,
20 cases AMERICAN WHITE COTTONS,
15 cases COTTON FLANNELS,
10 cases CORSET JEAN,
10 cases Brown, Checked and Striped DUCK,
10 cases PAPER COLLARS, walnut boxes;
20 cases MEN'S WOOL HATS,
20 cases FANCY SOAPS,
2 cases SHAKER FLANNELS,
2 cases BOOT UPPERS,
1 case (100,000) EYELETS,
1 case (samples) STRAW GOODS.
These are now coming to hand daily and will be sold to sharp buyers at the lowest living profits.
EVERETT & BUTLER.
jan27

IN STOCK
AT
16 NORTH WHARF,
and for sale at Market Rates:—
500 BBLS. CHAMPION, 500 bbls. BRIDAL ROSE,
400 barrels WHITE ROSE,
400 barrels TEA ROSE,
300 " HOWLAND'S, 200 bbls. ALBION,
100 " NORVAL, 500 bbls. SPRING EXTRA,
100 " GRAND CENTRAL, 100 bbls. HAXALL,
100 hhds. BARBADOS MOLASSES,
150 " CIENFUEGOS do.
700 chests and half-chests TEA,
680 boxes LAYER RAISINS, 100 bbls. WHITE BEANS,
500 barrels REINDEER,
400 " SOVEREIGN, 200 bbls. ECLIPSE,
200 " LAWRENCE,
200 " PRIDE OF THE WEST,
200 " QUEEN CITY,
100 " MILFORD, 100 bbls. MAZEPPA,
100 " VICTORIA,
200 " OATMEAL,
1000 " CORN MEAL,
300 boxes and caddies TOBACCO,
125 kegs SODA,
50 barrels DUTCH CRUSHED SUGAR,
100 sacks RICE,
To Arrive and Due:—
600 barrels SILVER LEAF,
100 " ALBERT, 500 bbls. HOWLAND'S,
100 " MESS PORK,
600 " BRIDAL ROSE, 200 bbls. PEACEMAKER,
500 " TEA ROSE,
100 " OATMEAL,
25 hhds. REFINED SUGAR.
J. & W. F. HARRISON,
jan20 1m 16 North Wharf.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
LANDING and in Stock:—Oxford, Ayr, Patent Process, Peacemaker, Edinburgh, Favorite, St. Mary's Baker's, Howland's, White Rose, Rosewood, Albion, Surprise, Strathroy, Barrie, Rye and Graham Flour.
GILBERT BENT,
feb3 South Wharf.

New Advertisements.

China, Parthia, Caspian.
JUST OPENED BY ABOVE STEAMERS:—
BLUE AND BLACK
Nap Cloths and Elysians,
BLACK
MATALESSE MANTLE CLOTHS,
Fancy
DRESS MATERIALS,
IN ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHADES.
J. & J. HECAN & CO.
nov14

POOLE OF SAINT JOHN!
Fashionable Tailoring!
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED a splendid assortment of Plain and Fancy
Elysians, Nap Cloths and Basket Coatings,
suitable for the coming season.
Also, English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds,
which will be CUT and MADE TO ORDER by first-class workmen, in a style not to be surpassed in this city.
JOHN EDGECOMBE,
Practical Tailor,
Near Golden Ball Corner,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
nov18 3m

HEAD-QUARTERS
FOR
CUSTOM MADE SHIRTS.
GENTLEMEN,—Now is the time to replenish your Wardrobes.
The Seamstresses of the city are suffering for want of work. Therefore solicit your orders.
$1.50, $1.75 and $2.00,
are the prices for the
CELEBRATED FOUR-FOLD BOSOM SHIRTS,
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
E. H. TENNANT,
Shirt, Collar and Cuff Manufacturer,
46½ King street, St. John, N. B.
jan13

"RAILWAY" ALMAS!
A CASE NOW OPEN.
Indigo Blue, High Crowns.
At 57 King street.
HAT AND CAP WAREHOUSE.
D. MAGEE & CO.
jan20

EUREKA
For Rheumatism
"DAILY TELEGRAPH" OFFICE, or 29 PADDOCK STREET. P. O. BOX 737.
jan20 1f

Custom Shirts!
MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON
& ALLISON
DESIRE to inform the public that their present facilities for the manufacture of CUSTOM SHIRTS are unsurpassed for the following reasons:—First, being direct importers of the materials used they are enabled to effect a large saving by purchasing from the manufacturers. Second being large employers of labor all the year round, they can thus secure the services of the best needle-women, who are glad to accept moderate wages when steady employment is given; and thirdly, having a thoroughly equipped LAUNDRY on their premises, the Shirts are dressed under the supervision of their manager, thereby guaranteeing a superior finish to the Garments, and, at the same time, effecting a considerable saving in expense.
The price charged for CUSTOM SHIRTS is regulated by the quality of materials used.
Ready-made WHITE SHIRTS, kept constantly on hand, in all the various qualities.
GENTLEMEN'S UNDER-GARMENTS of any description made to order at short notice. Also, Collars, Cuffs and Shirt Fronts.
BOYS' CUSTOM SHIRTS a speciality, the best quality (in three sizes,) at $1.35, $1.50 and $1.65 each, lower quality if desired.
MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON
& ALLISON.
jan20

Special Notice.
ALL persons indebted to the old firm of A. & T. GILMOUR, prior to the dissolution, and whose accounts are still unpaid, are hereby notified that unless payment or satisfactory arrangement is made, without further delay, that A. & T. GILMOUR, however reluctant they are to resort to legal steps for the recovery thereof, will be compelled to place all such accounts in the hands of their attorney for collection.
St. John, N. B., 1st January, 1877. jan20

CARD.
THE undersigned, thankful for their numerous patrons for the favors conferred during so many years in the past beg to state that they have resumed the
Retail Business,
(carried on during the last two years by A. Wilson & Co.,) and have constantly on hand, at their old established stand
No. 25 WATER STREET,
A complete assortment of Stoves, Grates and Mantle Pieces, Ship Castings and Agricultural Implements, together with all other articles in the IRON FOUNDRY LINE.
Intending purchasers would do will to examine our Stock before giving their orders elsewhere, as we are determined to sell very low for cash, and at prices defying competition.
Orders for Ship Castings, Iron Knees, or Foundry Work of any description, left at above address will receive immediate attention and despatch.
J. HARRIS & CO.,
New Brunswick Foundry,
aug 28—2m Portland, St. John, N.B.

New Advertisements.

STADACONA
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE, - - - - QUEBEC.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000.
ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1875, - - $293,797.
Insures all classes of Risks
AGAINST FIRE!
AT MODERATE RATES.
Board of Directors for New Brunswick:—
ZEBEDEE KING, Esq., CHAIRMAN.
HON. T. R. JONES,
W. H. TUCK, Esq., Q. C., D. C. L.
JAMES DOMVILLE, Esq., M. P.
STEPHEN S. HALL, Esq.
WARWICK W. STREET,
Secretary and Agent for N. B.
OFFICE:—
MERRITT'S BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
oct28

FIRE INSURANCE.
THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF ST. JOHN.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
THE insured are Shareholders, under the terms of the Act of Incorporation, and receive annually two-thirds of the Net Profits.
The Declared Dividends for 29 Years have averaged 24 per cent., and have in some years been as high as 60 per cent. on the Premiums of the Year.
Each risk is separately considered, and rated on its merits, by the President and Directors, who attend daily at the Office of the Company.
☞ Losses are paid in full, without deduction or discount.
No charge for Policies, or for alterations or renewals by endorsement.
OFFICES—13 Wiggins' Building, Princess Street.
JAMES HARRIS, PRESIDENT.
O. D. WETMORE, SECRETARY. dec 4—1y

FIRE and MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.
OVER THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA.
Aggregate of Cash Assets exceeds Twenty-three Million of Dollars.
Imperial Fire Insurance Company, of London.
ESTABLISHED 1803.
The Ætna Insurance Company.
INCORPORATED 1819.
The Hartford Fire Insurance Company.
INCORPORATED 1801.
Phenix Insurance Company, of Brooklyn.
ESTABLISHED 1833.
Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, as well as Furniture contained therein, Insured for terms of one or three years, at lowest rates.
Steam Saw Mills, Vessels on the Stocks or in Port, Warehouses, Merchandize and Insurable Property of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.
British America Assurance Company.
INCORPORATED 1833.
The Merchants' Marine Insurance Company,
OF CANADA.
(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)
Capital ONE MILLION, with power to increase to Two MILLION DOLLARS.
Risks taken on Vessels, cargoes and freights to and from any part of the Commercial World. Time and Voyage Policies issued at once, and settlements as customary in St. John. Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid in cash.
Apply at Insurance Rooms,
CORNER PRINCESS AND WILLIAM ST. AND MARKET SQUARE.
ROBERT MARSHALL, Agent.
may 13

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

THIS compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and Mandrake with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors, that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ or organs, whose action they derange, and whose structure they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores Rheumatism, Neuralgia, pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucborrhœa, arising from internal ulceration and uterine disease; Dropsy, Dyspepsia' Emaciation and General Debility. With their departure, health returns.
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.
Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine
A. CHIPMAN SMITH,
Wholesale Agent,
ST. JOHN.
july29

HOLIDAY PRESENTS
Robertson's China, Glass and Earthenware
Warerooms will be complete with
HOLIDAY PRESENTS
of all kinds, during the Holidays, at low prices.
dec23 5 KING SQUARE.

PROFESSIONAL CO-PARTNERSHIP.
THE undersigned have this day entered into a professional co-partnership as Attorneys-at-Law, Conveyancers, &c. Dated at Woodstock, Carleton County, N. B., 1st, 1876.
JOHN C. WINSLOW,
W. B. CHANDLER.
WINSLOW & CHANDLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
John C. Winslow, Barrister, &c., &c. W. B. Chandler, Attorney-at-Law.
dec2 3m

CO-PARTNERSHIP!
A PROFESSIONAL CO-PARTNERSHIP has this day been entered into between the firm of
FRASER & WINSLOW and EDWARD L. WETMORE,
Barristers-at-Law, under the name and style of
FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.
Fredericton, 2nd January, 1877. jan13 3m

SHEEPSKINS!
3000 SHEEPSKINS.
FOR SALE BY
JARDINE & CO.
jan19

New Advertisements.

NEW BRUNSWICK PAPER CO.
JAMES HARRIS - - - - - President.
DIRECTORS:
M. LINDSAY, A. EVERITT,
D. BREEZE, E. S. FRASER.
MILLS—PENOBSQUIS, N. B.,
Office and Warehouse:
16 Germain St., St. John, N. B.
MERCHANTS and dealers are hereby informed that the above Company are now manufacturing best quality of Leather Board, all sorts of Brown, Wrapping, Manila, Rag and Dry Goods PAPER, and in a short time will be running on News Printing Paper. These goods, together with a large stock now on hand, are all of superior quality, and will be sold at lowest market rates. All sizes made. Goods can be shipped direct from the Mills free on board cars, if desired.