

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

— UNLIKE ANY OTHER. —

Positively Cures: Rheumatism, Gout, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, and soreness in Body or Limbs.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvellous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps, Chills, Lacerations of Muscles or Stiff Joints, and Strains.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price 25c; 6 bottles, \$2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States, or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

THE DOMINION PRINT CO. Ungar's Steam Laundry,
Are prepared to Supply the Trade with
MARINE PAINTS
AS BELOW

ATLANTIC ANTIFOULING COMPOSITION for Iron Ships.

MOSELEY'S COPPER PAINT, for Wooden Ships.

LIQUID MARINE BLACK PAINT, GREEN.

SEAM PAINT, a Perfect Substitute for Rosin. Also, Black and Bright Varnish, Roofing Pitch, Tar, &c. Quality guaranteed equal to anything manufactured.

Office & Works, Dartmouth.
PHONE 020.

We have been in the Laundry Business over twenty years in New York and St. John, and have always given satisfaction. All parties entrusting their work to our care will be sure to be satisfied.

Goods called for and delivered free of extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

MAX UNGAR,
PROPRIETOR.

The Largest and Best Stock **ARMY & NAVY DEPOT.**

OF
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES,

Art Goods,

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

AT

REARDON'S,

40 to 44 BARRINGTON ST.

CHOICE STOCK FOR SALE.

100 Cases Champagne.
250 " Claret.
75 " Still Hock and Sparkling Moselle.
40 " Sauterne Liqueurs.
300 Dozen Pale and Brown Sherry.
250 " Fine Port, Extra.
150 Cases Holland and Old Tom Gin.
300 " Hennessy's Brandy. * ** ***.
150 " Scotch and Irish Whisky.
100 " Old Rye, Walker's.

20 Thousand Choice Havana Cigars.
300 Bbls Bass & Younger's Ale, Pils. and Qls.

J. S. SCOTT & CO.
TELEPHONE No. 243.

USE
IDEAL SOAP,

The largest bar and best value in Canada.

WE GUARANTEE IT TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

WM. LOGAN, - **St. John, N. B.**

Rubber & Leather Belting.

TRY OUR NEW

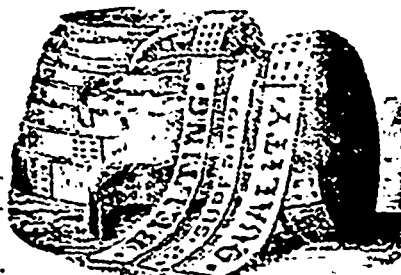
SEAMLESS

RUBBER BELTING,

AND YOU WILL NOT
BE DISAPPOINTED.

Catalogues Furnished.

Correspondence Solicited.



Saw Mill

AND

MINING SUPPLIES

AND

RUBBER GOODS

OF ALL KINDS.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N.B.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Strange, how we think of death.
The angel beloved of God,
With his face like an asphodel flower,
And his feet with nepenthes shod,
Strange, how we turn and flee
When he comes by the sunset way,
Out of the valley of rest,
Down through the purpling day!

Why should we fear him so?
What doth the white one bear?
Heartsease of paradise,
Lilies of purest air!
Comes he so soft, so kind,
Down from the singing sky
Soft as a mother comes,
Stirred by an infant's cry.

—J. Buchanan.

A NEW OLD SONG.

I pray as men have prayed since earth was young,
I varied voice or speech, a prayer of pain.
I sing—ah, me! the song is ever sung,
And evermore as now, in vain, in vain.
'Tis oh, to be a little child once more—
A little, lowly child, dear God, I pray.
I would give all my life has yet in store
Could I retrace my childhood's rosy way.

Oh, cruel, questioning eyes, so keen and bright—
Oh, cruel, all-revealing noonday sun!
How can I choose but shudder at the light
When I have only wrecks to gaze upon—
Oh, for the long, long shadows of the morn,
(The sun shone only on high places then)
To veil me or from pity or from scorn—
Would God I were a sinless child again!

How can I choose but mourn my lost estate
Of high emprise and white untroubled trust—
The palace of my dreams made desolate,
My king uncrowned, my treasures turned to dust.
Oh, tell me not that life has much in store—
Can it give back what once I cast away?
But, oh, to be a little child once more!
A little, lowly child, dear God, I pray.

Katherine E. Conway, in the Pilot.

THE CHARACTER OF CLEOPATRA.

In order to escape a violent death at the hands of Anthony, who, she knew, suspected her, Cleopatra took refuge in her tomb; but baffled in her attempt to commit suicide there, she allowed herself, after the death of Anthony, to be conveyed as a prisoner to the palace of the Ligidas, where she one day, suddenly, received a visit from Octavius, the victor of Actium. The object of the visit was to deter Cleopatra from committing suicide, for Octavius, as we learn from Dion Cassius, felt that he would be robbed of his glory if his illustrious captive did not grace his triumph; but the enchantress who had captivated Julius Cæsar and subjugated Mark Anthony seized the occasion to attempt another conquest. She threw herself at his feet; she drew from her bosom the letters of the departed Cæsar and kissed them, exclaiming, in broken accents, "If you would know how your father loved me read those letters! Oh! Cæsar, why did I not die with thee!—but in these I see thee once more!" and in the midst of her tears she tried to smile on Octavius; but the impassible Octavius witnessed her simulated grief with the frigid coldness of a magistrate taking down a deposition. The unhappy woman, however, was no longer able to play the coquette; her blandishments were unsuccessful; and she finally destroyed herself, leaving the new Emperor of Rome to drag in triumph not her person but her statue.

The vanquished Egyptian, who thus, by dying, defeated her conqueror, is represented as a great queen, a rival of the fabled Semiramis, an elder sister of Zenobia and Isabel and Maria, Theresa and Catherine. But queens cannot justly be considered great, unless they possess those manly qualities which have distinguished great kings and made them leaders of men.

Cleopatra was too essentially a woman to be ranked with the masculine heroines to whom she has been compared. If for twenty years she retained her throne and upheld the independence of Egypt, she did it a Jely by means of feminine artifices, that is, by intrigue, by coquetry, by gracefulness, by that very weakness which in woman is a grace. She did not know how to reign except by becoming the mistress first of Cæsar and then of Anthony. It was the Roman sword that kept her on the throne of the Ligidas, and when through her own lack of steadfastness that sword was broken, the throne, as a matter of course, crumbled away. Of ambition, her only queenly virtue, she had so little that, if circumstances had not raised her to a prominent position, she would simply have exercised the prerogatives of the royalty she inherited.

Knowing that she had neither force of character, nor genius, nor strength of will, she relied for the accomplishment of her designs on the efforts of her lovers, and herself defeated those efforts by yielding at the critical moment to perhaps an over-powering desire to take part in some festive entertainment. Her life was made up of voluptuousness and ostentation, and, therefore, it was only when she saw her lover killed, his beauty marred, his riches lost, and his throne shattered, that she exhibited at the moment of death a courage she had never shown before.

No, Cleopatra was not a great queen. But for her intrigue with Anthony she would have been forgotten as soon as Arsinoe or Berenice. If she had obtained immortal renown it is only because she is the heroine of the most dramatic love story of antiquity.—Henry Monstrey, in La Lecture, Paris.