

In the Sunshine of Christ's Love.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

One of the historic landmarks in the Church of Christ was that "upper room" in Jerusalem, where the Master instituted the sacrament which commemorates His atoning love. After He had broken the bread and given the cup to His disciples, He assumed them to "arise and go hence," and led them out towards Bethaniam. What a wonderful walk was that, and what a wonderful talk He gave them as they moved through the silent streets to the vale of Kidron! That chamber had been the scene of His redeeming love; the atmosphere was laden with its sweet fragrance. The first thing He speaks of is the vital union which He has formed between them and Himself—an union as close as the hand and glove to all its branches and tendrils. Then He tells them that even as the Father had loved Him, so did He love them, and tenderly charges them, "Abide ye in My love." Not their love to Him, but His love for them. He treated a warm, bright, blessed atmosphere of love, and He urges His little flock to continue in it.

It is possible for all of us Christians to live steadily in this bright sunshine, where His love is falling in a constant stream of warm comfort. It must be for us our Master never commands what we cannot perform. Sinless perfection may not be attainable in this life. But there is one thing which all of Christ's redeemed people can do, and that is to keep themselves in the joyful atmosphere of His love. If it is our fault, and our shame, that we spend so many days in the chilling fog—or under the heavy clouds of unbelief, or down in the damp dark cellars of conformity to the world. There are three conditions which Christ enjoins upon us. As if we fulfilled them we shall abide in the sunshine of His love.

1. The first one is obedience. "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love." A boy leaves home for school or college, and his mother packs his trunk with many a tear moistening his wardrobe. She puts a Bible there, and says to him, "Now, my dear boy, this you will read every morning and night; and while you are on your knees in prayer your mother is with you." By-and-by her heart leaps with joy when he writes to her that he is doing just what she had him; and every time that obedient lad sits down to read and reads on his knees before God, he is surrounded by the sweet atmosphere of his mother's love. He gains two blessings: strength to resist outside temptations, and the sweet happiness of pleasing his devoted mother.

In like manner we who call ourselves Christians should abide in the bright warm atmosphere of our Master's love. We must heartily accept a whole Christ, both as Saviour and Lord, and accept Him without any reserves or limitations. He has a right to command; it is our duty to obey. Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia millionaire, was once called on by a poor man who wanted employment. Girard told him to go into a vacant lot near by and carry all the stones on one side of the lot over to the other side, and the next day to move them all back again. At the end of the week, when he came for his wages, Girard said to him, "I like you. There is no nonsense about you. You do just what you are told to do, and ask no questions; you shall work as long as I have any work for you to do." This is the kind of service which Christ wants. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The why we must leave with Him. Genuine hearty obedience is not a galling burden; it becomes the secret of perfect joy. "Christ tells us that our 'joy shall be full'."

2. The second direction for keeping in the bright beamings of the divine love is, growth in holy character. Turn to the Epistle of Jude and read this: "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, keep yourselves in the love of God." The construction of a Christian character is like the construction of a house. There must first be a solid foundation. But some church members never get much beyond this. Up ponder on lifeless assent are our lines of massive stone-work and there twenty years ago. These grass-green stones are the foundation for a Russian Cathedral, but no Cathedral stands there yet. Some people start with a certain amount of faith in Christ, and profess that before the world. They are there. They are not "add to their faith, courage, temperance, meekness, patience, godliness, love," and all the other stones that enter into a solid and beautiful Christian life. Every Sunday they come and draw away some bricks and stones from the wall of truth; but they do not build them into their character. Such self-stuffed professors know but little of the sweet sunshine and joy of Christ's love. They are growing rich, or growing popular, or growing in self-esteem, but they are not growing in love. They try to live out in another atmosphere than the love of Christ; and their duty is "winter-killed" and withering away. "Such religion is a poor, joyless thing; it succeeds no better than an attempt to raise oranges among the freezing fogs of Newfoundland."

3. There is one more essential to a strong and happy life. Keeping Christ's commandments and constructing a solid holy character, cannot be done without divine help. Therefore the Apostle adds: "Praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God." I can understand why a backslider does not pray; or if he does, makes it a hollow formality. But every one who desires to be lifted into the sweet warm atmosphere of communion with Christ, must use the wings of fervent prayer. Those who make it their business to battle down besetting sins, and to build themselves up in Bible holiness, cannot make headway without constant laying hold of the promises of divine strength. Prayer keeps us in the love of Jesus; and while keeping in that warm, pure, healthy atmosphere, we find that prayer has a wonderful power. Jesus told His disciples that if they would only abide in His love, they might "ask what they would and it shall be done unto you." "My good friends, do you want to be happy? Do you want to have power with God and peace with yourself? Do you want to get some instalment of heaven in advance? There is only one

sure way, and that is to live in the light-giving, warmth-giving sunshine of your Saviour's love.

Christianity and Evolution.

There is a revival of interest in the controversy concerning science and religion, due to the agitation in Presbyterian circles about the revision of the Westminster Confession. Dr. McCosh, a Scotchman, master of wide learning, an old man, a famous educator, has pronounced a sort of eulogy on the old Presbyterian formularies, and urged the adoption of new ones. Dr. McCosh has also been an advocate of Theistic Evolution; by these facts the revival of a discussion of science and religion has been renewed. The renewal of the discussion does not mean that the old battles are to be fought. The warfare between scientific investigators and theologians is ended, for both have done their best; all that is left is to arrange the results in order, and for each to reconstruct the conquered territory. Here the discussion is strongest, and bids fair to increase in weight and bulk for some years to come.

Theology is not likely to have any severe struggle with the physicists; the main struggle will be among ourselves, to formulate the truths that have been won in the conflict, and to recast such forms of expression as need re-orientation. But the objections are not to respect, and if it is done—as there is every evidence that it will be—in love and gentleness, the gains are great and blessed. The coming conflict is on another line. The historic criticism, which we regard as the method of historic criticism, and see the shock of battle. The keenest opponent of the religion of Christianity of today, Prof. T. Huxley, is not using many of the old weapons of early pseudo-scientific materialism, but has turned to the method of historic criticism, and is forging his weapons out of materials gathered there.

In the conflict with materialism, theology has suffered nothing. Christianity has not been enfeebled at any point. Fifteen years ago, when I began my ministry, the smoke of the conflict was yet in the air. Too often the theologian was panic-stricken, and afraid to wait until the air was clear. To-day we find that the apostles of old materialism can not define psychology in "terms of matter," and have abandoned spontaneous generation, teaching in its stead "Biogenesis," or that there can be no life without antecedent life. They have found their hands empty of matter and are standing in the presence of their unknown God, whom ignorantly they will not worship.

They have left abundant room for the Christian preacher to declare him. Their perception of the finite has widened, and they stand with the conception of the infinite enlarged as the background to every conception they have. Their consciousness is as undefinable to them as the Infinite, and the denial of God because they do not know Him, provides reason for the denial of consciousness on the same basis. The conclusion of agnosticism is the absurdity of a denial of man as well as of God. Leave an ordinary Agnostic to the conclusion of his reasoning process, and he will argue himself out of the universe before he is done. The most common experience of my ministry in these days is that of leading an Agnostic up to deny one's personality. Agnosticism is the denial of man.

The attempt on the part of Herbert Spencer, and the effort of Bain, to resolve religion in primitive man to simply the effects of sensations, sense impressions, and their leaving out of consideration the fact of the conceptions of consciousness, even in their relation to what the senses have perceived, constitute the weakness of their argument.

No, after the stir and ferment around the method of evolution, there is nothing in it which conflicts with fundamental Christian truth. That it even destroys the doctrine of the fall is an assumption. It provides a broader basis for the Augustinian doctrines of sovereignty, regeneration provides argument for the doctrine of reprobation. The field of illustration and analogy has been intensified. Drummond and Hugh McMillan and many others are working the mine with deft skill. And while no man should turn his pulpit into a scientific lecture platform on Sundays, he can still, if he has the skill and industry, find new hammers for driving nails as a master of assemblies. He need not defend evolution, but a thorough knowledge of what modern evolution is increases the power of a preacher and widens the sphere of his influence over men of liberal culture.

For a man to say "that he knows the Gospel and that is enough," may be popular with ignorance and prejudice, but no man preaches save in the language of some science, either Hellenistic, Copernican or Evolutional. No day escapes the influence of science on language, and he who speaks in the vernacular of to-day speaks language representing some stage of scientific culture. The saying may be sound and nothing else. The Gospel for the common people can not be devoid of it. The masses know more of the general outline of evolution than they are generally credited with. It is a barefaced assumption upon the part of the skeptic that science is with him. It is not; it furnishes often the best weapon for the hand of the theologian.

In olden time, when David wanted a weapon he visited the priest, to whose care he had committed the sword which he had wrested from the giant Goliath, and as the venerable priest unwrapped the blade, the warrior of Israel said to him: "There is none like that. Give it me!" It has seemed to me that if we would take the sword once yielded by Philistine giants against us, and turn its point upon our foes, we would find it even as David said. It is what I mean which—Rev. M. C. Lockwood, in Journal and Messenger.

Views of a Pastor's Wife—How it Appears to Her.

A great deal has been said and written about pastors resigning, but I wonder if anybody ever spent a woman's thought on the subject of pastors' wives resigning, or if they really resign. They often have to be resigned. Are they ever called to the pastorate? I know they go in the pastorate, call or no call. They are not paid a salary to come, but I have heard of some where the church would pay a liberal salary if they would go. A pastor's wife, of course, is never sent for to visit the church to see if she will do, as the pastors are frequently "sampled," but when she does get there, judging from the description of her, she is about the largest subject in the parish.

Well, I have the profoundest sympathy for a woman who tries to be a help to the called pastor who has called her, and a feeling of impatience comes over me when I hear a woman who has answered that call say, "Oh! I am not a public character. My husband belongs to the public—I don't!" Well, if you do not, the public thinks you do, and it amounts to the same thing. A pastor's wife has it in her power to do enough harm in six months to counteract all the good her husband has done in a year. I shudder when I think of what a responsibility rests upon her. She is not ethereal being dwelling in another sphere, but should be a co-laborer with her husband in the great work God has called him to do. She should not be a cold, formal appendix to the pastor, but a woman, a loving and wide-awake woman; a friend to the poor, a sympathizer and lightener of the burdens of the pastor. Of all classes of people a pastor should have a bright, cheerful, and happy home. He sees so many phases of sadness, home should be a place where gladness and sunshine predominate. But I did not mean to write all this. Will some reader tell me what he or she thinks of pastors' wives accepting of resignation? I know how hard it is to be resigned when resigning time comes. There may be some doubt about a preacher's call, but there can be none as to that of the pastor's wife. She knows she is called. Why is it, then, that she has no place in the matter of resignation?—Western Baptist.

Zenana Work is Telling.

A Moslem manifesto, issued at Lahore, and circulated in different parts of India, testifies to the success of Christian workers in Zenana. In this manifesto it is said: "Behold the spies and beguilers, English women in Christian missions, under pretence of educating and teaching handiwork, do about teaching all your women folk in every house, saying, 'Why do you waste your lives? Come, become Christians; be free!' and 'numberless households have been destroyed by being destroyed'—that is to say, numberless women have been disciplined to Christ or are being disciplined. An opinion has been obtained from the doctors of Islam—'It is not right to let such women come into the houses'—and from the lawyers or scribes—'The unbearing woman of another faith is as a strange man'—and men are exhorted: 'Let Mohammedans be extremely wary of such women, and on no account let them come into their houses.' It is possible that the work in Zenana may be hindered by the fact that the work has been scattered broadcast, and we cannot doubt that the result will be any other than helpful to the extension of the kingdom of God.—Freeman.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler never uttered a truer saying—and he has uttered many which will be long remembered—than when he said, "This sinful world is not to be saved by geniuses." It will be a blessed day for Christianity when both our churches and preachers realize this. The churches are run mad about geniuses. They are looking for some one to fill their pulpits, and this begets the desire with many preachers to try to measure up to the desired standard. The result is disastrous all around. The geniuses are pretty good on a dress parade, but when it comes to the real life of the world, the need of saving the world commonplace have to do the work.—Baltimore Baptist.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact? Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing. Every day, a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been done. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who looks to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for. Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

If a man is to exist millions of years after his death, if one can speak of years in considering the admeasurements of eternity, to be himself he must be able to remember himself. Let a man now think what will probably be the precious things of memory a myriad of years hence, when all the present state of terrestrial affairs shall have passed away, all his history destroyed, all his monuments forgotten. Will it be the accumulation of a few poor, pitiful millions of dollars, most of which he could not use even while in the flesh? Will it be that his name was in the newspapers of his day? Will it be that he had a momentary thrill of physical enjoyment? What will it be? If, amid all these things, he were ever able to turn one soul from the error of his way, and stopped and dried up a stream of sin, and brought that soul into the blessedness of eternity, will not the memory of that the world to come be to the man something in value outweighing all thrones and crowns and sceptres and terrestrial palaces?—Dr. Charles F. Deems.

How Daisy Brought Her Father Home.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Mollie, where's Daisy?" "Eh, marm?" said Mollie, suspending her scrubbing and looking up at her questioner with a face in which good nature largely overbalanced intelligence. "Don't you know where Daisy is?" repeated Mrs. Trosby, as she wiped the flour from her hands. "She was talking with you not half an hour ago, and now you look as surprised as if you didn't know what I asked you. Oh, Mollie, Mollie, I real shall have to get you some memory powder."

"Yes, marm," said Mollie, looking at her scrubbing brush with a deeply studious expression. Then her face brightened. "Yes, marm; Daisy is gone out. She can't be out to see bread and butter, and to have her hood tied. Then she went down to the shore, marm. Britain was with her." "She must have gone to grandpapa's," said Mrs. Trosby, as she assured herself that the Christmas pudding was boiling in a highly satisfactory manner, she turned her attention to the turkey. "I wonder what the child wanted bread and butter for?" "Eh, marm?" said Mollie.

Then the scrubbing was resumed, and Mrs. Trosby's brain was tumbling about the hundred and fifty indispensable for Christmas were making fair progress. For it was Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve in Cornwall. Within the fire room and crackled in a joyous way, as it always does on about the Christmas eve, turning the pink in Mrs. Trosby's cheeks to a deep red as she bent over her cooking. Without the sun shone joyously, the wind blew—it always blows on that coast—joyously—the long Atlantic waves rolled on the shore in a joyous way, tumbling about in a state of joyous confusion—all seemed to join in joyous tribute to Christmas tide. Mrs. Trosby gave some finishing touches to her little parlor, a veritable bower of evergreen, where the bright English holly contrasted with the coral that owned its birthplace, amid the fair islands of the tropic sea. Then she must needs run down the garden, between the shell-bordered beds, to where the flagstaff stood, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked over the sparkling sea for the white sails of the Cornish Lass.

Seven years had passed since its captain had brought her to mistress of the little rose-covered cottage on the cliff, and he had never been absent from home at Christmas. As for Daisy, she had a little daughter whom God had sent them, the mother's heart was at rest, for at the trim, white house, where the old coast-guardman now kept loving watch for his son's ship, Daisy was a frequent and welcome visitor, and grandpapa did his best in his loving way to undermine the mother's affection, while grandmamma shook her head over her knitting, quoted sundry Spartan-like maxims, then ably seconded her husband's efforts. And Britain was with her—Britain, the Newfoundland dog, who had been Daisy's guardian angel since the days when directly mother's back was turned, the little maiden would crawl down to the beach, and clap her hands as the tide came rolling in.

Now it happened that morning, Daisy rose early with her usual cheer, excited at the thought of her father's return, to sleep any longer. She resolved to be very good and not hinder her mother, so she ate her bread and milk without asking for more sugar, looked at the Christmas duties on the pantry shelves with her hands behind her, saying softly, "Daisy must not touch," then temptation took herself out of the way of temptation. A bright idea. She would go and meet him. She knew just where he would be, and she had no need to ask for his help. She slipped on her shoes, and she slipped away into the sunset. Yet there was something that sent her to Mollie instead of mamma, to be made ready, and get provisions for her voyage. Then she trotted down to the beach with Britain.

"That is where oceanuts grow and monkeys live. Oh, Britain, we must get a monkey. I have wanted one for ever so long. I asked papa to bring me one, but he said one monkey in the house was enough, if there were two he should have to run away. Britain, do you think he meant me?" Britain looked meditatively at the rudder. "There was a little jerk, and they were off," Daisy clapped her hands with glee. Britain looked at her, and then at the fast increasing stretch of water between them and the shore, for the tide was going out, and the boat was carried swiftly out to sea. To the left a ledge of rocks ran out some distance and at the extreme end the boat jarred against them and stopped. The dog turned to spring on the rocks, then caught Daisy's cloak firmly with his teeth, and regardless of a succession of slaps from her fat little hands, strove to drag her off the boat, but in vain.

"Bad dog! Naughty Britain!" said Daisy, struggling desperately. Again the tide carried them on. Britain let go his hold and remained in the boat, barking loudly; but the wind carried the sound out to sea. Slowly the sharp outlines of the cliffs grew misty. With a low howl the dog had laid down in the boat. "You wicked, wicked dog," said Daisy, who was munching her bread and butter with great satisfaction. "I'm sure you have gone mad—being like that, and trying to bite me. I'm never going to speak to you again, and," she added, severely, "I will not give you one bit of bread and butter. I wonder," she continued, after a short pause, "how many monkeys this boat will hold. Britain, you must catch them for me. I want a beautiful. One each for all the little girls I know, and one, no, two, for the minister. I like him, though he looks rather serious. Perhaps two monkeys might make him laugh." "Slowly the grey clouds spread over the sky, shutting out the sunshine, and piling themselves in dark masses high up on the horizon. Colder and stronger grew the wind.

"I think those islands are a very long way off," said Daisy, shivering. "I've nothing to do. Britain is cross."

They were out of sight of land now. She could see nothing but sea and sky. Her bread and butter were all gone, and it was a cold, hungry, and homesick little maiden who sat there, looking wearily across the waters for the western isles. Then she roused herself. "This will never do," she said, bravely, "I'm going to sing that song I learnt at Sunday-school, and over the dark waters the clear childish voice rang out—

"No room for Thee, Lord Jesus, On all Thine own wide earth. No friendly roof to shelter Thy gentle, lowly birth. Was this the world's reception Of Her Redeemer-King? Who left His throne in heaven Eternal life to bring?" The child paused in her song and looked wistfully up at the sky, rapidly darkening with the coming storm. "Britain," she said, coaxingly, "won't you be friends? I am a great deal naughtier than you, mamma does not know where I am."

The big tears gathered in the bright eyes. "Oh, Britain, I do want her so," and with a burst of tears she hid her face in his shaggy coat, but in a few moments she sat up, and dried her eyes. "I am going to turn the boat right round," she said, "then we shall go home."

Britain watched the little hands at the rudder uneasily. The only result of Daisy's efforts was to send a wave washing over the boat. Daisy gave up. "I shall always have to go on, Britain," she said, "this boat won't turn round, and it must be nearly night, so I shall go to sleep. You may, too, if you like. Britain, I expect the boat will go on all right. Then next morning we shall be at the Spice Islands, and we will get someone to turn the boat round, and come home directly. We won't stay for the monkeys, Britain, because mamma does not want them. And you must not be afraid, though the sea is dark, for I am going to ask the Lord Jesus to forgive me (you have not done anything bad), and take us home."

So Daisy said her simple prayer, and with a "good night," to Britain, lay down in the stern, wrapped in a piece of oil sail, and slept, while Britain kept anxious watch over the waste of waters. Shrilly the wind whistled through the rigging and filled the sails of the Cornish Lass, as she sped through the waters, homeward bound. Far behind her lay the Coral Reef Islands, with their perpetual summer-land and fragrance-laden breezes. While before, almost in sight, rose the wintry shores of England, where the keen wind played among the leafless boughs. Below in his cabin the captain sat writing, now and then glancing lovingly at English holly, and a fat little girl with an angelic expression in her eyes. "Daisy at Church," her father laughingly called it.

The door opened, admitting a gust of wind and the mate. "Captain Trosby, I'm almost certain there's a dog barking somewhere near, but we can't see anything, though for the matter of that the air is too thick to see at all." There was nothing to be seen when they reached the deck, though the wind brought distinctly the sound of a dog, who was barking with the energy of despair. The ship's course was changed. Quickly a boat was lowered and sped on its errand of mercy. "Keep on, old fellow," shouted the mate, with a shrill whistle, as the dog barked merrily to a low howl, and ceased in weariness. The dog did keep on, with short, joyous barks, as he saw the rescue boat approaching.

It seemed a long time to those waiting on the ship, before a glad shout told them the castaways were found, and then, as the boat neared the ship, the captain heard the words— "Captain, it's your own little Daisy. She was bound for the Spice Islands, she says, to look for you and some monkeys." A few moments and she was in his arms. "Papa, I was not going to get any monkeys," said Daisy, "I had been going to, but I remembered mamma did not want me to have one, so I changed my mind." "Thank God," said her father, fervently, as he put her down gently, thinking of his darling's danger, now happily past, while Daisy, quieted by his look, resolved never to ask for a monkey again.

On through the heaving waters, while loud grew the murmur of the coming storm. On till the harbor lights gleamed across the waves. Now the storm may come, little the Cornish Lass will care, rocking securely at her anchorage. "Included the storm swept round the cottage that night, as the mother heard the culprit listened quietly. "But, mamma, I went to fetch papa home. I thought of the monkeys afterwards, and mamma, I am very sorry. I will not go away again when you don't know," she said pleadingly. Her mother kissed her, and bending low to stroke Britain's head, a bright tear fell among his curls. He looked up in canine bewilderment, his brain puzzled over the amount of attention he was receiving. And this is how Daisy brought her father home.—Annie Taylor, in Massey's Illustrated.

C. L. Easton, of Hamilton, Ont., speaks in terms of gratitude and praise of the great benefit he derived from Burdock Blood Bitters, taken for Dyspepsia.

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