

THE HOLIDAY ADVERTISER.

No. 2.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1880.

Circulation, 3,000.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS!
Santa Claus'
Headquarters.
F. BEVERLY, 45 Germain Street.

SHOW ROOMS up-stairs. Ask to see the Steamers.

NOTICE TO LADIES!

Opening—A Choice Stock of the Newest Styles in
Gold Plated Ear Rings, 15 cts. to \$1.00 per pair.
Gold Plated Bar Pins, 15 cts. to \$1.00 each.
Gold Plated Cuff Pins, 15 cts. to 60 cents per pair.
Gold Plated Cuff Buttons, 25 cts. to 80 cents per pair.
Gold Plated Bracelets, 25 cts. to \$1.00 per pair.
Gold Plated Neck Chains, 25 cts. to \$1.75 each.
Gold Plated Lockets, 25 cts. to \$1.00 each.
Together with a Choice Stock of Jet Ear Rings, Brooches, Pins, Chains and Bracelets, from 5 cts. to 25 cents per set. Silver Chains, Ear Rings and Bracelets, New Fans, in latest Designs. Also, an endless variety in Fancy Dry Goods, New and Fresh, and as Cheap as can be had any where.
FRASER & CO., Union Street.

For Christmas, 1880.

A Large and Well Assorted Stock

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS,
Suitable for Christmas Trade.

Come in and look at the Show Room.
T. L. COUGHLAN,
14 King Street.

CHRISTMAS, 1880.

A Large Assortment of Family Groceries.
FLOUR, FRUIT, TEAS, SUGARS,
RAISINS, CURRANTS, LEMON AND ORANGE
PEEL, PASTRY FLOUR, FAMILY FLOUR,
SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS.

GEO. T. PURVES,
30 Waterloo Street.

FANCY GOODS,
STATIONERY

—AND—
TOYS,
IN GREAT VARIETY,
—AT—
WATSON & CO'S.,
Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

ALSO,
Christmas and New Year CARDS.

A Merry Christmas.

Only A Pin.

Only a pin: yet it calmly lay
On the tufted floor in the light of day;
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy: yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiddish grin;
He stooped for a while with look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair: but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found a safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man: but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when fizz-bang-pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve-de-throttle.

Only a yell: though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy and man, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

The Lost Ross Boy.

A scene of considerable excitement occurred yesterday morning at the Adams express Co., on Chestnut street. About nine o'clock a couple of gentlemen were quietly walking down to their respective places of business, when they were suddenly startled by the suppressed yet distinct cry of "Let me out; I'm dying!" The words came in the shrill voice of a child, and as no children were near, it was evident that the cause of the cry was contained in a large suspicious looking box which stood on the pavement in front of the express office, and which was marked "Robert Swain, Newcastle, Delaware." The box was seized and turned on its side, when it was observed that its contents fell with it, and the voice which, it was now plainly evident to the crowd that had assembled, came from the inside, cried: "Oh, don't you hurt me. Let me out!" Excitement was now at fever heat; threats of lynching the party who had shipped the box were freely uttered, and in a few moments the whole neighborhood became aware that the lost boy, Charley Ross, had been found in a box at the express office. Capitalists and clerks, proprietors and porters, rushed to the scene by scores, and soon the crowd became so dense that the street cars were unable to move, and the whole square was blockaded by anxious inquirers and swearing Jehus. Some shouted to burst open the box, others exclaimed it would be illegal, many hooted the idea of stopping to inquire into its legality, and added, "the boy will be dead before you get it open." Finally Warren, who keeps the restaurant on the corner, appeared with an axe, and the crowd formed a circle, while he went at the box with the axe. You could hear the leaves on the trees flutter overhead, and every stroke of the axe was distinctly heard on the corner below, while "I'm dying, hurry!" came from the inside in a faint voice. The top is loose; another stroke and off it flies. A hundred pairs of eyes anxiously peer into the box, and in the corner, peacefully and calmly, uttering a moan of supreme happiness, lies—an imported short-nosed hog. Sold! and such a sell is not upon record, while but a few, the "initiated" only, imagine for a moment that all the furor was created by that quiet little gentleman leaning calmly against the awning pole, twenty feet away, and uttering not a word. It was Zera, the king of ventriloquists.—Philadelphia Press.

I have a nice Assortment of
TOILET ARTICLES, &c.,
SUITABLE FOR

Christmas Presents.

CALL AND SEE US.
Have marked all our Goods low to suit the times.
S. McDIARMID, Druggist, &c.,
Cor. Charlotte and Duke Streets.

Christmas Fruit!
At Smith's Fruit Store.

Oranges. Figs.
Lemons. Dates.
Grapes. Nuts.

For Sale low by
GEO. SMITH,
79 Charlotte Street.

Chemical Laboratory 81 Prince Wm. Street

Saint John, N. B., Canada, September 10th 1880.
This is to certify that I have made a careful examination of the "German Condition Powder" manufactured by R. V. Barker & Co., of Saint John, N. B. The samples examined were selected by myself at random. As compared with other Condition Powders in the market, I find the "German" to be equal to any in purity and strength, and superior to several samples which I have examined. If used according to directions the "German" will be found a perfectly safe and efficient medicine for horses, cattle, swine, sheep, poultry, etc. (Signed) **WILLIAM F. BEST,**
Analytical Chemist and Gov't Analyst.

The above analysis and certificate was procured by us in consequence of the statements and advertisements of some parties to the effect that LARGE packages are worthless, being made of sawdust, ashes, etc. The "German" are twice the size of most Condition Powders in the market.

25,000
CHRISTMAS CARDS,

New and Elegant Patterns—at Cost.
FLOOD'S Music and Stationery Store,
87 KING STREET.

EXHIBITION, 1880,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
CRAWFORD & BELL,

81 GERMAIN STREET,
Received Highest Award for the Best Sewing Machine 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 being 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 Street.
The Largest Assortment of First Class Sewing Machines At 81 Germain Street.
Great Reduction in Price during the HOLIDAYS!
CRAWFORD & BELL,
81 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
All kinds of Sewing Machines repaired.

Great Reduction in the Price of Sewing Machines during the Holidays, at Crawford & Bell's, 81 Germain Street. See adv.



A Christmas Dream.

'Twas Christmas-eve, snow drifting deep,
But all the house was warm and bright;
And grandmamma lay fast asleep,
The scarlet silk and laces white
Making a glow of tender grace
Over the calm and placid face.

Where smiles were flitting to and fro,
Where sudden lights and shadows fall.
"Children, step lightly and speak low,
And softly spread the fleecy shawl;
Her dreaming soul mayhap doth keep
Some fairer Christmas in its sleep."

Then quickly o'er the household steals
The hush of thoughtful, loving calm,
Until through waiting silence peals,
Like jubilant, triumphant psalm,
The ringing, singing bells that say,
"To-morrow, friends, is Christmas-day."

The sleeper woke, and lay serene
With clasped hands upon her breast,
"Dear God!" she said, "so sweet a dream!
Could it come true, I were so blest,
So blest! such Christmas feast to keep,
Ah, Mary, I have been asleep,

"And dreaming, dear—a wondrous dream:
I saw my home so strangely fair;
Its halls with such soft lights did gleam;
Its gardens were beyond compare;
And, lo! I heard a voice which said,
'Come, love, the Christmas feast is spread.

"Your father's voice, dear child, I know;
It ringeth yet through heart and brain:
It called me fifty years ago,
"Just so it called to-night again.
O faithful love! O blessed home!
Do I not weary till I come?"

She lay all night with wistful eyes,
To earthly love both deaf and dumb;
But just as dawn touched Christmas eves,
She cried aloud, "Sweet love, I come!"
And none could weep, for that they knew
Her happy Christmas dream was true.

THE SINGER'S STORY.

I WAS a born musician. When I was a child of two, I would spend hours softly touching the piano-keys, and listening with exquisite delight to the sounds. More, I had a beautiful voice—so beautiful, that when I sang lullabies to my dolls, strangers would stop at the door in passing.

I was a fisherman's daughter.
I grew up healthy and free, and my voice became stronger and sweeter. When I was sixteen, my uncle took me to Philadelphia, and commenced my musical education.

I loved refinement and art; I was pretty; and soon they adopted me. All that sympathy, encouragement and education could do for me became mine. My uncle Archibald was very proud of my voice, and determined that it should reach its full compass.

"You have a bird in your throat which can win you both fame and gold, Gabrielle," he used to say.

Not that he had any definite plans for me. It was enough for him to sit and listen while I played and sang in the twilight—to have the crowded room suddenly hush when my voice took up the song. He took the most exquisite pleasure and pride in my successes.

When I was eighteen, he gave me a reception, at which people of high rank and talent paid me so many compliments that I could not but believe in my own powers.

I had not naturally much confidence in my-

J. G. MORRISON & CO.,

77 KING STREET,

Offer for Christmas, 1880,

Best Value in St. John,

—IN—

**New Fancy Dress Goods:
Black Dress Goods;
Ponson's Rich Black Cachemire Silks;
Ladies' and Gents' Lined Kid Mitts and
Gloves;**

**GENTS' Silk Hdkfs.—Latest Novelties;
Ladies' and Gents' Silk Ties;
Black Velveteens, &c.**

DRESSED DOLLS.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Hosiery, Small Wares, &c.

BARNES & CO.,

Steam Book & Job Printers,

Booksellers, Stationers,

AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,

82 Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FIRST-CLASS

Card & Cabinet Photos

AT ANGEVINE'S,

98 King Street.

Low Rates for the Holidays.

Macaulay Bros. & Co.,

—IMPORTERS OF—

BRITISH, AMERICAN and FOREIGN

Dry Goods,

No. 61 Charlotte Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NEW GOODS

JUST OPENED

—AT—

W. W. Jordan's,

MARKET SQUARE.

SUITABLE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For All Ages,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES,

—AT—

W. W. JORDAN'S,
MARKET SQUARE.

self, and it always required a considerable effort to play or sing before strangers. I always made it, however, when Uncle Archibald wished. I realized that I owed it to him that I was a well-educated, accomplished young lady, instead of an ignorant girl, living obscurely and humbly. I had no taste for the sphere of life into which I was born, and gladly escaped it. After five years' residence with my uncle, I seemed always to have lived in Philadelphia.

One evening when I had been singing to him, he said:

"Gabrielle, I am going to send you abroad."

I turned, and saw that he was in earnest.

"When?"

"In a few weeks—as soon as you can be ready."

"How?"

"In care of your pastor's family, who will start this Spring. But you will not go solely for sight-seeing; you go to study. Your musical education can be finished only in Paris."

I was pleased at the thought of going abroad, although I did not much enjoy the company of my pastor, who was aged, cold and formal. His wife and daughters were also very dignified and precise. But this was the arrangement my uncle had made for me, and I found no fault with it, for I knew, if not congenial, the Sunderlands would keep me strictly to my lessons and practice.

In a month we set sail.

I spent two Winters in close study in Paris. The remainder of the two years I traveled with my friends. Of all lands, I loved Italy the most dearly. The golden-blue skies, the landscapes, the people, the songs, all gave me the most exquisite pleasure, and I vowed never to forget this land of beauty. I felt that I owed it a debt of gratitude for all I had enjoyed there.

We had returned to Paris, where I was finishing a course of lessons, when there came a startling letter from my uncle. I was recalled home. He had failed in business.

I crossed on the steamer alone, and hurriedly sought my uncle's house. Closed shutters, silence, darkness.

I hurriedly questioned the servant. Her master was very ill.

Worn out with striving and disappointment, my good Uncle Archibald lay in a darkened chamber—a shadow of his former self. Though this disaster in business had been feared for a year, he had kept me at my studies and pleasures abroad, and never let me know the trouble he was in.

"And you are a poor man now, Uncle Archibald?"

"I shall be, as soon as my house is sold."

I bent and kissed the forehead of this noble and kind old man, who had been my greatest earthly benefactor, vowing that his home should never be sold. While he had wealth he had given it freely unto me. Now that he had it not, I would restore it to him!

Yes, I would commence public life as a singer; though, as I said, constitutionally timid, shrinking from whatever made me conspicuous, I promptly decided upon this course of life.

For the first time delighting in my powers, I hastily sought the leader of a superior opera troupe and offered my services.

He was much pleased. He knew me well, having heard me sing several times at my uncle's house, and he had repeatedly advised me to sing in public.

"But you would need more courage, more confidence. It would greatly aid your success," he used to say.

Now, on my application, enthusiastically in earnest and quite forgetful of self, I must have appeared differently, for he said:

"So you begin to understand yourself—to appreciate our powers. That is good. I shall have great delight in ringing you out."

I had a few weeks of preparation, which were, however, sufficient.

"Don't hurt your health by too close study;

**ELEGANT DESIGNS.
REASONABLE ADVICE.**

HOW TO—WHEN TO—AND WHERE TO
Buy the best Jewelry for Christmas and New Year's Presents for those we love and respect, is the great question of the day with many of our friends, and it is a question just now, and our opinion is asked. We unhesitatingly say, from a practical man—a manufacturing jeweller—who alone, in this age of bogus jewelry, is in a proper position to know just what he is buying and selling.

Those really in need of first-class goods in Fine Gold and Silver, at lowest cash prices, guaranteed as represented, can find a splendid assortment at
W. TREMAINE GARD'S,
No. 83 Germania Street,
who has the name of keeping the choicest to be found in the city.

**FRED. B. MCINNIS,
TAILOR,**
No. 91 Germain Street,
(Corner Church Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

All orders executed promptly, and in a thoroughly first-class style.

that will weak'n your voice and spoil everything," said my friend. "You must take a long, brisk walk daily."

In compliance with this advice, I daily threaded the public streets with a free, light step. In all my life I had never been so happy and courageous. I seemed upheld on wings. I knew I should succeed in my undertaking, of which my uncle as yet knew nothing. His sad, patient face had a fascination for me, festering as I was on the thought of how glad and hopeful I would soon make it appear.

I was passing rapidly along a crowded square, one morning, when a hand touched my arm. It was that of one of two beggar children—Italians. A thrill went through me as I looked into the dark eyes, and heard her lip her position in softer Tuscan. I felt quickly for my purse; but I had left it behind me.

I would have at once drawn a jewel from my fingers, but I reflected that it would not be a wise gift.

What could I give this destitute child of my beloved Italy? Suddenly a thought came to me—I would give her a song.

Throwing back my veil, I put the children before me and began to sing. As if a magic spell had been dropped upon them, they all stood silent around me; only there was a little stir on the outside of the crowd which I felt pressed inward and widened—for I was intent only in giving of my sweetest and best in this happy charity. I knew no one in that crowded mart, and did not fear recognition; and in the musical Tuscan words I loved, I caroled loud and clearly.

Then I seized the child's brown wrist and lifted her thin palm; silver and even gold dropped into it. I caught a glimpse of many wild, delighted eyes; then, as they hustled around the children with a shower of precious coin, so that each joined her little hands to receive it, I slipped aside and ran home with a gay heart.

That night I was to sing. I had kept my health, and as my maid dressed me in the shimmering evening robes, she declared my beauty to be wonderful.

But, as I turned from the mirror, a sudden sickening realization of the strange concourse awaiting my coming filled my heart. The old forgotten dread returned and overwhelmed me. I began to tremble. A wild, shaking fear filled me. I felt for the first time the importance of the occasion. These five thousand people awaiting my singing were not my friends or my uncle's. They had cold, strange hearts for me. They would listen sharply and judge me rigorously. Oh, God, how frightened I was!

The manager was at the door. He bent to button my glove.

"Good heavens, what pale cheeks!" he cried in dismay. "Marie, rouge her."

But I motioned the girl away. I came forward, slowly. I seemed to see my old uncle's pathetic eyes, and braced myself accordingly. I moved unclassically upon the stage, feeling blindly for the first words of my song.

I had not lifted my white face, when peal after peal of welcome broke upon me. Kind! Did they mean encouragement? I raised my lashes, feeling a little color running into my pale lips, but the clapping of hands grew louder. A tumult of applause filled the building. The air rained flowers and fragrance. I heard enthusiastic words. Ladies kissed their hands to me, I felt my frozen face soften and brighten, until I met smile with smile.

Still the clapping of hands—still the rain of flowers. This was not merely kind encouragement. It was approval, enthusiasm, delight. I gazed upon the radiant faces wonderingly.

"Sing the ditty you sang this morning for the beggars!" they cried.

My heart's blood filled my cheeks. I trembled. For a moment I stood faltering like a shy child. Then, as they sympathetically hushed, awaiting the first words of my song, I softly syllabled the first strain, and caroled to the end the simple Tuscan ditty.

Ah, how pleased they were! how kind! how warm my heart! I feared no longer. I could have sung for them all night. When I retired, the old manager, my friend, embraced me.

"It is all right, my child. They know you—they love you!"

Ah! I lived years in that beautiful evening. Heaven only knows how my heart trembled with gratitude that it was a success. I flew home to my uncle; I knelt down by his pillow and kissed his cheek. He looked at my dress, my loose hair full of flowers, my burning cheeks and dancing eyes.

"Gabrielle!" he cried, "you have been in opera!"

And then I confessed, and told my glad tidings. Ah, success is sweet! I had been favored—my feet, so timid, were set in a flowery path. The way has ever been bright and fair. I love my vocation.

But when the great success of the night was quenched, I sped away as gayly to the bright home I have secured, and made it the resting-place of a fond old heart. I have filled it with all the luxuries which money will buy, and many friends throng it; but though a triumphal crowd around me, none will ever, I think, be as sweet as my first success.
—*Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

Seeing A Man Home.

I picked Simmons up pretty near drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit and said:

"Here you are."

"Right," said he, and gave a big bang at the door. Up went a window.

"Who's there?" screamed a woman.

"I have brought the old man home," said I.

"All right," she cried, and came to the door.

She immediately seized hold of Simmons, and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head.

"Who are you shaking of?" says he.

"Good gracious!" cried the woman; "that is not my husband's voice."

I struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man.

"There," said the woman ferociously, "I've been sitting up here and expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger!"

"Don't he live here?" said I.

"No," said the woman, "he don't."

"What made you knock?" said I to Simmons.

"Knock," said he; "you told me to."

"I thought you lived here," said I.

"Glad I don't," said he.

I suppose he was thinking of the slaking he'd had. At last I found where he did live, and got him home. Mrs. Simmons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked, she came.

"O!" says she, "you're the wretch as makes my poor husband drunk are you?" and she gave me a slap across the face.

I've never seen a drunken man home since.

"I am on the press," said John Henry, as he folded his girl in one sweet embrace. "Well, that's no reason why you should try to pi the form," she replied as she rearranged her tumbled collar and pinned up her hair, which had been undone.

WANTED!

Wanted as many as possible, to come and buy all their

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES:

BUTTER, SUGARS, CURRANTS, RAISINS, CITRON AND LEMON PEEL, SPICES, EGGS, LARD, LEMONS, ORANGES, FIGS, GRAPES, JELLIES, FLOUR, CANNED GOODS, Etc., FROM

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.,

165 UNION STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHEAPEST as the CHEAPEST!
FRED. BIAOKADAR'S
Crockery, China, Glassware, and Toy Emporium,
159 Union Street, and 3 Coburg Street.

WE HAVE A FINE COLLECTION OF
BON-BONS,
 FOR EVENING AND OTHER PARTIES.
 Also, Figs, Raisins, Prunes, Currants,
 Confectionery, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons,
 AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Christmas Groceries.
 PUDDINGTON & MERRITT,
 55 Charlotte Street.

Sweet Cider

ON DRAUGHT.
 ALSO, A CHOICE STOCK OF
NEW CHRISTMAS GROCERIES and FRUITS.
 For Sale low, by
CEO. A. McCLARY,
 Cor. Dorchester and Scovell Streets.

Christmas is Coming!

AND WE WILL HAVE A FULL SUPPLY OF
CAKE AND PASTRY
 Of all Kinds and Good Quality.
 All orders punctually attended to.
S. J. LAUCKNER,
 No. 119 Sydney Street.

I Have a Nice Variety of
FANCY AND USEFUL ARTICLES,
 —SUITABLE FOR—
Holiday Presents.

CHRISTMAS CARDS in Great Variety.
 Prices low as usual.
MISS A. STEWART,
 Corner Duke and Charlotte Streets.

FOR CHRISTMAS!
 A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
CHILDREN'S ROCKING CHAIRS,
 Suitable for Christmas and New Year's Presents,
 At Howe's Furniture Warerooms,
 Market Building. - - Germain Street.
 Entrance—South Market Street, up-stairs.

James J. Johnson,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
 No. 57 Germain Street,
 Opp. Country Market, ST. JOHN, N. B.
 Gents furnishing their own goods, can have them
 made in first-class style, at moderate prices.

Wanted!
 4,000 BOYS AND GIRLS
 TO CALL AT MY STORE,
 159 Union Street,
 AND SEE THE OLD AND GENUINE

Santa Claus
 "To Please the Little Folks," is my motto.
FRED. BLACKADAR.

A Happy New Year.

He Got It.

"For the sake of humanity give me just one mouthful to eat," he said, as he halted before one of the eating-stands on the Central Market recently.

"I've nothing for traps," replied the woman.
 "I'll take anything—even them 'tater parings," he continued, "for I haven't tasted food in three days. If I can't get food I shall become desperate."
 "I can't spare anything, but this prep—"
 "I don't care what it is," he interrupted—"only don't be stingy with it. There—that's it—give me a heaping spoonful and I'll always remember you with gratitude."

It was a bottle of grated horse-radish, strong as the grip of a paving ring on a city, and the woman lifted out a big spoonful and deposited it in his open mouth. "The tramp must have taken it for some sort of prepared infant's food, for his mouth closed with a yum! yum! It opened again, however, and when he started to run he upset a dozen flower pots, two boys and a barrel of charcoal. Much of the dose was blown into the eyes of a horse hitched to a vegetable wagon, and after the man had run twice around the market with his mouth wide open he got a slant for the Randolph street fountain, and never took his chin out of the basin for forty straight minutes.

"Old Grimes is dead—that good old man—
 We ne'er shall see him more.
 He used to wear a long-tailed coat,
 All buttoned down before."

Why mourn for Grimes!—his daughters live!
 On F'eb'ion's streets we find 'em,
 And still they wear "Old Grimes' coat"
 All buttoned down behind 'em.

To Morrow.

Morrow is a station on the Little Miami road, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger one day, while standing by his train at the depot, who enquired:

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"
 "No," replied the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him; "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait till to-morrow, and not come bothering around to-day? You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave the desired information.

Georgie went to church with his mother one day. The minister preached abo at the natives of South Africa and mentioned the fact that they go bare-footed. Upon reaching home, Georgie exclaimed, "Ma, I wish I was a little South African boy!" "Why, Georgie?" exclaimed the mother; "what-ever put such an idea into your head?" "Cause their mothers don't wear slippers," said little Georgie.

If you go on an excursion and the seats are all taken, stand up as long as you can and then cry on: "Man overboard!" Every woman will rush for the rail.

USE
MRS. ELLIS'
Corn Salve.
 A Sure Cure!
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
 25 CENTS PER BOX.

HEADQUARTERS
 —FOR—
 All kinds of FRESH BEEF
 —AND—
POULTRY,
 AT A. G. GORMAN'S, (Berryman's Block),
 137 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.,
 AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
LUBIN'S COLOGNE, FRENCH PERFUMERY.
 A VARIETY OF
Toys for Children

—AND—
HYGIENIC CORDIALS,
 For Christmas Presents.
REJUVENATEUR, the Wonder of the Age,
 The Sure Remedy for Baldness.

THE PEARLINE,
 Known for its Curative Properties for the Mouth.
**FOR SALE AT No. 3 MARKET SQUARE,
 AT MME. J. P. NAULT.**

AT THE EXHIBITION HELD AT ST. JOHN N. B.,
 1880, Crawford & Bell received the Highest Award
 for the Best Sewing Machine for Family and general
 use; also Diploma for the Best Assortment of Sewing
 Machines.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Poultry, Fresh Beef.

—AND—
 GENERAL GROCERIES,
 —AT—
T. M. CARPENTER & CO.'S,
 MAIN ST., opposite ADELAIDE ROAD,
 Town of Portland.

Boots and Shoes.
JOHN SWENY, Importer: Wholesale and
 Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers of
 all kinds.
 LAWRENCE'S BRICK BUILDING,
 97 KING STREET.

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 William Street, St. John, N. B.