

CIRCULAR LETTER.

Subject—Christ-Likeness. Read before the Eastern N. B. Baptist Association, July, 1894, by Rev. W. Camp.

The object of the Circular Letter seems to be to reply to the letter received from the various churches.

The churches in this association have sent to us a brief history of their life during the past year. To these letters this association now replies. Our audience then is composed of the members of the churches in the Eastern N. B. Baptist Association.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, in the name of Christ we send you greeting.

In your letters you have given us what information you could concerning the condition of your church. You have made known its present spiritual standing; You have recounted the mercies of God in sending His Spirit in your midst, and covering the perishing and arousing the careless. You have told us of your desire for better results and of your prayers for the prosperity of Zion.

Some of you have nothing to record but prosperity; while others find causes for discouragement.

A big congregation and a large ingathering of souls into the church may or may not constitute a great church. And it might be that in the eyes of our Judge some pastors and churches uttering their discouragements, have done more to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom than others so sure of success.

Let us remember that a strong church is a Christ-like church. And that body of Christians who in their walk and conversation most nearly imitate Christ does the most to establish Christ's Kingdom in the world. And doubtless such a church will have something inspiring to show along the line of souls rescued from sin and death, and money's raised to send the gospel to the perishing, and to carry out the work undertaken by the denomination. And so we urge the cultivation of the Christ Spirit believing that such a pursuit will produce holiness of living in the various churches and lead to a larger benevolence towards those objects under the fostering care of this association.

Paul in the second chapter of Philippians and fifth verse says, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus," and then goes on to show what this mind of Christ was he wished them to possess.

To possess this mind is to be Christ-like and to be Christ-like is the very heart of religion.

The incarnation of the Son of God had a ten-fold purpose. He came to die as our substitute and so made possible our salvation. He came also to teach us how to live.

Had it been only necessary for Him to make an atonement for sin, He need not have lived here 33 years prior to His crucifixion. But he came to teach us the way to live and so His life is both an inspiration and a pattern.

To have men become like Him was the object of His incarnation and is the desire of every true heart. We shall be like Him some sweet day when we see Him as He is; but to be like Him here and now is the longing desire of his heart. And is the guarantee of the speedy coming of His Kingdom.

Let us notice some of the characteristics of Christ which we are to seek to possess.

HE HAD THE MIND OF HUMILITY.

His humility is set forth by Paul in an account of His incarnation. He was on an equality with God. He was with God from the beginning. He was God. And yet this God became man—the word became flesh and dwelt among us." What condescension, what deep humility—is here seen! Think of it: God taking upon Him our humanity and becomes a man among men. What limitations of His divine nature this involved! What danger of misapprehension! What opportunity for scoffing and ridicule! What suffering of mind and body must follow such an act! Yet He came to be the "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." And His life was marked by His abiding spirit of humility. He makes himself of no reputation; He takes the form of a servant; and at last stoops to the very depths of humility by dying on a cross. It was written: "Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree." His humility led Him even to endure this curse. Mark His spirit of holiness in the upper room at the observance of the last passover. While the disciples were quarreling over the question, "who shall be greatest?" He takes a basin of water and a towel and begins to wash the feet of the disciples. They would not perform the menial act; but Christ would. Let that mind of humility be in us. Said Christ on this occasion, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Paul in writing to the Romans says, "In honor preferring one another." How beautiful is this spirit in the church. Are honors to be conferred? Let each desire his brother to wear them. Are positions of trust to be given? Seek out the worthiest brother or sister but let each one think that the best qualifications are possessed by others rather than himself. To the truest and best and most Christ-like men and women positions of honor and trust and the church comes as a surprise. Such a spirit dispels jealousy and makes a man no less a worker in God's cause because honor has been conferred upon another. With this spirit all workers in the church will perform their various duties in perfect and sweet harmony. Brothers and sisters cultivate this spirit of humility.

HE HAD THE SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

Christ gave for us the most sacred thing we possess—life. There can be no greater proof of love than for one to lay down his life for another. "Greater love hath no man than this,

that a man lay down his life for his friends." And there can be no greater test of self-sacrifice. "The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." This spirit of self-sacrifice has too much the worldly spirit of covetousness. The world is full of this unholy thing; and the tide is sweeping it into the church.

Says Dr. Carey in his Baccalaureate sermon in June last: "Covetousness which is idolatry, is the crowning sin of Christendom and is a fruitful source of innumerable evils. Wealth is multiplied and centralized. God's cause is robbed and the midst of his curse descends upon the unholy spoil, multitudes who have complained that they have so little, will in the days of accounts, mourn that they had so much. It is said however, that there is a sign of the Millennium in the state of Maine, from a few years ago a church disciplined five well-to-do members because they gave nothing."

Nothing can be more evident that the spirit of covetousness and not of self-sacrifice has come down upon some of our churches than to compare the wealth of the churches with the small offerings made to carry forward the work of the Kingdom of Christ.

John tells us that we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. What a holy consecration this would be if we should lay down our lives in helpful service for one another. And the world and the church, need this kind of Christianity. Never before in the history of this race was there a greater demand for self-sacrifice. We have the noble example of Christ. He was rich yet for our sake he became poor. He gave all he had, even His own precious life. We call ourselves Christians. If we are to be like this Christ. And if we are like Christ we can shut ourselves up in our selfishness and covetousness when a dying world is calling for the Bread of Life? While some of us are hoarding up wealth and accumulating property and adding year after year to our possessions or spending our means in the pursuit of pleasure, souls are perishing for the gospel and the cause of God is languishing for money to carry forward its work. How shall we feel about this matter upon our dying beds? And when we come to meet our Judge? A minister called upon a man who was fast drawing near the gates of death and found him greatly excited. Said the minister—"Are you afraid to die?" "No," said the dying man. "I am not afraid to die but I am ashamed to die." What shame and remorse must come to him who professed to be Christ-like, and yet lived a selfish covetous life while thousands of opportunities to do good and advance the Master's cause was neglected or despised. How true will then seem the poet's words:

"I lived for myself, I thought for myself, For myself, and none beside— Just as if Jesus had never lived, As if Jesus had never died."

Cultivate this spirit of self-sacrifice so beautifully exemplified in the life of your Lord.

HE WAS LOYAL TO EVERY DUTY.

Christ lived as if He fully believed that God had a work for Him to do. Wherever that work called Him He went; whatever sacrifice it demanded He made; whatever truth is called forth He fearlessly disclosed.

So true was He to duty and to God He could say, "My meat and my drink is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish his work." Never once did He falter in the path of duty. Never did He seek to evade duty. Never did He once complain of the difficulty attending His life work. Always and ever He was at the post of duty. Nothing was permitted to come in between Him and His work. No excuse did He ever frame or offer for non-fulfillment of services. He was ever loyal to duty.

This characteristic of our blessed Lord needs to be pondered by Christians. The world has come into our churches and laid its hand upon our members and demanded service. The result is that so much time is spent in connection with worldly institutions, all good in themselves, no doubt, that the services of God's house are often neglected. In almost every community organizations have multiplied until it is well nigh impossible for one to attend a tithe of them. Then all sorts of schemes are set on foot to make money. Entertainments abound; in village and cities every night brings some demand upon our time.

In many cases the world gets the service of the Christian, while the prayer-meeting is neglected. Some professed followers of Christ can give two or three nights out of the week to some lodge or club or insurance meeting and scarcely ever attend the prayer-meeting. Is this loyal to Christ? Can He who was so true to His Father's commands smile upon such followers? Has He not said "As my Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you into the world?"

We cannot serve the church of Christ and so many worldly societies. Christ founded the church. It is the only institution that can claim His approval for its existence. Let Christ's followers stand by Christ's church and be loyal to Him and to His church. Let all Christian duty have the pre-eminence.

Let our churches answer the question in the church letter as the fact, warrant—what proportion of your membership (a) regularly attend the prayer-meeting?—and see how we will blush at their answers. That old word duty ought to be written on all our hearts. We have taken that beautiful word "Love" and talked about it and preached about it until we have no place in our thoughts for "duty" and "obedience." Talk about this "greatest thing in the world" as you may, and declare it the "summum bonum—the supreme good" if you desire; but this fact remains true that no greater word exists than duty and no greater evidence of a Christian life can be

produced than loyalty to the duties Christ our Saviour lays upon us. "Obedience is better than sacrifice," and loyalty to Christ imposed duty than all our professions of love. The Master has said "If you love me keep my commandments." The proof of true discipleship is obedience to Christ's commands which is but another way of saying loyalty to Christ given duties. Let this mind of faithfulness in discharge of duty which so fully dwelt in Christ, characterize our life also. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty. His Father put upon him. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Let us catch the spirit of this faithful and obedient life.

AND FINALLY HE WAS LOYAL TO THE TRUTH.

He uttered the truth. He lived the truth. He was "the way the truth and the life." He made no compromise with error. He drew the lines sharply between the truth and what was false. The truth is going to stand, it may go down but it will come up again. It may be on the scaffold now, but it will some day be on the throne.

This Christ so faithful to His Father; so true to His trust; so loving and kind and forgiving; so pure and good, is now exalted to the right hand of God. And to Him every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that He is Lord.

Let us imitate this Saviour. Let the mind of humility, of love and forgiveness, of self-sacrifice and of faithfulness dwell in us. Let us be loyal to the truth. This is an age of compromise. Let us stand by God's word and let us hold strictly to the commands of Christ and if faithful unto death we shall receive a crown of life.

We have only touched the hem of the garment of this subject, but we hold up Christ as your pattern and King. Do you want the sweetest perfume that flower ever exhaled? Then take in the Rose of Sharon. Do you want the dearest friend that man ever had? Take Him, that sticketh closer than a brother. Do you want a pattern which will make your life pure beautiful and good? Then take Christ. Do you want to become like Him whose glory fills all Heaven? Then cultivate his spirit. Take Christ as your Saviour and He will wash away your sins; take Him as your friend and guide and you will find Him a most precious companion; take Him as your help and support in life and you will never want for any good thing; take Him as your pattern and as the days go by you will become more and more like Him, until at last you will see Him as he is, and then you will be, forever like Him. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

They Were Smuggled.

It was the lady of the house herself who answered the bell, the housemaid being engaged in peeling pineapples for preserves.

"What do you want?" she asked of the person on the door step, an impulsive-looking man with a roll of rugs under one arm.

"Sh," said the impulsive one. "Not so loud. I've got some rugs here that I will sell you for a song—only you mustn't let anybody know."

"Why—are they stolen?"

The person made a speaking trumpet with one hand and whispered in a sepulchral tone:

"No—smuggled."

"Come right in," said the lady, and she ushered him into the hall. Carefully closing the door, she invited him to display his wares.

He did so, and as the rugs were spread out on the hall floor their dainty richness filled her with longing.

"You are sure they were smuggled?" she asked, in an anxious tone of voice.

"Certain sure, ma'am," he answered.

"I smuggled them myself and you can have them for \$5 apiece, which is less than half what they cost you at any store in the city."

"Then that is all you need, Robert," she said, turning to a gentleman who stood in the shade beneath the stairs; "The man admits that he's a smuggler and all you've got to do is to report him at the custom house."

The person with the rugs turned pale.

"For heaven's sake don't do that, ma'am," said the man. "I've got a sick wife and four small children at home who are depending on me for bread. Take the rugs for \$2.50 apiece and let me go."

"But my husband is the custom house officer," she said; "we can't let you go."

"Have mercy," he pleaded; "take them for \$2.50 and say no more about it."

"Justice is inflexible," said the husband; "I must do my duty."

"Call it \$2," moaned the self-confessed smuggler, "and spare me."

The husband and wife communed apart, the latter evidently pleading for the poor wretch. At the end of their conference the money was silently counted out to the smuggler, the door was opened and he was permitted to go.

And the next day when madam priced the same kind of rug at the store she found that they would have been dear at a dollar apiece.

The Demand for Cottonwood.

A correspondent of the "Northern Lumberman" states that last winter, in St. Louis, he found that while white pine was selling slowly and there was no demand for yellow pine, and hardly any for cypress, cottonwood was in active request. The lower grades of cottonwood are used for packing boxes, vegetable crates, barn boards, sheathing, etc., and the upper grades are largely made into wagon-boxes, where the toughness of the wood renders it specially valuable, while clear stock under twelve inches wide serves for flooring, ceiling, casing and other purposes where pine is commonly used. When properly dried, cottonwood is said to be equal to popular for many purposes, and because of its lightness, the ease with which it is worked, and the way it takes and retains paint, it answers for many uses where pine was once considered indispensable.

(Continued from First Page.)

drunk, nor did he seem to be incapable. "Now, sir, open your mouth as wide as you can, please," said he; and Colonel Byng, after a moment of hesitation, complied. It was scarcely prudent, perhaps, to obey the orders of a manifestly tipsy man; but as there seemed to be no reason for suspecting Mr. Wainwright of being a Burke or a Hare, the Colonel submitted in silence to the thrusting of a mass of some solid, sticky compound, like collier's wax, between his jaws. No sooner had this been accomplished than the operator fell back a few paces and began to giggle helplessly.

"Beg pardon," he spluttered, "sorry to appear unfeeling; but—but you do look so supremely ridiculous! If you could only see yourself!"

The Colonel, as it happened, could and did see himself; for upon the wall facing him and slightly above his head hung a small mirror, in which was faithfully reflected the image of an elderly gentleman, whose features were absurdly distorted, whose cheeks were purple with anger and whose eyes were goggling wildly. In the background could be discerned a little bearded man, convulsed with merriment, who presently vanished from the field of the picture.

"I must go into the next room to recover myself," the voice of this mannerly practitioner announced. "Sit still and keep cool; you shall be set free in a minute or two."

Colonel Byng could no more keep cool than he could give utterance to the expletives which were choking him; but to sit still was a simple matter enough, seeing that he could not do otherwise. He promised himself that Mr. Wainwright should soon receive verbal chastigation and whiled away the time by mentally rehearsing a few of the remarks which he proposed to deliver on regaining the use of his tongue. But two minutes, three minutes, and five minutes elapsed, and the dentist still remained absent. The Colonel grew impatient, then uneasy, then downright terrified.

That semi-intoxicated monster had doubtless slipped out to the nearest public-house and was probably either lying upon the pavement, dead drunk, at that moment or being hauled off to the police station!

"Good heavens!" thought the hapless Colonel, "what will become of me! I can't call out; I couldn't break one of these infernal straps to save my life; it's as much as I can do to breathe! Was ever a man left to perish in such a miserable, uncalled-for, ridiculous way before!"

He stamped and drummed with his feet; but nobody appeared to be within hearing; he struggled and kicked, though, of course, he knew that that would be of no avail; finally, with the cold sweat running down his cheeks, he let his head fall back and gave himself up for lost. Life under such conditions could not be maintained much longer, he supposed.

In this quiescent and semi-unconscious state he remained for what seemed to him to be many hours. In reality it was about half an hour later that he was aroused to renewed hope by the repeated violently ringing of the outer bell. Somebody began to batter the panels of the door, calling loudly upon the name of Mr. Wainwright; somebody—oh joy!—was so determined to get in that at length, with a crash of breaking wood or bursting locks, he effected an entrance and penetrated into the adjoining room, whence a confused murmur of voices, male and female, reached the Colonel's expectant ear. He himself resumed the drumming with his feet which was the sole means open to him of attracting attention, and presently, to his unspeakable relief, the hall-porter who had admitted him on his arrival stepped in from the neighboring room.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed that amazed functionary. "I was just saying to them ladies, as told me they'd called by appointment, 'I know Mr. Wainwright's in,' I says, 'and I half expect he's engaged; for there was a gentleman came in about an hour ago,' I says, 'and I ain't seen him leave. But lor! I didn't think for to find you like this, sir. What ever did you let him strap you down for?'"

The Colonel, being unable to reply, frowned and kicked until his heels were loosed; whereupon he freed his jaws, not without some difficulty, and gasped out, "Where is that infernal scoundrel?"

"Laying on the sofa, as drunk as you please, sir," answered the porter, placidly. "The ladies will have it he's in a fit, and they're trying for to bring him round with smelling salts; but bless your soul! I've seen him in fits of that kind afore now. Drops down quite sudden like as soon as he's had all he can carry, and keeps on talking as sensible as you or me up to the very last. Dear, dear what a pity it is, to be sure! Clever dentist, too, they tell me."

"I don't know so much about that," growled the Colonel, who had risen and was eagerly searching for the set of teeth of which he had been deprived; "he hasn't done very clever day's work this time, I can assure him. He shall be exposed and ruined to-morrow, cost me what it may! I'll break every bone in his rascally carcass as soon as ever he comes to his senses!—I'll!"

But what further form of punishment was in store for the intemperate dentist the porter was not privileged to hear; for at that moment Colonel Byng's eloquence was arrested and his blood was made to run cold by a peal of laughter, the ring of which was only too familiar to him.

"I knew it!" that horrid girl exclaimed, triumphantly. "Come and look at Colonel Byng, mamma; perhaps you will be convinced now. Oh, how glad I am that I persuaded you to consult Mr. Wainwright to-day!"

The unhappy man had not a word to say for himself. He stood silently facing his astonished betrothed and

her merciless daughter—the personification of detested and abject guilt. To wear false is not criminal; but we are all of us apt to judge of the blackness of a sin by the consequences which it entails, and this poor sinner foresaw that his punishment would be a severe one.

"Colonel Byng," said Mrs. Atherton, in a hollow voice, "you have deceived me shamefully! All must be over between us. I am only thankful that an extraordinary series of accidents have enabled me to discover the truth in time."

The Colonel bowed a submissive head; he had expected no less. Only he ventured (somewhat indistinctly) to express a hope that his secret might not be betrayed, and Mrs. Atherton was disposed to agree that some other explanation of the rupture had better be given when it was pointed out to her that the actual one would expose her, as well as her dismissed suitor, to a good deal of heartless ridicule.

"That is all very well," observed Blanche, quietly; "but both you and Colonel Byng seem to forget, mamma, that you haven't squared me yet. What is to prevent me from publishing this capital story abroad, I should like to know?"

"You would never be so undoubtful or so ill-natured, Blanche!"

"Oh, but indeed I would!—that is, unless we can come to terms. I haven't been treated with much consideration so far, and I don't see why I should be asked to display now. Now, mamma, you can please yourself about marrying Colonel Byng; I don't see why you shouldn't marry him, if you like him, and, after all, I suppose most people are bound to have false teeth at his age. He can have a nice new set made by some teetotal dentist, and in the meantime he can be ill, so that there may be no excuse for postponing the wedding. But it must be clearly understood that I shall only hold my tongue upon the condition that I am allowed to marry Ned, and that I am given money enough to set up house with. Unless that is agreed to, neither you nor Colonel Byng shall ever hear the last of the way in which you have spent this Bank holiday."

The hall-porter, who had been an interesting and sympathetic auditor of the above colloquy, here took leave to remark: "I think ma'am, if you was to act as the young lady proposes, it would be best for all parties. Mr. Wainwright, for instance, is a gentleman very highly thought of in the profession, and for him to be overlooked as he has been to-day is a most unfortunate and unusual thing—"

"Why, I thought you said just now that he was always getting drunk!" interrupted the Colonel.

"I may have said so, sir," replied the porter, discreetly—"in the hurry of the moment I may have said so. Similarly, I might, in the course of conversation, repeat what I've just seen and heard. But you may be sure I shall be as silent as the grave, sir, in the case anything is given me to keep in mind of my duty."

Mrs. Atherton, as has been said before, was a good-natured woman, and she began to laugh. It is better, she may have reflected, to laugh than to be laughed at.

"Go home and be ill," she said to the Colonel, giving him a little push. "If you think you can be well again at the end of the week, we won't let our friends what has been the matter with you, and while you are recovering I will see the lawyers and make certain settlement. Really, when one comes to think of it, it wouldn't have been at all pleasant to be upon bad terms with our children; so all has fallen out for the best."

"Including Colonel Byng's teeth," remarked Blanche, demurely. "But I'm sure he will take care not to let them fall out again, and perhaps he will take care not to fall out with me again either."

Approving the Journal.

"As I look into your face, dearest," said young Wumpnug, "I can see the whole record of the present congress."

"Tell me its features," said his steady girl.

"Eyes, nose, lip, chin, cheek"—and then the usual executive session followed.



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