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A treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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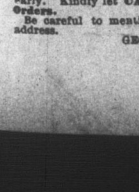

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HOME.

Tired Ones.

So tired!
Such weary mothers, love inspired,
But worn with love's demands
Until the trembling hand;
Falter above their tasks, and stay
While white lips pray.
So spent, undone,
On guard above each little one
As though each dying day
Carried no tired mothers far away
From their fond world, and so
They fain would go
Bent to loves least behest
A child clasped to the breast.

So weary! stooping low
Above sweet, sleeping faces when the glow
Of twilight fades—but not so tired as they
Who have no care all day
For loved ones, young or old; no cheeks to touch
With kisses, as they sleep, or such
Dear riches as love brings—
Dearer than diadem of kings—
The weariest hand
Is empty, having no command
Of loving lips, no care of age or youth;
No lips to call it in truth,
From purple dawn till night; no wealth to hold
Dearer than fretted gold.

—*Selected.*

Our Discontents.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

These discontents of ours—what should we do with them? Forget them? Our petulent grumbling, sullen discontents; our discontents which get voice in murmure. Nothing so hinders a strong, pushing, achieving, exultant life as murmuring—the mutterings of discontent. Think of those Israelites. What murmurers they were. They come to the fountain, the water is bitter, and they murmur. Then there is no flesh with their bread, and they murmur. Moses takes too much upon upon himself, and they murmur. They are at the edge of the promised land and refuse even to attempt its conquest, but do not refuse to murmur. They are sullen with discontent, and so they are growling with murmuring.

Such murmurous discontent takes the brightness out of all their present blessings. The Israelites had passed dry shod through the cloven sea, but they had no bread, and what did that matter? They were free men instead of slaves! but they wanted flesh, and what did their freedom matter? They were going on toward the land of promise, but Moses tarried in the mount, and what did the land of promise matter? Their murmurous discontent defeated those old Israelites. There was in them no grand reaching towards the things which were before. There in the wilderness they died; and that was all they did.

A fretful pulsant, murmuring discontent stabs achievement. You cannot do well, or be well out of a shadowed heart. Think of the reasons for discontent to the exclusion of the radiant reasons for a hopeful and aspiring content, and you have smitten yourself with a moral paralysis. Forget your discontents. Ah! Yes, you say, I should like to; but I cannot. I resolved, but resolution does no good. Still drop the dark curtains of my discontent around me; still does their chill cut the vitals of my thankfulness; still I am somehow held more in plaint than praise.

And I agree with you when you say that by a sheer resolution you cannot forget your discontents. And at the same time I reaffirm that you must forget them. How, you ask? I was reading sometime since Mr. Robert Southey's life of Cowper. Poor Cowper, living under the constant shadow of insanity, and with the black cloud dropping down upon him every now and then. After his first seizure, when he had tried to kill himself, and after his recovery at St. Albans, he found a home in the little town of Olney. Everything considered, it was the best place for Cowper to live in. But it was by no means an inviting place. It was a little, homely, unhealthy, flat, marshy, musty, woolweaving village. There was no scenery to stir a poet. And the house was very uninviting too. Here there was material enough for discontent. He might have murmuringly looked out his window on the flat, marshy foggy prospect, with never a hill to gladden him, nor a decent walk that he did not have to go miles after, and said "A pretty place for a poet this; I can do nothing, I can be nothing, I can write nothing." That is the way a great many people would have done; conjured up their discontents, petted them and nursed them, until they became tyrants beneath whose rigorous reign nothing dare dwell, but a constant whining and unmanly croaking. But though Cowper did now and then get crazy, he was nevertheless most sturdily sane and wise. He forgot his discontents. How, you ask? Not by sheer and simple New Year resolutions. Though now and then he was insane, he never was insane enough to imagine he could do it thus. How then? By resolutely turning himself toward the possible brightness of his condition; and by thought and care and thankfulness for these crowding out the reasons and tendencies towards discontent.

Olney was flat, unhealthy, uninteresting, and the house he lived in was not pleasant. But, in back yard he could have a garden, and he could plant flowers in it, and he could watch and tend their growth, and he could make pets of hares and feed them and look after them, and he could change the greenhouse into a warm study in the winter, and into a pleasant arbor in the summer, and he could write in it. And if he could not get poetry out of the flat landscape, he could get it out of his hares and flowers, and summer-house and friends. And he did, and he has embalmed them all in that poetry which was the beginning of a better and nobler school, and which wrought a change in literature, and which through all the days since has blessed and brightened many by its pleasant, steady, religious light. Thus Cowper forgot his discontents.

He is the only way for you and me—the forgetting of the darker, through the persistent memory of the brighter. How much better than if he had remembered his discontents. How much better for us all, if through thought about, and thankfulness for, the bright things God does give us, we might get grace to say, with Paul, concerning our petty, mean, miserable, baffling, hindering discontents, "Forgetting the things which are behind."—*Gospel Age.*

Pimples and sores are cured by using Minard's Family Pills and applying Minard's Liniment in from 10 to 20 days.

THE FARM.

—A little pasture should be provided for the calves where they can have a supply of grass and plenty of exercise. They will learn to eat sooner and make a better growth than if kept up and given a sufficient quantity of food to insure a steady growth. It does not pay to simply feed and keep alive, a little more feed will keep up a good gain, and this should always be provided. Profitable stock keeping implies keeping up a steady gain at the smallest expense, and this is the case with young growing stock fully as much as when feeling to fatten.

MANURE LEAKS.—As manure and its right application is the base of all successful farming, it is a leak to suffer the winter's accumulation—horse manure especially—to lie in a big heap and fire-fang, sending off all its ammonia into the air. It is a leak to pitch out the manure against the side of the barn, to be leached and burned by an early spring sun and rain, when it should be housed in a barn cellar. It is a leak not to use absorbents in the cattle stables to catch and hold the liquid manure, the most valuable ammoniacal and nitrogenous part, but to let it run through the cracks of the floor, not to be reached again. It is a leak to let cattle lie in the open barnyard in summer, causing the manure to be nearly worthless. It is a leak to suffer manure to be wasted in any form, and buy commercial fertilizers because they are more easily applied.

CANADA ASHES.—Really it is too bad. What are our farmers thinking of? In a single number of a leading American agricultural journal of March 8, 1888, no fewer than three advertisements appear of "unleached Canada ashes in car lots." Two of these advertisements are those of Ontario men, one of whom styles himself "Exporter of Canada unleached hardwood ashes." The other is that of a New York firm, which says, "This being our only business, our long experience enables us to guarantee the quality to be the best." All this shows that no inconsiderable quantity of unleached ashes is being sent out of this country to the United States. We can ill afford the loss of such a valuable fertilizer. If Americans can afford to haul these ashes to New York as a distributing point, whence they are sent to various other localities, as ordered, we can much better afford to keep them at home. This, on our part, is literally killing the goose that lays the golden egg. There is no fertilizer that, bulk for bulk, and weight for weight, is so cheap and valuable as this. Its uses are diverse. There is no place it can be put on land where it will not give a good account of itself. It is especially useful at a top-dressing for meadows and pastures. It is a "penny-wise, pound-foolish" policy to sell ashes to soap-makers and others, while it argues an amount of ignorance that is deplorable. About five cents a bushel is what is given for ashes by the ashery peddlers, who put in soap. They are worth four or five times that price to put on the land. It is grave mistakes like these that keep many farmers poor. Selling fat calves for $4 or $5 apiece, that have cost twice or three times the money to fatten them, and selling unleached ashes for five cents a bushel, are follies which may well make us blush for our country and our kind.—*Rural Canadian.*

SUMMER HOEING.—Few operations on the farm need to be done so promptly as the cultivation of hoed crops, says *The Ploughman.* Sometimes the neglect of a single day will increase the labor one-half, and decrease the crop nearly as much; for example, a field of onions may need to be hoed to day, the weather is fine, the sun being warm enough to destroy the weeds as soon as disturbed, but other business pressing, the work is delayed, thinking the day will make but little difference; but when the morrow comes it rains, so another day must pass, and if the work be done the following day, the soil will be wet and the weeds will have got so large that they overshadow the crop, so that when removed the crop is injured, and the weeds will take root again unless carried from the field. Farmers, as a rule, neglect their hoed crops too much during the haying season; by being one or two weeks behind time they have to spend twice the time necessary to keep their crops clear of weeds if the work be done when it ought to be, and yet the land is full of weeds, and the crops are greatly reduced because not cultivated when they ought to have been.

—Washing the trunks of fruit trees with offensive substances to keep borers out, seems like going a long way around to get there. The borer is one of the easiest orchard insects to contend with that we have. He lives in the trees three seasons and makes his presence known by the chips thrown out from his burrow as soon as he begins to do any harm, indeed before any real harm is done. The first summer the insect is very small, and works only in the bark and can be taken out very easily by the point of a knife. The eggs are not laid till near midsummer, and the season of laying is short so that two careful examinations in July and August ought to discover every live insect. It is much less work to dig out what few there will be in an orchard well cared for than to wash all the trees; besides washing, if effectual only drives the female borer to some near neighbor's trees where the race will be perpetuated to cause trouble later. Killing insects cuts off the source of supply. Driving them away only postpones trouble. All old pasture or roadside apple trees that are not worth standing should be cut down to remove nursery grounds for the borer and other insects. We can't afford to breed insects in cider apples.—*New England Farmer.*

TEMPERANCE.

Rum and Manhood.

A man who had been for a long time a victim of the drink habit, but who finally broke his chains thus speaks:—

I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being, which belong to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure, the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning, and sweet repose it yields him at night, the feeling with which he drinks in through his clear eyes, the beauty and grandeur of surrounding nature; I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperance man, the sense of renovated youth, the glad play with which my pulse now beats healthful music, the bounding vivacity with which my life-blood courses its exulting way through every fiber of my frame, the communion high with which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God, the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky, the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of the earth, the music of the air, and of the waters, with all the grand associations of external nature responsed to the five avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dog me, though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed, though want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save my crime, meet my waking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and noblest wreath that ever encircled statesman's brow; not if some angel commissioned by heaven or some demon sent fresh from hell to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that crime can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind; this talisman against temptation and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path, so help me heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer and live and die as I am, poor and sober.

The Appeal of Womanhood.

I do not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, but let me say, as a woman who stood inside it, that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute at the feet its manhood. If you want to find out what a boy is worth, go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and nights of cares, and he stands before her strong and clean and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized dram-shop take hold of him and tears him down, fire by fire, and puts oaths on the lips she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what a home is worth, go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies for her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dram-shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together, and takes down her strong tower, hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder woman makes outcry.

What was the woman's crusade? It was a long sane hered sob breaking into a cry; it was a midnight prayer coming abroad at noonday. You men sometimes say to us, as we stand in places like this, "Home is your kingdom." We do not dispute it; we know it better than you know it; but it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us, standing balloteless and defenseless before this vampire of our civilization, "You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law." Do you? When for eighty five years, by well defined license legislation, motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain by law and you have made no protest against it! You have prayed about it in prayer meeting, but when it comes to the sweep of empire in the ballot box and in political organizations, you have made no protest. Oh! men, I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and its babies. And grand as you are and strong as you are and true as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and your children and the dram-shop at the same time. Oh! in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down this enemy of the home and of wifehood and of childhood, or else put the ballot into the hand of your women for their own protection.—*Extract from an address by Mary T. Lathrop, of Michigan.*

—"I think to make me work," said a young man one day. To which an old man replied: "That's right; thee drink and it will make thee work. Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together, but we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and, mark, it makes me work now. At 72 years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink and it will make thee work."

If you have a discharge from the nose offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste or hearing, eyes watering or weak, feel dull or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in Consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have, for many years, offered a standing reward of $500 for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at 50 cents.

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. O. L. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair. It does not dye gray hair, but brings back the original color. Many persons in St. John will remember when Mr. Warlock's hair was almost white. He has been using it for over 20 years, and his appearance is proof of its good qualities.

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State age and name references to insure a reply. Address S. T. CANNON & CO., Mention this paper. Augusta, Maine. 22-30

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One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free, contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 30 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

Make New Rich Blood!

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!!

Believing God's purpose was in it, we have obeyed the call to come and labor at the MARINER'S TEMPLE. Apparently it involves much sacrifice of means and other personal comforts to attempt and obtain SUCCESS. As advised, we shall move our MAGAZINE.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

and use it to help us, as a mere tool for our work. Unless aided by Christians generally, we must suffer financial loss. This call is addressed to all who read this advertisement, and will encourage, and those who read this subscribe, send for circulars and specimens, and you will see what others think and say about BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

SOMETHING NEW

IN BUDS AND BLOSSOMS AND FRIENDLY GREETINGS

This is a richly illustrated magazine, highly recommended, and can be safely introduced to the Home Circle. It is practical and pleasing to old and young. A record of faith work. Full of the Gospel spirit. Its short stories, temperance sketches and missionary notes, make it bright and cheery. Just the thing for your family. 12th year of publication.

☞ N. B.—The Editor's address is changed. Send all communications and payments to Rev. J. F. AVERY, Office, 1 Henry St., for Office, of Chatham Sq., N. of York, U. S. Forty pages monthly. $1 per year. Send two 3c. stamps for specimen. 6 & 8.

The undersigned, directors of forming a limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of Dry Goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale Dry Goods and General Jobbing and Commission business.

3. That the name of all the general and special partners interested in such partnership are as follows: Ward C. Pitfield, who resides at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at the said City of Saint John, is the special partner;

4. That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of Ten Thousand dollars as capital to the common stock.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1888 and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 189[illegible].

Dated this twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
(Signed) SAMUEL HAYWARD.

City and County of Saint John to wit: Be it remembered that on this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, John Russell Armstrong, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the said City and County of Saint John, personally came and appeared Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned and severally acknowledged the said Ward C. Pitfield, that he signed the said certificate and the said Samuel Hayward that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at the said City of Saint John, the said twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(Signed) J. R. ARMSTRONG,
Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

PATENT

EAR MUFFS.

HAVING sold these useful articles for the past seven years, we can recommend them as invaluable for Ladies', Gents and Children's use. They can be carried in the wallet or vest pocket, and placed on the ears in a few seconds.

We have just received TEN GROSS of these Ear Muffs, which we sell at the low price of Fifteen Cents per pair, or sent by mail anywhere in Canada for Eighteen Cents per pair.

C. & E. EVERETT,
11 King Street, St. John, N. B.

—THE—

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WM. S. ROBBINS, No. 11 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.,

General Agent for New Brunswick.

ST. JOHN, N. B., February 2nd 1888.

To the President and Directors of the Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia.

Gentlemen,—I have received from the hands of Dr. Morrison, your medical examiner, this day, the sum of $2,000, being the amount in full of claim of Insurance in your Society on the life of my late husband, John Hay. This prompt manner of settling claims is to me so satisfactory that I deem it my duty to write you this letter, and I trust you may consider it worth your while to publish the same. I believe the public should know of your manner of doing business.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH HAY,
Widow of the late John Hay.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 3rd Feb., 1888.

To the President and Directors of the Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia.

Gentlemen,—Dr. William Morrison of this city, your medical examiner, handed me to-day, your cheque for $2000, as payment in full for insurance on the life of my late husband, George A. Barker. Your Society is certainly a friend to the widow and orphan. I am pleased beyond measure. Go on with your good work! Fathers and husbands, my advice to you is: protect your families.

(Signed) MARGARET ANN BARKER.
Widow of the late George A. Barker.

HERBERT W. MOORE

Barrister-at-Law,

SOLICITOR IN EQUITY, CONVEYANCER

etc., etc.

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