FRUITS.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"No, sir! I don't believe in continooal preachin' to the church. I think a minister o' the gospel had oughter let them that is called an' 'lected and justified alone, and pitch into sinners." With this, Squire Pettigrew set down the butt end of his cart whip on the floor with a thud, as if to nail his doctrine in.

"Well, Brother Pettigrew," meekily replied Deacon Jones, "there we differ. 'Pears to me we ain't none of us so good but what we might be a sight better, if we be church members; and for one, I must say them sermons of Mr. King's are searching; they open up things. I begin to see I haven't lived up to my privileges, nohow."

Joe Dunning emptied his mouth of its habitual quid, and looked up with a humorous twinkle in his light hazel eye. He was the village satirist, and as he got up and held out his hand to Squire Pettigrew, a look of amused expectancy went round the circle of five or six gathered about the stove. "Shake hands, Squire; shake hands! I'm proud to lay hold onto a man thet knows more'n Si. Poll did. I didn't know as Thomson had such a gifted individooal into it."

The Squire stared, but did not extend his hand an inch.

"Psho!" he said, "how you talk. I didn't set up, nor I never did, to know more'n Scripter; and you know it."

"Hand me a Bible, won't ye, Mr. Flint?" and the storkeeper handed a dusty volume off one of the high shelves to Joe Dunning, who opened it and ran over a few leaves with his eye. "Knew I wan't mistaken; but seein' I am one of the outsiders, thought I would have chapter and varse for it. Every one of these here epistles Poll writ is writ to churches, except two of them, which is writ to individual Christians, and Hebrews is to folks of another religion—another church, we may say; James and Peter and John and Jude foller right along in the same track; and if I rek'lect rightly what my old mother used to read about, there's lots about strengthenin' on 'em in the faith, exhortin' of 'em to walk uprightly, to justify their callin' and make sure of their 'lection and keep from fallin'. Parson King appears to her considerable example to do what he's a-doin' now, hain't he?"

"Well, I guess ef you read up in the Gospels, which is the main thing, you'll find Christ preached to sinners mostly. I guess you can't go back on that," stiffly answered Squire Pettigrew.

"Well, that is so; but if you reck'lect, the' wan't no great of a church in them days; what there was, I believe he did exhort considerable; appears to me he said a good deal to the Apostles themselves. Now, I think since you're come to it, that sinners ought to be preached to, and the church, too. That seems to be what he done."

"Looks as ef some church members these times wan't four miles off from being sinners," growled a deep voice behind the stove.

"Now, look here, Steve Hurlburt," retorted Mr. Pettigrew angrily; "you're one of them that makes the nateral faults of perfessors an umbrell to keep off yer own duties from peltin' ye; I don't say but what everybody has faults, but we calc'late to overcome 'em by the help of grace, and you don't never try to."

"I done's I do; but ef I did I guess grace would have most as hard a wrastle for me as it does for you, Square!" was the rough reply, echoed by loud laughter.

"Well!" choked Squire Pettigrew, "I'm a poor, miserable sinner—"

"So ye be, so ye be!" mumbled an old man, coming from the back of the store. "I will swar to it, Square, on the spot. I bought a barl of greenin's of ye a spell back. Apples is dredful plenty, but we hain't no greenin's, and wife she sets by that sort awfully; I paid ye market price for sound apples, an' right in the middle of the barl there was mor'n a half bushel of nurly, leetle, wormy apples thet weren't skerce good enough for my pigs. Apples is wuth a dollar a barl this year, the best on 'em; and you cheated me to save your pocket about fifteen cents, all told. When I see them apples I sez to wife, sez I, that's Christianity, ain't it? And wife she set right down an' cried. She's a reel one; she don't need no preachin' to. But I swow! the more Parson King talks to such as you be, the better for ye!"

Squire Pettigrew turned away and walked out of the store.

"You hit him fair and square, Simons," said Joe Dunning, rather gravely.

"Well, I meant to. Now you fellers like to hev your talk, and I don't blame ye; but it's more of a matter to me. My wife's she's a reel saint, accordin' to what I call saints."

"I don't mean one of the talkin' sort; she's one of the doin' kind. There ain't nothin' that woman lays her hand to but what does it up thorough. She don't get mad with the children and slap 'em round. They're contrary pernickity and hateful enough, Lord's knows; but she only grieves about it, and talks to 'em so moderate and loving-like they fairly get shamed out of their tricks; and they have growed up, boys and all, to think there ain't no place like hum, and nobody like mother. She's allus a thinking of other folkses rights and wants and forgettin' her own; and she makes our old barn of a house just as cheersome an' pleasant as any saloon ye ever see. Boys an' I haven't no call to go nowhere of an evenin' for a warm, kindly sort of a place to set down an' lay up our legs in. I am almost a mind to be a Christian myself when I see how it works with her and some other folks here in Thomson. I feel sorter uneasy to think how she keeps a praying and a praying for me. She has no need to; living like her is enough."

"Mabbie, Brother Simons, her prayin' helps her livin'; there ain't never no grass without rain, ye know," said Deacon Jones.

"Well, mabbe it is so; you aughter known, Deacon," answered the old man, with a kindly look at the deacon, which was reflected in every eye.

"But it comes home to me, I tell ye, when I see a man like Squire Pettigrew, the meanest cuss there is in Thomson, screwin' his folks down to the lowest line they can't starve on, and cheatin' them that he calls neighbors, and then makin' pretence of such piousness and godly livin' and throwin' blocks in the way of a real, earnest, striving feller like Passon King, cos he don't allers go in for sech, but wants folks to grow to be like Him that was the best, and then take up doctrines if they want to. Why, it appears to me the Squire's a sinner jest as much, if he is a church member. Ye see, wife, she allers reads a chapter to the children every night; she has, ever since the first one was big enongh to listen. I used to go ter sleep in my cheer at fust, and I expect she thinks I do now; but I ha'n't this good many year. I got kinder curious to see what 'twas in the Bible she sat such store by. Well, now, I tell ye that Bible beats all for what folks call common sense; and it lays dows plain as daylight at noon spell, that Christians is folks that act like Christ. Why, I've got an apple tree on my hill lot; a good-looking, growing tree, that blossoms out, come springtime, with the biggest, beautiful blossoms that ever ye see; the' ain't another sech blowth on the hull farm; but come to bearin' time, it ha'n't got nothing to show but the sneakiest kind of natyve apples that ain't good for cider. Now, that tree isn't a good 'un. How d'ye know? Why, by the use on't. Apple trees that's all blow is like folks that's all talk and perfession; you've got to see what it comes to before you know its wuth havin'. Now thet's jest exactly what Scripture says: 'A tree is known by its fruits;' and long as I've listened to Almira's readin', I hain't heered nothin' at all about believin' in doctrines and makin' perfessions being the way to be saved; it keeps a-sayin' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and then 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' So fur ez I sense it, thet's gospel. Christ is the beginning and the end on't, believin' in him to save you, and then tryin' to be like Him beco's He's been so good to you; you want, naterally, to do suthin' to please Him."

Mr. King came at this moment from the farther end of his store, where he had attended attentively to the controversy. "Mr. Simons," said he, "I thank you heartily for your sermon; it couldn't have been better, and there is only one conclusion which you have forgotten; can't you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

The old farmer drew his rough hand across his eyes, turned his head away and walked out of the store. He could not say anything, but his wife found him on his knees when she went into the bed room that night, and though she, too, was speechless, she knelt down beside him and silently thanked her Master. The most of the audience in the store dropped the subject and went their various ways. Squire Pettigrew, when he left them, finished his errands in the village, untied his horse, scrambled into the pung, and went his way homeward. It was a splendid December night; the hills about Thomson were clothed with dazzling levels of snow, even the road lay white before him, and overhead the dark blue sky was set thick with golden sparks; Orion marched above the eastern hilltops, and the bright evening planet just rested on the summit of West Ledge, a fir-crowned precipice above the valley where Thomson village nestled.

But Squire Pettigrew did not notice the fair creation above him. He was very uneasy; never before had his own conduct been set up before him in this fashion. Like all the rest of us, he had excused his own sins with the sophistry of sinners and smoothed his feathers by contrasting himself with people who did not even pretend to be good. He was a man of small intellect and less heart, but with an educated conscience which he owed to his birth in New England and subsequent home education. The economy necessary to a poor farmer had with him degenerated into a furious greed for money, not to spend, not to enjoy, not to give to those who had it not, but to hoard, to increase, to invest, to plume himself upon secretly, and to elevate himself in the eyes of the little world about him, that he might be called fore-handed, thrifty, prosperous, and perhaps in time be sent to the legislature. He meant to go to heaven, but he did not see yet that heaven would not be heavenly to him unless it was a place where he could increase his store and lay up treasure that was tangible.

As he rode along to night, he felt hurt and angry; he had for one flashing instant seen himself as others see him, and his self-love writhed at the spectacle. But, with all his faults, he was honest at heart; he had deceived himself so gradually that, like a man losing eyesight, he had long been unaware of his darkness. As he rode on under that solemn illumination of God, with bare waste of cold land and steep stretching on either hand, some power that was outside of his angry consciousness seemed to say, "Can these things be?" and the awakening integrity within him dared not answer. Slowly the tired old horse jogged up the long hillside. The very gait of the creature, his gaunt outline and rough hide, told of poor feeding and little care; but the man behind did not listen to the creaking snow, the dull sound of heavy hoofs, the intermittent jingle of the rusty bells. His head was full of texts that brooded and swarmed into his brain with the celerity and sting of a swarm of bees.

Squire Pettigrew had read the Bible aloud a great deal, officially you might say. He read it to his Sunday-school class, and held long controversies with them about the meaning of Melchisedic and his brief history; the sins of Job; the Levitical laws; and certain dubious opinions concerning election, the unpardonable sin, the duty of Christians concerning the matter of worldly amusements, and whether Paul really knew Onesimus was black, or indeed if he really was black. He also read it at family prayers every day. It was not for love of its wonderful loveliness and lofty beauty, but because he thought it was a duty; but yet he read it; and now the dull page of his memory glowed under such a light as struck down Saul on his way to Damascus, and showed him such words as these, "Love your enemies;" "Give to every one that asketh of thee;" "A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit;" "Some fell among the thorns, and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it;" "So is he that layeth up treasures for himself, and is not rich before God;" "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the lame, the blind;", "They that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation;" "Believe me for the work's sake;" "Herein is my father glorified, that ye shall bear much fruit;" and it seemed to him a hundred others of the like sort.

Like one in a dream, he reached the door of his barn, put the horse out, fed it, went into the house, conducted prayers, and went to bed; a little more silent than usual, for he never was a genial or agreeable man in his home, and his wife thought to night something had gone wrong with him, so she hushed up the children, packed them off up stairs, and worn out with her day of hard work, fell asleep at once. But sleep did not come to the Squire.

He got out of bed and walked up and down the kitchen all night in an angry tumult of thought; what he thought no man knew till months after, when one night, before a camp-meeting, Parson King laid the names of some desiring admission to their ranks at the next communion; among these was old Mr. Simons. Brother Pettigrew rose from his seat and said: "Brethring, I feel as if I had aughter to put my name into that list. I honestly thought that I was a Christian till a leetle stun from Bro. Simonses sling found a joint in my armor and fetched me to the ground, and the Lord wrestled mightily with my spirrit; I see I was in the gall of bitterness that night, and I hadn't no rest till I could give up the old an' put on the new, an' I hope the Lord's done that for me. I humbly hope I've saw the errors of my way an' turned about. Brethring, I hadn't been no Christian; I don't want ye so to think. I've ben a kind of an unknowing hypocrite an' my hope's perished; but I've got a new one, and I want you should receive a dreadful sorry sinner amongst ye ag'in, an' help him to live like the Master."

The meeting broke down. Parson King grasped both hands of Squire Pettigrew, and made a prayer no one in those four walls ever forgot; and the rest of the brethren crowded round to shake hands in silent feeling.

Squire Pettigrew is a fair tree in the Lord's garden now, and bears fruit in its season; but he does not like to hear Parson King preach to the church, for he says: "We greatly need it, all of us."
—*The Congregationalist.*

What Church? A Word to Converts.

Says one: "I think I'll join the —— church, for that is the most popular church in the town. They have the finest building and the largest congregation." Says another: "I shall join the —— church, for their minister is an interesting preacher, and I like his social qualities." Still another: "I shall join the —— church, for I was converted there, hence feel most at home." And another; "I shall join the —— church for my deceased parents belonged to that church. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me." And yet another: "I shall join the —— church, for they are not so straight-laced as the others. One man can go to a social dance, if he wishes, and no fault is found. The preacher plays a game of cards occasionly, just for fun. I like to see churches tolerant." Another: "I shall join —— church, for all my preferences lead me in that direction."

But another thoughtfully says: "This matter certainly demands consideration. I shall take time to examine the New Testament carefully and prayerfully, and then offer myself to that church which, in my view, comes nearest the gospel in its doctrines and practices." The last speaker alone takes a consistent position. No one can deny this. He seeks the Lord's will rather than his own. If all Christians would pursue the same course, "denomination" would soon begin to fall out of sight, and there would come a true union among God's people, even a union *in the truth*. Such a union, however, will never be accomplished while professed Christians make popularity, likes and dislikes, personal preferences, the practices of honored parents, and a desire for comfort, the rule of their action, rather than the Word of God. These things serve to keep up divisions among God's people. If all converts would go to the New Testament, and study it prayerfully, and then follow its teachings, this would do more to bring about a true "Christian union" than a thousand debates upon church union. What is the Bible given us for, if not to be studied and followed as the Lord may help us to understand it?—*W. C. Pratt, in Sword and Trowel.*

—After forty or fifty years of age people are apt to forget that they were boys and girls. We wrote for a paper, some years ago, an article insisting that people stay in bed till they get rested, and only those can be expected to rise early who go to bed early. Several parents tell us that since our article on that subject they have more trouble than ever in getting their boys up in the morning in time for breakfast. Boys, how can you do so? You ought to get up when the rising-bell rings. Early worms, etc. You ought to do as your fathers and mothers did when they were boys and girls. Their parents never had any trouble with them. When, in the old farm-house, your grandfather used to knock on the door of your prospective father, he, the last, your father in prospective, would, at the first tap on the door, fling the bedcovers against the wall and give one leap into the middle of the floor, crying, "Yes, father, I am glad you called me so early." And your mother—that is, your prospective mother—used to spurn the pillow at the first call of your grandmother, and cry out, "Only too glad to come, dear mother, at your first call. Do not trouble yourself to call again:" and before the grandmother had got downstairs your mother, prospective, was putting the back-comb through her coiled ringlets. What a pity it is the world has so degenerated! Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. In these days we have to come to your door. At our first call you make no answer. We have to come in and shake you. Then you say "Yes;" but you do not act. We go downstairs, and not hearing any stir overhead, we cry, "Are you up?" "Yes," you reply, easing your conscience by saying softly, "Yes, upstairs." And we call again and start breakfast without you, and you come down, offering headache or a lame knee or a cold as an apology. You know your headache and cold, and everything else, will be gone as soon as breakfast is over and the present emergency has ceased. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why are you not affected by your father's and mother's example?—*Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.*

Notes From Many Lands.

Ocean steamers can now go to Matadi at the head of navigation on the Lower Congo, the point from which the railroad is to start from Stanley Pool. There is a channel sixty feet deep. Goods can now be shipped from any of the ports of the world to the foot of Livingstone Falls without breaking bulk.

English services are held in the Baptist chapel 48 Ruede Lille, Paris, at 11 a. m. every Sunday. American and English friends visiting Paris are invited to attend, and ministers willing to take part in the services are requested to send their names to the chapel.

A severe famine is prevailing in the Tavoy district in Burmah. Many of the Karens, who live by tilling the soil, are dying from starvation. The work of the missionaries is greatly hindered in consequence.

At Banza Manteke on the Congo river sixty-nine were recently baptized in the Baptist mission. The work is becoming increasingly encouraging at all the stations.

The first two American born ministers have just gone out to the Baptist mission on the Congo. They are Rev. J. C. Hyde of Trenton, N. J., and Rev. C. G. Hartsock of Indianna. Mr. Hartsock is to be supported by the students of Brown University.

The Baptist missionaries in Central Europe report 218 baptisms for the quarter ending June 30, of which 40 were in St. Petersburg, 36 in Buda Pesth, and 13 in Ruetechuk Roumania.

The government of Russia has decided to tax dissenting churches in the hope of hindering their progress.

One in twenty of the students in five of the leading government schools in Japan is a Christian, but only one in fifteen hundred of the general population.

The visit of Col. Olcott the theosophist to Japan was a failure, but the visit of Mr. L. D. Wishard, the representative of American Young Men's Christian Association, was a grand success.

In Japan there are twelve distinct sects of Buddhists, and in China thirteen.

The first missionary arrived in Corea in 1884, the first convert was baptized in 1886. Now there are more than one hundred Christians in the country.

It is reported that the power of the Arab slave traders in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, East Africa, is decreasing.

The Columbia River, with all the valuable territory about it, was saved to the United States by a missionary. Now the annual yield of fish from the river amounts to $15,000,000, more than twice as much as the country gives for foreign missions.

The Queen of Madagascar has issued a decree that all persons brought from the neighboring coast of Africa as slaves shall be set free. God bless the Queen!

Four hundred and twenty-nine baptisms are reported in the Baptist *Missionary Magazine* for October.

Square or Round.

BY SEREX SMITH.

"Go to Ichabod Jones. He is a square man."

This was my advice to a neighbor, who came to consult me about a matter of business.

"Do you call Ichabod square?" he replied. "Why, he has the reputation of being sharp-cornered. Jim Johnson says that he is mighty close in a bargain, and will always get the best of it."

"That no doubt is true. But a man has a right to be close, if he is honest. Ichabod won't tell a lie. He believes, however, that business is business, and he does it on business principles. But admit that his closeness is a sharp corner. Yet you know that a square has corners, and this we will call corner number one, in the case of Jones. Now as to the other three."

"Number two is easily found. He has a way of expressing his opinions that is not always very amiable. If he don't like what you do, he tells you so, and tells you bluntly, 'I don't like that.' I'll do get drunk once in a while, its none of his business."

"Well, we will take that as corner number two. Jones *is* frank and outspoken; that no one can deny. But having agreed as to that side of his character, let us turn him around and look on the other side. If he is close in business he is benevolent and kind-hearted. He headed the subscription for the Jamestown sufferers with a round thousand. The poor widows in town all go to him when they are in trouble. He takes so much interest in the children that they call him 'Uncle Ichabod.' Now, is not that a good corner to balance his closeness in making bargains? If he did not know how to make money, he wouldn't have any to give away."

"That's true."

"Then, although Neighbor Jones is very frank and outspoken, he works as well as talks. He takes an active interest in every good enterprise. While he scolds you for getting drunk, he will help you if you try to reform, and he will do all that he can to close the saloons, so that you may not be tempted. I have very little respect for the ones who do nothing but find fault. But I like the men who, when they see faults and expose them, try to correct them, too. You remember cross-eyed Joe.

"The boys all used to tease him. It was cruel to give him that nick-name, for it reminded him all the time of his infirmity. I have seen strangers stop and say to each other: 'Just look at that boy.' And poor Joe would pull his hat over his eyes, and turn away and sob as if his heart would break. It was bad enough to be deformed, without being told of it by everybody. But one day, a fine-looking old gentleman met Joe on the street. He stopped at once, and said: 'Come here, my boy, I want to talk with you.' Joe went to him. The doctor, for such he was, took Joe's hand in his own, looked into his eyes, and said: 'Don't you want to have those eyes straightened?' 'Of course I do, for everybody makes fun of me. But how can I? The doctors here say they can't do it, and father is too poor to send me to New York.' 'Well, come around to the hotel this afternoon, and give this card to the clerk, and I'll see what I can do for you. Joe went, and the strange oculist straightened his eyes. Now, his interest in Joe, when he saw him on the street, was benevolent. And so when Ichabod Jones takes an interest in you, and talks to you, it is because he wants to straighten you. I like such critics as he and that oculist are—critics who notice faults because they are going to correct them.

"We have, then, for the four corners of Mr. Jones' character: business shrewdness and energy, benevolence, frankness and tireless activity in doing good. I think those angles are all right angles, and therefore they inclose a square, and therefore Mr. Jones is a square man. A square man is not one who merely pays his debts, and thus keeps square with the storekeeper and others, but a man of principle, who is firm and consistent, who will do what he believes to be right, without any regard to policy or public opinion. But such men are not always popular. You probably like Eliphalet Easy better than Ichabod Jones. Eliphalet we may call a round man.

"He has no sharp corners; he don't believe in principles, but only in policy. He don't stand; he rolls. If you want to keep him in any particular place, you must prop him up, you must give him something to lean on, or to rest against. He is amiable. He never contradicts what you say—that would not be polite. If you should contend that black was white, and appeal to him, he would merely smile, and reply that every man has a right to his own opinion, or that the same colors look differently to different people. I have very little respect for these rolly-polly kind of people. I like corners, even if they are sharp. They give stability to character.

"And we need square people—people with corners—in society and in the church. Suppose that you try to build a wall of cobble-stones. Why, it would tumble down as fast as you laid it up; so with a house; so with the temple of the Lord. We are told that we are to be built as living stones into a spiritual house. It is Peter who tells us this. (1 Peter 2: 5.) His name meant a stone. But he was not a round and rolling stone. Far from it. He was one of the sharpest cornered men that ever lived; and we are to be like him, if we get and keep a place in that divine edifice. The Lord, even, can not do much with characterless Christians. He wants a witnessing church, a working church. He said two things while on earth that we should never forgot. First: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Second: "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake." Righteousness is squareness—it is the conformity of the character to all the conditions of being. It is the solidity of rectitude—the stability of principle.

—In reply to a question as to the possibility of baptizing 3,000 persons in one day, the Rev. J. Gray, of Schenectady, N. Y., sends to the *Christian Inquirer* the following facts which come from letters, written by the administrators, which he has preserved:

Rev. J. M. C. Breaker, of Beaufort, S. C., on September 27, 1857, baptized 223 in one hour and five minutes.

Rev. John H. Gains, of Petersburg, Va., on September 5, 1867, baptized 234 in one hour.

Rev. L. A. Black, of Petersburg, Va., on February 7, 1873, baptized 441 in 104 minutes.

These, beside the baptism of the 2,222 in one day, by our missionaries at Ongole, India, and many other similar cases, prove the possibility of the baptism of those "added to them" at pentecost. The objection raised by caviling pedobaptists has been so often refuted that it seems puerile to give it any further attention; yet it is probable that every succeeding generation will have to meet it, and intelligent Christians ought to be prepared for it.

A LITTLE ANGEL.—A minister's little daughter was attending her first church service, at which her father presided. She had never seen him in the pulpit before, and, on his entrance there, her presence of mind forsook her and she piped out in a voice expressive of joyful recognition: "Why, th-e-re's my papa up in that box!" Avenging propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm. But the services were grievously long to such a wee worshipper, and she became very restless, walking up and down the pew and sighing audibly. Mamma whispered comfortingly, "Papa's almost through dear," whereupon ensued another brief period of quiet; but it was not to last. Tired baby nature had reached the utmost limit of endurance, and, by and by, over the quiet listeners, arose a little voice—clear and plaintive and coaxing—"Isn't you most froo, papa?"—*Toledo Blade.*

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled "Hints on Art Needle Work," just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information valuable and instructive for those who have a taste for silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal. 1

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y

"As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend PUTTNER'S EMULSION to all who are suffering from Affections of the THROAT and LUNGS, and I am certain that for any form of WASTING DISEASE nothing superior can be obtained."

ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON.
Sackville, N. S., August, 1888.

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