

Poetry

TIME AND ETERNITY.

It is not time that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
 Time and eternity are one;
 Life changes, yet without decay;
 'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
 O'er-during faith and truth,
 Whose youth is age, whose age is youth!
 Twin stars of immortality,
 Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying;
 It is not love that dies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
 Twin streams, that have in heav'n your birth,
 Ye glide in gentle joy through earth.
 We fade, like flowers beside you sown;
 Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live;
 It is from death we're flying;
 For ever lives our Life;
 For us there is no dying.
 We die but as the spring-bud dies,
 In summer's golden glow to rise.
 These be our days if April bloom;
 Our July is beyond the tomb.

Things to Think About.

BY ALIQUI.

NO. IV.

OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

If I hate anything it is tobacco. I loathe it. I abhor it. I would gladly revive the "tea-party," and sink it into the depth of the sea. In the form of smoke it is my special aversion. It makes me ill, especially if I am in motion. I have often wished to overcome the feeling for comfort's sake, and would do anything short of acquiring the habit of smoking, become accustomed to it. That I would never do, no, never! In traveling I am incessantly annoyed by the fumes of the poisonous weed, and am compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to avoid inhaling them. But all places for making smoking an intolerable nuisance, commend me to the stage coach. Sit where you will, the smoke persists in surrounding you, and stream follows stream, until you expect to escape strangulation only by an interposition of Providence. It is a rule with me to request any one whom I find making preparations to smoke, to abstain, my invariable plea being that it makes me ill; and to the credit of smokers generally let it be told, that except the request was made to a man under the influence of liquor, I have never met with a refusal, when I explained my wishes politely.

It was my misfortune to ride about twenty miles in a stage-coach, on one occasion, in company with several disorderly persons, who patronized the many bars on the road-side quite too often, and exhibited the worst side of their nature gratuitously and freely. There were three young men, especially, who made themselves very disagreeable. One of them had partaken freely, another less freely, and the third but sparingly. The latter had the other two under his control, and presented a most forbidding aspect, reminding one rather of a bull-dog rather than a human being. He did not smoke at all, but his companions made up for his deficiencies, as will be seen presently. We were within twelve miles of our destination before I requested the abandonment of the cigar, but in vain. Indeed it was the signal for a species of persecution which afforded much amusement to the young men themselves and others, consisting of remarks aimed at me, and hitting off very cleverly my peculiarities of dress and appearance. It became evident also that they were determined to keep up the fumigation till we reached the end of our journey; and one cigar was no sooner consumed than another was produced and lighted. The person who did not smoke seemed to relish the fun amazingly, and encouraged the smokers to persevere.

Our road lay across a narrow valley, with steep hills on both sides, and it was customary for passengers to walk down and up these hills. Accordingly we were requested to take an airing, and complied as a matter of course. When the time came to return to the coach, my tormentors were at some distance, and the omnibus—for such the vehicle really was—started before they had resumed their seats, and they had to run for it. As I was sitting near the door, I proffered my hand, and helped them in. The sober one looked at me with evident surprise, and after thanking me took his seat quietly. The other two neither recognized the favor nor thanked me for it. They had no sooner seated themselves, than one of them produced a fresh cigar, and began to feel in his pockets for a match to light it. "Let me see the cigar," said the strong-minded person, at the same time extending his hand for it. It was innocently given, and forthwith thrown by the recipient into the gutter—with the remark: "We've had enough of this." Thus triumphantly terminated the tobacco-torment of that journey.

The reader may be sure that I have never regretted obedience to the command: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." It is an excellent principle, and is not thrown away upon the worst of persons.

THE FATE OF MR. FRET.

"This room is as cold as a barn—no fire, I suppose—that's the way of things in this house—there's no comfort to be taken in it."

Mr. Fret's nose, as usual, was all in a wrinkle, and his mouth, which nature made well-shaped and intended to have agreeable, was drawn down and distorted by the unhappy state of his mind, which he was indulging.

Mr. Fret prided himself considerably upon his personal appearance; and, in fact, he was a handsome man when he was good natured; but that was so seldom that his well-formed features were all growing ugly, and deep channels were coming in his face, caused by the overflow of spleen.

To the opening remarks of this sketch, the meek and mild Mrs. Fret gently replied: "You did not send up the coal, my dear, and we had nothing with which to make a fire in the breakfast-room."

"I should think you had been boiling puffs and ashes. I can't drink such stuff."

"If you would allow me to pour your coffee, I think you would find it better, dear."

With untroubled brow, the meek matron proceeded to prepare her husband another cup of his favorite (when they had tea) beverage. There could no fault be found with that; it was clear as amber, and the rich cream and loaf sugar rendered it delicious.

"I told you before I rose that my head ached. Why could you not have had a cup of tea made for me? But there! I need not say. Nobody pretends to think of me, even in my own house."

Now the truth was that Mr. Fret's general remedy for morning headaches was a cup of strong coffee, without cream or sugar, taken on an empty stomach. But his wife did not remind him of this. The ill-fated lady often found silence the best way.

Shivering and fault-finding, "our hero" at last got safe through his breakfast, and rose to depart.

"Husband," said Mrs. Fret, in a tone of apprehension, "I have no money. Do you wish me to buy the dinner, or will you do so as you pass the market?"

His wife's first observation was the only one to which he paid any attention.

"No money! what have you done with all I gave you before yesterday?"

"It was but five dollars, husband."

"But five dollars; and do you suppose I can afford to spend five dollars in less than two days, for my table? If that's the rate at which you intend to make way with my money, you may get it how you can. I shan't furnish it."

"Will you buy the dinner then?"

"No," he said. "I won't. I have something else to think of beside the marketing. Things have come to a pretty pass when a business man, that is hurried half out of his senses all day long, must attend to supplying the family table, or else go hungry."

Mrs. Fret did not open her lips; she felt like crying, but would not, for her children's sake.

The "loving and cherishing" being went out of the front door. He halted there to give her a chance to call after him; but she did not improve it. Presently back he strode, and threw down on the table a dollar bill; then went from the house for the morning.

The moment that the street door slammed, the three children, who, all the time their father was within sight or hearing had been still as mice, and with a cowed and nervous air, had gnawed such bits of bread and meat as they could get hold of, looked up with an expression of great relief, and said:

"Now, mother, please give us a good breakfast; and don't look so sorry, mother dear. He has gone, and we can have a good time, can't we mother?"

They seldom spoke in the presence of their father.

At noon, home came Mr. Fret, with two gentlemen friends, to dinner.

The dollar had been laid out to the best advantage, and a very comfortable little dinner for five persons procured; but the addition of two hungry men was a serious disaster.

The children were sent away to bread and milk in the kitchen, and the piteous mother took her seat at the table with her guests. She expected wounds and insults, and was not disappointed.

"There is no hospitality in my wife's nature," said Mr. Fret, as he helped, as liberally, as circumstances would permit, his friends.

A splendid dinner, with a plate of meat for his wife, but she declined it, remarking that she felt no appetite.

What wonder?

"I am sorry that I am not better prepared for company, gentlemen," she said, gently and sweetly, "but if you will be kind enough to make the best of things, I hope to offer you enough to satisfy your hunger."

"I have repeatedly requested my wife to be at all times in readiness for company, as I am in constant danger, as she would call it, of bringing home strangers to eat."

"Lucky, fretful men don't live long. They either fret themselves to death, or else a merciful Providence takes them in charge. So it was with Mr. Fret. He was one day thrown from his horse, and his neck was broken. There was sin-eering mourning for the man; but some-how the widow and orphans always had lighter hearts after he was safely buried. Life, and hope, and happiness returned to them. Mrs. Fret renewed her youth; she married a second time—a man the exact opposite of Mr. Fret; and he made a glad and happy woman of her, and good and happy sons and daughters of her children."

So her last days made amends to her for her first days.—*Editor.*

A WORD TO THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

"Oh! do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your friend."

Is one of the many beautiful songs I have heard. Sabbath-school children sing. Perhaps you have all heard it—I know that many of you have sung it.

I heard, not long since, of a gentleman who had been to the Sabbath-school, and when he returned home at noon, he sat down in his chair, and was looking very sad and discouraged. He was a Sabbath-school teacher, and had begun to teach the children, but he could never see any good results from his efforts to teach others, and this troubled him much.

Just then his little girl passed through the room, singing in a clear merry voice—

"Oh! do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your friend."

In a moment his face lighted up—all sadness was gone and he was happy again. What made this great change—all so suddenly? Just these four words—"Jesus is your friend." Oh yes! he thought, Jesus is my friend, and he will help me. I can never fail while his grace is promised. Thus was the father's heart cheered by a simple Sabbath-school song.

Children in this name Jesus is your friend? Have you given him your hearts—do you love and trust him? If so, you are truly happy. Nothing can harm you for he will take care of you. He is the great shepherd, and little children who love him are his lambs, whom he delights to watch over and keep from all evil. When you are sick he can make you well, when in trouble he can cheer and comfort you; when you have no earthly friends, he can always be near, for he is everywhere. And above all, when you come to die, he can take away all fear, and after death can rise you up to heaven, that happy home to live forever with him. How many children will begin to seek him now, that they may be his when he gathers all his lambs to his bosom. (Tract Journal).

"WHAT IF IT HAD BEEN YOU?"

When Edward B. was about ten years of age an event occurred in the village where he lived, the story of which I think will interest our young friends, and perhaps teach them, as it did him, a useful lesson which they will not soon forget.

Among the children of the village was Alice H.—a dear little girl not so old as Edward by several years, but who had just reached the age at which little ones seem so attractive, not only to those of their own home circle, but to all around them. If you passed her father's house on a bright Spring morning, you would see her playing about the door, or on the green near by, pulling up the grass and dandelions perhaps, making her simple bouquets, or stopping to watch the robins and bluebirds, and listen to their song.

Across the lower side of her father's garden ran a beautiful little stream of water. It was pleasant to look at it as it hurried along, with the garden flowers bending over it as if trying to see their sweet faces reflected there, and to hear the murmuring sound as the water was broken now and then by the rocks and pebbles over which it passed.

Little Alice sometimes played in the garden, but was never left alone, as her parents were afraid she might fall into the stream. It was not very deep, to be sure, hardly waist high if she stood still, and enough to cover her if she should fall down. One beautiful morning the little thing had by some means gone unpurposed into the garden, and, thinking of no danger, she began to play along the bank of the stream, when suddenly her foot slipped, and she fell.

No outcry was heard—there could have been only a short struggle, and then all was over. They found her, soon after, lying on her face in the water, and as they gently lifted up that little form, and smoothed back the wet hair from the face which the smiles had hardly yet left, they saw that one more of the little lambs had gone home to the Good Shepherd, and they knew that the voice which would be heard on earth no more was alive dimming with the joyful voices of the children in heaven.

The story spread like wildfire through the village. Edward soon heard it, and with a swelling heart he ran home to tell his mother.

"Yes, my son, I have learned all about it," said she, with tremulous voice and tearful eyes; "dear Alice has been taken home by her Savior. She loved to sing about him, though she was hardly old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. But, my dear boy, she died so suddenly, that it had been you?"

That was all his mother said. Edward has grown to be a man since then, for it was many years ago that this happened, but he never forgot those words. For more than fifteen years he trusts he has been loving and endeavoring to serve the Savior who called little Alice home.

No answer did the gentleman give, and girls, who are old enough to know and love Jesus but who do not seem to love him, he often wants to tell them this story, and ask them the same question—"What if it had been you?"—[Child at Home.]

THE ALBATROSS ON THE PRAIRIE.

One day a gentleman was riding on a western prairie, and lost his way. Clouds arose in the sky, and not seeing the sun, he quite lost his reckoning. Night came on, and as he knew not which way to guide his horse, he let his horse take his own way. It was a western horse, and was therefore likely to identify himself better than his rider with the country.

By and by a light glimmered in the distance, and it was not long before the faithful animal stopped before a log cabin.

"Who's there?" somebody shouted from within.

"A benighted traveler," answered the gentleman. "Can you give me a night's lodging?"

"You're welcome," said the man, appearing at the door.

The gentleman was thankful enough to give up his saddle, and give his horse to the master of the log cabin. He found the family at supper—man, wife and children; and a place was soon made for the stranger.

Some time in the evening the man asked, "Are you a minister of the Gospel, sir?"

"No," answered the gentleman, and seeing the man look disappointed, he asked why he wished to know.

"Oh, sir," answered the man, "I hoped a minister had come to help me to build a family altar. I had one once, but I lost it coming over the Alleghenies. It was a great loss."

Perhaps I can help you to build one, though I'm no minister," said the gentleman, who always had one himself, and after a little more talk, the man handed him an old family Bible. He read, and they sang a psalm, and all knelt. The gentleman prayed first, then the man prayed, and the wife and children said "Amen;" for it seemed as if each wanted to have a little part in building up the family altar.

"Sir," said the man, when they arose, "there's many an emigrant that loses his family altar before he gets here—and after too; sir, it's a great loss."

Yes, many family altars are lost. Some are lost in politics, some in traveling, some in moving; some in the hurry of harvest, some at stores and shops; it is an unspeakable loss. Abraham never lost his, yet never families traveled farther and never prospered so well as his. But when he pitched his tent he set up his family altar, and called upon the Lord; and the Lord blessed him wherever he went. Children as well as parents have an interest in keeping the family altar. Don't let it be lost. If father forgets, let the children gently and respectfully remind him.

Father, we haven't yet thanked God for His goodness and love to us in visiting Lucinda. No father, I am sure, but will thank a child for this helping him in his duties. It is good to sing, and praise, and pray around the family altar. "Bless be the tie that binds" a family altar. They are dearer to each other for being near to God.—*Prairie Herald.*

EVIL COMPANY.

It is said that Satan, the teacher of the people, did not follow his sons and daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day, when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda. "Father, you must think that we are very wicked and bad, since you would say that we should be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child," said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and behold her tender white dress was black, and without thinking she touched her white dress, and it was also blackened. "See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be careful enough when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it did not burn you, has nevertheless blackened you! So is the company of immoral persons."

MAXIMS FOR POULTRY KEEPERS.

Those who expect to be successful in raising or managing poultry, or hope to make it a paying part of farm business, should observe a few simple rules which will save them from much disappointment and trouble.

1. It is not advisable to keep large numbers of hens together, or go into the poultry business on a large scale. It is found impracticable and unprofitable—besides they cannot be kept in so healthy a condition as where but few are together.

PETTES

Rheumatic Powders

THE PROPRIETOR of this medicine having noted the effect of this valuable Compound for the last fifteen years he now has pleasure in offering to the Public with full confidence that it mixed and taken as desirable it will effect a cure. J. B. PETTES.

Hampton October 18th 1859

Mr. J. B. Pettes, Dear Sir—I have used your Rheumatic Powder that I obtained from J. F. Secord your agent for New-Brunswick, in June last for a pain that I have been troubled with in my shoulders for the last five years so that I could not put my coat on without Pain, and after using one powder that I paid Two Shillings and expence for, I was well, and now can use my arms without pain night or day it is in my opinion, an invaluable remedy, happily adopted to remove the diseases for which it is designed.

Yours truly M. S. ALLEN

Skeleton Skirts at 9d.

We beg to announce our having purchased a Manufacture of Clear Lot of 171 Dozen Skeleton Skirts, which with our former extensive Stock of these Goods, we now offer at the following prices:

Misses 3 Spring White and Colored, 74d
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april 28. No. 19 King street.

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Princess St. Jan 25 HUTCHINGS & BURNHAM

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The Importations this Spring consists principally of—Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Silver and Electro plated Ware, Wedgwood and Parian Ware; Perfumery and General Fancy Goods, Fishing and Shooting Reels; Bonnets, & Japan and Bone Trunks, &c. Also—A Large Assortment of Home Furnishing Goods.

The latest and most approved styles of Goods are carefully selected and added to the stock, by frequent importations from the best markets—all of which are offered Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash Prices. An inspection of the Stock is respectfully solicited. RICHARD THOMPSON, Proprietor.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE LATEST INVENTION.—This Most Useful Machine has been brought to the highest degree of perfection. We have just received a new kind which combines the most massive strength and the greatest simplicity. It will sew the finest embroidery or the coarsest canvas. It will stitch leather or lawn with ease. It is the cheapest Machine in existence. An examination will convince every judge that it is one of the strongest and best. Our stock is the largest ever brought to the City. Different styles! If one does not suit it will be exchanged for another Call and examine. COLONIAL BOOKSTORE.

INFANTILE CORPUS

Thousands are daily speaking in the praise of Dr. Eaton's

and why? because it never fails to afford instantaneous relief when given in time. It acts as it by magic, and one trial alone will convince you that it is what we say it is.

NO PAREGORIC OR OPIATE

of any kind, and therefore relieves by removing the sufferings of your child, instead of by deadening its sensibility. For this reason, it commands itself to the only reliable preparation now known for Children Teething, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Griping in the Bowels, Acidity of the Stomach, Wind, Cold in the Head, and Croup, also, for softening the gums, reducing inflammation, regulating the bowels, and relieving pain. It has no equal—being an anti-spasmodic it is aided with unfailing success in all cases of Convulsions or other fits, and it is a most valuable remedy for the children, and will save them from those and other bright consequences which are certain to result from the use of narcotics of which other remedies for Infantile Complaints are composed, take none but Dr. Eaton's Infantile Cordial, this you can rely upon. It is perfectly harmless, and cannot injure the most delicate infant. Price, 25 cents. Full directions accompany each bottle. Prepared only by

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always presents us with the same essential elements, and gives course the same elements. Analyze it. Blood of a person suffering from Consumption or Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, &c. and we find in it the same certain elements, in the red globules, and in the white blood corpuscles, as in the blood of a healthy person. Blood Food is founded upon this Theory, its astonishing success. There are

PREPARATIONS adapted to the deficiencies of the Blood in different diseases. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, or any of those affections whatever of the Lungs, Indigestion, Consumption, use No. 1, which is also the No. for Depression of Spirits, Loss of Appetite, and for all Chronic Complaints arising from General Debility, and Nervous Prostration. No. 2, for Liver Complaints. No. 3, for Dyspepsia. Being already prepared for absorption it is taken by Drops and carried directly into the blood, and so that what you gain you may retain. The No. 4 is for Female Irregularities, Hysteria, Weakness, &c. See Specimen of the Blood of a healthy person, and you will find it contains the same elements as the Blood of a diseased person. Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Scrofulous, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, take No. 5. In all cases the directions must be strictly followed. Price of the Blood Food \$1 per bottle. Sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the country. J. Chalmers Agent for St. John.