Poetry.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

WE'LL KISS OUR BOYS AGAIN.

TO MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

"The little boy I used to kiss is dead;"
And so is mine, sweet sister far away.
My brightest dreams of earthly bliss have fled,
My fondest hopes have crumbled to decay.
Across the mead where prairie-grasses wave,
And bright flowers bloom beneath a Texas sky,
Kind strangers made, with gentle hand his grave;—
O, how I prayed that I with him might lie!

He died in summer, when so much of life
Could mock me with its wealth and dazzling glow
When wood, and field, and hill, and dale were rife
With all the beauties that he worshipped so,
I wanted all things dead,—would close my eyes
To shut the busy, teeming world from sight;
And when the sun would gild the eastern skies,
I wished the day would swiftly take its flight.

When starry night her jewelled mantle flung
Over the breast of the reposing earth,
And Southern birds their vesper chorals sung,
My very soul grew faint from love's great dearth.
For thirteen years the boy had been my pride;
His tender words, his smiles and winning ways,
His ever blessed presence by my side
Made spots of sunshine in my darkest days.

His kite, his hoop, his ball, I hid from sight;
His boots and cap I could not bear to see;
The precious books we pondered o'er at night
Were sadly closed and laid aside by me.
The sweet, grand music that he used to play,
It smote my soul with agony to hear.
My boy was dead! I turned from all away,
And wandered on in anguish dark and drear.

I wandered on and talked with grief and doubt,—
Talked of the pain and woe we here endure,
And questioned, when the lamp of life went out,
If aught beyond the noisome grave were sure.
I questioned, too, if there could be a God,
An all wise Father, loving, good, and mild;
And if there were, how could He lay His rod
So heavily upon His feeble child?

The night was long that brooded o'er my soul,—
The pitying God *is* merciful and kind,—
The sombre clouds did from my vision roll,
And now I see where once I stumbled blind.
Sometimes, 'tis true, my feet are tired and sore,
And trembling are the empty hands I raise;
And sometimes, too, amid the battle's roar,
My earth-dulled ear can catch no note of praise.

But in the quiet hush of dewy eve,
When angels leave the western gates ajar,
I can no longer for my darling grieve,
Although his life is put from mine so far.
I see my boy in garments white and pure,—
Beyond earth's taint he walks the blissful strand;
And I am now of nothing else so sure
As meeting him in the dear Father's land.

And though, my friend, I ne'er your face behold
Though we may never greet on earth by sight,
My arms of love about your form enfold,—
A common sorrow brings us near to-night.
A common faith, I trust, shall guide our feet
To that bright land of everlasting joys;
Beyond the floods I hope that we shall meet
Where, on the other side, we'll kiss our boys.

Paris, Texas. MRS. H. BUCKNER.

The Fireside.

"FATHER, IT'S TO KEEP YOU "WARM."

Phœbe Turner was not, I think, a very clever child, but she was a loving little girl and liked to help her mother with the housework and the mending. Phœbe's father was a gasfitter, and he had been very comfortably off until he fell from a ladder and broke his right arm, and he was not able to work for many months. Mrs. Turner having both her husband and baby to nurse could not earn anything, and so the family had to go into poor lodgings, and little Phœbe, who was then ten years old, had no time to play, for after school hours she was always busy.

When Joseph Turner's arm got strong enough he went to work, but as he had many debts to pay, and winter was coming on, the family had to live hard and work hard; and the smile went out of Phœbe's eyes, and the tears came in them very often. But she tried to be cheerful for her mother's sake, for Mrs. Turner had some trouble that she did not speak of to her child. But Phœbe, like most other little thoughtful girls, did not require to be told when her mother was sad. She used to notice that Mrs. Turner went out of an evening just before the time her husband generally came home from work; and sometimes Phœbe thought that her father looked and spoke crossly to her mother when they came in together, as if he was not pleased at her meeting him. Gasfitters' hours of work do not end in the daytime—they often have to work long after dark, and so, when the nights grew long, Mrs Turner did not go out; but as she put her baby to bed, and then heard Phœbe read a Psalm, or a chapter, and pray her evening prayer, there would be tears in her eyes, which, when Phœbe noticed, she would wipe hastily away. Often the little girl would kiss her mother's wet cheek, and laying her head close would whisper, "Don't fret, mother."

You see Mrs. Turner was a good woman. She prayed with and for her family. But sometimes God in His love tries His people's faith by troubles, which in the end often make them wiser and better; just as hard lessons—repeated over and over at school—strengthen the memory and improve the mind.

It came into Phœbe's thoughts that somehow her father's accident, when he broke his arm, had made her mother timid; for Mrs. Turner said to her husband one day, "Oh dear Joseph, let that be a warning to you as long as you live, to keep your head clear and your foot steady."

Phœbe had never seen any strong drink in her home. She knew that her mother never took any, and she knew also that strong drink made people foolish, sickly, poor, and often wretched; for that every child knows. She could not go along the street to school without sometimes seeing that sad object—a drunkard; and among her schoolfellows she knew that some who came late, and who were not neat and clean came from homes made wretched by drink. And she had been taught to pity and pray for, and never to despise, the drunkard's poor children.

It happened that Phœbe's baby brother fell ill, and required all his mother's care night and day for some time, and one Saturday, just about four o'clock, when it was getting quite dark, Mrs. Turner said, "You must go and meet father, Phœbe."

Now for once the little girl was not quite willing to go. A young lady who visited Phœbe's school had taught her to knit, and had given her a bag of ends of tangled wools, which Phœbe was drawing out straight, intending to knit them up, if she could in some way. But Mrs. Turner had taught her child to be obedient, and so, with a little sigh at leaving an employment she liked, away went Phœbe.

"You must not go quite to the workshop, Phœbe—your father may not choose that; but if you stand at 'Shaw's Corner,' you cannot fail to see him come from work: and just you run to him and say, baby has been not much better, and that it will be a comfort if he can come to-night: say that—but speak cheerfully, child.'

I believe Phœbe thought it rather odd that her mother should seem afraid that the father might not be glad to see his little daughter. But she said nothing and went off, having put her treasured wool-bag safely away.

The London streets in winter when it is not frosty are often what is called 'greasy,' which is worse than frost, and Phœbe's boots were getting soft and worn, so that she slipped about on the pavement, and could not run as she had meant to do, this made it rather later than the proper time for meeting her father before she got to "Shaw's Corner." Indeed on looking along towards the workshop she saw it was all closed. She wondered she had not met her father in the street, for she had come the nearest way from home.

Now "Shaw's Corner" was a big flaring gin palace, with two great swinging doors that opened with a touch, and led into the two streets whose angle made the "corner." Indeed these doors were so contrived that people could make a cut through the one and and out at the other without going round the corner on the outside. And many men and—I am shocked to write it—many women were pushing in and out at these two doors.

Phœbe stood a moment, as I said, looking at the shut up workshop; and then she gazed round, vexed at having missed her father, when a ragged woman with a pale baby hanging across her arm, of one of the swing-doors, and a decent man who was passing in the street said, "Take care of that child's head or it will be crushed by the swing of that door," and with a look of disgust on his face at the wretched mother, he held the door open a minute until she got out, and a policeman standing by said: "Go home with that poor child while you can."

But Phœbe, though she heard these words, was intent on something else. As the door had been held open in the glare of light she saw her father standing at a sort of counter, and holding a glass to his lips. In a moment, as the women passed out, Phœbe brushed by her, and darting amid the throng, ran instantly to her father, and as one of his hands were hanging down she took it in both hers, and being all in a flutter with the strange place, she did not know what else to do, but to put her lips to his hand and give it a kiss.

It was a wonder Turner did not drop the glass he had just drained. He gave such a start, and Phœbe's clasp was so tight, that he actually lifted her from the floor with the grip of his hand, as he looked down and saw her.

"What, Phœbe, child! how came you here?" he said in a startled, half angry voice.

Then the child, now terribly frightened at the noise and strange people, pressed up still closer to him, and he lifted her in his arms, as she tried to give her mother's message in a whisper to his ear. "It'll be—a *comfort*, mother says, if you come home to tea."

Turner held his child so close that she could feel his heart beating as she nestled her head on his bosom. He threw some money on the counter, strode out, and did not put Phœbe down until they were quite out of sight of "Shaw's Corner." Then, though she was but a small child for her age, she began to wish to walk, and not be carried.

As soon as she was at her father's side she could not restrain two questions—"Father, dear, why did you go to that dreadful noisy place? and what did you drink out of that glass?"

"I was cold, child, and I drank just a dram to keep me warm. Now be quiet, and ask no more questions and don't talk about it—I hate chattering children."

This was said in a tone that silenced Phœbe—she understood that no more was to be said; and when they got home the doctor had just come to see the baby, who was worse, and so Mrs. Turner never asked, and therefore did not know what Phœbe knew of the way her father warmed himself.

Phœbe in after years has said that she was very sad that night when she went to bed, and that she thought about the misery that drink brings, and wondered if such a little girl as herself could do anything to keep her father from drinking.

I do not know—for she never told me—whether she prayed for help, but I do know that every loving wish and strong desire to do our duty has God's blessing on it, and that little children have thus often been made ministers of good to those they love.

Owing to baby's illness, Phœbe did not go to school the next week; and when she sat by the cradle watching him, she not only wound up her tangled wools, but found enough, although of different colors, to knit into a chest-warmer, mostly of white wool; and a pair of cuffs of red and black wool in stripes. How busy she was at every spare moment, and by Friday night she had finished them.

Mrs. Turner did not take much notice of anything just then but her sick infant. So Phœbe said nothing of her plan. But on Saturday morning, as baby was better, Mrs Turner was resting awhile, and Phœbe was right glad to get up very early and make her father a cup of coffee before he went out. He praised her and called her quite a little woman; and then coming close up to him, she took his hands and began to slip over them the warm woollen cuffs.

"What are these, child?" he asked in a gruff voice.

"Father dear, its to keep you warm. You said you were cold, you know, and that made you drink in that bad place. Now these will keep you warm not for a minute but ever so long. They'll last all winter."

He was silent; and half shy of looking at him, she added, holding the chest-warmer, "And, father, here's this too to put inside your shirt; it's called in my knitting-book"—and here she laughed, a little nervous laugh—"it's called 'a bosom friend.'"

Something warm just then fell on her face—it was a tear-drop! and so she looked up at her father, and there was the strong man bending over her, and his voice was thick with sobs as he said:

"God—make—me—worthy of you—my child. Lord, help me! You've warmed my heart."

He rose up to go, and kissed her; then when he had shut the door, he opened it again, and turning to her whispered—

"I shall need no drink; your loving gift shall warm me, God helping me, from this time." He lifted his cap and stood a moment silent, and then he was gone.

Phœbe was a very happy child that day, for baby began to get well; but she never knew quite what a good work she had done, until some few years after, she heard her father relate in a meeting how his "little girl's tiny fingers" had been the means of arresting him in a downward course.

"I had broken my arm through drink, and I was breaking my wife's heart and breaking up my home, when God made my child's hand the means of saving me. To Him be all the glory." I think Phœbe was a very happy girl, and I know she grew up in a very loving home, where temperance and piety had, by God's grace, brought into the dwelling the "peace that passeth all understanding."—*Band of Hope Review for January.*

— A new subscriber sending one dollar will receive the paper to the end of the present year.

A STORM AT SEA—THE RESCUE.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

A terrible storm was sweeping along the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dynmouth life-boat is prepared to make its way to a foreign vessel which, some short distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Will Carew, a Dynmouth fisher-lad and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. At first he bends down gently to a woman, who stands beside him on the dreary shore, and it is his clear, brave voice that we hear above the raging of the storm.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six months. Her husband was a fisherman; he put out one bright day last spring, for the last time, in a fishing-boat, upon a deliciously calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next morning on the beach, but the fisherman returned no more to home and love. And now the son asks permission to brave the horrors of the sea, which his father found so pitiless.

A fierce, passionate refusal rises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly toward the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many loved lives in jeopardy within it; thinks, a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many distant, dear homes in peril of bereavement. She turns to the boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:

"Go, my son. And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart."

Hurriedly she leaves the beach; hurriedly seeks her desolate home, and alone she wrestles with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again, The storm has spent itself. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last. A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does young Will Carew linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him from the heart nearest to his own?

Besides him stands a tall, worn man—a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of tenderness, never leave his own. Around the two throng Dynmouth villagers; many hands are thrust toward the man in happy recognition.

"Who will dare to tell her?" So speaks a voice well nigh choked with emotion.

"I will." And Will Carew makes his way through the awe-struck crowd. Another moment, and he is in his mother's arms. He feels and knows for the first time the whole depth of that wondrous maternal love which Love Omnipotent has chosen as its best earthly token.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. May God teach me how to tell it right. One of the men saved last night was a Dynmouth fisherman." The boy's voice is soft and grave, but it is evident that he steadies it only with a strong effort.

"A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea, one day not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward bound. Away from home, from wife, from kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help God-sent, God-directed. And"—

The boy breaks down. On his knees, by his mother's feet, he clasps her hands convulsively in his, and his voice comes only through his thick sobs:

"Mother, darling, try to bear the happy truth. When your brave heart—a heart which, in the midst of its own sorrow, could feel for the sorrow of the others, sent me forth last night to the succor of the distressed, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life. God gave him to me. God has given him, mother, back to our grateful love.

Not another word was spoken. Locked in each other's arms, mother and son pour out their hearts in a flood of unspeakably happy tears.

A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside, remembering, with deep emotion, that his place has been won for him by the skill and courage of his son.

With a cry of wild joy, the mother rushes forward, and her head finds its long-lost place upon her husband's breast.

Ah! Love, supreme, unutterable! Strange, indeed, are the paths through which thy Divine wisdom leads thy children to happiness! In mute reverence we bow before the mighty Tenderness which crowns and blesses earthly love.—*Olive Leaf.*

— We should be highly gratified if each present subscriber would try to send us at least one new subscriber.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.—On passing through one of the wards of ——— prison, I accosted an elderly looking convict. He held down his head, as though ashamed to look me in the face. On handing him a tract, he said, "I knew your voice as soon as I heard you, sir, we have heard you before to-day, sir."

After a few words of explanation, I found that we had been at one time members of the same congregation, and sat under the same faithful ministry. I anxiously inquired how it was that he had fallen so low as to become an inmate of a prison.

"A glass of ale, sir, was my ruin," he replied.

"How could that be?" I asked.

"I was at one period of my life, sir, very intemperate, but was happily led to give up drink entirely, although I did not sign any pledge, which I now lament. I became a regular attendant at the place of worship, and joined the congregation. I went on very happily for some years, until one evening I was returning from——, when I met with some friends from Hull. They prevailed on me to go to the public house to have but one glass. Conscience reproved me, but having entered upon the enchanted ground, I was readily induced to take more liquor, until I became over done by it. The next morning I was ashamed to show myself, and left——for Leeds.

"My old appetite for drink had been kindled; I became reckless, and joined a set of counterfeit coiners. We were discovered, convicted, and now I am to be transported. O, that I had never touched that one glass!—*Band of Hope Review.*

— Now is the time to subscribe for the INTELLIGENCER.

KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

BY Y. A. BILLINGS.

Keep me near Thee, O my Saviour,
Let me view thy smiling face;
In temptation's fearful hour
Keep by Thy restraining grace.

Blindly, sinfully I wander
From Thy blessed side away;
Draw me from the gloom and darkness,
Into Thine own perfect day.

Weak humanity betrays me,
Faint my trust and faint oft grow;
Hold me, then, O, pitying Saviour,
Thou who all my needs dost know.

O, restrain me when I'm tempted
Into ways that lead from Thee;
Hold me fast—I'm lost without Thee—
'Till in Heaven from sin I'm free.

South Hadley Falls, Mass., Nov. 10, 1874.

CHEEKY FRANKIE.—Frankie, aged four—"Mamma, a lady at school kissed me to-day." Mamma —"Did she, dear? I hope you kissed her back!" Frankie (indignantly)—"Kissed her back! No, I didn't; I kissed her cheek!"

A CLEAN SWEEP.—The Moderator of a certain Presbytery in Scotland once said to a candidate for the ministry, who had left broom-making: "My young friend, the Presbytery believes that all men should glorify God in some way—some by preaching, some by making brooms, and that you are one who should make the brooms." In this way that Moderator swept away all the young man's aspirations toward pulpiteering.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Ten cents' worth of muriatic acid and acid of nitre will take out any number of corns and warts. Scrape around the corn and put the acid around it a few times, and then you can take the point of a knife, or even a pin and lift it out at the root. Put a little grease in when it is removed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Waste not a moment of your time; for a moment of time is a monument of mercy.

LIVERPOOL SALT.—Landing from bark British Queen—500 bags Liverpool Salt. For sale from vessel. (dec 18) GILBERT BENT.

FLOUR & MEAL, in store:—1600 Brls of the following choice brands Flour; Byron B., Bent's Choice, Gilt Edge, White Lily, Reindeer, Howland's Snowflake, Norval.
Also—Rye and Graham Flour.
To arrive per brig Cheviot, and schooners:—800 bbls. CORNMEAL. For sale by
jan 15 GILBERT BENT.

BIRD SEED.—A small lot of fresh bird seed, all varieties. Just received at HANINGTON BROS.,
jan 15 Foster's Corner.

CHOICE FLOUR.—Landing from Stmr. Normanton, and schr. Kookuk, and daily expected per Emma:
400 brls. Byron R.; 100 bbls. White Lily; 100 brls. Gilt Edge; 100 brls. Bent's Choice; 100 brls. Howland's C. Ex. (jan 8) GILBERT BENT.

VALENCIA RAISINS.—Landing—100 boxes Valencia Raisins. M. D. & H. A. AUSTIN.
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NEW MOLASSES.—Daily expected per J. L. Cotter A small lot choice new molasses. For sale by
jan 15 GILBERT BENT.

J. P. H. COUGH MIXTURE.

AN invaluable Preparation for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Tickling Sensation in the Throat, etc.
DIRECTIONS.—Shake the Bottle, and take a teaspoonful every two or three hours. Children half the quantity. Price 25 cents. Prepared by
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FANS.—We have just opened a large assortment of Fans in the newest Styles.
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HYPOPHOSPHITES.—We have just received a fresh lot of FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES. Wholesale and Retail. HANINGTON BROS.,
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ABYSSINIAN HAIR RESTORER!—Restores the Color, removes Dandruff, and promotes the Growth of the Hair. HANINGTON BROS.,
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nov 6 GILBERT BENT.

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HANINGTON BROS.,
nov. 6 Foster's Corner.

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nov 13 Foster's Corner.

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300 M CEDAR SHINGLES. For sale very low.
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100 M PINE BOARDS. For sale cheap to close the lot.
nov 27 M. D. & H. A. AUSTIN.

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It speedily removes Colic, Cramps and Pain in the Stomach, and Dysentry.
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"Over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles."
* * * * *
"Till last by Philip's farm it flows,
To join the orimming river."

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Dr. Price is a regular physician, and has made the treatment of
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THE ENGLISHMAN'S COUGH MIXTURE, has proved, after years of trial, to be one of our standard Remedies for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
Thousands of Testimonials can be procured from persons living in this City and Province, who have used this valuable Medicine.
We regret to say, that on account of its popularity, some unscrupulous persons are putting up an imitation; we therefore announce, that we are the sole and only Proprietors and Manufacturers of Englishman's Cough Mixture, and every bottle that does not bear our name on the wrapper, is counterfeit.
☞ Ask for Englishman's Cough Mixture, put up by T. B. Barker & Sons, and take no other.
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HAIR BRUSHES, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Hat Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Scrub Brushes, Whitewash Brushes, Paint Brushes, Graining Brushes, Varnish Brushes, Wall Brushes, Window Brushes, Seam Brushes, Shoe Brushes, Stove Brushes, Health Brushes, Counter Brushes, and every kind of Brush required by Painters, Housekeepers, etc. For sale by
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jan 8

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LADIES' WOOL VESTS, or Sleeveless Jackets; Wool Jackets, with Sleeves; Wool Crossovers, or Sontags; Wool Clouds and Promenade Clouds; Wool Polka Jackets for Children; Wool Skirts for Children; Wool Breakfast Shawls; Wool Mittens; Wool Cuffs; Wool Armlets; Wool Scarfs, &c.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S.
(nov 20.)

FUR RUFFS FOR THE NECK.—The Ladies of St. John and vicinity are respectfully informed that these DESIRABLE GOODS can now be had in great variety, at
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They are quite INEXPENSIVE, and are worn by all classes, either with or without other Furs. Price from 75c. up.
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EIDER DUCK AND ARCTIC GOOSE DOWN CLOTHING and QUILTS, Warmth of Three Folds Woolen Fabric and not the weight of one; Economical and Durable; No Cold can penetrate a Down Garment. Ladies' Down Underskirts are light, warm, graceful and durable; Ladies' Vests fit perfectly, and are a sure protection against cold; Down Quilts are a luxury in cold climates.
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RUBBER BELTING and PACKING,
RUBBER HOSE, RUBBER SHEETING,
Rubber Coats, Horse Covers and Waggon Aprons
Rubber Cloth, Rubber Leggings,
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Rubber Belting at Manufacturers' Prices.
LACING LEATHER, the best in the market.
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ALL BELTING WARRANTED.
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GOLD AND SILVER CASES,
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The prime reason of the success of the Elgin Watches, is, that they satisfy those who purchase them. Every wearer of an Elgin Watch, is the friend of Elgin Watches, and by personal endorsement, gives weight to the advertisement of these Watches.
Every Watch is warranted two years. Call and see them at 13 KING STREET. oct 28

Work for all At home, male or female: $35 per week, day or evening. No Capital. We send valuable package of goods by mail free. Address with ten cent return stamp. M. YOUNG,
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$5 to $20 PER DAY.—Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States cost but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
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T. B. BARKER & SONS have just received 60 half-chests Sublimed Florence Oil; 10 boxes Extract of Logwood; 50 barrels London Whiting; 10 bags Sicily Sumac; 5 barrels Tilden's Preparations; 3 packages Carriage Builder's Fine Colors; 20 barrels Ground Dyewoods; 25 barrels Fire Proof Paints; 10 cases Concen rated Lye; 4 casks Ground Linseed; 6 cases Liebig's Extract of Beef. Wholesale and Retail, by
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MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON beg to intimate to the public of St. John and vicinity that their new stock of Fashionable Furs is now complete, and comprises every variety worn this season.
An inspection is respectfully solicited.
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FLANNEL SHIRTS, White Shirts, Chamois Shirts, Night Shirts. Shirts of every description, either Ready-made or Made to Order.
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OSTRICH FEATHERS!
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COTTON WARPS.
WHITE, BLUE, RED AND ORANGE.
Warranted Best Quality and Full Length.
☞ For sale by all Dealers. [sept 5—vi

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Notaries, Public Conveyancers, &c.,
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OFFICE.—McCausland's Building, Queen Street, opposite People's Bank.
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feb6—tf

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PERUVIAN AN IRON TONIC SYRUP
MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

The Peruvian Syrup, a Protected Solution of the Protoxide of Iron, is so combined as to have the character of an aliment, as easily digested and assimilated with the blood as the simplest food. It increases the quantity of Nature's Own Vitalizing Agent, Iron in the blood, and cures "a thousand ills," simply by Toning up, Invigorating and Vitalizing the System. The enriched and vitalized blood permeates every part of the body, repairing damages and waste, searching out morbid secretions, and leaving nothing for disease to feed upon.
This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, *and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Being free from Alcohol, in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an Iron Constitution.*
Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy, from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.
See that each bottle has PERUVIAN SYRUP *blown in the glass.*
Pamphlets Free.
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No. 1 Milton Place, Boston.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

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JUST RECEIVED per New Lampedo,—4 casks Writing Inks, in all the various sized bottles,—Red, Violet, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Black, and Blue Black for Copying. The Blue Black Copying Ink is recommended for general purposes; writes at first blue, turns black when dry, and gives one good impression in Copying Book.
Also—A small lot of RED INK PENS, for Ruling, &c. not injure the Red Ink. For sale by
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