Poetry.

"PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU."

I leave you peace. My gracious benediction
I am full-vested with the power to give
Despondent souls encompassed by affliction,
Who find it death to die and death to live.
Distressful ones, who seek remediation,
And wander storm tossed on the waves of grief,
Come unto Me with every molestation—
Come unto Me and find supreme relief.

I leave you peace in full, unemptied measure.
Not as the world gives, give I unto you.
The trump of fame the gilded ball of pleasure,
The private wealth immassed for public view,
Bring only care and toilsome satisfaction;
Remorseful thoughts your vacant hours enslave.
Earth's bitter leaven vitiates each action,
And granteth not the peace your spirits crave.

I leave you peace. Let not your heart be troubled,
Let no base fear exert its potent sway.
By living trust life's limit is ennobled,
And crimson sins are wholly purged away.
Avoid not pain and unjust persecution.
Among the martyrs' names your name is known;
And if you press with steadfast resolution,
I will reward you with a martyr's crown.

I leave you peace which passeth understanding,
Its mantled face you do not yet discern:
But it becomes your portion at commanding,
And only asks reliance in return.
Abiding sure amid external changes,
Revealment comes when earthly troubles cease;
For then, uplifted to celestial ranges,
You shall behold in Me the perfect Peace.

The Fireside.

THE BRAVE HERMAN.

Many years ago there lived away off in Holland a little boy named Herman, whose true story I am going to tell you. The King of Spain, who ruled over Holland too, was not willing that his subjects should worship God as they thought would best please him, but as he (the king) commanded. And when they disobeyed him, and would not bow down before the images of the Virgin Mary and the saints, would not go to confession or do penance, he punished them, shutting them up in prisons and putting to death, after the most terrible tortures, men, women, and even tiny little children.

Herman's father was a "preacher," as the ministers were called in Holland; but he had no church, and, when he taught his people he was obliged to meet them in lonely fields, behind hay-stacks, in the lofts over stables, or even under ground. He could not even wear the dress of a clergyman, but he wore that of a blacksmith, and he worked at his forge during the day, though he had once had a great deal of money, which the king had taken away from him. At the time about which I am telling you, the king's officers had found out that Herman's father was still preaching to and teaching the people whenever he could do so. They determined to find him, and, when he was in their power, put him to death.

Herman was only twelve years old, but he was living in a terrible time. Often had he been hidden for days together, with his father, in dark closets, and secret places, while the king's soldiers were searching for them; and he had seen many of his father's people dragged away to torture and death. These things could not frighten him, for his father had taught him only to be afraid of doing wrong, and that if he should ever be taken prisoner he must not be frightened but only speak the truth, and believe that God would help him, no matter how it was, and that he could best help him and make him happiest by taking him home to paradise, even if he went through terrible pain and suffering.

You may be very sure the people were glad to know it, and they stole out of the city by twos and threes, and crept along by the hedges and under the windows, till a large company were gathered around the pulpit, which was only a barrel, on which the Bible lay. The service was nearly over, when the sound of horses' feet rushing over the hard ground told them the soldiers had found them out. In the confusion and gathering darkness of twilight, nearly all succeeded in getting away, but poor little Herman had been caught by his long hair and dragged up on a saddle in front of a tall, cruel looking man. "That's the preacher's brat," he heard one soldier say, "throw him into the river."

"No," called out another, "take him to the duke till we find out where his father is hiding."

Then Herman knew he was to be taken before the terrible duke of Alva, by whose command so many people had suffered, but he only shut his eyes and prayed God to help him not to be afraid to speak the truth, and to help him to bear his pain. And God did help him, for when he was standing before the terrible man, he was only very pale, and when the duke said: "Boy, where is your father?" he answered very low, "I can not tell you."

"Tell me," thundered the duke, "where is your father, or I'll cut off your ear!" and he dragged the little boy near his chair by his ear. Herman only said again, clasping his little hands together in pain: "Sir, I can not tell you." With one stroke of his sword the cruel man cut off the boy's ear, and holding it in front of his face, said: "Now will you tell me?"

"No, sir, I can not."

"If you do not this moment tell me, I will cut off the other ear," cried the wicked man.

But the poor little boy only said: "Sir, if you hurt me, you do not hurt my father. I can not tell you." And when the other ear was held before his face, he still made the same reply, though he could not help the tears streaming down his face, he was in such pain.

"Tell me, boy, if you are not a coward and afraid what book does your father read?" said the duke, when he found that the other question would not be answered.

"Sir I am not afraid. My father told me always to tell that he reads the Bible."

Then one of the officers standing by the duke said; "Sir, I beg you will spare this brave boy's life; he cannot be blamed that he will not betray his father."

"Aye," said the duke, "he is a brave boy. Boy for the last time, will you tell me where is your father, and I will spare your life."

Herman looked up at the bright sword, which the duke was holding over his head, and he must have thought of the pleasant world, and the flowers and the sunshine, brothers and sisters, his playfellows, and the merry times there were in the world, but he only answered as before; and just before he fell asleep, he said: "God has helped me."

Children, this is a very sorrowful little story I have been telling. "Our times" are so different from the days in which Herman lived. But still I shall be very glad I have told you his story if some time—and such a time will come—the very hardest thing you can possibly do is to speak the truth, and you do it.—*Christian at Work.*

"I DON'T LIKE TO."

Little Ben was always saying, "I don't like" to," when told to do anything that did not please him.

One day his mamma said, "Now my dear little boy, if you will tell me all the things you don't like to do, I will not ask you to do one of them,—if that seems wise."

Ben smiled all over from the curls on his forehead to the little round dimple on his chin, as he replied, "Well, I'll tell you, dear, kind mamma. I don't like to go to bed. I don't like to go to school. I don't like to come in from play when the dark comes. I don't like—to—go—to—church—I guess I don't. I don't like to learn my Sunday-school lesson. I don't like to eat oatmeal and drink milk. I don't——."

"That will answer for don'ts,' now tell me what you do like, and we will see what is best for you," said Ben's mother.

"Well," cried Ben laughing aloud in his joy, "dear good mamma, I like to sit up till the company all go, and the big folks go to bed. I like to play out doors all the time in the light, and in the dark too. I like to play—just a little, easy—on Sunday too, and study 'Mother Goose,' and 'The Three Little Bears,' instead of my lesson paper. I like to eat cake and candy and ice cream, and drink coffee for breakfast. I like to have my face washed and my hair brushed Thanksgivin' and Fo'th July, and—to have my own way all the time, and——."

"There Ben, that will do. My little boy would very soon be like a wild Arab child, worse than the young gipsy you saw—for I think his hair is brushed and his face washed more than twice a year. I should soon have a dirty, wrinkled old man suffering for sleep, and crying with dyspepsia, and a heathen, instead of my sweet clean little Ben. Boys would not play, with you, or ask you into their houses. 'Papa would say 'Go away, child,' when you climbed on his knee, and I am sure even your own mother could not let such a child creep from his crib into her clean bed at daylight as you now do. No, no, Ben, you are too young to do as you like, and must be a happy cheerful boy, and obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord," said the mother.

"I guess so," replied Ben, putting his arm around his mother's neck and kissing her lips and cheek.—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

Respect to one's father and mother, as well as to older persons generally, is the first point of high breeding all over the world. All the most polished nations hold it so. The French, who give lessons on manners to other nations, will show an old woman more attention than they will the prettiest young one. The Chinese and Japanese, who are among the most polite people on the face of the globe, are devoted to their fathers and mothers, and the Turks everywhere pay the deepest respect to an old man. One does not hear the phrase, "the old man," used, except as a title of honor. If you were a young princess, or a countess, as you have often thought you would like to be, the first thing you would have to learn would be respect for others You would not be allowed to keep the easy-chair when your mother the queen, or your aunt the countess, came into the room. No matter how tired you were, or how interesting a book you were reading, you would have to rise, put aside what you were doing, and wait quietly till your august relative told you to be seated. If she wanted anything a yard away, and you let her rise from her chair and wait on herself, you would probably be sent away in disgrace, and kept until you learned better manners more becoming a princess.

If you, Harry, were His Royal Highness of Saxony, and were to marry a queen when old enough, you would have to improve on your present manners to a degree that would make you sick of life for awhile. You would have to learn to pay attention to other people before yourself, to be pleasant when you didn't feel like it, to wait on ladies, and be polite to old men with great gray moustaches and not much to say, because they were high generals in the army or councilors of state. If you showed temper to His Majesty, your father, you would, in all probability, be ordered under arrest, like a common soldier, to teach you to respect authority.

Every soldier, no matter what his rank, must learn to obey and to show respect. Every officer of government, every man of position in the world, has to do the same. The only exceptions are people like the Shah and the Khedive of the East, who are of very little account in the world. They never care about manners, and never do anything they don't want to, if they can help it. The consequence is, they seldom have a good time for their own part and they never allow others to enjoy themselves at all.—*Wide Awake.*

SHOWING THE WAY.

A king who had several sons, promised to give each of them a kingdom. But he wished them to travel for some time. They asked the king which way they should travel; and he said he would give them a lamp which would rest and shed its light on the right path.

They went on for some time very happily and when they were in difficulty they took out their lamp, and it never failed to show them the right road; and though it did not always point out the pleasantest path, yet they were enabled to overcome the difficulties they met with, and still went on peacefully.

But after a time they began to be unkind to each other, and they forgot their father, and did not like to be guided by their lamp. So they took some clay and covered up the one side of the lamp, so that it should only shine the way they wished; and then, at last, they covered up the lamp altogether, and they chose only the pleasantest path.

But there is often a thorn under the rose, and so they found it. They got into a great deal of trouble. A friend met them and told them they were in the wrong road, and when he looked at their lamp he saw it was all covered up. He took off the clay, and it shone the right way as before.

Now, what does this friendly lamp mean?

Oh, the Bible; I knew that in a minute. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Ps. cxix. 105.) How nicely this verse suits the parable.

Yes, it does; but will it apply to you? Are you making God's Word your guide? You are young, but you have as much need to be led in the way as a grown-up person, for children are easily drawn aside. Take this lamp with you, and you will go safely and happily through life.

But how can anybody cover up the lamp?

The Jews covered it up with their traditions. "Ye have made the Word of God of none effect," said our Saviour, "through your traditions." And sin, and prejudice and pride hide the light of truth from the minds of many persons now. Pray for the Holy Spirit that, by its blessed teaching you may understand the Bible, and also your heart be inclined to obey its precepts. This will be a nice short prayer for you, "Cause me to walk in the way wherein I should walk."—*Children's Friend.*

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A is for adder,
It lives in the cup;
The drunkard don't see it,
And so drinks it up.

M is for monkey,
Who is wiser than men;
If you once get him drunk,
You can't do it again.

W is for wine,
So sparkling and red;
Drink it not or you'll find
It plays *hob* with your head.

MADAME LINN'S SERMON.

"Don't touch the bottle little children! *Oh, no! Oh, no!*"

This was the usual salutation given to the troop of young people coming from the ancient schoolhouse, by the pale and weary looking woman who sat at the crossing. Usually great tender and pity was shown toward this poor creature, whose lonely home was overshadowed by a terrible sorrow. The school children seemed to claim her thought and care; she, in her bewilderment of memory, still bore their interest at heart.

The school-house dilapidated and weather-stained still received the twenty or thirty small people who went daily for their "training in the elements." Here, in her youth, "Madam Linn" had presided, winning all hearts through her gentleness and tender ways. When Moses Linn settled there, he was regarded as a great acquisition; his farm was the finest, his cattle and sheep the best, his house the most convenient, in the town. When his mother died, no one was surprised that he asked the handsome school-mistress to take his name. It is a long story, and I can only tell you that the skeleton in that house was strong drink—a skeleton hidden away in dark closets, and never allowed the light of day; but Margaret saw it all too soon, and in her loving heart carried the burden, as few women could, silently.

Finally, Moses Linn died a drunkard. The only son, a lovely boy, had inherited his father's passion for the poison, and, when only seventeen, struck his mother such a blow on her head as to cause what the neighbors kindly termed a weakness in the mind. It was a terrible wreck; yet for years and years she watched over her son as well as she knew how; her scattered, shattered senses only keeping hold of the one thought that Levi must be cared for.

After a long season of watching, Levi, too, died; but the poor mother dazed and feeble, still at times fancied him living.

Poor "Madame Linn" went home to peace and rest many years ago; but her brief sermon to the children is pertinent now as then. "Don't touch the bottle, little children! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

A REMARKABLE COMPOSITION.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions ever published. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement such as we have never seen before. The initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in italics, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:

Make known the Gospel truths, *Our* Father, King;
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father* from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of Love!"
Assuage our grief *in* love, *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright Prince of *heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins, and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be* ing first, a man, *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice.
New labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own—
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry!
Enemies to *thy* self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will*, we live *for* vanity,
Loathing thy very *be* ing, *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to heaven.
Reclining *on* the Gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver* ed and forgiven.
Oh! *as* thyself, *but* teach us to forgive.
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe.
Carnal *in* mind we're *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven*; in *us* hope can flow.
Oh, *give* us grace, and *lead* us on thy way;
Shine on *us* with thy love, and give *us* peace;
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass* es may cease.
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do;
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame;
Help us with heavenly *bread*; *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we'll* adore thy name.
In thy *forgive* ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses*, so high,
Thy Son, *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

HOW THE LITTLE GIRL PROVED IT.

Hereafter the language of mathematics will have to be more exact. A female teacher said that on a certain occasion she had in her school a class of little beginners—children of four and five years—and that in inducting them into the rudiments of arithmetic, she thought to simplify things as much as possible. There they had the ten numerals on their ten fingers, and in adding or substracting the simple numbers, they could reckon upon these digits. The thing worked to a charm, and the little ones readily learned thus to solve the first problems of the great science.

One day the class was out for recitation, and substraction was the theme.

"Five from five leaves how many?" was by-and-by asked of a bright-eyed miss of four summers.

The little thing up with her fingers and went at it. For a time she seemed exceedingly puzzled, but at length her eyes snapped, and she lifted her head confidently,

"Five!" she said, with a most assured emphasis.

Curious to know how she had arrived at that solution, the teache r asked her to explain.

"Why," replied the child, holding out her two hands, and placing them side by side, "zere's five on 'at hand, and five on 'at. Now I take away ese five f 'om 'ose five, and —ere zey be—five!"

About as fine a piece of ocular demonstration in the way of a logical dilemma as you will often meet.

To "head off" such sharp little discoverers and accountants, it will be in order to say, "five from itself, how many?"—*Ex.*

DO NOT FACE THE LIGHT WHEN AT WORK.

Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eyes as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way to work is with a side light, or, if the work needs strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have working tables before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is bent slightly over and downward toward the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has been attended to and the rule adopted to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have the side lights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side; and never neglect the use of a shade, so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, when kerosene lamps, with their intensely luminous flames, become more and more common.—*Medical Journal.*

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.

HINTS AS TO BEAUTY.—There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed and the night in work or dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion and dark-rimmed, wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to give the person unwholesome fat. Diet, also, has a marked appearance on personal beauty. A gross and excessive indulgence in eating and drinking is fatal to the female charms, especially when there is a great tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repast and good cooking are the best means of securing not only good health but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionary, or any other tickler of the appetite which gratifies the taste but does not support the system. Exercise is, of course, essential to female beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, developes the growth, and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives beauty and grace to each movement.

FITS!

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!
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Respectfully, etc., LEWIS THORNBRUGH.

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In little sharps and trebles."
* * * * *
"Till last by Philip's farm it flows,
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CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR
LAZARUS & MORRIS'
PERFECTED SPECTACLES & EYE-GLASSES.

A FULL Assortment of above Celebrated Glasses now in stock, in Concave and Convex Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Riding Bows, Cataracts, &c.

Also, Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, in other qualities, always on hand. Wholesale and Retail.
CITY MARKET BUILDING,
aug31 Germain street.

PLATE GLASS.

THE Subscriber begs to inform parties requiring Plate Glass, that, being recently appointed by the well-known UNION PLATE GLASS COMPANY, of St. Helens, Lancashire, England, their Agent, for the sale of their Goods in this Province, he is prepared to treat with parties requiring that article, and feels confident that he can furnish an article fully equal, if not superior, to any that has hitherto been offered in the market; on terms that cannot fail to be satisfactory, and with despatch.
JAMES WILLIAMS,
Corner Main and Simonds streets.
On hand:—A full supply of Plain and Ornamental Glass. (aug 31) J. W.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

FOR Ladies, Gentlemen and Boys. Steam Vulcanized Mantles with Hoods; Mantles with Sleeves; Inverness Capes with Hoods; Best Gossamer Mantles, at lowest possible prices; Ladies Waterproof Tweed; Ulsters with Hoods; Gentlemen's Waterproof Tweeds; Sporting Coats, very fashionable and serviceable; Fishing Stockings; Fishing and Boating Caps. The above sample case of goods is worthy the inspection of intending purchasers.
W. W. JORDAN,
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THE GREATEST
WONDER OF MODERN TIMES!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females.

THE OINTMENT is the only remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, of however long standing. For Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Coughs, Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases, it has no equal.

BEWARE OF
NEW YORK COUNTERFEITS.

Spurious imitations of "Holloway's Pills and Ointment," are manufactured and sold under the name of "Holloway & Co." by J. F. Henry, Curran & Co., Druggists, and also by the Metropolitan Medicine Company of New York, with an assumed trademark, thus: Again, one Joseph Haydock, New York, likewise passes off counterfeits of his own make under the name of Holloway & Holloway & Co., having for a trade mark a Crescent and Serpent; McKesson & Robbins, of New York, are agents for the same.

Those persons the better to deceive you, unblushingly Caution the public in the small book of directions affixed to their Medicines, which are really the spurious imitations, to beware of Counterfeiters!

Unscrupulous Dealers obtain them at very low prices, and sell them to the public in Canada as my genuine Pills and Ointment.

I most earnestly and respectfully appeal to the Clergy, to Mothers of Families and other Ladies, and to the public generally of British North America, that they may be pleased to denounce unsparingly these frauds.

Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are the Counterfeits.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine Medicines bears the *British Government Stamp*, with the words "HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON," engraved thereon. On the label is the address, 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, where alone they are manufactured.

☞ Parties who may be defrauded by Vendors selling spurious "Holloway's Pills and Ointment," as of my genuine make, shall, on communicating the particulars to me, be amply remunerated, and their names never divulged.

(Signed) THOMAS HOLLOWAY.
London, January 1st, 1877. jan 1—1y

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1877!

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New and Fashionable
GOODS.

Every Department Replete with First-Class Goods.

AN INSPECTION WILL PROVE THE PRICES "RIGHT!"

Dress Goods, Silks, Ribbons, Velvets, Linen, Woollen and Cotton Goods, Sunshades, Gloves, Corsets, &c. Millinery Goods, Feathers, Flowers, and Hats.

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NEW COATINGS, NEW TROUSERINGS, NEW VESTINGS,

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☞ Gentlemen may rely on getting perfect fitting Garments, thoroughly made, and best trimmings only used.

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Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods.

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J. R. FERGUSON.
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july19 W. G. & CO.

ENGLISH, SWISS, AND AMERICAN WATCHES.

WE have in Stock and constantly receiving, all kinds, grades of WATCHES, in Gold and Silver Cases, We invite intending purchasers to call and examine our stock.
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HAS REMOVED to NEW STORE at the Old Stand, South Market Wharf. aug18

JOSEPHINE KID GLOVES.

FRESH STOCK just opened in all the new shades. Also, Black, one and two buttons.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
aug 31

DR. CHANNING'S
Sarsaparilla
FOR THE BLOOD

CURES SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, SALT-RHEUM, ALL SKIN-DISEASES, TUMORS, ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND SPLEEN, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS, LEUCORRHŒA, CATARRH, AND ALL DISEASES RESULTING FROM A DEPRAVED AND IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF
RED JAMAICA SARSAPARILLA
AND THE
DOUBLE IODIDES

Space, forbids the giving more testimony in this place, in favor of this great medicine. Is not one certificate, however, from as eminent and well known Physician like Dr. Bessey of Montreal, sufficient to establish its superiority over the numerous mixtures called Blood Purifiers offered by Druggists and others?

T. C. STRATTON, Esq., *Montreal*, Feb. 1st., 1875.

I cannot but regard the formula from which Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as one of the best possible combinations to constitute an effectual remedy, for the cure of *Blood Impurities*. So far as my experience has gone with this remedy, I can testify to its great value in the treatment of all Strumous and Cachectic affections, as Glandular Enlargements, and a wide range of skin affections; as a reliable preparation for general use as a *blood purifier*, I know of none equal to it, combining as it does, all the imputed virtues of Sarsaparilla, and several other valuable remedies, with the extraordinary alterative properties of the "*Double Iodides*," and of none that can be more highly recommended as safe, certain and reliable, and I have every confidence, that such a remedy for general use, taking the place of the many worthless nostrums of the day, will be a great boon to suffering humanity, and its use will be attended with the most satisfactory results. It should be invaluable to persons beyond the reach of medical advice, and will, no doubt, become popular with Medical men throughout the country.

Respectfully yours,
W. E. BESSEY, M.D.
8 Beaver Hall Square,
Montreal, Sept. 1st, 1877.

NOTE.—Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is put up in large bottles, with the name blown in the glass, and retails at $1.00 per bottle, or Six Bottles for Five Dollars. Sold by Druggists generally, and most Country Stores. Be sure, and ask for Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. If not readily obtained in your locality, address the General Agents.

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SPECIAL attention given to the sale of all kinds of PRODUCE, and goods bought and shipped to any address to the country,
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P. S.—All correspondence attended to. july14tf

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☞ Accounts collected and loans negotiated on good securities. mar 31—1y

WILLIAM JONES,
MANUFACTURER OF
ALL KINDS OF HARNESS,
ORDERED WORK A SPECIALTY.

☞ Repairs done neatly and promptly. Orders solicited.
KING SQUARE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
(aug 31)

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SUITABLE FOR PARLORS AND CHURCHES.

CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS.
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GOODMAN CABINET PIPE ORGANS.

Prices from $60 to $900. Catalogues and price lists sent free. The largest Stock of ORGANS and PIANOS in the Lower Provinces. We refer to 500 of our Instruments sold in N. B. and N. S. during the last two years.

☞ While thankfully acknowledging the very liberal patronage received, we beg to assure our friends and the public that it will always be our greatest aim and endeavor, as in the past, to give perfect satisfaction to all our customers.
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WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
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