

Poetry.

DR. ADDISON ALEXANDER'S MONOSYLLABIC POEM.

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear, is in the throat,
So that each word is cast, or a strange will note
Sung by some far off, there is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth
Than length.
Let but this thought of force and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleams and
shines;
Light but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Not is it more strength that the short words boasts;
It serves for more than fight or storm can tell—
The roar of waves that crash on rock-bound coasts;
The crash of tall trees when the winds wail;
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh and dance, and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread,
The sweet, plain words, we learnt at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

The Fireside.

THE ODD MINUTES.

Grandpa Bogardus laid the way to the library
and rattled many papers and snipped some strings
and inquired in haste for Clarice.
"I have a little favor to ask," said Grandpa Bogardus,
polishing his glasses and looking, with
twinkling eyes, at Clarice.
"What in the world can it be?" inquired Clarice
breathlessly, for it was the eve of the New Year
and she had heard the crumpling of papers as she
darted along the hall.

"I have a parcel which I want examined: it is
rather bulky and will require time: what do you
say to looking over it?"
"I think I should like it," replied Clarice, a little
perplexed.
"That I cannot answer for: you may like it
and you may not, but if we undertake a thing it is
proper to finish it."
Grandpa Bogardus polished his glasses very hard,
and looked inquiringly at Clarice.

"I might try."
"That sounds better, something better; but this
thing requires time, patience, persistence, and I
shall expect it to be completed, if begun."
"What can it ever be?" thought Clarice gravely.
"I do not expect it done in a day, but I expect
you only to make use of your odd minutes; do
you ever have odd minutes?"

"I never thought a bit about it, Grandpa dear;
but I believe I do."
"Well, what do you say about making a bargain,
giving your odd minutes to me if I give something
in return to you?"
"I cannot think of all means."
"I mean if you will take your odd minutes to
look over the parcel, I will give you the contents
of the parcel in exchange."
"Oh, how charming! Where is it? Is it here?"
"Stay; come here, little daughter; it will
not all be charming."

"Won't it, Grandpa?"
"No, you will sometimes get tired, and many
times find it dull work, and you will find many
feet disposed to give up the bargain altogether."
"But I do not think I will if I once decide to
carry it through."

"No, you must not; that is it. Think about it
and if you decide to undertake it, carry it through.
The New Year is the time for making stout resolutions,
but the great thing is to keep to them."
"Dear Grandpa, won't you show me the parcel?"
"Yes, for I want to let you see what I think can
be done by saving some of the odd minutes of a year."

So Grandpa Bogardus led Clarice to an alcove
where the porter had deposited the parcel, and
there, in the richest bindings, were twelve books
—a course of profitable historical reading in such
beautiful type and covers that Clarice exclaimed in
delight:
"Grandpa! Grandpa dear! you cannot mean
them all for me."

"They are mine until you have earned them.
There is one for each month in the year: portion
many pages to each day, and you will find many
odd minutes you will have in which you can
read a few pages at a time. At the end of each
month, if you have won the book, I will write your
name within it."
"But Grandpa, I never could do it; I never
read such books in my life; they are very large
and large." Clarice was glancing through them.
"This house is large; it could not have been
built in a day, yet it was finished a stone at a
time; you will read but a page at a time when you
have an odd minute. There are a great many odd
minutes in a year."

"But would I like them; I mean, would I under-
stand them, Grandpa dear?"
"The more you read, the better you will under-
stand them and the better you will like them."
"But I could not get through them: four hun-
dred pages! five hundred pages! it would take me
a year to read one."
Clarice shook her head despairingly.

"Did you ever read twenty-five pages a day?"
"Yes, more than twenty-five pages of story
books, but—"
"But—these will be useful and will require some
resolution, yet it is an easy task; one book at a
time; one page at a time; a few pages every day."
"I will do it, Grandpa dear," said Clarice,
thoughtfully, and Grandpa knew that a small battle
was begun, between Clarice and the evil habit of
wasting time.

Clarice began that very day to use up the odd
minutes; she was surprised to find so many; but
some of the pages were hard to understand, some
of the pages were fearfully dry after the brightness
of stories; sometimes she was half inclined to give
up; she would look at the twelve books and sigh.
However, she came to the conclusion to put eleven
away entirely out of sight and think only of the one
page at a time; then she got along better, and
Grandpa Bogardus was not a little pleased in Feb-
ruary when he wrote her name in the first book.

So Clarice examined Grandpa Bogardus's parcel
to the end, and found it pretty hard work; but
brighter she grew by the process; how much easier
she found it to finish the last books than it was to
finish the first; how much easier it was to under-
stand the last pages than the first pages, and how
much she had really gained not only in actual in-
formation, but by forming a good habit, in consequence
of her New Year resolve to use up the odd minutes.
—Geo. Kringle in N. Y. Observer.

CHARLIE JOHNSON, THE COWARD.

But you'd never think he was a coward to see
him. He was tall, fine-looking went about with
an air as much as to say, "I'm a man. To be sure
I'm only seven years old, but I know as much as
many young men at twenty-five." He once said:
"Although I've been at the store but two years I
know as much now about the business as the
partners." The fact is Charlie was one of the
biggest-looking boys you ever knew—but he did not
know half as much as he thought he did or

assumed, and nobody had as high an opinion of
him as he had of himself.

Then he thought he was very brave, very con-
fident; that he would not be led into temptation,
and that he would never yield, oh no, not he.
But did you ever notice boys, that those among
you who are the most pompous, who brag the
most are generally those who do the least (your
fathers and mothers have, if you have not), and
that those who talk so wonderfully brave are often
the greatest cowards, while many of the quiet,
unassuming boys have the best characters and real
moral courage?

One evening when Charlie was whistling about
the house, his hands in his pockets and talking in
this consequential way, his uncle said to him:
"Do you know, Charlie, I think you are very
much like the Duke of Alva?"

"Do you know, Charlie, how so?"

He took it as a great compliment, for he knew
the Duke was considered one of the greatest generals
in the world, and was quite taken down when his
uncle told him that he had learned things about him
recently which forced him to this conclusion.
He said: History relates that at one time when
the Duke of Alva, in Spain, addressed a letter to the
Duke with the title of "General of His Majesty's
Armies in the Duchy of Milan in time of peace,
and Major Dono of the Household in time of war."
"Now," said he, "Charlie, that is where you are
like the Duke. He was a great brag, but he was a
coward after all. And since I have heard that you
had not moral courage enough to say no when assailed
by temptation, that you would learn to smoke because
you were too much of a coward to refuse it, when your
conscience told you that you ought to that you would
accept a treat even after you had signed the temperance
pledge, that in fact in many of the battles which
you would fight by every young man if he has any
courage or character, you have signally failed, have
lost a battle every time; that you have been bragging
and brave when safe from assault, but a coward
when attacked by enemies, at the very time when
your principles and your courage should have shone
out resplendent; you have made me think of the
Duke of Alva. I'm an old man now, Charlie, and I
can look back over the career of scores of boys
who are now in middle life, and I find this true,
that the boys who go to work modestly at sixteen
and twenty are those who rise to positions of trust
and honor, and who are now noble, upright and
respected; while those who at that age show a lack
of all moral courage, and yet assume so much, and
are such brags, inevitably go down. They give
way to temptation, they make blunders in business
because not willing to be considered inexperienced,
and they lose over and over again good positions
on these accounts. Instead of being modest heroes,
they are conceited cowards."

There may be no Charlie Johnsons among the
readers of this, but boys, suppose you criticize
yourselves a little, and see if any of you resemble
the Duke of Alva.

A man advertises for "competent persons to
undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds
that "it will be profitable to the undertaker." No
doubt of it.
"Where will you put me when I come to see
you at your castle in the air?" asked a gentleman
of a witty girl. "In a brown study," she replied.
Question—"The man going from Jerusalem to
Jericho fell among what?" Answer—"He fell
among thorns and the thorns sprang up and
choked him."
A printer out West, whose house is half-a-mile
from any other building, and who hangs his sign
on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice.
He says, "A boy from the country would be pre-
ferred."
A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense
of an Irish provision dealer said, "Can you supply
me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer
to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pigs'
feet."

"Mr. President," said a delegate in a recent
convention, "I think we should adjourn till to-
morrow, as I notice that there are fifteen delegates
in this convention here who are absent."

Conscientious Greek professor, remonstrating
with sophomores for creating disturbance in the
class-room, lays his hand indignantly upon the
refractory one's shoulder, and says: "My dear
young man, the devil has hold upon you!" —Nassau
Literary Magazine.

IN MEMORY OF EVA.

Beloved child of George and Sophia Lyons, who died
Feb. 17th 1879, aged 5 years and 10 months.
"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."
Not dead, the little flower,
So beautiful and fair;
Only transplanted to the skies,
To bloom forever there.

She has only fallen asleep;
Asleep in Jesus' arms;
But too far away from earth,
To wake at its alarms.

Little Eva is in Heaven,
One of the angel band;
One of the white-robed throng
Safe on the golden strand.

She's safe within the fold,
Sheltered on Jesus' breast;
No sorrowing, no more "tired" now,
Your darling is at rest.

Parents, O look above!
List to the angel band;
Can you not hear a voice
Calling to that bright land?

Is not your treasure there,
Your heart's affection too?
There's one who has to bind to earth,
When Jesus calls for you.

You miss the little form
You cherished with such care;
The youngest and the proudest of all;
Oh! could not death forbear!

But yet we know 'tis best;
We know all things well;
He wanted this fair little flower,
In Heaven with him to dwell.

How sweet is now the thought
That in that happy land,
One of your little ones is safe
Though here's a broken band.

Little Eva is not lost,
She's only gone before;
She's waiting there to welcome you
When life's sorrows are o'er.

How the little boys made Charlie—First I
must tell you that these little boys who made
chalk all go to the same school. They are between
eight and ten years of age. There are only nine
of them.

One day their teacher read to them something
about chalk—how that it is formed from lime and
gas; and she told them that every time we breathe
the same kind of gas that helps to form chalk comes
out of our lungs and is carried away into the air
with our breath. Now, if we breathe into lime-
water, what happens? The lime is changed. The
gas in our breath turns the lime into chalk. And
now we come to the way by which the children
made themselves sure of this.

Mia May got some lumps of lime, such as you
have seen men use to make mortar, and put them
into a large bottle of water. The lumps crumbled
and fell into powder, and mixed with the water.
This formed lime-water. After it had stood awhile
most of the lime went to the bottom of the bottle,
leaving the water looking very clear; but some
little bits of the lime stayed with the water, though
they were so small they could not be seen.

How to Tell a Vessel.—A ship is a vessel with
three masts, each one of which is square-rigged.
A barque has three masts, of which the foremost
and mainmast are square-rigged like a ship, but the
mizzenmast is plain like the mast of a schooner.

A brig has two masts square-rigged like those of a
ship. A hermaphrodite brig has two masts, but is
square-rigged forward and schooner rigged aft.
A regular schooner has one mast, with fore and
aft sails. Lately "three-masted schooners," rigged
with fore and aft sails have come into fashion.
There are also "top-sail schooners," which have a
square sail above the fore and after rig.

A sloop has one mast, with a mizzen sail attached
to a gaff above, to a boom below, and the mast on its
foremost edge.

A brigantine (little brig) is the name given in cer-
tain localities to the hermaphrodite brig described
above, called also, in official lists, "half-brigs."
A barquentine (little barque) is a barque square-
rigged upon the foremast, but fore-and-aft (or
schooner) rigged on the main and mizzen-mast.

ONE EGG CAKE.—1 cup sugar; ½ cup water; 1½
cup flour; 1 egg; 2 teaspoons baking-powder.
Flavor with lemon. Stir the sugar and butter to a
cream, add the egg well beaten, then the water,
and flour with baking powder well mixed by sifting.
Ladies will be surprised to find this a nice delicate
cake. Double the recipe, use half for a white cake,
add chopped raisins and citron, and you have a nice
fruit cake.

WHITE CAKE.—2 cups sugar; ½ cup butter; 3
cups flour; 1 cold water; whites of eggs; 3 teaspoons
baking-powder. Flavor to taste.

TO COLOR DOVE AND SLATE, of all shades. For
woolen goods: Boil in iron a teacup of black, with
a teaspoon of copperas, and sufficient water. Dilute
till you get the shade wanted.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY ELLSWORTH, P. O. BOX 222, LOWELL, MASS.
Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.

609.—CHARADE.
My first, though a word
Of two letters, so small,
Is so hard to be said,
Some can say it at all.

In my second is found
A small interjection
Used for pity, contempt,
For joy, exultation.

When whole you have solved,
You will find it to name
A Biblical character.
That's known well to all fame.

St. John. ACORN.
610.—EXCLUSIVE STAR DIAMOND.

A letter; equal value; a city; a basket; a letter.
Johnston. JOLLY BOY.

611.—GEOGRAPHICAL DROP LETTERS.
—A—A—A—A—A—
—B—B—B—B—B—
—C—C—C—C—C—
—D—D—D—D—D—
—E—E—E—E—E—
—F—F—F—F—F—
—G—G—G—G—G—
—H—H—H—H—H—
—I—I—I—I—I—
—J—J—J—J—J—
—K—K—K—K—K—
—L—L—L—L—L—
—M—M—M—M—M—
—N—N—N—N—N—
—O—O—O—O—O—
—P—P—P—P—P—
—Q—Q—Q—Q—Q—
—R—R—R—R—R—
—S—S—S—S—S—
—T—T—T—T—T—
—U—U—U—U—U—
—V—V—V—V—V—
—W—W—W—W—W—
—X—X—X—X—X—
—Y—Y—Y—Y—Y—
—Z—Z—Z—Z—Z—
Johnston.

612.—CENTRE DELETION.
Delete, the centre of a common adjective, and
have a place passed going to a common adjective.
Johnston.

613.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 9 letters.
My 2, 8, 9, is to take food.
My 2, 3, 4, is to wander.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is an animal.
My 1, 7, 4, 9, is a sort of cattle.
My whole is found but once in the Bible.
Barrington, N. S. WILLIAM A. SWIN.

614.—POETICAL PUZZLE.
Uptoe off a gate complit ay,
Nida lwaile complit ay,
Akeil hwaile rheaan dan shao oecien,
Hwaile dan dha wbor dan mwaale,
Ries dha dha wbor dan mwaale,
Smith's Creek. LOTTIE GOSLINE.

615.—WORD SQUARE.
A Hebrew measure; an animal; a pronoun; to
wield.
Jerusalem. W. B. F.

616.—HIDDEN RIVERS.
A less tour will do.
He has not spoken yet.
Brooklyn, N. S. GRETA.
(Answers in three weeks.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MARCH 7.
588.—A N S F O
O B O I
H A B L E R
N E W S I E R
I N D I A N
A C K L A N D
589.—TRANSCENDENTALISM.
590.—Box, ox.
591.—We are Seven.

ICE
592.—T H A R D
E A R D
593.—Good-bye.
594.—Pilot, pier.

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.
JOHN A. CUNNINGHAM, Cape Island, N. S.—The
pencil sketch of the canvas-bag you sent us is placed
in our portfolio. The drawing is a creditable piece
of work. Your query respecting Hoxon unless a puzzle
Ed's was noticed lately. See below for other
items.

W. B. F., Jerusalem.—Your letter is received.
Your puzzle will appear. We are happy to find
you so constant.

EDNA I. SWIN, Cape Island, N. S.—Another of
our regular contributors and ever as welcome as any.
Yours is an excellent query. It will be the one
presented next.

SOPHONIA SMITH, Centerville, Cape Island, N. S.—
We were very happy to hear from you. It is
sometimes since you sent your first letter to the De-
partment, but long as it is we have not forgotten
you, nor do we ever forget any who have joined
a line to the Puzzle column. We will visit you
more frequently in future. See "Our Solvers."

A. J. W., River de Chute.—We take pleasure
in informing our anxious inquirer the "rules and regu-
lations" of the Puzzle Department are the most
informal. Any reader may send us puzzles, and
they are sure to be accepted when sensible and
slightly puzzling. Next week, scarcely will please us
better than having you join our ranks, favoring the
readers in the results of your pen work in solving
puzzles and making them for others to solve. No
name is placed on the puzzles unless you desire it.
William A. Swin, Cape Island, N. S.—We trust
you will enjoy your absence from home as much as
your friends will welcome your return. You should
not only come back with a new zeal in the cause
of puzzles.

A. MACHIN, Jerusalem.—By noticing "Our Sol-
vers" you will see you have succeeded excellently
in solving.

VIVIE, Portland, St. John, N. B.—We are very
glad you have written, and quite a number of
puzzles to learn. We presume you know every thing
they teach. The question you send is scarcely suit-
able for NOTES AND QUERIES.

ACORN.—Emma's Diamond and Enigma and
Squares. W. B. F.'s Enigma, Rebus, Squares,
Translations, Deletion, Charade, and Puzzle.—
John A. Cunningham's Star Cross and Enigma.
Our Solvers.—Correct answers to puzzles in
past issues come from John A. Cunningham, Wil-
liam A. Swin, W. B. F., A. Machin, Emma I. Swin,
Swin, and J. P. M., Moncton. Of these the first
is entitled to the Rose, the second, the third, the
fourth, the fifth, the sixth. Answers have been
received from Vivie and Ella F. S., St. John.

TO BE SOLVED.—Of the eight puzzles this week
Acorn's is the best. Emma's Diamond gives the
most of a good setting. Jolly Boy's Drop Letters
presents a formidable appearance, but the puzzle is
not too easy. The Deletion from our Johnston
puzzler prepares one for a journey to the Tropics;
puzzling at the next from our Barrington
contributor we think of other and better places.
Lottie's P. covers something good. Once raise the
crust and the secret of the pie is out. W. B. F.
puzzles the number. It is your turn now to
find their answers. How many will do it? and do
it successfully?

ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 78.—J. A. CUNNINGHAM, Cape Id., N. S.
No. 79.—WILLIAM A. SWIN, Cape Id., N. S.
No. 80.—WILLIAM A. SWIN, Cape Id., N. S.
No. 81.—W. B. F., Jerusalem.
No. 82.—A. MACHIN, Jerusalem.
No. 83.—A. MACHIN, Jerusalem.
No. 84.—A. MACHIN, Jerusalem.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Personal Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood,
and will completely change the blood in the entire
system in three months, and will positively cure
each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be returned to the
donor. Each box contains 10 pills. Sent by mail for
50 cents. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now
residing in this country, says that most of the Hens
and Cattle Fowls sold here are worthless trash. He
has a good recipe for making them lay, and will
positively and immediately cure them. He has a
pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will
do it so well as his. Sent by mail for 50 cents. J. S. JOHNSON
& CO., Bangor, Maine.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnston's Anodyne Linctament will positively
prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure
the disease in ten days. Information that will save many
lives sent free by mail. Do not wait for a moment. Pre-
vention is better than cure. J. S. JOHNSON
& CO., Bangor, Maine.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1879.
On and after MONDAY, the 18th November, 1878,
Trains will leave St. John as follows:
At 8.00 A. M. (Express) for Halifax, Pictou, Point Du
Chene, Moncton, Riviere du Loup, Quebec, Mon-
treal and St. Louis.
At 11.00 A. M. (Accommodation) for Point Du Chene,
Quebec, Moncton, Riviere du Loup, Quebec, Mon-
treal and St. Louis.
At 8.15 P. M. (Express) for Halifax, Pictou and Inter-
mediate Stations.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE:
At 8.35 P. M. (Express) from Halifax, Pictou, Point Du
Chene, Campbellton and Intermediate Stations.
At 6.05 A. M. (Express) from Halifax, Pictou and In-
termediate Stations.
At 9.15 A. M. (Express) from Riviere du Loup, Que-
bec, Moncton, Pictou, Point Du Chene, and Inter-
mediate Stations.
At 8.15 P. M. (Accommodation) from Point Du Chene
and Intermediate Stations.

J. BRYDGES,
General Supt. Govt. Railways,
Moncton, Nov. 13th, 1878.

ROBINSON'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL.

THE Subscribers have a large supply of Robinson's
Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Lactophosphate of
Lime, which they sell at
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street.

PAGE, SMAILEY & FERGUSON
Begin to announce to their customers and the public
generally that they have commenced business, having
a large stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY, Silver Plated
Goods, etc.
Will offer them at a liberal discount to cash purchasers.
Please call and examine. Jewelry of all kinds made to
order.
49 KING STREET.
jan 17

BEANS.
RECEIVING PER L. C. RAILWAY 100 lbs. Choice
hand-picked Beans. For sale very low.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
49 KING STREET.

COUGH MIXTURE.
FELLOWS' Balsam of Cod-liver and Liverwort, and
unfading coloring matter, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough,
Chest and Lungs, and all diseases of the Lungs.
It is the best of all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and
Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Lungs.
Wholesale and Retail.
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street.

50 CARBON Chromo, Laces, &c., with names, post
paid, 15 cents.
GEO. L. REED & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

KENNEBEC CASIS!
HAKE LINES AND HOOKS.
W. H. THORNE & CO'S.
Market Square.
jan 3

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP.
60 CASES FELLOWS' Compound Syrup; 2 cases
of Wilson's Cherry Balsam; 10 cases of Caster Oil;
10 cases of Pure Olive Oil; 1 case of Pure Linseed Oil;
2 cases of Pure Castor Oil; 1 case of Pure Sassafras;
1 case of Pure Peppermint; 1 case of Pure Eucalypti;
1 case of Pure Wintergreen; 1 case of Pure Clove;
1 case of Pure Nutmeg; 1 case of Pure Cardamom;
1 case of Pure Anise; 1 case of Pure Fennel;
1 case of Pure Coriander; 1 case of Pure Celery;
1 case of Pure Parsley; 1 case of Pure Dill;
1 case of Pure Mustard; 1 case of Pure Turmeric;
1 case of Pure Saffron; 1 case of Pure Vanilla;
1 case of Pure Clove; 1 case of Pure Nutmeg;
1 case of Pure Cardamom; 1 case of Pure Anise;
1 case of Pure Fennel; 1 case of Pure Coriander;
1 case of Pure Celery; 1 case of Pure Parsley;
1 case of Pure Mustard; 1 case of Pure Turmeric;
1 case of Pure Saffron; 1 case of Pure Vanilla;
1 case of Pure Clove; 1 case of Pure Nutmeg;
1 case of Pure Cardamom; 1 case of Pure Anise;
1 case of Pure Fennel; 1 case of Pure Coriander;
1 case of Pure Celery; 1 case of Pure Parsley;
1 case of Pure Mustard; 1 case of Pure Turmeric;
1 case of Pure Saffron; 1 case of Pure Vanilla;
1 case of Pure Clove; 1 case of Pure Nutmeg;
1 case of Pure Cardamom; 1 case of Pure Anise;
1 case of Pure Fennel; 1 case of Pure Coriander;
1 case of Pure Celery; 1 case of Pure Parsley;
1 case of Pure Mustard; 1 case of Pure Turmeric;
1 case of Pure Saffron; 1 case of Pure Vanilla;
1 case of Pure Clove; 1 case of Pure Nutmeg;
1 case of Pure Cardamom; 1 case of Pure Anise;
1 case of Pure Fennel; 1 case of Pure Coriander;
1 case of Pure Celery; 1 case of Pure Parsley;
1 case of Pure Mustard; 1 case of Pure Turmeric;
1 case of Pure Saffron; 1 case of Pure Vanilla;
1 case of Pure Clove; 1 case of Pure Nutmeg;
1 case of Pure Cardamom; 1 case of Pure Anise;
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1 case of Pure Clove; 1 case of Pure Nutmeg;
1 case of Pure Cardamom; 1 case of