

Poetry.

NOT ALL DARKNESS.

"There is always sunshine somewhere in the world,"
—BY MISS EMILY THORNTON.
Sometimes the nights hang dark around the home
That we call ours.
We cannot trace the path of our which we roam,
Nor see the flowers
On which we tread, so feeble are our powers.
No star appears to shed its tiny ray,
No moon is light,
But banks of clouds are piled up, all the way
Across the sky,
And we grope onward with a weary sigh.
Yet while one night appears, so dark and drear,
So still and long,
Somewhere upon the world the sun shines clear,
And mirth and song
Mingle, and thus the joyous scenes prolong.
Sometimes strange clouds of sorrow or joy sweep
With reckless speed,
Ere one voice passes, others onward creep,
Until we plead
For mercy, trembling as a broken reed.
Although from trials deep our frail hearts shrink,
While fears annoy,
And care is ours, some hearts, we love to think,
Their powers employ.
This hour in singing songs of hope and joy,
So will there ever be mixed shade and light,
O'er earth's strange way,
And but one thought gives delight:
An endless day
Awaits the faithful, where joy reigns away.
No creeping shadows will annoy us there;
No death can call;
Night will be banished for a spot so fair,
Sunshine shall
Not only "somewhere," but then over all.

The Fireside.

THE LITTLE WHITE SHELL.

It was such a little shell, not longer than your thumb-nail, and not half so wide. It was like a tiny piece of paper twisted into a screw, and it was marked in bars and ridges from the tip to the point. It was so small that no one would think of holding it to the ear to hear the sea roar, and to listen to tales such as the big shells often tell. The little animal that had lived in it crept out and left it, so there it lay a useless thing on the beach. It might have been if it had chosen, for it lay on the edge of the ocean, and the blue waves that had rolled thousands of miles washed over it, and the dark green Irish hills lay back of it, and over the ocean and over the hills there were always soft gray clouds floating, and white birds with gray-tipped wings flying, and rainbows every morning and every evening. I think the shell was happy, for flowers and animals are happy; but the unhappy things in this world are men, women, and little children, who make themselves so wretched.

One day a great ship sailed past the Irish coast, its white sails and black smoke and red funnel making another beautiful picture for all who saw it to enjoy. There were people on the ship who had come from America, three thousand miles, just to see the old country—England with its churches and castles and palaces, and the lovely lakes and mountains in Scotland and in Ireland. Some of them wandered to that part of the coast where the little shell was lying. They looked at the water and the hills and the pebbly beach, but few stopped to examine the shells; they were too small to be noticed. At last a little girl came down with a pretty red and white basket into which she threw shells and stones, hardly stopping to look at them. She picked up the one about which we have been talking, and as it was the only one in her hand at the time, she felt its roughness, and held it in her hand.

"O mamma, what a pretty, queer little shell! It looks like a church spire."

"So other people have thought, dear. It is called the tower shell. Take a good many of them, they will be new to our friends at home. I never saw any like them on our coast. Don't bother about the stones, they will not look so pretty when they are dry and out of the strong sunlight."

The child emptied her basket and filled it again with the tiny beautiful shells. They were packed safely in a big trunk, and carried from one country to another for months. At last they were brought across the ocean to America. Some were given to one friend, some to another; and some were put into a little basket lined with green to look like moss, and were sent to the children's ward in a hospital. The little shell we first noticed was with these last.

If shells can see and know, it must have thought itself in a very strange place. There were lovely pictures on the walls, and bright, sweet flowers on the tables, and the sunlight was coming in glad and strong through the broad high windows; but—there were rows of little beds, and in each bed was a little child with a face as white as the smooth clean pillow on which it lay; and there were tiny white fingers with dark blue veins resting on the snowy coverlets. Every child was sick, most of them very sick. One had lost an arm, another a leg, and others were suffering from terrible sores. Not one was well. Every now and then a groan might be heard, or a sharp, painful little voice asking for something—perhaps a drink, perhaps to be moved in bed.

By and by the toys were brought out, and the basket of shells was placed by the bedside of a little girl. When she opened her eyes she saw them, and reached out her hand for them. She was so weak that she could not grasp the basket, but taking one she held it to her touch when it was cold and rough, and she rubbed it with her poor, thin fingers, and pressed it in her hot palm, until tired out, she fell asleep.

That afternoon two young men entered the room; one was the doctor who had charge of the children; the other, his friend whom he had brought to see the hospital. The doctor was not a handsome man, but the children thought him the handsomest that had ever lived; and he did look different when he was with them, for his smile was so pleasant and so full of gentle pity. His friend, though younger, had a troubled, frowning face, and the children turned away when he went up to their bedside. As they came near the little girl who had the shells, the doctor whispered, "I must talk to her, poor little thing! I can do nothing more, she has no more days to live."

The trembling white hand was slowly raised to put itself into the doctor's strong brown one, and as he held it he felt the shell.

"Why, what's this, Mary? Where have you been running to since I've been away, that you've picked up such a lovely little shell?"

"Tell me about it, doctor," she said; "I never saw any real ones."

"These are real ones, picked up on the shore of old Ireland, that your father and mother took so much about."

And then he sat down on the edge of the bed, and told her about the lovely hills, and the dark green grass, the sky, and the rainbows, and the birds, and the cool salt waves, the white beach, and the fishes, and the little shells, and she said it made her feel less hot and tired just to hear about such things.

Some one called the doctor then, and he had to go, but left his friend "as a sure sign" that he would come back. Mary did not speak to him for some time, and he sat frowning and looking at the shells. He had not travelled like the doctor, so they were new to him, and he thought them very beautiful. At last Mary looked up at him, but very

almost afraid to speak, for he was looking closely at the tiny white shell, and was frowning terribly. He seemed to feel her eyes upon him, and smiled as he turned towards her.

"O sir! it is true there will be no more sea in heaven! I am so sorry, for I wanted to see it!" Her eyes were troubled, and her forehead was drawn as with pain.

He did not know what to say at first, for he too loved the sea. Then the truth flashed across him. "It does not mean just that, Mary, for we are told about the sea of glass and the beautiful river. It only means that there will be no more cruel waves that dash the ships to pieces and drown so many people. You have heard about the poor fishermen being lost, and about great ships going down, and no one being saved. It means, too, that there will be no wide, stormy sea to separate us from our friends. If they cross it, we can cross it too, and therefore we need not be afraid either for ourselves or for them." He was looking at the shell again.

"But," said Mary, "do you think there will be any nice waves and shells and stones, and that Jesus will let us play on the shore? I want to so much. I think it would make me feel more rested than anything else, and I am so very tired."

The young man felt the tears coming into his eyes when he heard this little child talking about being so tired.

"Yes, dear, I know there will be, and I know Jesus will let you do everything that will make you happy."

He could not say anything more, but laid his head down on the table, and sobbed and cried till his big shoulders shook, and the children round about raised themselves from their pillows to look at him.

The doctor found him like this, and touched him, saying, "Come, you must go now; I can't have this with my patients."

He rose and brushed away the tears. "Mary," he said, "will you give me this little shell to remember you by?"

"Yes," answered the child faintly, and turned away. She was too tired to say more.

"I don't know what made me talk so about heaven, I had never thought of it before,"—and another sob choked him.

"Doctor," he went on, when the fresh air and sunshine helped him to control himself "you've done me lots of good to-day—not only in that way, you know, but I have an idea, I can finish my tower."

"God! but how! What have you seen?"

"Here," said his friend, and he took out the shell. "This is a new design, and it must be good, for it was drawn by the great Architect himself."

The young man was very poor, and had been tempted to give up his business for one that would pay him better. He had resolved to try once more, and drew a plan for a church in hopes that it might be chosen from among many others sent in, and he could thus get a start in life. He had it finished but the tower, and for that he could draw nothing that satisfied him. The doctor had found him that afternoon cross, restless, and discouraged.

He had only one more day before the plan must be sent in. The doctor coaxed him to go to the hospital, thinking that the sight of suffering would make him more contented with his own healthy, hard-working life. He was right, and he did more good than he could have thought of, for the young man copied the shell, and his plan was the one chosen as the best.

Was the shell useless?

A GRAIN OF COMMON SENSE AND A COOK BOOK.

Jenny was home on the long vacation; and it so fell out one day that there was no one else to get the family dinner. Mother had gone to the village, and the girl had gone to her own home unexpectedly. Every body thought and tucked up, and Jenny was at home. With a profound conviction of her own ability to do anything she undertook, Jenny proceeded to her task.

"Are you sure you can make out, daughter?" asked father a little anxiously, putting his head in at the door, just before he went to the bed. Jenny gave her head a toss at this implied reflection on her ability, and answered with decision:

"Any person, father, with a grain of common sense and a cook book, can get a dinner."

So father walked away, tolerably well satisfied, though, perhaps, with a misgiving or two, as he knew cooking was a new art with his learned daughter on whom he had lavished a great deal of money in the way of an education.

The coast being clear, Jenny proceeded with enthusiasm to prepare her fine piece of veal roast. She looked over her cook book for the most approved recipe, and prepared it according to science. And it did look very nice, and she was given to one friend, some to another; and some were put into a little basket lined with green to look like moss, and were sent to the children's ward in a hospital. The little shell we first noticed was with these last.

If shells can see and know, it must have thought itself in a very strange place. There were lovely pictures on the walls, and bright, sweet flowers on the tables, and the sunlight was coming in glad and strong through the broad high windows; but—there were rows of little beds, and in each bed was a little child with a face as white as the smooth clean pillow on which it lay; and there were tiny white fingers with dark blue veins resting on the snowy coverlets. Every child was sick, most of them very sick. One had lost an arm, another a leg, and others were suffering from terrible sores. Not one was well. Every now and then a groan might be heard, or a sharp, painful little voice asking for something—perhaps a drink, perhaps to be moved in bed.

By and by the toys were brought out, and the basket of shells was placed by the bedside of a little girl. When she opened her eyes she saw them, and reached out her hand for them. She was so weak that she could not grasp the basket, but taking one she held it to her touch when it was cold and rough, and she rubbed it with her poor, thin fingers, and pressed it in her hot palm, until tired out, she fell asleep.

That afternoon two young men entered the room; one was the doctor who had charge of the children; the other, his friend whom he had brought to see the hospital. The doctor was not a handsome man, but the children thought him the handsomest that had ever lived; and he did look different when he was with them, for his smile was so pleasant and so full of gentle pity. His friend, though younger, had a troubled, frowning face, and the children turned away when he went up to their bedside. As they came near the little girl who had the shells, the doctor whispered, "I must talk to her, poor little thing! I can do nothing more, she has no more days to live."

The trembling white hand was slowly raised to put itself into the doctor's strong brown one, and as he held it he felt the shell.

"Why, what's this, Mary? Where have you been running to since I've been away, that you've picked up such a lovely little shell?"

"Tell me about it, doctor," she said; "I never saw any real ones."

"These are real ones, picked up on the shore of old Ireland, that your father and mother took so much about."

And then he sat down on the edge of the bed, and told her about the lovely hills, and the dark green grass, the sky, and the rainbows, and the birds, and the cool salt waves, the white beach, and the fishes, and the little shells, and she said it made her feel less hot and tired just to hear about such things.

Some one called the doctor then, and he had to go, but left his friend "as a sure sign" that he would come back. Mary did not speak to him for some time, and he sat frowning and looking at the shells. He had not travelled like the doctor, so they were new to him, and he thought them very beautiful. At last Mary looked up at him, but very

almost afraid to speak, for he was looking closely at the tiny white shell, and was frowning terribly. He seemed to feel her eyes upon him, and smiled as he turned towards her.

"O sir! it is true there will be no more sea in heaven! I am so sorry, for I wanted to see it!" Her eyes were troubled, and her forehead was drawn as with pain.

He did not know what to say at first, for he too loved the sea. Then the truth flashed across him. "It does not mean just that, Mary, for we are told about the sea of glass and the beautiful river. It only means that there will be no more cruel waves that dash the ships to pieces and drown so many people. You have heard about the poor fishermen being lost, and about great ships going down, and no one being saved. It means, too, that there will be no wide, stormy sea to separate us from our friends. If they cross it, we can cross it too, and therefore we need not be afraid either for ourselves or for them." He was looking at the shell again.

"But," said Mary, "do you think there will be any nice waves and shells and stones, and that Jesus will let us play on the shore? I want to so much. I think it would make me feel more rested than anything else, and I am so very tired."

The young man felt the tears coming into his eyes when he heard this little child talking about being so tired.

"Yes, dear, I know there will be, and I know Jesus will let you do everything that will make you happy."

He could not say anything more, but laid his head down on the table, and sobbed and cried till his big shoulders shook, and the children round about raised themselves from their pillows to look at him.

The doctor found him like this, and touched him, saying, "Come, you must go now; I can't have this with my patients."

He rose and brushed away the tears. "Mary," he said, "will you give me this little shell to remember you by?"

"Yes," answered the child faintly, and turned away. She was too tired to say more.

"I don't know what made me talk so about heaven, I had never thought of it before,"—and another sob choked him.

"Doctor," he went on, when the fresh air and sunshine helped him to control himself "you've done me lots of good to-day—not only in that way, you know, but I have an idea, I can finish my tower."

"God! but how! What have you seen?"

"Here," said his friend, and he took out the shell. "This is a new design, and it must be good, for it was drawn by the great Architect himself."

The young man was very poor, and had been tempted to give up his business for one that would pay him better. He had resolved to try once more, and drew a plan for a church in hopes that it might be chosen from among many others sent in, and he could thus get a start in life. He had it finished but the tower, and for that he could draw nothing that satisfied him. The doctor had found him that afternoon cross, restless, and discouraged.

He had only one more day before the plan must be sent in. The doctor coaxed him to go to the hospital, thinking that the sight of suffering would make him more contented with his own healthy, hard-working life. He was right, and he did more good than he could have thought of, for the young man copied the shell, and his plan was the one chosen as the best.

Was the shell useless?

THE MYSTERY OF HOPE.

A fair young maiden meekly stood,
Beside the rustic chair,
Where sat in calm and thoughtful mood
Her sire with silvery hair.
His eyes were fixed upon the sky,
Her's bent upon the ground;
The summer breeze went rustling by,
And flowers blossomed round.

At length she spoke,—her voice was clear,
Although its tones were low—
"If God controlleth all things here,
And doth with love o'erleer,
Why suffers He the ill that press
So oft around His saints?
Why does He not their wrongs redress,
And soothe their deep complaints?"

The wicked proper, the unjust
In base designs succeed,
While some who in their Maker trust
His common mercies need.
Their weary path is marked by tears,
By toil and grief and strife;
How full of mystery appears
The record of their life!"

"Because my child, our earth-dimmed gaze
Of Providence misreads;
And therefore strange must seem the ways
Which He his children leads;
But could we trace his wise designs,
Or future paths explore,
The various trials He assigns
Would perplex no more."

"Then let us trust in Him; his love
Events hath wisely planned;
And we when gathered home above,
Shall all things understand.
The knowledge which we there shall gain,
Will ever doubt dispel,
And we shall chant in joyous strains,
'He hath done all things well.'"

The maiden gave no reply,
She seemed too full of thought;
Yet there was gladness in her eye,
As she retired sought;
And from that hour with truthful heart
She owned God's way was right,
And waited till He should impart
In heaven more perfect light.

—Cross and Crown.

TEACH THE BOYS ABOUT IT.—Athome and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of human life. First, they should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues; second, they should be taught that it disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get no help from it that is to be relied upon; third, they should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, and debases the feelings; fourth, they should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly formed in those that use it, which destroys the health, injures the character, and in millions of instances becomes ruinous to fortunes, and to all the high interests of the soul; fifth, they should be taught that crime and pauperism are directly caused by alcohol. So long as \$2,000,000 are daily spent for drink in England, and \$2,000,000 per day in the United States, leaving little else to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, the boys should understand the facts about alcohol, and be able to act upon them in their earliest responsible conduct.—*Parish Magazine.*

Don't Use Big Words. In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amiable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified consciousness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency, and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affections. Let your expressions be clear, unadorned and unpretentious, and let your intonation be unadorned and unpretentious. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, peacockian vacuity, ventriloquist rapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, or obscenity or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang" don't put on airs;

say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!—*New England Journal of Education.*

Is It Possible
That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvellous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? Is it not so, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor or Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer.—*Past.*

VEGETINE
WILL CURE
SCROFULA.

Scrofulous Humour.
VEGETINE will eradicate from the system every taint of Scrofula and Scrofulous Humour. It has permanently cured thousands in Boston and vicinity who had been long and pained sufferers.

Cancer, Cancerous Humour.
The marvellous effect of VEGETINE in cases of Cancer and Cancerous Humour, long has been the most profound attention of the medical faculty, many of whom are prescribing VEGETINE to their patients.

Canker.
VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most intractable case of Canker.

Mercurial Diseases.
The VEGETINE treats with wonderful success in the cure of this class of diseases.

Salt Rheum.
Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, &c., will certainly yield to the great alterative of VEGETINE.

Erysipelas.
VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inveterate case of erysipelas.

Pimples and Humours on the Face.
Reason should teach us that a blotchy, rough or pimpled skin depends entirely upon an internal cause, and no outward application can ever cure the defect. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

Tumors, Ulcers or Old Sores
are caused by an impure state of the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with VEGETINE and these complaints will disappear.

Catarrh.
For this complaint the only substantial benefit can be obtained through the blood. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

Constipation.
VEGETINE does not act as a cathartic to debilitate the bowels, but cleanses all the organs enabling each to perform the functions devolving upon it.

Piles.
VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who have been long and painful sufferers.

Dyspepsia.
If VEGETINE is taken regularly, according to directions, certain and speedy cure will follow its use.

Faintness at the Stomach.
VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitter, which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic, which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

Female Weakness.
VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs and allays inflammation.

General Debility.
In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are seen immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency in the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood.

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists,
and 12-14
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
The Original and Genuine
MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY.
Established 1826. Bells for all purposes. Warranted satisfactory and durable.
MENEELY & CO., WEST TROY N. Y.
June 24-1st.

1881.
My stock is now complete. I have recently added 327 Packages Furniture, 41 Crates Crockery, 72 Packages Lamps, Lamp Stands, Glassware, 25 Packages Merchandise, and Fancy Goods.

I am now manufacturing Parlor Stoves, Lounges, Easy Chairs and Mattresses, and selling them CHEAP! 200 Chairs received in the month of June. I am finishing them up and can make prices away down below any other store.

To Carleton County Readers.
I have opened a BRANCH STORE in CONNERS BLACK, WOODSTOCK, and will be open the only complete stock of home-finished Goods ever opened in the County.

Furniture suitable for Parlor, Chamber, Dining-Room, Hall or Kitchen. Crockery of all kinds imported direct from Staffordshire. Table Cutlery; Bohemian Vases; Silver Plated Ware; Mac Silver Jewellery; Parlor Lamps; Table Glassware; and many other Fancy and Useful Articles suitable for Christmas, Birthday or Family Presents.

JAS. G. McNALLY,
Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N.S.
Nov. 26-1st.

EQUITY SALE.
FOR sale at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of October next, at twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the seventh day of June last, in a case wherein John McLeod is Plaintiff, and Norman Robertson, William Robinson, Daniel Howell, Andrew Mack Newlands, George Patrick, Gregory, Harrison Gardner, Ralph L. Cudler, Cornelius A. Perry, Perkins S. Cook, and John W. Toner are Defendants, the mortgaged lands and premises described in said Decree of Court.

"All the eastern moiety or half part of that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, being the lot of land in the Parish of Lancaster, in said City and County of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and to the said Norman Robertson, Daniel Howell, Andrew Mack Newlands, George Patrick, Gregory, Harrison Gardner, Ralph L. Cudler, Cornelius A. Perry, Perkins S. Cook, and John W. Toner are Defendants, the mortgaged lands and premises described in said Decree of Court."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Agent, the 26th day of July, A. D. 1881.
PHILLIP PALMER,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
July 22-1st.

London House Wholesale.
RECEIVED SINCE 1ST JUNE.
317 PACKAGES BRITISH, FOREIGN AND CANADIAN MANUFACTURED DRY GOODS!

All Orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will be as usual, prompt and careful. Attention given to all orders.
DANIEL & BOYD,
July 15-1st.

TILSONBURG OATMEAL.
LANDING TO-DAY, 100 Barrels, 50 Hl Barrels, 50 Sacks, 50 Bags, 50 Cans, 50 Tubs, 50 Kegs, 50 Drums, 50 Casks, 50 Hops, 50 Barley, 50 Oats, 50 Wheat, 50 Corn, 50 Beans, 50 Peas, 50 Lentils, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50 Onions, 50 Apples, 50 Pears, 50 Plums, 50 Cherries, 50 Strawberries, 50 Raspberries, 50 Blackberries, 50 Currants, 50 Grapes, 50 Figs, 50 Dates, 50 Olives, 50 Almonds, 50 Walnuts, 50 Pecans, 50 Chestnuts, 50 Hazelnuts, 50 Macadamia, 50 Pistachios, 50 Cashews, 50 Pineapples, 50 Watermelons, 50 Melons, 50 Cucumbers, 50 Eggplants, 50 Peppers, 50 Tomatoes, 50 Potatoes, 50 Turnips, 50 Cabbages, 50