THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Poetry.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With the glory of winter sunshine Over his locks of gray, In the old historic mansion He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures And his household and his kin, While the sound as of myriads singing From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city, From the prairie's boundless plain, From the Golden Gate of sunset. And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him, And his moistening eyes grew dim, For he knew his country's children Were singing the songs of him :

The lays of his life's glad morning, The psalms of his evening time, Whose echoes shall float forever On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations, Sent forth like birds of cheer. Came flocking back to the windows, And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender. The music rose and fell With a joy akin to sadness And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened To the voices sweet and young ; The last of earth and the first of heaven Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer For the wonderful change to come, He heard the Summoning Angel Who calls God's children home !

And to him, in a holier welcome. Was the mystical meaning given Of the words of the blessed Master : " Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven !" -From the May " Wide Awake."

The Fireside.

WHAT A BRAVE BOY DID. BY BELLE SPARE LUCKETT.

In a very small cottage on a narrow, clean street, lived Mrs. Dunn, Joe, the oldest child, and Sue and Baby Earl. It had been a very sad summer for the little family. The father had been a city fireman, and during a big fire he had fallen from a we should be very, very careful, even of them, wall and was crushed and burned to death before replied mamma, smoothing his rumpled curls, help could reach him. Everybody said it was a lovingly. terrible accident, and they pitied the widow and shed a few tears over the orphans. But people they? Or else maybe they don't know." were too busy with their own cares and trials to mourn long over some one else's sorrow ; so the Mr. Dunn, being only a day laborer, had nothing he does ; will you ?" but his wages on which to support his family. He knew his hands were strong, and that little mouths would not be hungry as long as he had health. Now he was gone, and there was nothing left to them but the small home and a paltry donation given by some firemen and a few citizens. Although a poor day laborer, Mr. Dunn was a true Christian. and lived his Christianity in his home around his own fire and at his bench. His day's work began at an early hour ; still, every morning he gathered his little family around him, and taking the Bible that had been a bridal present to Mrs. Dunn, he rested it on his knee and read a few verses, explain- in dismay. It was splendid skating down the river, ing their meaning, and talking of them as he read. And then, selecting one particular passage, he would all going down directly from school. For once he repeat it again and again, until all knew it perfectly. All day long they were to recall the passage, and ponder its meaning in their hearts. At night it was again repeated at the family altar. On the dreadful day of the accident they had committed the forceful words of Christ when he spake to his disciples and to the great multitude, and said, "Be ye therefore ready also ; for the Son of man cometh door. at an hour when ye think not." Even little Sue had lisped it over and over during the day, saying, " I'ze yeddy, ain't yoo, mamma ?" The father was ready for the King's summons, although it came at an hour when none thought it possible. The widow's heart was bowed down by her great grief; still she felt an unutterable consolation in in the true Christian faith. Winter was setting in cold and severe. The crops all over the country had been a comparative failure, and that had made flour, meat, polatoes, butter, coffee, and all the he would have spelled it himself, how would it look necessaries of life, much higher in price than usual. Wood and coal had risen, also, and the meager supply of money would not begin to cover all the and his new skates just aching to be used ! What an old " Prayer of the Horse," that is not so fredemands. It was, indeed a dark day for poor Mrs. should he do ?

open before the evening lamp. His search for some day, to stay with him for ever and ever. I've knowledge had grown to be less of a task and more been redeemed, I'ye been redeemed-been washed of a pleasure. The mother no longer bent over in the blood of the Lamb." her needle, but sat resting peacefully in the cosiest Away down the street, as far as the organ-grinder

TEDDY'S BOOK.

formed? Or is it a record of temptations yielded

to, cross and fretful words, and no kind actions ?

Think of it, children, when you are tempted to do

what is wrong, that it will be written in your book

of life, and at that last great day it will be opened

Teddy sat at the end of the seat that Saturday,

and was just wondering if he could possibly snap

an apple seed--he had some in his pocket-at Joe

Peters without Sadie's seeing it, when as I said,

something, either in the text itself or the reading

of it, caught his attention. It was such a thoroughly

new idea, he writing a book-one that would be

opened and read on that awful day. On the whole

he did not like the idea, certainly not if every thing

was put in it, was his decision, as he recalled some

of the many things he had done "just for fun."

Then he tried to think of something he had done

during the past week that he should like to see in

his book ; but he failed to recall anything, unless it

was that he carried poor Mrs. Kent a basket of ap-

ples. "Wouldn't 'a done it, though, only mamma

made me," he was obliged to confess to himself just

as he had decided that that was quite a meritorious

We cannot hide even our thoughts from God. Se

twice.

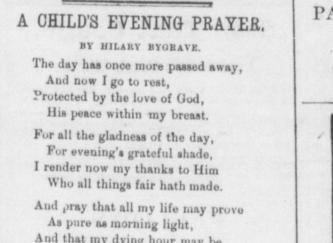
and read."

know.'

corner of that pretty family parlor. She loved to could hear, as he trudged on, there came back to sit there and watch with such unutterable pride him the faint sound of that chorus, "I've been rethe face of "her Joe." He had grown tall and deemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; strong and manly, like his dead father. He had nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organhis father's pure, houest face, and the same happy, grinder kept saying the words over and over to cheerful voice that bespoke the sunny Christian. himself ; they were not new words to him. Years There was pure happiness in that home-there was ago, his old mother used to sing those first ones, peace and plenty; for He was faithful that had "There is a fountain." He had never heard the promised, and God had been the widow's husband chorus before, but he knew it fitted, he knew all and the orphan's father. about it, his mother had taught him, and away

back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, " My boy, you must be sure to find the fountain and get washed." He never had. Something about it struck Teddy very forcibly- He was almost an old man; and it was years since I am not sure whether it was the text itself, or the he had thought about it, but Mandy's song brought minister's reading it the second time in a very earn- it all back. Was that the end of it? O, no. The est manner. He was a new minister, and was organ-grinder kept thinking, and thinking, until preaching to the children this morning. His text by and by he resolved to do. He sought the was : "And another book was opened, which is fountain, and found it, and now, if he knew the the book of life ;" and, as I say, he read it over tune, could sing, "I've been redeemed." Many a time he says the words over and over. Is that the

"The book of life, the book of each one of our end? O dear, no. It will never end. When lives-do you ever think of that book, children, and Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and what you are writing in it? Every morning ycu she hears all about the song that she sung as she start with a fresh page, and at night what do you picked over rags, it will not, even then, be the end. find written there-temptations met and overcome, Nothing ever ends .--- The Pansy. kind words spoken, little acts of helpfulness per-



And that my dying hour may be Fearless, serene, and bright. So fold me in thy tireless arms,

O God of love and light, And let sweet sleep mine eyelids close, As fall the shades of the night.

PASTE THIS UP FOR REFERENCE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

Nearly every person knows what to do in case of "I say, mother," he asked, anxiously; when he njury or sudden sickness, but it often happens that reached home at noon, "the minister says God puts ander the excitement attending such circumstanevery thing we do down in a book ; do you b'l'eve ces they become confused, and forget all they knew He does? Maybe He don't see everything, you about it. The following suggestion might be pasted up on the inside of the closet or book-case door "O, yes ! He does, Teddy-every single thing

where they could be referred to promptly: For stomach cramps ginger ale, or a half-teaspoonful of tincure of ginger in a half-glass of water

in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dis-



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Dunn. It was well she trusted the promises of Christ to the widow and fatherless, or else she only twelve years old, but he had grown wonderfully helpful and manly since his father's death. It had been a keen blow to his young hoy's heart,

but he seemed to feel he must not give up ; he must loudly. be his mother's man. The past few months seemed to have changed him from a happy, thoughtless boy to a watchful, thoughtful, careful man. This change had come to him as he realized that so many of the duties performed by his father's hands had will look in your book."now fallen to him, and he must not fail to do his duty, no matter how hard it might be. Joseph

Dunn took up his task cheerfully, and, like many an older man, looked his fate bravely in the face. He was the hero of a real romance, with real trials to meet and real daties to perform.

His mother took much comfort in her Joe. Times. Every night they talked and planued together as to the ways and means for making ends meet. Mrs. Dunn was surprised to find how wise and unselfish

the children as father did," he often said to her. was always brightest and bravest.

in her dress. A neat little girl was Mandy, or at One night, Joe noticed how little there was for least she would have been, if she had known how tea, and he noticed, too, how sparingly his mother she always washed her feet in the fast-running gut ate in order to give the children enough. Joe felt ter puddles, after a hard rain, just because she very sad when he realized how very poor they were, | liked to see them look clean ; but she had no needle but that night, as he and his mother sat together, and thread at home, nor patches; and her work he turned his brave, young, hopeful face toward among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the hers and asked, "Don't you remember, mother, cleanest in the world. Yet on this very afternoon He 'hears the young ravens when they cry,' and in which Miss Cecilia was getting ready for the God feeds them. And he clothes the lilies, and concert, and frowning over her white silk, because remarks. knows when even a sparrow falls, and counts the the trail did not hang quite as she liked, did this hairs of our head, and tells us to take no thought little girl, Mandy, give a concert. Her audience for the morrow. Mother, I'm not afraid but what | was an organ-grinder who stopped to rest a bit, an God will take care of us this winter, if we only do old woman who was going by with a baby, and a our best to help ourselves. Don't you remember little boy with a load of chips. The words she how father used to say, 'The gods help those that sang were : help themselves ? " At the brave words of her child There is a fountain filled with blood Mrs. Dunn pressed her lips to his fair brow and Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

"Well, then I gues folks forget about it; don "I think we all forget sometimes, Teddy ; but mamma wants her little son to remember that God stricken family were soon left alone with their grief. sees him always, wherever he goes, or whatever

> "I'll try," said Teddy, with an unusually grave icid. look in his brown eyes.

Just then the dinner-bell rang. Teddy went down stairs and being very hungry forgot all about. his sermon, his book, and all, until the next afternoon in the spelling-class at school.

Now, Teddy, did you like spelling. In fact, he was not over-fond of study of any description, but spelling was his particular aversion. He almost invariably failed, and this very afternoon Miss Westwood made a rule that all who failed must remain half an hour after school. Teddy heard it the first they had had that winter, and they were was utterly oblivious of every thing around him ; he never lifted his eyes from his book after Mis

Westwood said that, until the class was called. But it was all in vain ; the very first word thas came to him was "believe," and he could not remember wether it was "ei" or ie." He hesitated, grew red in the face, and was just going to say 'leive," when Miss Westwood was called to the

" Ahem !" said some one, softly. Teddy loked around, and there was Will Adams, holding up his slate with "ie" in great big letters on it.

Teddy felt as though a mountain was lifted off his shoulders, for he was quite sure of the rest of

his lesson. Then it was that he remembered yesthe knowledge that her beloved husband had died | terday's sermon, and his promise, and the words | of the text; it all dashed through his mind in an instant. Suppose he were to spell the word as request of a horse, beginning

Will had written it for him, which was not the way in that book ? But, then, to think of baving to stay in when all the rest were having such sport, calities of the United States. Here, however, is

It seemed to him that it was all of half an hour before Miss Westwood closed the door and resumed would have been utterly without hope. Joe was the lesson, though it was really but a few moments. "Well, Teddy, how is it ?" she said. Teddy felt positive that every one in the room must hear his heart beat, it thumped away so

"B-e-be-l--". What should he say ?

' God sees us always ; whatever we do is written down in our book of life. Remember that, children, when you are tempted to do wrong ; think how it

"Eive," he said, hurriedly Will Adams looked up in blank astonishment. " Couldn't you read it on my slate ?" he asked after school.

"Yes," replied Teddy, coloring : " but you see I-didn't want to write a cheat in my book. -S. S.

THE OTHER SINGER.

No bracelets nor necklaces had she ; no white her boy's heart was. "I am working for you and silk dress had she ever seen, and a common white muslin, even, she had never worn ; she was bare Sometimes the mother's heart would grow unusually footed, and though the morning was warm, she had heavy, and her face sad ; but at those times Joe | wrapped an old shawl around her to hide the holes

Swallowing saliva often relieves sour stomach. Hot, dry flannel, applied as hot as possible for neuralgia.

Whooping-cough paroxysms are relieved by breathing the fumes of turpentine or of carbolic

For cold in the head nothing is better than powlered borax snuffed up the nostrils.

A strong solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) taken frequently is a reliable remedy for liarrhoeal troubles particularly those arising from acidity of the stomach. A standing antidote for poison by dew, poison-oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, desolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it, Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

If children do not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled.

Powdered resin is the best thing to stop bleeding from cuts. After the powder is sprinkled on, wrap the wound with a soft cotton cloth. As soon as the wound begins to feel feverish, keep the cloth

wet with cold water. For burns, sweet oil and cotton are the standard remedies. If they are not at hand sprinkle the ourned part with flour, and wrap loosely with a soft cloth. Don't remove the dressing until the inflammation subsides, as it will break the new skin that is

forming. For nose bleeding, bathe the face and neck with cold water.

If an artery is severed, tie a small cord or handkerchief above it.

THE PRAYER OF THE HORSE. Most young folks may have heard the supposed

quently repeated :

Walk me up hill, walk me down ;

Trot me when on even ground. At any rate the verse is common in various lo

Going down hill, whip me not ; Going up hill, hurry me not ; On level road, spare me not ; Loose in stable, forget me not Of hay and corn rob me not ; Of clean water stint me not ; Of soft, dry bed deprive me not ; Tired and hot, wash me not ; If sick or cold, chill me not : With sponge and brush neglect me not ; With bit and reins, oh, jerk me not ; With check and martingale gag me not ; With blinkers blind me not ; When you are angry, strike me not, And a more faithful friend you will find not.

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE .- Always say yes sir, no sir, yes, papa, no thank you, good night, good morning. Use no slang words.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, clean nger-nails indicate good breeding.

Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything and everything in its place. Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Remember this. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.



COLORED GROS GRAIN SILKS, Colored and Black Silk Dress PLUSHES, Colored and Black Millinery PLUSHES, Colored and Black Satin and Moire Sash Ribbons, Diolored and Black Satin and Moire Sash Ribbons, ng to l Until you have examined Goods and obtained Prices at the spatthence Black Satin Merveilleaux Sash RIBBONS, Black Moire and Faille Sash RIBBONS, BLACK SATINS, Real Austrian COVERLETS. J. G. McNALLY'S, erly to the first a front on Mai **Opposite City Hall,** or less, Queen Street, - - - Fredericton. ments on been take He spares no time or expense to obtain the very best Court at the suit of MARY AUGUSTA CANBY. value for the money. JAMES A. HARDING. Large Warerooms packed full of New Goods, and new arrivals by almost every steamer and train. Saint John, N. B., 15th Nov., 1881. JUST OPENING: Parlor Suits, The above sale is postponed till WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF MARON next. 25 French Bedsteads, 4 Cases Wooden Ware, 2 Cases Plated Ware, 2 Cases Plated Ware, 40 Crates Crockery, 50 Gross Table Cutlery, 100 Doz. Albatta Spoons and Forks, JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff. Dated the 22nd day of February, A. D. 1882. The above sale is postponed till WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF APRIL next, then to take place at Chubb's Corner, and between the hours 15 Centre Tables, 12 Children's Carriages. 1 Case Parlor Mirrors. povementioned. And hundreds of other things too numerous to mention JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff. Dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1882. **Branch Store:** The above sale is postponed till SATURDAY THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF JULY next, then to take place at Chubb's Corner, and between the hours CONNELL'S BLOCK, - - - - WOODSTOCK **BARNES'S** JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff. Dated the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1882. Fancy Feathers, Beaded Crowns The above sale is further postponed till SATURDAY THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, then to take place at Chubb's Corner, and between he hours above mentioned JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff. For 1883, Just Published, Dated the fourteenth day of June, A. D. 1882. The above sale is further postponed till SATURDAY. THE TWENTY THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER ----CONTAINS----next, then to take place at Chubb's Corner, and between Corrected Tariff, General Intelligence, the hours above-mentioned. Dated the 19th day of September, A. D. 1882. Statistical Information, Etc. JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff. AT FOR SALE AT THE BOOKSTORES. BARNES & CO., Barnes & Co., PRINTERS, BOOKBINDERS, STATIONERS. PUBLISHERS, 85 Prince Wm, Street, 87 PRINCE WM. STREET.

ubb's Corner, Prince William Street, Oity of Saint WEDNESDAY, the 22nd day of FEBRUARY 82, between the hours of Twelve o'clock, mid-	L
Five o'clock in the afternoon : eright, title, and interest of PETER RILEY to ain leasehold piece or parcel of land demised PETER RILEY by SARAH ELIZABETH HAZEN and R. RITCHIE by Indenture, bearing date the st day of October, A. D., 1874, and described n enture as	
hat certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate and being in the said Town (formerly Parish) of ad, on the northerly side of the public highway from the said City of Saint Johu towards In- wn, and known and distinguished as Main- Portland, and bounded and described as fol- that is to say : Beginning at the corner formed intersection of the eastern line of a street lead- therly from the said highway or Main Street	
the said northern line of the said highway or treet, before mentioned, thirty-four feet, more , to the western line of a lot held (or hereto- ld) by one William Scott from the said Robert en, and now in the occupation of Mrs. Alexan- Naughton, thence northerly on the said western Scott's Lot, seventy feet thence westerly on a rallel to the said highway or Mai	
stern line of the said street, more or less, to the he said line of the said street, and thence souther- he said line of the said street seventy feet, more to the place of beginning, being the same lot of mised and leased by the said Robert F. Hazen fetime to one John McAnally by Indenture of bearing date the thirty-first day of October, 1850, h lease the said Peter Riley is assignee, and the of land and premises hereby demised having vised and bequeathed by the said Robert F, to the said Sarah Elizabeth Hazen and Johanna on Ritchie by his last Will and Testament duly d in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and City and County of Saint John aforesaid;	
to John R. Armstrong. All the said PETER RILEY's right, title and in all that certain lot, piece, or parcel situate, lying and being in the said Town land, described in the deed thereof from Iowe and wife to one Thomas Maher, bear- e the fifth day of March, A. D., 1866, as cing en the dividing line of lots, numbers (8) d (9) nine, easterly on the street or road lead- maintown (now Main street), as marked in red the map or plan of division of lands between Hazen, Simonds and White, and having thence e or front of twenty-four feet, more or less- tortherly eighty feet, more or less, thence east- he said dividing line, and thence southerly to mentioned boundary line, the said lot having	
at right angles of twenty four feet, more or less, Street, and extending back eighty feet, more and adjoining a lot of land now occupied by wford," with all the buildings and improve- he said several lots being the same, having	

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repeated softly, " ' Sufficient unto the day is the And the chorus, repeated as many times as did evil thereof.' You help me wonderfully, my boy. Miss Cecilia's : "I've been redeemed, I've been I am every day more thankful that God has given redeemed, I ve been redeemed." me such a child." And thus the two who struggled "Where did you get that ?" asked the organtogether for bread strengthened each other. grinder.

Joe's hardest trial was to be compelled to give up "What ?" said Mandy, startled, and turning his school in order to work for the necessaries of quickly. life. But he kept this bitter disappointment and "That; that you're singing." trial locked up in his own heart ; his mother had "O, I got it to Sunday-school." And she rolled enough to bear, he said, and so he told no one of it out the wonderful news, "I've been redeemed, I've but God.

And thus their life went on from day to day and Lamb." from year to year. They managed to get bread "I don't s'pose you understand what you're singand meat enough for all the hungry mouths ; and ing about ?" said the organ-grinder.

gradually, though slowly and with much patience, "Don't I, though," said Mandy, with an em- the water is cold, and the beef will be much tender Joe worked his way up against all the barriers of a phatic little nod of her head. "I know all about and cabbage and beets better flavoured, and will poor boy's lot. Times became easier. The younger it, and it's all true. I belong to Him ; he is going not fill the house with an unpleasant smell. The

Never put your feet on cushions, chair, or table Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud when others are reading, Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing on a piano.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind

Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds, or anything else.

> HOME HINTS.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM CARPETS. -- One ounce of pulverized borax in a quart of boiling water ; scrub well.

A FRIEND asks for a recipe for removing iron rust. When the clothes are ready for the boiler, put on cream of tartar, roll the article up and boil. I have used it with success.

To WHITEN PORCELAIN SAUCE-PANS. - Have the pans half filled with hot water ; throw in a tablespoonful of pulverized borax and let it boil. If this does not remove all of the stains, soap a cloth been redeemed-been washed in the blood of the and sprinkle on plenty of pulverized borax. Scour them well.

BOILING VEGETABLES. - In boiling beef and vegetables, put a teacup of vinegar into the pot when children were educated. Joe still kept his books to make me clean inside, and dress me in white vinegar will not affect the taste of the food.

WOOL SHAWLS. LYDIA E. FINKHAMPS BLOOD PURIFIER Gentlemen's French and English Braces, ner's Beads the system. As marvello Embroidered Table and Piano Covers, 13 Both the Compound and Blood Furifier are pre-"Aberfeldie " Dress Goods. pared at 233 and 225 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass, Dress and Mantle Fringes, Ball Jet Buttons, Price of either, \$1, Six bottles for \$5, The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of low nges, on Mantle Fasteners, receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham Peacock Fingering Yarns, Victoria Yarns, Andalusian and Shetland Yarns, freely answers all letters of inquiry. Finclose 5 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper. tion, Billousness and Torpicity of the Liver, 25 cents. STRAW HATS, PLUSH HATS, Ap-Sold by all Drr gists. 44 (3) French Nun's Cloth, Ladie's Cashmere Hosiery Factory at Stanstead P. Q. - Trade supplied by Whole-Ladies' Real Scotch Hoslery, Little Children's Fine Cashmere Short Socks, Small Chenille Tassels for Fancy Work, London Made Linen Collars, Troy Made Linnen Collars, Black Granes sale Druggists. \$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Froy Made Linner Courses Black Crapes, Baby Linen-Squares and Pelisses, Irish Tritomings, Crochet Edgings, Black Spanish Laces, Neck Frillings, Spot Muslins, Flewere, Poppies, Marguerites, By mar 11-1y MORPHINE HABIT. to pay till cured. Ten rears established, 1,000 sured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich. feb. 17-13i eow Church LIGHT. Marguerites, Butterflies, Jet Fringe, Jet Bandeaux, FRINK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Best Light known for Churches, Store Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galler-ies, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and ele-gant designs. Send size of room. Get Groular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. BLACK & COL'D OSTRICH LONG FEATHERS. **Waterproof** Coats Colored French Serges, Black Velveteens, Striped Hessians, Fancy Berlin Wool Work, I. P. FRINK, 551 Fearl St., N. Y. july 14-20i eow J. & W. A. VANWART, Scotch Tweeds, White Cottons, BARBISTERS-AT-LAW, Winceys, Seal Cloth Lap Robes, Queen Street, Fredericton Russia Crash, Black Moir Silks, Accounts collected and loans negotiated on good securities. mar 31-1y Angola Knitting Yarns, And a full line of Small Wares. The above now ready and inspection respectfully AND NOT WEAR OUT solicited. SOLD by Watchimakers. By mail, 20 cts. Oireulars MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

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