

"Mother's Recompense."

Be not weary in all thy toil
For 'tis worthy an angel's strife
To scatter in virgin soil
The seeds of eternal life.

The jewels thine hands are to trim
Are not made to shine here alone;
They belong to His diadem
Who sealed them once for his own.

When unlocking the casket of thought,
That precious endowment of God,
Remember, thy Saviour hath bought
The soul with the price of his blood.

And then, when life's labor is crowned
And the veil of the temple is risen,
May the gem thou hast polished be found
Mid the shadowless splendors of heaven.

ALFRED DAY.

Good-Tempered Parents.

How we insist upon good temper in our children, frowning upon stubbornness and anger, and that cross-grain of perversity which has gone down from the primal parents, and is a sort of hall-mark in nearly every baby that has ever lived. But uniformly good-tempered fathers and mothers are not so common as they used to be, and when we find them managing a nursery, presiding at a table, directing a household, setting young feet in the way they should go—we feel like saying as of old was said in another connection, "Their price is above rubies." It is not in the power of an ill-tempered child to do the mischief, create the suffering, cast the gloom, which an ill-tempered father can, bringing with him over his own threshold the sharpness and the chill of an east wind, napping the soul of the sensitive girl, hardening the opposition of the obstinate boy, frightening the toddler who hides beneath his mother's skirts, instead of making a grand rush for his father's arms; giving the cook and housemaid cause for gratitude that they are paid by the month and may leave when it is done, and are neither of them the man's wife, obliged to put up with his whims and caprices, his fault-finding and satire, till the end of their mortal lives. The misery an ill-tempered father can make is exceeded only by the dire wretchedness and utter hopelessness which follows in the wake of a fretful, morose, discouraging and ill-to-please mother, who, more than all human beings also, is a black frost in the home garden, a malarious influence in the home atmosphere. Fortunate the family where the parents are always good-tempered. Deeply to be commiserated the family where they are usually the reverse.

Consider a moment how helpless are the young people when it comes to the question of dealing with the misbehavior of parents. You may stand the baby in the corner, and banish little Jack to the room upstairs, if either is determined to pout, or storm, or cry, or be "contrary." You may remonstrate with Ella, who is twelve, and desire John Henry, who is nine to change his lowering countenance to a bright from a sullen expression. How often do we hear the mother say, "Look pleasant my child! We cannot have cross looks in the dining-room," or the parlor, or wherever it may be. But the child may not thus reply to the older person, nor send him or her from its aggrieved presence, nor do anything, except bear in silence what the parent may choose to impose. Nine times out of ten, of course, the evil word is contagious, and the contagion spreads. Sunny-hearted and sunny-faced parents make sunny-hearted and smiling little folk. A habit of good humor in father and mother becomes a habit of amiability and real sweetness in the circle, from the girl and boy in their teens to the youngster in the crib.

It may be urged, and with truth, that parents are often tried and troubled by anxieties of which children know nothing. The problem of ways and means, the disappointment in anticipated remittances, and ships that never come in, the battles and defeats and sorrows double-edged that are a portion of later life, are quite unknown to our darlings, except as the reflection from our perturbed and untroubled spirits falls upon theirs. It is well that life's morning should be cheery, and that they who are bearing the heat and burden of the day should be strong for whatever may come. But, what need is promised grace. It is doubtful whether any man or woman ever got through a hard day more successfully by scolding at its ills, and making others miserable because its sky over his head or hers was, for the time, of iron or brass. Such skies often melt over brave hearts and true, and always, whatever the sky above our head, above that again stretches heaven, and our Father in heaven is always ready to hear us when we pray, and to send, if need be, his angels to our relief.

There are people who are plodding and toiling from morning till night, day by day, year by year, that they may "leave a fortune," or at least a

competence to their children. To this end they add field to field, pile up stock in bank by laborious thrift, deny themselves everything except absolute necessities, and grow narrow and shriveled, because out of sympathy with the world beyond their own front doors; and all for the life that now is, for the fashion that passeth away. Meagre is the harvesting from such seed-sowing. It is right to be diligent and look well to the ways of one's household in pecuniary affairs. But it is better to cultivate graces and amenities than to grow rich in money and pauperized in soul. And no future store of gold and silver can ever repay to one's children the loss that is theirs, if father and mother be ill-tempered, churlish or hateful in the sight of God and man.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Missions and the Living Christ.

The missionary idea is one which lies close to the heart of Christ; in fact, it may be said, I think, to be a large part of His heart life. In its practical results it is one of the most incontestable evidences of Christ's presence in the world. The missionary idea, translated and transfigured into missionary service is Christ. It is Christ in the person of His servants, loving and laboring and going about doing good, and touching a sin-stricken world in order to make it whole. Translate that grand word redemption into action and it is missions.

The Church can have no such sign of Christ's living presence and gracious power in the world as she has in the existence of the missionary spirit in her members and the reports of missionary success from the fields. Humanity in the depths of sin and ignorance and degradation is the sign of Satan in the world. Humanity elevated, enlightened, purified, and redeemed, is the sign of Christ in the world. We hear of 6,000 converts to Christianity in Japan in 1889. They are like 6,000 throbs of Christ's heart which the church can feel as if she placed her hand upon the bosom of the living Redeemer. We have over 2,000 more of them in China, and there are many thousands more all through the foreign mission fields, and tens of thousands in the churches of Christendom; heart-throbs they are of a living and loving Christ, whose blood once shed for missions on the Cross, now beats and throbs for them upon the throne.

There are some, however, who doubt and a few who even sneer at missions—although the sneer is sadly behind the times just now. There are others who are altogether skeptical with reference to the great foundation facts of Christianity. I was reading a few weeks ago in a volume of Matthew Arnold's poems some passages in which he seemed to regard the facts of Christ's resurrection as nothing more than a fiction. My eye lighted upon a verse in which he spoke of Syria, and I was astonished to find that it gave a blank denial to the resurrection. Speaking of Christ as dead, he said:—

Now He is dead; far hence He lies
In the lone Syrian town;
And on His grave, with weeping eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

Was there ever a more bewildering and belittling misuse of both poetry and fact than we have in these lines of one who professed to represent the "sweetness and light" of the most advanced culture of the age?

Why, for eighteen centuries the Syrian sun has been rising but to do Christ reverence, and the Syrian stars in their brilliant glory seem to add their nightly tribute of praise to Him who was once born beneath their silent gaze, and who thirty-three years after arose from the grave in the gray dawn of the early morning, just as they were fading from the skies that they might give place to the long-expected splendors of the world's new day.

No! We have no weeping luminaries in Syria lamenting over the grave of a dead Christ. I protest in the name of those bright Syrian stars I have so often seen shining so brilliantly in those eastern skies. We have something far different from that; we have loving and living believers singing to the praise of the risen and reigning Lord. How often have I heard them in the villages upon Mount Lebanon, and in their humble gatherings for religious worship in all parts of Syria, singing, "My faith looks up to Thee," or "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," or some other familiar song of praise to Christ!

The weeping stars are the poetic fiction; the risen Christ is the reality; and the song of triumphant faith from living believers is the sweet refrain which to-day is borne to us over the seas from the land of the empty tomb.—*James S. Dennis, D. D.*

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennoble thereby.—*George Macdonald.*

Clean Churches.

If there is any truth in the saying, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," one of the places in which cleanliness should be evident is the house of God. Not only in the spiritual house of the human body, but in the house of brick or stone or wood erected to His praise. What is everybody's business, of course, is nobody's, and when there is no one on a church committee whose special business it is to see that the church building is kept in perfect order except the sexton, whose ideas of cleanliness and order may be good or bad, things are pretty apt to go to loose ends. The writer recently visited one of our leading city churches, and not only could miniature clouds of dust be seen rising beneath the feet of the ushers, but the pew-backs were dusty, and even the pulpit carpet looked as though it needed a thorough sweeping.

The Sunday-school room bore a look of general untidiness, and one could not help thinking that if one of the ladies of this church, in a charity call, found a family whose home looked as unkempt as this house of God, she would advise first of all, a good house-cleaning. The church to which reference is made has some expensive frescoes, the ornamentation of the house was rich, and the carpets and general furnishings were of the best. But for our part, we should prefer to have worshipped God on a sanded floor, in plain pine pews, within whitewashed walls, to engaging in devotion in these circumstances of mingled luxury and squalor. Every once in a while we read of some church expending a few thousand dollars in decorating their audience-room. One who has an eye to these things can scarcely help wondering if it would not be sometimes quite as well to spend a hundred or so a year in keeping a church clean, as to spend several thousands once a decade in decorations, unless, indeed, the church can have both constant cleanliness and modern decoration. What is here said applies with special force to our rural churches. Most of us have listened to appeals for money to repair churches, and we have thought, there will not be much use to put this church in order if the people here do not keep it in better shape than they seem to have done in the past. An untidy, dusty, unkempt room, with cobwebby windows, exerts an unfavorable influence upon every worshipper. It is moral as well as physical. It speaks of lack of interest and general slackness among the members of the church. It would be well for committees to give their churches a general overhauling, not in the way of expensive repairs and decorations, but in the way of a plentiful application of soap and water and thorough carpet-cleaning. If the house of God is not luxuriously appointed, it can be made neat and clean. To keep it so is within the power of any congregation. It is shameful to have the condition of the house of God such as would bring a blush to the face of good house-keepers were a corresponding state of affairs discovered in their private dwellings.—*The Watchman.*

Sorrow's Safety Valves.

Great griefs can seldom be borne in silence; nor is it well that they should be. Just as the cry of pain springs to the lips of a child when it is hurt, so the wounded spirit longs for utterance to ease its sorrow. Far from being a rebellious and unnatural desire, this longing to somehow unburden the soul in words is a merciful gift of God, who, even when He chastens, would fain temper His wind to the shorn lamb.

See how the noblest souls have sought and found, not only a balm for sorrow, but sorrow's own deeper meaning, in uttering their grief's profoundest cry. Think of that magnificent memorial poem in which Tennyson gathered up, as in a sacred urn, the fragments of his broken heart. Was his sorrow for Hallam the less, that he thus robbed it of its bitter sting, the sting of helpless silence and hopeless brooding? Was Cicero less noble; less heroic, because, after the death of his beloved daughter Tullia, he wrote a treatise on consolation to alleviate his sorrow? No; utterance sanctifies the grief whose pang it softens. God does not will that we should suffer in white-lipped silence. He never drives a barbed arrow into the human heart. Oh, what comfort, what peace, has come to many a stricken soul in pouring out its sorrow to some sympathetic friend, or telling it all in a broken letter to some dear one far away! We need not be poets or orators to use this blessed safety-valve of sorrow. Enough, if we have the faculty of utterance. Surely, in the fulness of the heart we shall not lack for words!

And then there is another safety-valve of sorrow. It is service. Work, loving, earnest work—it is like the dew of heaven upon a bruised reed. If sorrow should take away our power of serving, it would be the worst hell the

mind can conceive. It would be like the chained hands of Prometheus, while the vultures were gnawing at his vitals. But, thank God! however dark and deep our sorrow, we are not deprived of the blessed relief of doing. Though the eyes rain, let not the hands lie idle. There is a worldful of blessed work to be done, and service is sorrow's balm of Gilead.—*Zion's Herald.*

Rules for Christian Living.

"Begin the day with meditation and prayer. Acknowledge your allegiance to God as the Sovereign of your life. Renew the consecration of yourself to his service. Pray earnestly, perseveringly, patiently expecting a sure answer. Strive to realize God's constant presence. Walk with your hand in his, your eyes fixed upon him. Think often of him. Do nothing, say nothing, think nothing which may displease him. The least little remembrance will always be acceptable to him. You need not cry very loud, he is nearer than you think. Believe that whatever infinite wisdom sees to be best Almighty power can effect, and infinite love will not suffer to be left undone. Lean in all hours of sorrow and disappointment on his unconquerable love. Our aspirations, our yearnings, affections, our capabilities of happiness are all of so many promises of God, that the time shall come when they shall have their happy fulfilment.

"Resolve to be on your guard during the day, to speak evil of none, to avoid all gossip, to have your conversation heavenly. To be contented, good tempered, of good cheer; to deal justly and love mercy, and walk humbly; in solitude to guard the thoughts, in society the tongue, at home the temper, live only a day at a time, take short views. Let it be thine only care that thy God may find thy heart free and disengaged as often as it may please him to visit thee."—*Selected.*

"My Father's Business."

A woman who was earnestly striving to work for the Master was one day strongly impressed with a feeling that she ought without delay to converse with the members of a certain family concerning the salvation of their souls. The woman's husband came in, and being told of her desire, said:

"You are not well, the roads are bad, and the horse you usually drive has one shoe off. I don't believe you will receive very civil treatment either, for the man is a scuffer besides being very morose."

"I cannot help it," replied the wife; "I feel that I must go. Let us pray to the Lord to heal my sore throat, and I will drive the other horse, for I must go."

So this woman who was intent upon her "Father's business," went to the lonely home. Going in, she found that the man had been ill for some weeks and was in great distress of mind about his soul.

It appeared that he had once been a professed Christian, but had wandered far away. The woman read some choice texts of Scripture, prayed with the family, and sang several beautiful hymns.

At the next meeting the mother and daughter of that desolate home were present and desired to have prayers offered for them. They are now both hopefully converted and rejoicing in a Saviour's love. The father is drawing nearer to the Lord, and great hopes are entertained that the prodigal will return to his Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare.

The Christian worker rejoices that she had faith to go upon her father's business. It is always well to obey the leadings of the Holy Spirit.—*S. R. S., in American Messenger.*

Not Self, But Christ.

There is more pulp than pluck in a great deal of what passes for piety. It is an audacious attempt to get a free ride to heaven in a drawing-room car, with plenty of select company and good fare on the road. "Will Dr. A—be in his pulpit to-day? Will the music be up to the mark? Is it likely to clear off? Then I'll try to go to church to-day." With such a colloquy on Sabbath morning, how much grace is there likely to be left after the wear and tear of the week?

The piety that Christ smiles upon is a piety that will stand a pinch and face a storm; that would rather eat an honest crust than fare sumptuously on unholy gains; that gladly gives up its couch of ease to sally off on its mission among the outcasts, that sets its Puritan face like a flint against fashionable sins. We talk glibly about "taking up a cross," but a cross is intended for somebody's crucifixion. On Calvary's cross we know full well who bled away His precious life. On our cross, self is to be the victim. Paul the heroic was

emphasizing this fact when he commanded Christians to mortify their members which are upon the earth. The American Revision of the New Testament hits the sense of this passage more accurately: "Put to death your own members, etc." Loyalty to Christ often demands the plucking out of the right eye and the amputation of the right arm. The sublime glory of Abraham's offering really was that he was to thrust the knife through the very heart of self. O, it is not the taking up; it is the giving up that makes a strong athletic, heroic Christian!—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Defeat and Victory.

That which to a Christian may seem a sad repulse or defeat may be God's plan for a victory. Paul was to see Rome, but when he entered that city a prisoner it looked as if the promise was a mockery, yet he soon found that coming to Rome was productive of grand results, and even in Caesar's household there were those who became "saints." Bunyan was imprisoned, and thus was prevented from preaching, but the best work he ever did for Christ was while he was in Bedford Jail. He might have evangelized for awhile, but no work he could have done in preaching would have had the world-wide influence that has come from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. When Judson was rebuffed in British India it seemed as if the door of usefulness might be closed, but forced, as it were, to go to Burmah, he lighted a golden lamp, which has guided thousands to eternal life. Well is it if we, conscious of our own inability to judge what may be best, are willing to accept divine appointments, and believe that what we know not now will hereafter be proved best for ourselves and the cause of God.—*Christian Inquirer.*

Random Readings.

The unrest of this weary world is its unvoiced cry after God.—*Munger.*

Patience and wisdom will wear out all which is not of God.—*George Fox.*

Work for thy character until it be renowned, then it will work for thee.—*Tunisian Proverb.*

What are sins which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves; the happiness of others.

Some people do not like to hear much about repentance; but I think it is so necessary that, if I should die in the pulpit, I wish to die preaching repentance, and, if out of it, practising it.—*Philip Henry.*

If sorrow could enter heaven, if a sigh could be heard there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for time spent in neglect of God which might have been spent for His glory.

Payson.

'Tis well for us to toil and strive to win
All that our comfort and our health require;
But let the angels still within us reign,
That we may aid the world to something higher.

Then let the inner life be full and free;
Let mind rule with the sceptre of its might;
Let heart and soul with aspiration burn
Toward all that's grand in nature,
grand in thought.

—*Robert Livingstone.*

The Psalms come from all epochs in the history of Israel; they are of all the characters that lyric poetry can assume; and the pervading thought of them all is the mercy, the justice, the redeeming love of the one God, whose law is enshrined in the life of Israel.—*Fremantle.*

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound promptly relieves and cures obstinate coughs, croup, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It gives immediate relief.

As you like it. Gray and faded whiskers may be changed to their natural and even color—brown or black—by using Buckingham's Dye. Try it.

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GROCERS ARE AUTHORIZED to guarantee the "Royal" Flavoring Extracts will give satisfaction.

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Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, writes: "I was troubled with inflammation of the Eyes, so that during nearly the whole of the summer of 1882 I could not work; I took several bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it gave me great pleasure to inform you that it cured me of my affliction. It is an excellent medicine for Costiveness."

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1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after MONDAY, 9th June, 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.00
Fast Express for Halifax 13.30
Fast Express for Quebec & Montreal 16.35
Express for Halifax 22.30

A parlor car runs every day daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 6.30 and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.45 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax 6.10
Fast express from Montreal and Quebec 8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene 12.55
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 18.05
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
6th June, 1890.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect April 7th, 1890.

Eastern Standard Time.**LEAVE FREDERICTON.**

6.05 A. M. — Express for St. John, and intermediate points, to Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hamilton, Woodstock, and points north.

11.20 A. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.20 P. M. — For Fredericton Junction, St. John, connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West, Hamilton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.15, 8.55, 11.45, 12.50, 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 11.05 a.m.; 2.30 p.m.; Vanceboro, 10.45 a.m.; 12.10 p.m.; St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.55, a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.30 a.m.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.
8.55, a.m., 2.00, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIPSON.

8.00 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIPSON.
5.55 P. M. — Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

A. J. HEATH, F. W. GRAM,
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MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
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For the removal of worms of all kinds from children or adults use DR. SMITH'S GERMAN WORM LOZENGES. Always from a reliable, and pleasant, requiring no after medicine. Never fail. Leave no bad after effects.

Price, 25 cents per box.

MESHANE BELL FOUNDRY, First Grade of Belts, Collars, Pumps for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. HENRY MESHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U.S.A. Mention this Paper.

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The most generally used of the stomach, it has no equal causes them to take, but it is a reasonable length of time, Ayer's Pills for the use of travelers, campers, and picnicers, most critical cases, have failed.

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prove effective. "In the summer of 1889, I was afflicted with dyspepsia. While I was in the hospital, I was compelled to take Ayer's Pills. I took them for several days, and the result was a complete cure. I have since used them for all my ailments, and they have always given me relief. I have never used any other medicine, and I have no doubt of the value of Ayer's Pills."—*John W. Wall, W. T.*

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is purely vegetable, perfect regulating of the system, and cures all diseases of the blood.

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all blood humors, and purifies the system, and cures all diseases of the blood.

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From one to two bottles, blotches, and all the simple eruptions of the skin, such as eczema, itching, and running sores, running sores, and all the simple eruptions of the skin, such as eczema, itching, and running sores.

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are nearly always itching, but this remedy of the skin, such as eczema, itching, and running sores.

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We have no doubt of the value of Ayer's Pills. I have never used any other medicine, and I have no doubt of the value of Ayer's Pills.

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after complaint, headache, dropsy, and all the simple eruptions of the skin, such as eczema, itching, and running sores.

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