

"Priests unto God."

There is a silent ministry
That knows no rite of book or bell;
That eyes divine alone can see,
And heaven's own language only tell.

It has no altars and no fane,
No waiting crowd, no tuneless choir;
Its service from beds of speechless pain,
From lips that anguish brands with fire.

From homes of want and loss and woe,
Its worship rises up to Him
Who hears those accents faint and low
Through the loud praise of cherubim.

The dauntless heart, the patient soul,
That faces life's severest stress
With smiling front and stern control,
Intent its suffering kin to bless;

The meek, who gather every hour
From brier and thorn and wayside tree
Their largesse scent of fruit or flower,
The harvest of humility;

The tempered will that bows to God,
And knows Him good though tempests
lower;
That owns the judgement of His rod
Are but the hidings of His power;

That sings the sun behind the cloud,
Intent to labor, pray, and wait,
Whatever winds blow low or loud
Sure of the harbor, soon or late;

Like the small blossoms by the way,
Enduring cold, enjoying sun,
In rain or snow, or sprinkling spray,
Cheerful till all their life is done.

Dear, homely ministers of love,
Used and forgot, like light and air,
Ah, when we reach that life above
They will be stately seraphs there.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

Enjoying Religion.

Occasionally members of the church are frank enough to say that they do not enjoy their religion. "Where is the blessedness I knew when first I saw the Lord?" is, with such persons, a perpetually recurring question. Many, no doubt, who do not speak of it have but little enjoyment in their church relations, and for the reason that "church relations" fully expresses their relation to spiritual things. A mere church connection is a very unsatisfying thing. Nothing short of a vital spiritual connection with Jesus Christ will give perpetual peace. The facility with which many unite with the church, and the facility with which they disregard the spiritual obligations that belong to the followers of Christ, are astonishing revelations of the deceitfulness of the human heart. There can be no true peace or spiritual rest of the soul that does not, day by day, appreciate the life of faith and good works demanded by the Christian religion. Only those find true rest to their souls who, actually, not merely in form, take Christ's yoke upon them and learn of him and walk in his commandments and follow his steps. If there is anything that evangelists should insist upon more than another it is that there is to be a new life, a life of faith and love, and that everything unworthy of the Christian name is to be laid aside once for all, and forever, when the name of Christ is confessed and his yoke taken in the obedience that ought to be expressed in the ordinance of Christian baptism. The utter indifference to Christian duty by thousands who wear the Christian name, and their constant violation of the common laws of morality justify the preacher of the gospel in making an emphasis on the necessity of genuine repentance that is simply terrific. Let the people in the church and out of it be startled with such questions as "Who shall be able to stand?"

We would not desire to appear as censorious or out of sympathy with young people in their innocent amusements, for this is not true; but we are out of sympathy with everything that brings discredit on the Christian cause. Constant neglect of Christian duty, unfaithfulness to promises, violations of contracts, deceptive representations in matters of business, the oppression of the hireling, lying, and impurity of life—these things are an abomination, and he who is justly charged with them is not only a perpetual injury to the cause which he professes to love, but he is walking in the way that leads to everlasting shame and disappointment. In the presence of the sins of his elect people of old, God said: "Bring no more vain offerings; incense is an abomination unto me; new moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies—I can not away with iniquity and the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when you make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil: learn to do well."

**The worst disease—Dyspepsia.
The Best Cure—K. D. C.**

well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Such a riddance of selfishness and general wrong doing, together with such devotion to the good of men, will bring enjoyment to the heart. The question of unrest will disappear, and true joy in Christ will fill the soul. A genuine turning to the Lord is the cure for soul unrest. There is no other remedy.—Standard.

Spurgeon and the Dying Boy.

In J. B. Gough's *Sunlight and Shadow* he gives an account of a visit he paid along with Mr. Spurgeon to the Stockwell Orphanage. After showing him round both the Boys' and Girls' Orphanages he said to Mr. Gough, "Will you go to the Infirmary and Quarantine; for sometimes the poor creatures we take in need a good deal of purifying. We have one boy very ill with consumption; he cannot live and I wish to see him, for he would be disappointed if he knew I had been here and had not seen him." "We went into the cool sweet chamber and there lay the boy. He was very much excited when he saw Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat by his side, and I cannot fitly describe the scene. Holding the boy's hand in his, he said: 'Well, my dear boy, you have some precious promises all around the room. Now, dear child, you are going to die, and you are very tired lying here, and soon you will be free from all pain, and you will be at rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?'" "He coughed very much."

"Ah, my dear boy, it seems hard for you to be here all day in pain, and to cough all night. Do you love Jesus?" "Yes."

"Jesus loves you. He bought you with His precious blood, and He knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to be here, and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play. But soon Jesus will take you home, and then He will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad."

"Then laying his hand on the boy without the formality of kneeling, he said, 'O Jesus, Master, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find Thee. Touch him, dear Saviour, with Thy living, warm grasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river, that his feet be not chilled by the water of death; take him home in Thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes. Show him Thyself as he lies here, and let him see Thee and know Thee more and more as his loving Saviour.'

"After a moment's pause, he said, 'Now, dear boy, is there anything you would like? Would you like a canary in a cage to hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, see that he has a canary to-morrow morning. Good-bye, my dear boy; you will see the Saviour, perhaps, before I shall.'

"I had seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power sixty-five hundred people in breathless interest; I knew him as a great man universally esteemed and beloved, but as he sat by the bedside of a dying child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and a grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will."

"Be Loyal Now."

We cannot hold back from Christ's cause with impunity. It can do without us, but we can not do without it. "Whoever will save his life," said our Lord, "shall lose it." If religion is a reality, to live without it is to suppress and ultimately to destroy the most sacred and noble portion of our own being. It is a kind of suicide, or at least a mutilation. If it is possible for man to enjoy in this life intimacy and fellowship with God, then to live without God is to renounce the profoundest and most influential experience which life contains. If Jesus Christ is the central figure in history, and if the movement which He set going is the central current of history, then to be disassociated from His aims is to be a cipher, or perhaps even a minus quantity, in the sum of good. It may, indeed, in the meantime, facilitate our own pleasure, and it may clear the way for the pursuit of our personal ambitions; but when from the end of life we look back on our career, will it satisfy us to remember the number of pleasant sensations we have had, if we have to confess to ourselves that we are dying without having contributed anything to the real progress of mankind, and without ever having seen the real glory of the world? And then, when from that solemn position we turn our faces the other way, not to look back on our earthly career, but to look forward into eternity, will it not be still more evident that we have lost our life? If there be any truth in Christ's own sayings, He is the first figure we shall meet as we enter eternity; and to those who have lived for

**K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT
DYSPEPSIA.**

themselves and not for Him He will say: "I was an hungry, and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink." In the great day, when the Son of Man comes forth in the glory of His father, and, standing on the mount of God, unfurls the banner of salvation, we shall all wish to press His side and be identified with Him. But He will only acknowledge us then if we are drawn to His side by emotions of loyalty and generosity now, when He goes through the streets and highways of the world hungry and thirsty, sick and naked and despised. "Whoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven."—The Rev. James Stalker.

Think on These Things.

The population of India equals the combined population of the following countries: Russia, United States, Germany, France, Great Britain, Turkey proper, and Canada.

If each person in India could represent a letter in our English Bible, it would take seventy Bibles to represent the heathen population of India, while the Christian population could be represented by the prophecy of Isaiah.

The people of India, holding hands, would reach three times around the globe at the equator.

Put the people into single file, allow three feet space for each to walk in, and walking at the rate of ten miles a day, it would take them forty years to pass a given point; or walking five miles a day, with the present increase of population by birth rate, the great procession would never have an end.

Could you put the women of India into a column eight deep, and allowing a foot and a half for each woman, thus walking in lock step, you would have a column reaching eight times across the continent of North America.

Again, could you distribute Bibles to the women of India at the rate of twenty thousand a day, you would require seventeen years to hand each woman a Bible.

Could you put the children of India into a column four deep, and allow a space of two feet for each child to walk in, you would have a procession reaching 5,000 miles; and walking five miles a day, it would take them two and three quarters years to pass a given point.

The widows of India would outnumber four cities like London, England. Give to each a standing space of one foot, standing ten abreast, and this closely-packed column would reach the full length of New York State.

One in every six of the females in India is doomed to a desolate and degraded life, and in this awful proportion to disgrace and crime. The common term for widow and harlot in Bengal is the same.—*Medical Missionary Record*.

COULDN'T AFFORD TO GIVE.—A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church out West relates his experience as follows:

"The first man I went to see was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors."

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff buttons."

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for his board, was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything."

"That afternoon, as I went by the base-ball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the gate to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand where special seats are sold for a quarter of a dollar."

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed."

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family, and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at the expense of at least four dollars."

"The Bible says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' but it also says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'In debt,' to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."—*Youth's Companion*.

**K. D. C. Restores the Stomach
To Healthy Action.**

Starless Darkness.

The *Union Signal* reproduces a statement attributed to Bishop Whipple. It deserves the widest circulation, and reproduction from time to time. The Bishop is reported to have said that he once met a man—a scholar—who told him that he had read every book that he could get which assailed Christianity, and he should have become an infidel but for three things:

"First. I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-day I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all that these books offer me, and they shed not one solitary ray of light or hope upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only good I have ever known and leave me blind."

"Second. I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am sure to go. She leaned upon the arm that was invisible to me as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast."

"Third. I have three motherless daughters. They have no one but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this world if you drop out from it the teaching of the Gospel."

Whoever said this, the facts are as stated. He who rejects the Gospel is without God and without hope in the world.

"He Began To Sink."

Jesus commanded Simon Peter to come unto Him on the sea. The resolute disciple made the attempt. For a time the great deep was as a sea of glass, upon which he could easily walk. But at length he cast one look downward, and the expansive waters heaved and rolled angrily, and threatened his instant engulfment.

"He began to sink." Of course he did; why should it be otherwise? In that downward glance, unbelief was a prominent element. He began to walk by sight, and not by faith. His eye was taken from Jesus, and fixed upon the sea.

"He began to sink." The sea of glass, in an instant, was turned into a mass of yielding waters. He was alarmingly conscious of the downward tendency. What was he to do? Go down to a watery grave? No! He turned an imploring look toward his Almighty Lord, and cried, "Lord save me!" That cry brought relief. Jesus stretched forth his hand and saved him not, however without a gentle rebuke, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Beloved, you can walk the widest and stormiest sea, if your eye be fixed on Jesus, as though you were on a sea of glass, but beware of the downward look.

What is the End of Life?

The end of life is, not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. The maximum achievement of any man's life after it is all over is to have done all the will of God. No man or woman can have done more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principles upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report or ill, through temptation and prosperity, and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China; or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business; and you who are going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in life till principal is taken possession of.—*Prof. Drummond*.

Christ came into the world that men might have life. As we possess the life that Christ bestows our lives will be Christlike, and we shall live in pulses stirred to generosity, in deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn for miserable aims that end with self, in thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, and with their mild persistence urge man's search to master issues.

A Hint to Church-Goers

The pastor of a Congregational church of Somerville, Mass., distributes, says the *Tribune*, a neat printed sheet containing the church notices, in the pews, in lieu of reading them. This was one of the recent notices: "It may not be inappropriate to call attention of the audience to the bad habit they have fallen into of watching people when they come in late, especially those who have new clothes. These late-comers are modest."

**K. D. C. Relieves Distress
After Eating.**

people, and it must be a serious annoyance to have their raiment a subject of remark. They wear it unconsciously, and prefer that you would not notice them. The Sunday services are at 10:30, at 7:30, for the benefit of all who desire to spend an hour in worship; but for all those who have recently visited the tailor, and milliner, and dressmaker, the morning service begins anywhere from 10:30 to 11, and the evening service ten minutes before 8. For the benefit of the very tardy ones, the announcement is hereby made that the benediction will be the only portion of the service in which they are respectfully invited to participate."

Random Readings.

If there is no music in your heart read a few of the songs of David.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sydney*.

No pastor can hope for signal success who does not keep in heart-touch with the people.

Envy is fixed only on merit, and, like a sore eye is offended with everything that is right.

Reaching forth unto these things which are before, I press toward the mark. Phil. iii. 13, 14.

Do you desire to be almost always amiable and in good humor? Then be at peace always with God and with yourself.—*Marchal*.

Perhaps the best way to keep evil out of the mind is to have it filled with so much good that the bad cannot enter.

Be punctual in duty, prayerful in daily life, pleasant in demeanor, proper in Christian conduct, and exercise religious principle in all your relationship.

Example and character teach as words never can. Words unsustained by deeds and with no character behind them are empty and powerless.

Be such a man, live such a life that if every man were such as you, and every life like yours, the earth would be God's paradise.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels in straight lines.—*Colton*.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.
NOTHING SO GOOD.
DEAR SIR,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhoea and sick stomach as it has proved itself to be.
MRS. D. A. WILSON, Ridley P. O. Ont.

A SURE RELIANCE.
GENTLEMEN,—We have a family of seven children and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past ten years in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaints. It never fails us and has saved many doctor's bills.
J. T. PARKINSON, Granton, Ont.

THE "ROYAL" FLAVORING EXTRACTS are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

BABY'S FACE WAS RAW

Distressing Itching Skin Disease Cured in One Month by the Cuticura Remedies.

When our boy was six weeks old he had a rash on his cheek. It spread on both cheeks and chin. His face was raw. I doctored with various remedies, but it got no better. My mother advised me to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used them faithfully, and in one week the boy looked better. In our month he was cured, and now he is three years old and no signs of it returning. The child was so bad I had to tie him in a pillow-case, and pin his hands down so that he could not scratch his face. I cannot speak too highly of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I recommend CUTICURA whenever I can. I would be pleased to see any one and talk to them of the good it has done my boy.

Mrs. CYRUS PROSCHI, Coyteville, Fort Lee P. O. N. J. N. F. My husband is president of the Prosch Manufacturing Company, proprietors of the "Duplex" and "Triplex" Photographic Shuttles, 389 Broadway Street, New York City. He dislikes undesirable notoriety, but is willing to make sacrifice to benefit others, and assents to this testimonial to encourage the use of CUTICURA, and thus bring relief to others.

Cuticura Resolvent
The New Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the FUGER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

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In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 30c.

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In Effect June 27th, 1892.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, McAdam Junction.
4.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.
From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m., 11.45, 5.55 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.00, a.m.; 2.00 p.m.; Vanocboro, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.35, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.10, 12.20.

ARRIVE IN FREDERICTON.
9.25 a.m., 12.55, 6.40 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.
6.50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
4.00 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, at points north.

c Mondays and Thursdays only.
d Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays only.

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JUST RECEIVED.
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The paints comprise all the popular colors in one and half gallon tins, quart, pint and half pints.
The coach colors in all the usual shades. The varnish in one and half gallon tins, different qualities.
The above are from one of the best manufacturers, who only make reliable goods.

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High prices paid for those used from 1850-1870 in Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland.
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For sale, wholesale and retail at
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