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J. L. McCOSKERY, Proprietor.
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J. GODFREY SMITH,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
Proprietor. Agent for
Laurence's Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles and
Eye Glasses.

In Stock, the great cure of Neuralgia
"Eau Anti-Neuralgique." Chronic cases yield
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Also, in Stock, a line of FANCY GOODS,
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Please see that the written signature of W.
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Sample Packets prepaid to any address.

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COFFEE AND SPICES,
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Tea. Tea. Tea.
ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.

We have just landed a choice lot of

TEAS,
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ASSAM PEKOE, and
SOUCHONG and CONGO.
Our 35c. and 40c. Blends are worth testing.

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LOAF, GRANULATED & MOIST SUGARS
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STILTON, GORGONZOLA, GRUYERE AND
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FRUITS, &c., AND ENGLISH BISCUITS,
in every variety, by best makers.

Jas. Scott & Co.

For Coughs and Colds,
Catarrh, Influenza,
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and all Wasting Diseases,
USE

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
of COD LIVER OIL,

WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.
For all diseases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, as
ENTAL ANXIETY, GENERAL DEBILITY, IM-
POVERISHED BLOOD, Etc., it is highly recom-
mended by the Medical Profession.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., 4th Oct., 1889.
Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.
Being very much reduced by sickness and almost
given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a
very short time my health began to improve, and
the longer I used it the better my health became.
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S
EMULSION. **EMERY E. MURPHY,**
Livery Stable Keeper.

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**Skin and
Complexion.**

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We have just received a large lot of
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Hedra by Mathers..... 35 cts.
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and lots of others.

All mailed Post Free to the country.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired,
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair;
And the little brook without
That she hears through the open door
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems an endless round—
Grammar and A. B. C.,
The blackboard and the sums,
The stupid geography;
When, from teacher to little Jim,
Not one of them cares a straw
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jimmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap, with a quick, bright gleam;
And the teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
And she smells their faint sweet scent:
But when have time and heart
Their measure in union bent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience restless Jim,
The stream and fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stands some one with fresher flowers;
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

IS THERE A DOMINANT RACE.

Slowly and steadily, by peaceful process of natural selection, the Celt is swamping the Teuton in Britain. More than any other British type, he retains unimpaired the productive faculty of early and vigorous races. Already he possesses half the voting power of the United Kingdom; and he must needs increase while the so-called Saxon decreases, because all the great feeding-beds of towns, the nurseries of men, are situated in the Celtic half of Britain, while the Teutonic half of the population, being largely urban and therefore decadent, can only be kept up at its full level by continuous importation from these more wholesome breeding-places. Those who fear such a change, however, fall into a grave error as to the nature of race distinctions. They are in most cases themselves quite half Celtic by birth; and there is no real danger of the Celtic element making any change for the worse in the state of Britain, because, as a matter of fact, a very great proportion of what is best in our mixed population is and has always been of largely Celtic origin. The truth is, we talk glibly enough in our hasty way about Celts and Saxons, but who is Celt and who is Saxon, it would puzzle the best ethnographer among us all to determine with the slightest approach to accuracy.

There are men still living in many parts of Britain whose skulls exactly resemble in every measurable particular the skulls of the very earliest preglacial inhabitants. The great lesson driven in upon us by the irrefragable conclusions of modern ethnography is the lesson of the fully and futility of all race rivalries and race animosities. Not only is it true that God has made of one blood all the nations upon earth, but it is also true that the blood of all nations is so mixed and so blended that no pure race now exists anywhere in civilized Europe, Asia or America. Nor has it ever been clearly shown that any one stock, in Europe at least, is intellectually or morally superior to any other. For years, for example, it has been usual to regard the fair-haired and blue-eyed type as the true Aryans, and as the highest embodiment of European culture. But the most recent historian of the Aryans, Canon Isaac Taylor, has shown grave reasons for doubting this supposed pedigree, and pointed out that culture belongs historically rather to the smaller and darker people of central Europe than to the big bodied and fair-haired Scandinavian mountaineers. The tall blue-eyed race has everywhere in Europe formed, by conquest, for several centuries, the dominant aristocracy; but the men of thought, the men of art, the men of leading, and the men of letters have belonged, if anything, rather to the smaller and conquered than to the larger, fairer and conquering type.

On a balance of all good qualities, mental and bodily, I believe no one race can be shown to possess any marked superiority, all round, to another; but if in energy and activity of a military sort the so-called Teutonic type has the best of it, in brain and eye the so-called Celt seems on the other hand to have somewhat the advantage. It has been shown very conclusively that English poetry and English art have been mainly Celtic, whilst English engineering and English politics have been mainly Teutonic. Nor is that all. Even this mild form of dogmatizing on race superiorities is itself deceptive; for there are no pure Celts, and there are no pure Teutons. All over Britain the intermixture is so intricate and so nice that one can hardly do more than say roughly of such and such a given large area that it is on the whole a trifle more Celtic or a trifle more Teutonic than such and such another. And the moral of this is, as the Duchess would have said to Alice, let us not be excessively puffed up with personal pride because we think ourselves, on one side out of a hundred, of pure Norman origin; and let us not despise our fellow-subjects anywhere because we imagine they have