THE HOME.

Mamma's Help.

"Yes, Bridget has gone to the city;
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one to help her
But two-year-old Lawrence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things down?
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Dr. Brown.

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs;
I've polished the hearthstone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china—
And just dropped one piece on the floor;
Yes, doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before.

"And the steps that I have precious mamma!
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew.
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!'
And 'Bessie, dear, run to the door!'
And 'Bessie, love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor!'

"Yes, doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
I've been on my feet all the day;
Good-by! Well, perhaps I will help you
When your old Bridget goes off to stay!"

—*Good Cheer.*

Hints to Visitors.

Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way; and at the same time, be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which all together make up what the world agrees to call good manners.

Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the customs of the house. Do not keep your friends sitting up until later than usual, and do not be roaming about the house an hour or two before breakfast. If you choose to rise at an early hour, remain in your own room until nearly breakfast time, unless you are very sure that your presence in the parlor will not be unwelcome. Write in large letters in a prominent place in your mind, "BE PUNCTUAL." A visitor has no excuse for keeping a whole family waiting, and it is unpardonable negligence not to be prompt at the table. Here is a place to test good manners, and any manifestation of ill-breeding here will be noticed and remembered. Do not be too ready to express your likes and dislikes for the various dishes before you. The wife of a certain United States Senator once visiting acquaintances at some distance from her native wilds, made a lasting impression upon the family by remarking at the breakfast table that "she should starve before she would eat mush," and that she "never heard of cooking mutton before she came East."

If you are tempted to go to the other extreme, and sacrifice truth to politeness, read Mr. Opie's "Tale of Potted Sprats," and you will not be likely to be insincere again.

It is well to remember that some things which seem of very little importance to you may make an unpleasant impression upon others, in consequence of a difference in early training. The other day two young ladies were heard discussing a gentleman who had a great many pleasant qualities. "Yes," said one, "he is very handsome, but he does eat pie with his knife." Take care that no trifle of that kind is recalled when people are speaking of you.

Keep your own room in order, and do not scatter your belongings all over the house. If your friends are orderly, it will annoy them to see your things out of place; and if they are not, their own disorder will be enough without adding yours.

Make up your mind to be entertained with what is designed to entertain you. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go, and do not act as though you were conferring a favor instead of receiving one. No visitors are so wearisome as those who do not meet half way whatever proposals are made for their pleasure. Be contented to amuse yourself quietly in the house, or to join in any outside gayeties to which you are invited, and show by your manner that you enjoy both.

If games are proposed, do not say that you will not play, or "would rather look on;" but join with the rest, and do the best you can. Never let a foolish feeling of pride, lest you should not make so good an appearance as the others, prevent your trying.

If you are not skilful, you will at least show that you are good-natured, and that you do not think yourself modest when you are only proud.—*From "An Agreeable Guest," in St. Nicholas.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS.—A lady of intelligence and observation has remarked: "I wish I could impress upon the minds of the girls that the chief end of woman is not to marry young." If girls could only be brought to believe that their chances for a happy marriage were better after 25 than before; there would be much less misery in the world than there now is. To be sure they might not have so many opportunities to marry as before, but as they do not need to marry but one at a time it is necessary *that* one should be satisfactory. As a girl grows older, if she thinks at all, she certainly becomes more capable of judging what would make her happy than when younger. How many girls of 20 would think of marrying the man they would gladly have married at 16? At 30 a woman who is somewhat independent and not over anxious to marry, is much harder to please and more careful in her choice than one at 20. There is good reason for this. Her mind has improved with her years and she now looks beyond mere appearances in judging men. She is apt to ask if this man who is so very polite in company is really kind hearted. Do his polite actions spring from a happy, genial nature, or is his attractive demeanor put on for the occasion and laid off at home as he lays off his coat? A very young girl takes it for granted that men are always as she sees them in society—polite, friendly, and on their good behavior. If she marries early the man who happens to please her fancy, she learns to her sorrow that in nine cases out of ten a man in society and a man at home are widely different beings. Five years at that period of life produces a great change in opinions and feelings. We frequently come to detest at 25 what we admired at 16.—*Scottish Am. Journal.*

THE FARM.

An Asparagus Bed.

Asparagus properly grown and freshly cut from one's own garden is a very different affair from even the best that has been exposed in the market for several hours, after being cut in the very early morning or the night before. Those who can, therefore, are wise if they grow their own asparagus, and wiser still if they try to find out, before beginning the bed, the best way to plant and cultivate this delicious vegetable. The editor of the *New England Farmer* has been getting a new bed into bearing, and in the last number of that excellent journal tells how he has done it. He says:

The old works on gardening represented asparagus as difficult to raise, that it required elaborately-made beds, dug out two or three feet deep and filled in with old bones, leather and other such indestructible material; but we have learned better as it comes to be grown by the acre like other farm crops. It is well to work the soil deeply with the plough, so that the roots may be set half a foot or so below the surface. But the main thing is to make the ground rich, and keep it so by annual manuring. A couple of square rods, if well prepared and well manured, will yield a pretty fair supply for an ordinary family. Such a bed will yield a half peck or more of good shoots daily during the best of the season. Two year old plants are commonly recommended for setting, but we much prefer to handle good yearling plants if they are to be purchased. Last spring we set about 200 year-old plants purchased from J. B. Moore & Son, of Concord, who furnish the best asparagus supplied to the Boston market. It is a pedigree variety produced by a careful selection of plants for seed. The plants were set full six inches below the surface in furrows or trenches, which were gradually filled through the season as the plants grew. The largest stems last year were scarcely larger than a common lead pencil, but the roots were growing strong as this year's growth proves. We have just been measuring the shoots, and find several that are plump three-fourths of an inch in diameter, while the majority range from half an inch to five eighths of an inch, larger than the average stalks in the market cut from old well-established beds. Of course we cut none for the table this year, preferring to keep the strength of the plants for root growth another year.

It has been no more work to tend the bed than to tend so many square rods of peas or turnips. This spring the ground was forked over early before the shoots started, and as fertilizer only was used for manure there are few weeds to contend with. It was the old custom to cover the bed every fall with a heavy coat of horse manure, and we have excellent success with that method, but others are equally successful in the use of fertilizers, and have fewer weeds to contend with. Mr. George Rice, a successful grower of Worcester, depends very largely upon fine ground bone, using it very freely in annual dressings. Capt. Moore depends upon bone and potash chiefly for his large yields, and many others are learning to escape weed-killing by using chemical measures in place of the wastes of stables and hog yards. Among weeds in the asparagus beds there are none that are greater pests than the young asparagus which annually springs up from the seeds of the mature stalks. To avoid this difficulty some growers recommended pulling out all the female plants from the beds, leaving only stiminate or male plants to grow. Whether this is practicable on a large scale may be yet a question.

TEMPERANCE.

John Foley's Lesson.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

It was a cold, bleak day in November. A keen, piercing wind whistled through the bare branches of the leafless trees and moaned drearily around the corners of the houses. Pedestrians gathered their wraps more closely about them and hastened on their way that they might soon be safely housed from the gathering storm, and the children on their way home from school ran briskly along without stopping to loiter by the shop windows as usual.

One little fellow, whose thin garments seemed but an inadequate protection from the cold, paused in front of the baker's window and stood on the grating, enjoying the warmth that ascended from the basement below and feasting his eyes on the good things piled up in such lavish profusion in the window.

Delicately browned rusk, cake of all kinds, from dainty wafers to large elaborately decorated ones, crimson and amber jellies—no wonder the boy looked wistfully at the appetizing display.

The baker looked up at last from the newspaper he was leisurely enjoying in his comfortable chair by the stove, and saw the child's hungry eyes fixed longingly on the contents of the window.

"Poor little fellow," he murmured to himself, with a thought of his own little boy, a rosy, warmly-clad child, whose every wish had always been gratified; and obeying a kindly impulse he arose and opened the door.

"Come in here and get warm, Willie," he called. "I haven't got any customers just now, so you may as well come in and be comfortable."

The child gladly obeyed and held out his cold, blue hands to the bright fire, while a comfortable sense of warmth permeated his chilled frame.

"I suppose you could find room to stow away a bun, couldn't you?" asked the baker, handing him a currant bun as he spoke.

"Oh, thank you, sir," exclaimed the boy, seizing the bun eagerly, but after one eager mouthful he held it in his hands not tasting it again.

"Don't you like it?" asked Mr. Beck.

"Yes, sir, indeed I do," answered Willie.

"Then why don't you eat it?"

"If you don't mind, I thought I would take it home and give mother some of it. She's been sick for ever so long now, and it would taste so good to her."

"You eat that and I'll give you something for your mother," returned Mr. Beck, and while the boy was eating the bun with an appetite that showed how hungry he was the kind-hearted man wrapped up some more for him to take home.

"You ought to have an overcoat on a day like this," he remarked as he resumed his seat by the fire and noticed how thin the boy's clothes were and how well worn, though the neat patches showed he had a mother's care.

"I haven't got any," answered Willie.

"Nor a comfortable home nor a warm dinner nor a good fire nor the comforts your mother needs, I'll be bound," answered Mr. Beck, emptying his pipe. "Yet if your father would quit drinking and keep steadily at work you could have all of them. I'll tell you where all these things are, my boy, and you can ask your father if my words are not true. They are in Mark's liquor store and there they are likely to stay as things look at present. Boy, whatever you do, never drink. It's the ruin of a man, body and soul. It makes selfish brutes of the best of them, and they have no pity on their wives and families as long as they can gratify their thirst for liquor. No, Willie, don't ever drink."

"I never will," said the boy firmly. "It makes poor mother too miserable. As soon as I get big enough to work I am going to earn lots of money and make her happy again, but I will never spend a cent for liquor as long as I live."

"That's right," answered the baker. "Now you can take this home to your mother if you are warm."

Willie's eyes grew bright with pleasure as he took the package, and his face expressed his gratitude even better than his words.

He was so thoroughly warm that he did not feel the keen wind as much as before, and he ran along, whistling to himself as he thought of the good things he had for his mother.

He burst eagerly into the tumble-down hovel that was unworthy the name of home.

"Oh, mother dear, just see what I've got for you!" he exclaimed eagerly as he threw open the door; but a gesture from his mother silenced the outburst of delight.

On a pallet in the corner lay a man wrapped in a heavy, drunken slumber, and as the boy's glance was directed towards him his voice sank to a whisper and he looked at him half fearfully lest the noise of the door might have awakened him.

He shut the door gently and crept on tiptoe across the room to the miserable bed on the floor where his mother, a thin, pale woman was lying.

"Just eat one of these nice buns, mother," he said, as he opened the bag and drew out its contents; "you will feel ever so much better then. And can't I make you a nice cup of tea to drink with it?"

"There isn't any tea in the house, Willie," answered his mother. "You eat another of the buns yourself, dear, and put one by for father when he wakes up. I will eat one after a while."

"I wish I had some money to get some tea for you, mother dear," said Willie, stroking her thin face lovingly. "Do you know what Mr. Beck says? He told me that we had a comfortable home and an overcoat for me and lots of nice things for you in Mark's liquor saloon. What did he mean, mother? I wish we had them all instead of Mr. Marks. Did he mean that the money father spends there in drink would get us all these things?"

"Yes, that was what he meant," answered the mother reluctantly.

"Then why don't father stop drinking? The liquor don't do us any good, and I don't believe it does him any good either. He always feels worse after it. Mother, sometimes it seems to me as if people that didn't have any fathers were the happiest."

"Hush, Willie; you must never say or even think such a thing again," said his mother gravely. "Your father used to be one of the kindest and best of men before he began to drink, and perhaps some day he will be so again. We must hope and pray for it."

With an angry exclamation the man on the pallet arose and left the room slamming the door after him with such violence that the house trembled.

The boy crept closer to his mother, fearing that his father might return as suddenly as he had left the room and wreak his anger upon him for having disturbed his sleep by talking; but he did not come back again; so after waiting a few minutes Willie nestled down beside his mother, and drawing the scanty bed clothing over him, that the cold room might not chill him, he soon fell asleep.

In the meantime John Foley, who had been aroused from his sleep by Willie's hasty entrance into the room, walked unsteadily down the street, angry with his wife and child as well as with himself.

Every innocent word that Willie had spoken had touched his conscience, hardened though he had long since believed it to be, and it spoke to him loudly with an accusing voice that he tried in vain to still.

It was all true, and he knew it. More than the child knew had gone into the corner liquor-saloon in barter for liquor. His self-respect, his love for his wife and child, the neat little home which had been his pride, and all that made life worth living he had sacrificed to his burning thirst. Not himself only had he dragged down to the lowest depths, but his innocent wife, who had loved him and clung to him through all, and his helpless child, had to share with him the shame and misery of a drunkard's home.

Small wonder that the boy had thought they would be happier without him; his wretched life brought nothing of comfort to them, and they would have good reason to rejoice at his death.

Why not put an end at once to the life which was worthless alike to its owner and the world? He turned his back on the busy, frequented part of the town and went down to the river's brink, where the dark water leaped against the rough stones and the fisherman's boats were drawn up. He threw himself down on the beach in the shelter of one of the boats, and the cold air blew on his fevered forehead and sobered him somewhat.

The short afternoon had drawn to a close and twilight was drawing its heavy curtain down. The street lamps had been lighted and twinkled out cheerily through the gathering gloom, but John Foley, prostrate on the wet ragged rocks, heeded nether the lights nor the keen wind.

Why should he not end his miserable life now? Only a moment's work, a plunge into the dark swift-running water and the deed of self-distruction would be accomplished; but then—ah, what then?

If he could ever hope to regain the manhood from which he had fallen, it would be a different thing, but he was bound fast to the chariot-wheels of the demon drink, and he could not hope to break loose.

As he lay there, almost determined upon the act that should make his wife a widow and his child fatherless, conscience spoke to him again.

"Why not return to the life you led once and can lead again? Do not be a coward. Raise and with God's help shake off the chains that hold you in bondage. Atone to your wife and child for the misery you have caused them in the past by making them happy in the future, and win back the respect that you have so justly forfeited."

"I cannot, I cannot," groaned John Foley, as the magnitude of the task rises before him; then rising on his knees he uttered a prayer from the very depths of his despair.

"O God, help me!"

It went up swift-winged to the throne of grace, and it was not unanswered.

When John Foley rose from his knees it was with the firm determination to conquer his besetting sin. Where should he turn for human help in this crisis? Who would be willing to outstretch a helping hand? He remembered that his last employer had bidden him come to him if he ever resolved to leave off drinking and return to sober, steady, ways again, and to him he turned his steps.

The girl who opened the door in answer to his summons stared in surprise as she saw who her visitor was, and having her doubts as to whether he was sober or not, she left him standing in the vestibule while she went to call her master.

It was but a moment before Mr. Lane opened the door, and holding out his hand said cordially.

"I am glad to see you, John. Come in. What can I do for you?"

He drew him in the cosy, dimly-lighted reception-room and gave him a seat, while he turned up the light that he might see his face.'

"Mr. Lane, I have come to tell you that by God's help I am going to turn over a new leaf. I have made up my mind that not another drop of liquor shall cross my lips. Will you take me back to work?"

"With all my heart, John," answered Mr. Lane earnestly; "and I can't tell you how glad I am to hear of your new resolution. But you are cold and shivering. Draw up to the fire and I will get you a cup of hot coffee."

He left the room to return in a few moments with a cup of strong hot coffee, which he wisely judged would in some measure allay the cravings of the poor stomach that would clamor for its accustomed stimulant.

After a talk with the man he felt assured that his resolution of amendment was sincere, and he resolved to give him all the aid in his upward path that lay in his power.

"I will set you to work to-morrow morning, John," he said as the latter rose to go, "and as I know your wife is sick and you must be in need of many things for her comfort, I will give you the first week's payment in advance," and he gave him a bill. "Now go and make your wife happy by the knowledge that you have given up that which has been her worst enemy as well as yours."

Half an hour later, with his arms and pockets laden with bundles, John Foley entered the room where his wife lay, half dreading, half hoping for his return. She could scarcely realize that her prayers for her husband's reclamation had been answered, even while he knelt beside her and asked her forgiveness for the past, promising to do his best to atone for it in the future.

"He is just the best father in the world now, isn't he, mother dear?" said Willie one day, as he looked lovingly at his father, but he never knew that his innocent words had been the instrument designed to waken his father's conscience and work this change in him.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A Doubly Good Work.

All people who eat are indebted to the Royal Baking Powder Company not more for having perfected and prepared a leavening agent that is pure and wholesome beyond question than for its exposures, so boldly made, of the numerous impure, adulterated and injurious articles that are sold under the name of baking powders, bread preparations, etc., in this community. In making these exposures the Company has, of course, made itself the target for all sorts of counter attacks, but the aimus of these attacks has been perfectly understood by the general public, and by their virulence have served to more prominently call attention to the good work of the "Royal" Company.

Food frauds of the usual class, such as wooden nutmegs, chicory coffee and watered milk, although they are swindles in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer. But when an article like baking powder that is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal is so made as to carry highly injurious if not rankly poisonous elements into our daily food it would seem to be the duty of the press as well as of the criminal authorities to take cognizance of it.

In the fight for pure food made by the "Royal" Company some time ago, when its guns were particularly trained against the alum baking powders, it was noticed that the most trustworthy scientific authorities were emphatically upon its side. So in the recent contest with the lime and other impure baking powders the result has proven that every statement made by the Royal Baking Powder Company, both as to the purity of its own and the adulteration of other baking powders of the market, was fully authorized by the most competent chemical and medical authorities of the country.

In this contest two facts have been pretty conclusively settled in the minds of the public—the first, that the Royal Company has found the means, and uses them, to make a chemically pure article of food, and the other that the average baking powder, no matter how strongly endorsed by "commercial" chemists, is an exceedingly doubtful preparation.

Pure baking powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. The recent controversy in the press has left it no longer a question with those who desire purity and wholesomeness of food what baking powder they shall use.—*Montreal Star.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1y20

Boys and Girls who are growing rapidly should (to ensure strong and healthy constitutions) be given regularly Phosphorized Emulsion, to keep up the waste that is continually going on in the system during the growing period. Always ask for Phosphorized Emulsion, and be sure you get it.

No lady who delights in Flowers, and likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly, should be without *Hanington's Food for Flowers.* Ordinary packages 30c.—sufficient for 20 plants for one year.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

H. C. MARTIN & CO.

Portrait Artists.

PORTRAITS —IN— INDIA INK, WATER COLORS, CRAYON, OIL, &c.

COPIED —FROM— ANY STYLE OF SMALL PICTURE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Studio—46 King Street. - - Saint John, N. B.

BUY ONLY THE

Genuine Bell Organ!

A MODEL OF BEAUTY and SWEET IN TONE.

OUR Designs are all NEW, and we employ only the best skilled labor. Before buying an Organ, *send for our Catalogue and get our Prices.*

W. BELL & CO., GUELPH, ONTARIO, and LONDON, ENGLAND.

W. H. JOHNSON, - Agent

121 and 123 HOLLIS STREET, - HALIFAX, N. S.

Grist Mill

For Sale.

The subscriber, wishing to retire from business, offers for sale the valuable grist mill, at Fredericton Junction, situate on north branch of Oromocto River, consisting of two run of stones, and privilege for carding mill in same building. Also, connected with the same, a good house, barn and outhouses, with one acre of land under good cultivation, orchard, &c. This mill is located in a good farming district, will grind the year round, as water never fails. Purchaser has privilege to put in any other machinery desired.

Terms made easy. Enquire of

D. H. SMITH, Proprietor.

Fredericton Junction, N. B. May22—3m

PORT ELGIN Woollen Mills.

The Largest and Best Equiped Mill in the Province.

Have in stock and are making up a fine assortment of

TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS.

FLANNELS AND SHIRTINGS.

LADIES' TWEEDS AND YARNS in various Shades and Colors.

The quality and finish of these Goods are well known.

Wool taken in exchange and highest prices allowed, and prompt returns made.

Samples and prices sent on application.

In shipping Wool, send to

SACKVILLE STATION, I. C. R.

JOHN READ & SONS.

Port Elgin, N. B. May 22, 1885. 21-tf

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, All Wool 3 ply Carpets.

ALL WOOL 3 CORD CARPETS.

ALL WOOL 2 PLY CARPETS.

All Wool Dutch Carpets, Union Carpets, Jute and Hemp Carpets, Hall Carpets with Stair Carpets to Match.

A. O. SKINNER,

58 King Street.

Chandliers Bracket Lamps,

FOR CHURCHES & DWELLINGS.

2, 3, 4 and 6 LIGHT CHANDALIERS, BRACKET LAMPS, TABLE LAMPS.

In great Variety, at Lowest Prices

J. R. CAMERON,

64 Prince Wm. Street

Brushes. Brushes.

White-Wash, Kalsomine, Paint, Varnish Scrub, Stove, Shoe, etc.

BUDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,

DIAMOND DYES,

CELERY PEPPER,

—AT WHOLESALE.—

PARKER BROS., Druggists,

Market Square, St. John, N. B.

$400,000

New Business in Three Months.

THE MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE members of the Society are hereby informed that, notwithstanding the keen competition offered by the large number of Life Insurance Companies which are so ably represented by their respective agents, that the amount of new business for the first three months in 1886 being Four Hundred Thousand Dollars, will compare very favorably with the amount done by any Life Insurance Company doing business in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

All members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.

The Society pays its bonds in full on proof of claim.

Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and that of other Companies before giving an application.

THOS. B. CROSBY, Manager, Yarmouth. W. S. ROBBINS, JOHN DIXON, General Agents.

OFFICE:

11 Main Street, Saint John, N. B.

To the President and Directors of the MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY OF NOVA SCOTIA, Home Office, Yarmouth, N. S.:

Gentlemen,—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the cheque of the Society from your representative in St. John, WM. S. ROBBINS, Esq., for the sum of One Thousand Dollars, this being the amount of bond of membership held by my late husband, John F. Brown.

The payment of this amount within Ten Days from the Date of proof of claim, is the best evidence of the ability of the Society to meet its obligations, and such prompt action deserves to be, and is by me, heartily appreciated. I am, gentlemen,

Very gratefully yours,

(Signed) ELIZABETH SARAH BROWN.

COOKING STOVES,

Ranges, &c.

The subscribers are showing a large assortment of above goods. Being of our

Own Manufacture,

we can offer rare inducements to cash purchasers.

J. HARRIS & Co.,

27 & 29 Water St.,

SAINT JOHN, - N. B

J. E. FRASER,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

Orders may be left at GEO. A. KNODELL'S, Church St., or 53 Garden St, St. John, N. B.

LONDON HOUSE

Wholesale.

Received since 1st June, 217 packages British Foreign, and Canadian Manufactured

DRY GOODS.

All orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will have, as usual, prompt and careful attention.

DANIEL & BOYD.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy Free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay until Cured. J. L. Stephens, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.