FERTILIZERS!

WE AGAIN OFFER FOR THE ELEVENTH SEASON OUR CELEBRATED

'CERES' SUPERPHOSPHATE

(The Complete Fertilizer)

POPULAR PHOSPHATE,

BONE MEAL, MEDIUM BONE, GROUND BONE.

JACK & BELL, Proprietors.

Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax, N.S.

45 4m

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS!

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Crockery ware,
SHELF HARDWARE,
Best Groceries.
TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

GREAT REDUCTION.

The whole Stock of

W. W. SAUNDERS'

will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays, embracing the following well-selected lines:

DRY GOODS,
HOSIERY, a Specialty,
HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARRIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES

William Hart, Assignee.

Prince Lambert!

5688----2:37 1-4.

This well known Standard Stallion will make the season of 1889 in Kings and Annapolis Counties as follows:—

LEAVING his owner's Stable, Kingston, on Monday, April 29th at 8 o'clock, arriving at James Patterson's, Aylesford, at 12 noon, thence to Rand Bros., Brooklyn St., arriving at 5 p. m., and remaining until 8 a. m., on Wednesday. Thence to Somerset at 12 noon, and to his own stable at night, where he may be found on Thursday. On Friday, will leave at 8 o'clock, arriving at Ross' Hotel, Middleton, at noon, thence to John Hall's, Lawrencetown, at 5 p m., returning to his own stable at noon, on Saturday, where he will remain until Monday. He will make this route every week during the season, ending July 20th.

TERMS.—$5 for service. When mare proves in foal, $7 additional.

PEDIGREE.—Prince Lambert is by Daniel Lambert, [102] the greatest of living sires, having 35 trotters in the 2.30 list. Daniel Lambert by Ethan Allen, record 2.15 with mate. He by Vermont, Black Hawk 5. He by Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan. Dam by Young Columbus, 2nd dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian [s. t. b.]

Mares at owner's risks. Mares kept at reasonable rates and best care guaranteed.

T. A. TUFTS.

Kingston, April 26th, '89. 2m

W. D. SHEEHAN,

The American Tailor.

Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:

1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.
2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improves on your actual build.
4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.

GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have this day entered into a co-partnership, under the name and style of DeBLOIS & PRIMROSE, to be associated in the Medical Profession and to carry on the Drug Business in the town of Bridgetown. The Drug Store will be in charge of a competent chemist, and all prescriptions will be carefully filled.

L. G. DeBLOIS, M. D.
F. PRIMROSE, M. D.

Bridgetown, Dec. 17th, 1888.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late OLDHAM WHITMAN, of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date, and all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

EDMUND BENT, Executor.

March 12th, 1889.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1889. NO. 10.

CHEAP —FOR— CASH!

FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate woman can use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 60 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. L. S. Johnson & Co., 20 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets,

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, . . BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

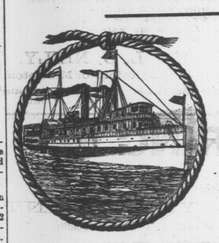
—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

International S.S. Co.,



FOR

BOSTON,

DIRECT,

FROM

Annapolis.

Summer Arrangement.

Commencing TUESDAY, MAY 21st, the favorite Side Wheel Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK" having been thoroughly overhauled and fitted, will leave Annapolis every Tuesday and Saturday p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.

FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS

ONE DOLLAR LESS

than by any other route.

ST. JOHN LINE.

The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard time, and every Saturday evening for Boston direct, at 6.45.

Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.

W. H. KEILBY, Agent, Commercial Wharf, Boston. **FRED. CROSSKILL, Agent,** W. & A. R. Bridgetown. **R. A. CARDER, Agent,** Annapolis.

May 17th, 1889.

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS,

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

From such unwelcome visitors as Neuralgia, Sore throat or Diphtheria

the surest protection and relief is

Simson's Liniment!

Mr. Edwin McKinnon, Hampton, P. E. Island, says:

"I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as Simson's Liniment."

Mr. Robert Reid, of Frogmore, P. E. Island, says:

"Nothing relieves Neuralgia as readily as Simson's Liniment. I have tested it, and am assured of its merits."

Elizabeth Paquette, St. Thomas, Que., says:

"After suffering excruciating agony with Neuralgia for two sleepless nights, I found relief by inhaling and bathing the affected parts with Simson's Liniment. 15 minutes after using it every vestige of the pain had disappeared. There never was anything so effectual."

Simson's Liniment is just the remedy every one has long been looking for.

The largest bottle in the market for 25 cts. One trial will assure you of its reliability. Manufactured by

Brown Bros. & Co.,

DRUGGISTS, ... HALIFAX, N. S

Poetry.

A June Sunrise.

Hush!
Sunrise in the heavens is holding sway,
And with its ungovernable blush,
Running down to burn the edge of day,
Floods a thrush
To a sweet wild rapture borne away,
Singing, singing
With a throb of starlight in his tune,
And with fires of music, springing
To the listening heart of June;
It is June! June!—

Stay!
Every bird that sings to heaven can tell
There has come a change since yesterday;
Wings of summer, won through Spring's farewell,
In some way
O'er the earth have thrown a mystic spell,
Showing, showing
Roses reddened by the last red moon
In a scarlet transport flowing
On the happy heart of June;
It is June! June!

Hush!
Sunrise soon will lose itself in blue,
And through crystal air the birds will rush,
Singing tireless songs the sweet hours through;
Day will flush
Roses' petals to more splendid hue,
Showing, showing
Passion of the moonlight, sunrise, noon,
Through their gold hearts tidal flowing
To the golden heart of June;
It is June! June!

—*C. E. Whiton-Stone, in June Wide Awake.*

'89 YARMOUTH S.S. CO. '89

THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

The quickest time only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

THE FAST STEEL STEAMER

"YARMOUTH,"

WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every *Wednesday* and *Saturday Evenings*, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every *Tuesday* and *Friday*, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Bilge Keels, etc.

The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves Pickford & Black's wharf every Monday, at 10 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports; returning leaves Yarmouth every Thursday, at 8 a. m.

For all other information apply to F. CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to

W. A. CHASE, Sect. and Treas. L. E. BAKER, Manager.

Yarmouth, April, '89.

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER,

See

T & B

IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

SCHOONER

Temple Bar,

Capt. Longmire.

THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between ST. JOHN and BRIDGETOWN during the season.

Apply on board to

CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

SALT and LIME ALWAYS IN STOCK.

When vessel is not in port, apply to CAPT. PETER NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, March 12th, 1889. tf

CHAMPION MESSENGER

Will travel Annapolis County for the season of 1889. All persons interested in breeding horses of size, style, breeding and soundness, should patronize this horse.

For particulars see handbills.

John Hall.

Lawrencetown, April 30th, 1889. 2mt15

ALMONT STALLION

GILBERT!

(No. 6232.)

THIS Horse is one of the best standard breds in the Province, is very dark bay; 16 hands high; weighs 1275 lbs.; his stock are large, 1050 to 1200, sound, of good solid colors, and speedy, and as soon as they come to maturity are in demand for the American market, where one of them just sold for $600.

GILBERT

will make the season of 1889 as follows:

Leaving his stable at Parker Bowlby's, Wilmot, Monday, 13th May, passing through Middleton to Oscar Fritz's, Clarence, same night; Tuesday, through Bridgetown to Geo. LeCain's, Round Hill; Wednesday, to Annapolis, crossing ferry, through Granville, to Glencross' Hotel, Bridgetown, same night; Thursday through Lawrencetown, Williamston, to his stable, where he will be every Saturday afternoon, till Monday, and will make this route every alternate week during the season.

TERMS.—$6.00, $8.00, and $10.00.

For further particulars apply to

Arthur Bowlby,

Wilmot,

—OR—

Geo. Armstrong,

Kingston Station.

May 13th, 1889. 2mi4

FOR SALE.—A Franklin Plow Cutter in good order. Will be sold *cheap*. Apply at once. Having a power cutter we have no further use for the machine.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Select Literature.

The Slaughter.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at St. Louis.

Text: "As an ox to the slaughter."—Proverbs vii. 22.

There is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture field of clover, where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after a while the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with a well aimed stroke the axe fells him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisiacal enjoyment; but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden he has been driven 'as an ox to the slaughter.'

I. We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest, 'You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money borrow. If you can't borrow make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of banks bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering about the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fire-place at Abbotsford, 'Waste not, want not.'

The trouble is, my friends, the people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store, and I buy sugars and coffees and meats, with no capacity to pay for them and no intention to pay for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts for debts he never expects to pay.

Yet in all cities there are families that move every May day to get into proximity to other grocers and meat shops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers, and butchers, and dry goods dealers, and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the 'valuable' custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and with an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest priced sugars, and the best of the canned fruits, and, perhaps, all the newspapers. And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

Now, let me say, if there are any such persons in the house, if you have any regard for your own convenience, you had better move to some greatly distant part of the city. It is too bad that, having had all the trouble of consuming the goods, you should also have the trouble of being dunned! And let me say that if you find that this pictures your own photograph, instead of being in church you ought to be in the penitentiary! No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples, which make them sick, the physician, who attends their distress, and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, the only debt they ever do pay?

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not my young friends. You shall have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the Dead Letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, young man, and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental calibre, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of the 500. All this makes me solicitous in regard to the young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts. I give you a paragraph from my own experience.

My first settlement as pastor was in a village. My salary was $800 and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself, 'What! all this for one year?' I was afraid of getting worldly under so much prosperity! I resolved to invite all the congregation to my house in groups of 25 each. We began, and as they were the best congregation in all the world, and we felt nothing was too good for them, we piled all the luxuries on the table. I never completed the undertaking. At the end of six months I was in financial despair. I found what every young man learns in time to save himself, or too late, that you must measure the size of a man's body before you begin to cut the cloth for his coat.

When a young man willfully and of choice having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts he knows not into what he goes. The creditor gets after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle his door bell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card, or a letter, in cutting style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash, or a note at 30 days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined at the church. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above and from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbeted, and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorders, gets consumption.

'Now he is dead, and you say: 'Of course they will let him alone.' Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any useless plait on the shroud, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he dies. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good mortals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it.

II. But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now if you want to destroy the young man's morals take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatly clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrow of death, that they may come in and drive the stakes for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and bulk leaking fifty gallons an hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his rust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible, which has been the crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many? What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into! This splitting up of life boats and taking away of fire escapes and extinguishing of light houses.

'I come out and I say to such people, 'What are you doing all this for?' 'Oh,' they say, 'just for fun.' It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own savior! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's and mother's house broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital: others are in Greenwood, or, rather, their bodies, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and opportunity or usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person in the house but is interested in that question. Young man, arm yourself. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defence. Wait not for Young Men's Christian associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house, or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipator or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a bible on the stand. If you can afford it and you can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room, pray. Every night after you come home in that room, pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stair: your help will not come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are millionaires of this country, who are orators of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straightened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with. Young man, go down to the Mercantile library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in this house is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—oh, that is what makes me solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles an hour, and he is in a frail boat heading up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor in the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I shall never forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer, 'Oh Lord, help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right. Lord, help us.' That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God, and reached his heart. And there are in this house a hundred men who have found out—a thousand young men, perhaps, who have found out that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter, only one paragraph of which I shall read: 'Having moved around somewhat I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp, fortune, and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of 23 or 24 years, who came to New York, where he had acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared; perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about $3 left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you.

'He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving.'

The echo, that is, of multitudes in the house. I am not preaching an abstraction but a great reality. Oh! friendless young man, Oh! prodigal young man, Oh! broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend you to Christ this day, the best friend man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and that is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning, at the close of my service, I saw a gold watch of the world renowned and deeply lamented violinist Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his last illness, and then he said to his companion, 'Now I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite.'

The great musician, who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillside burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

And the influence that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress because time itself shall be no longer.

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"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

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Many Thanks.

'My age is 58 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheumatism and lame back, and would have been a dead woman if it had not been for Burdock Blood Bitters, of which two bottles restored me to health and strength.' Miss Maggie Hendsby, Half Island Cove, N. S.

TO WASH WOOLEN SHAWLS.—Scrape one pound of soap, boil it down in sufficient water; when cooling beat it with the hand, it will be a sort of jelly; add three tablespoonfuls of spirit of turpentine and one of hartshorn. Wash the articles well in it, then rinse in cool water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to come together. Iron with a slightly warmed iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Salt is to be used only where there are delicate colors that may run.

—'For a long time I had no appetite, was restless at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored.'—D. M. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.