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THROUGH TICKETS to New York and all points West.

Baggage checked through from all stations.

Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,

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"I heartily recommend

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

to all who are suffering from Affections of the **THROAT** and **LUNGS**, and I am certain that for **WASTING DISEASES** nothing superior to it can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try **PUTTNER'S EMULSION**. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved. I added several pounds to my weight in a short time, and began to recover strength. This process continued until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then **Puttner's Emulsion** has been my only Medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the **Lungs and Throat**, and I am certain that for any form of **WASTING DISEASES** nothing superior can be obtained."

ROBERT R. J. ENMERSON.

Sackville, N. S., Aug., 1889.

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At 161 Hollis Street.

IN CHURCH.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A light brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure
And a keen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred;
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird!

The organ rolls down its great anthem,
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle—
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground"—
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Close and sweet is the breath of the lilies
Asleep on the altar of prayer;
But my soul is athirst for the fragrance
Far out in the bountiful air.
And I wonder if ever or never,
With white wings o'er weary and furled,
I shall find the sweet spirit of pity
Abroad at the heart of the world.

—Chicago News

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—For Ethel's birthday jubilee you might have a lemon party—an odd and novel entertainment that finds favor just now. Ask your guests for cards, or music, or dancing, whatever form of diversion you choose; stipulate that each one shall bring a lemon, and ask so far as possible that each guest shall wear lemon, or at least tints that harmonize with that shade. Have your decorations yellow and white, and you and the girls should wear yellow or white, or that combination. The lemons are taken by the servant as each guest arrives; the seeds are extracted, placed altogether in a yellow jar, and passed about at supper for each one to give the number. Have one or more dainty prizes for the best one, two or three guesses, and a booby prize for the poorest. The prizes may be a lemon and white, or any pretty lemonade sett, for example, and so on, costing little or much as one wills it.

You and I are getting old, Caryl, and may not live to see the day when co-operation housekeeping shall have torn down every barrier, reducing individual drudgery to a minimum, but we shall rejoice through our granddaughters I know. It is appalling to reckon up the amount of waste energy our present mode of living engenders. Just to think of the kitchen work that is done day in and day out in nearly every home in the land, when judicious manœuvring would reduce it one-half. Yes, immeasurably. Laundries, bakeries, and so on, crude as they are yet, are breaking the ice. We have here, now, some food supply companies that cook and deliver food hot three times a day, and people in flats, and many others, eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity to get rid of the cost and care of cooking. Reducing the wear and tear of house-keeping to the individual is going, you see, to leave the more time for home-making, and sons and daughters will not be consigned to the care of Tom, Dick or Harriet, while the mother toils and broils for their material bodies. When the co operation system is in full working order the cost of living will be reduced moreover, for supplies of food, fuel, and so on, will all be bought at wholesale rates, etc., etc. One kitchen will do the work of a hundred, and company to tea will mean then only ordering by telephone from one's district kitchen "an extra cover" Blest days!

A little coterie of women in a Boston suburb have begun the campaign by employing a co-operation maid. They cannot afford a servant apiece all the time, so they pay good wages to a capable, amiable woman to give her services a day at a time in a place, resting on the seventh day. Clever idea, is it not?

If this weather continues the next generation will be born with umbrellas and waterproof members, I am thinking.

Do you remember reading about a remarkably studious young woman who began Greek and Latin at four, at eight read the Anabasis, at fourteen compiled a lexicon of Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus*, and at sixteen was a tutor of Greek? Well, my dear, her brain has not given way; and her physical health has not given way, croakers to the contrary notwithstanding, and now Miss Joanna Baker, for it is she, has been appointed to the Chair of Greek at Simpson College in Iowa. She succeeds, by the way, to the position held by her father, the late Professor O. H. Baker, in the same institution. Is not that a splendid triumph? Not that we are going to set our little more than toddlers of four at the dead languages. Not many children have the constitution and training that would make such a proceeding a wise one, but one rejoices, is it not so, in the success of one who goes into the battle to win, and wins.

You do not say that you do not quite believe calisthenics to be the important thing I tried to persuade you into believing, but I gather from your tone that you think the gymnasium may be "all well enough" for youths and maidens to work off their surplus energy in, but as for you and your house, and so on. Confess now. Ah, it is so. You deserve a letter of statistics, but I spare you. To think of my Cousin Caryl looking only at the surface of a matter in any such fashion as this. But you will recant your heresy on second thought.

Developing the physical body not alone banishes physical awkwardness and fortifies one against pains and peevishness, it sweetens and lightens up one's heart and mind in a truly wonderful way.

Modern civilization is carrying rational, scientific methods into the treatment of the criminal classes, and do you know this very matter of physical