

Love-Labor for Christ.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

The factious Sydney Smith had two yokes of oxen on his little farm in York-shire, to which he gave the names of "To and" and "From" and "Crawl." These would be appropriate names for a large class of church members who put no heart into their Christian work. They get no spiritual satisfaction, and their labors yield no results.

There is but one way to become a thorough, happy, and effective Christian. Whether you are a pastor, with large flock and salary, or small; whether you are a Sabbath-school teacher, or a missionary visitor, or a philanthropist, or an upstart reformer, or a parent, guiding and guiding the home flock, you will get no good, and do no good, unless you serve Christ heartily. A Christian who sincerely loves Jesus, will love to labor for Him. We pastors come to know the difference between the perfunctory people who "work at a stint," and those who put their whole souls into it. This latter class never have to be bribed to church or coaxed to labor. They are always abounding in the work of the Lord, because the Lord dwells abundantly in their hearts.

On Sunday morning meetings they never consult either barometer or thermometer; if the minister is there and the Master is there, they want to be there also to receive their weekly food, and to offer their sacrifice of praise. On the evenings of prayer meeting, "rain or shine," however low the body or brain may be, the heart is fresh and eager for an interview with their Master. The coming in of a neighbor to talk about business or politics or stocks or gossip, does not keep them at home. They can not afford to miss that hour with Christ, any more than the church can afford to have them absent. Into the meeting they put their whole souls, making a business of it and a delight. No leader needs to call on them to offer prayer; there is a prayer in their hearts that cannot be suppressed. They have favors to thank God for, and favors to ask from God, and they cannot carry the burthen away with them. Such Christians are the life of a meeting; instead of boring the company with a sort of devout drivel, they have something to say, and they say it. On the days of prayer, their contributions to Missions, and to the Board of Ministerial Relief, and other schemes of benevolence, these Great-Hearts and Ready-Minds and Lydians do not require the foreing-pump of a charity sermon. Their purses run spontaneously, like a certain brook from an inexhaustible spring. In the Sunday-school classes of such enthusiastic, wide-awake teachers, we may look for conversions; scholars seldom set a high value on the religion which either teachers or parents hold cheaply.

where there was a little talk by the pastor about a revival. Sitting on a back seat, I comprehended the reason of failure at a glance. Young men were there—the members of the church passed them in the aisles without recognizing them. There was no cordiality, no hearty handshake and "God bless you!" The pastor himself did not set the example. Oh, what is the use of talking about a revival in such a church? There's a more cordial welcome for those young men at the one of the four gates of hell than in that church. They will be welcome at the dance, welcome at the theatre, welcome at the card-table, welcome at the rum-shop. Cordiality everywhere but in the church of God! These are churches in this land, thank God! where a young man cannot show himself without a dozen cordial hand-grips and a dozen "God bless you's" falling on his ear.

When such cold, worldly, heartless churches have wailed out, "Why don't the people come to church?" until they die out altogether, some "little one of God" will become a thousand "littles of God" the lesson: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," saith the Lord. Let us begin anew. Go for every sinner you see. Get them to Christ. Keep the prayer-meeting hot. Make it a refuge for sinners seeking salvation. Stop your wailing! Lift the shout of victory. Join Jehoshaphat's army, even before the battle comes on! If you "seek, ye shall find." One million converts is none too large a harvest for twelve thousand Methodist pastors to win for Christ in the year 1889.—Zion's Herald.

Fruitfulness.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Not so much by the quantity as by the quality. Many of us feel discouraged that we cannot do great things for the Master; but remember, the clusters of the vine are made up of small fruit. A kindly word to a discouraged child; a helping hand when household cares are ever-presenting the hostess; a friendly letter to one whom we know feel lonely and needs cheering,—these are little fruits, but they form a rich, sweet cluster. It seems to me, too, that many lives are barren of blossom or fruit, though beautiful to look at. They are like some window plants, full of beautiful leaves; yet we know they should bear blossoms, and they are, in spite of their freshness, a disappointment. Are not many mothers living such lives? Their children are well trained, and they look well in the household, and all is so well ordered that they are attracted to them,—but there it ends; there is no study of God's Word, no reference to higher things, no systematic work for the poor and afflicted. Such people are very hard to rouse; they are so much in the habit of not realizing their own barrenness; they forget that the Lord of the vineyard looks for fruit, not leaves. They pride themselves, sometimes, on not bringing forth wild grapes, but surely even gnarled fruit is better than none at all! They sneer at the man who has not tact enough to know when to speak and when to hold silence. But the fruit, though imperfect, shows that the vine is healthier than if there were not one cluster.

But how can I distinguish between fruit and leaves in my own life? asks a friend. It seems to me the difference is all in the motive. Do you do a kind action just because you happen to feel in the mood, or because you see the action is needed, and you are glad to do it for Christ's sake? Do you train your children to do right, or do you do it because you know that the world will be a little longer, or an attractive book to remain unopened, or some household comfort to be dispensed with. It is a good sign of health when a Christian relies more on the securities of duty. These apostolic Christians—shame on us that we so lightly resemble them!—took the path of the despoiling of their goods; they gloried in tribulations for Jesus' sake. The man or woman who engages in Christ's service with this spirit, lives in the sunshine of peace and joy. He or she knows no more about the world of skepticism, or the pains of spiritual dryness, or the pangs of desolation in the heart, than he knows about the Egyptian plague or Syrian leprosy. This is the sort of work that pays. A pastor in Auburn said to me recently, "I have never set my heart on a non-church-going family, without getting into their corner or later into the church. The chief thing that is necessary to make the visitation schemes of the 'Evangelical Alliance' a success, is to carry a kind word on the tongue, sunshine in the face, and Jesus Christ in the heart, in every dwelling that is entered. The chief blessing that we all need to-day—pastors, teachers, evangelists, parents, and workers in all lines of effort—is a fresh inpouring of Love, of love to the crucified Saviour, and of unselfish love for the souls that He died to redeem. This will bring a revival into every church and every heart.—Evangelist.

How Shall We Attract the Masses to the Church?

BY CHAPMAN C. WYCKE.

There is nothing easier. Get your soul on with the love of God. Beat every unbelief, every desire, every feeling of envy or jealousy, over the head with the fall of prayer. Get where God can bless you with great success without spoiling you, without making you think of yourself more highly than you ought to think. When your own soul gets blessed, then go to work to lead your flock. Get a Gideon's band who will stand by you in the public congregations, in the prayer-meetings, in the revival that is sure to follow their attempt at great things for God. Expect great things from God. When success begins to crown your efforts, get lower down than ever at the foot of the Cross. The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in the behalf of him whose heart is perfect towards Him. When victory comes, try to get your choir converted. Pray for your organist till he will stop all voluntaries which mean nothing, and all interludes which mean nothing. Get your whole force in kind, till from the least of the organ at the beginning of the service to the doxology, everything shall mean assault, conquest, victory. No trouble about congregations with such a church. Every such church succeeds in this world. You have more to fear from work-shops, and the heartlessness and forgetfulness of God that comes from it, than from all other powers of darkness combined. "The church is safe in the world till the world gets into the church, just as a ship is safe on the ocean till the ocean gets into the ship." The wonder is, that the people go to some churches at all. I was in one lately

Trifles.

EMMA W. RUCKENELL.

"Alice, do hurry, or we can't catch the car," called an impatient young voice. "Yes, Cora, I'm coming;" and a girl of sixteen years tripped lightly down the steps to the street, and joined her friend. On her arm was a basket of exquisite flowers. Her face was like a lovely blossom itself, with its soft, peachy tints, its smiling, mobile lips, and its tender blue eyes.

The door she had just closed was opened, and a tiny girl appeared, calling plaintively, "Ailie, Ailie! you didn't kiss Bessie good-bye. Meant a flower, too." "Oh, do come on," urged Cora. "Alice hesitated; then she turned, ran quickly up the steps, selected a few flowers which she put in the little outstretched hand, and, stooping, kissed the sweet upturned face. Instantly the child's arms were around her neck, and wet kisses were pressed upon her lips. By the time she was released from the clinging arms, the car had passed, and "There! Alice Granger; I hope you are satisfied. We have a whole quarter of an hour to wait in the broiling sun for the next car. Why did you go back?"

"She would have cried for half an hour," Alice answered. "Well, that wouldn't have hurt her." "Yes; it would. Why should I grieve the child, when it took so little to make her happy? Besides, mother's head aches, and it would make it worse to hear Bessie cry." "I makes my head ache to stand in the sun." "I am very sorry I made you lose the car. I ought to have been ready earlier. But you need not stand in the sun. Come into the house, and I will watch for a car." "Indeed; I won't trust you within a square of the house; some one else would detain you until the hospital is closed. Let's walk and meet the car."

Cora, too, carried a basket of flowers; but, lovely as her features were, no one would have thought of likening her face to the blossoms on her arm; its expression was too proud and discontented. Presently, the car which the girls were taking the flowers, came by, and they stepped in and seated themselves between a pleasant-looking woman and a pale, poorly-dressed girl. The old woman turned, inhaled the perfume of Alice, and said, with a beaming smile: "My! don't them posies smell good?" Cora drew herself up haughtily, changed her seat, and placed her basket on the floor, covered it as well as she could with her dress.

A troubled look crept into the withered face. "Why, miss, I didn't mean no harm. An old woman's heart, does it, to have an old woman's heart, to like the way Alice blushed crimson with shame at her friend's rudeness, and she moved her own flowers nearer to the old woman, and began to chat with her in a low tone. "Yes; I'm dreadful fond of posies, but I don't care much for the where I live," she said, aloud, in reply to some remark from Alice. "I never seen none like them afore 'cept just once, when Jim, he's my son, he took me to the big glass building in the Park. I remember his name. I had never been to the city afore, but twice. What do you call them posies? Their roses, ain't they?"

While the old woman was talking, Alice had been arranging two small, but choice, bouquets. There was a March-rose, a Jasminot and a La France rose, presently, she took up her hat and a bit of smilax, and when the car stopped at the hospital, and the two girls stepped out, one bouquet lay in the lap of the old woman; the other was clasped in the hand of the pale, poorly-dressed girl. "Bless her soul, 'face an' kind heart! She's one of the Lord's own an' to make 'take," exclaimed the old woman, aloud, leaning forward for a last glimpse of Alice, and almost pitching out of her seat as the car started with a lunge. The pale girl said nothing, but her cheeks were flushed pink, and her eyes looked as if they were filled with tears, as she lifted the flowers to her quivering lips.

"Well!" said Cora, sarcastically, as they walked up to the hospital entrance. "I thought those flowers were intended for the two girls; but you've given them to the old woman." "The two girls were soon walking through the wards, leaving a roselind in one thin hand, a sweet pink in another, until their baskets were empty. Cora could not help noticing that the thanks were more frequent, the smiles brighter where Alice left her flowers; and although she knew very well what caused the difference, her heart grew more bitter, and the frown still deeper that overshadowed her dark eyes.

In the quiet twilight hour, Alice sat in her own room gazing sadly at the darkening sky. Presently a soft hand was laid caressingly on her forehead, startling her from her gloomy reveries. "Tell mother what troubles you, daughter mine?" "O mother this has been such a disappointing day. I meant to gain courage to urge Cora to give her heart to the Saviour; but I began all wrong. I kept her waiting until we lost our car, and I vexed her again and again, until at last she left me in a burst of angry tears. I did want to do something for Jesus to-day, to show my love for Him, and I have done nothing. And, instead of leading Cora to Jesus, I have made her angry, and less than ever inclined to hear a word upon the subject. I do wish I could do something for Jesus; but it seems to me I never find any opportunities, or do not seize them when they come." "Oh, yes, you do, Alice!" "What do you mean, mother?" "What made you turn back this morning to kiss Bessie and give her some flowers?"

"Because I love her and you, not because I thought of doing anything for Jesus. Besides, that was such a trifle. I did not know you saw me." "I did, and I heard all that passed. Would you have done it a year ago, and

would you have answered Cora so gently then?"

"I am afraid not; but—" "Why did you spend this whole afternoon, on the way to work, talking of the burden of mending, and why did you take baby from me and let me have that long, refreshing nap—for pleasure?" "Now, mother, you know I detest mending; but your head ached. Those were such trifles, though; they were not worth mending." "Trifles! yes dear, only trifles; and it was a trifling matter for you to talk pleasantly to the loquacious old woman in the street car, and for you to leave some of your choicest flowers with her and with the poor girl."

"Mother! How did you know? How could you?" stammered Alice in bewilderment and surprise. "A friend of mine was on the car, and before you returned she called and told me. Do you know what the old woman said of you? It was, 'She is one of the Lord's own; no work basket of ill-burden to find and seize opportunities for showing your love to Jesus.'"

"But, mother, I did not do it consciously for Jesus. I thought only of pleasing the old woman; and the girl had such a strange, pitiful look in her eyes my heart went out to her, and that was only my way of showing my sympathy." "Would you have done the same before you became a Christian?" "No. Somehow I did not see such things, or if I did I did not care, or else I was angry because my attention was called to them; but ever since I gave my heart to the Lord, I have changed and I love everybody. But I do not feel satisfied. I want to do some real work for Jesus, not just mere trifles. They do not seem done for him, because I never think of Him when I do them."

"Dear, one year ago, I feared you would grow into a selfish, selfish woman; but since your conversion all has been changed, indeed. The very expression of your face is transformed. You say you do no special, particular work for Jesus, because no great work seems put into your hands, and because your usefulness, thoughtful needs, are performed in voluntary, unobtrusive ways. You come from your room after communing with the Saviour with your face radiant, and everywhere you go you scatter trifling deeds of love. It is not hard for us who watch you daily to know that you are, indeed, 'one of the Lord's own,' and that His Spirit fills your heart."

"O, mother is it so? I am so glad," whispered Alice, with a happy glow in her face. "There is another thing I want to say, Alice. You are troubled because your acts of love seem more trifles, as they are made up of trifles. It is by trifles more trifles, that a character is revealed. Great deeds are seldom given us to perform. And then we are not always capable of judging what are trifles. Some of our simplest acts are weighted with tremendous results. Sometimes I feel the responsibilities of my own actions so deeply that I almost believe there are no such things as trifles. Go steadily on, dear child, sowing seemingly trifling deeds of kindness. You may never know their worth; you may never learn their results, but—"

The door opened. "Miss Cora, ma'am, to see Miss Alice," announced the girl. An hour later, Alice walked into her mother's room, and with happy tears told her mother that Cora had become a Christian. "You mother," said she, "was angry, not at me, but at my unselfish self, to-day. She had been resting Christ for a year, and she said it was I who had led her to give her heart to Him at last. She said although I never preached in words, every act of mine had reached to her ever since I became a Christian, and now she is as happy in His love as I am."

Three days afterwards, Alice's mother came to her and said, "Alice, it is not often that we are permitted to see the good results of our kind acts; but I have learned that by obeying an impulse of love in giving your flowers to the girl in the car you saved a life from destruction, and a soul from unpardonable sin."

"In my visits among the poor to-day, I saw in the room of Ellen Birch, a withered bouquet of the flowers to the girl in the car, and a bit of smilax. When Ellen saw me looking at it she said, 'Mrs. Granger, those flowers saved my life and my soul.' She told me a sad story of want and misery, loneliness, unkindness and despair. She had grown to believe that neither God nor man cared what became of her and she determined to end her life. She had just five cents, with no prospects of getting more, and she determined to use that to ride to a secluded part of the Delaware, lest if she walked in her strength and her resolution would both fail her, and there she intended to end her misery. When you and Cora entered the car with your flowers—I knew it was you from her description—Cora's behavior hardened her heart still more; but when you softly placed the flowers in her hand with a look of pitying love, it melted her heart, and with returning belief in human sympathy came the thought that, perhaps, God cared for her unhappiness and loved and pitied her, too. When my friend, who told me of your gift, Alice, saw the change in the girl's poor, pinched face, her heart, too, was touched, so contagious is human sympathy, and she entered into conversation with her, won her confidence, relieved her immediate necessities and helped her to a sure means of self-support. Ellen said, after ending her story, 'I shall never part with those flowers. When I die I want them buried with me. God bless the sweet girl who gave them to me, wherever she may be. She must, indeed, be 'one of the Lord's own.'"

Alice was weeping when her mother had finished, and she said with a look of reverential awe, so contagious is human sympathy, and she entered into conversation with her, won her confidence, relieved her immediate necessities and helped her to a sure means of self-support. Ellen said, after ending her story, "I shall never part with those flowers. When I die I want them buried with me. God bless the sweet girl who gave them to me, wherever she may be. She must, indeed, be 'one of the Lord's own.'"

The Treasures of INH.

WE HAVE ALL OUR TREASURES IN THE YEAR 1888. Some can count sufferings patient endurance, and some can count the steady endurance, some conquests in science, in art, in literature, some alms to the poor and ministry to the friendless.

Many an anxious and hard-working mother, as she glances down this column, may think she has nothing to show for the year, but stocks sets the headstone, patched, bread kneaded and eaten long ago, buttons sewed on, floors swept, dishes washed, beds made, dinners cooked. If this is all, and this has been done in a spirit of love and cheerfulness, the great Master himself might say, "She hath done what she could."

The Spirit might say, "If a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall not lose its reward, how can the patient, toiling, conscientious laborer in the field of divine appointment fail to reap his harvest?" The crowd huzzas the conscientious worker who sets the headstone on the corner; but God has not forgotten those who wrought the minute and unseemly parts. The carpenter who nails on the siding and shingles the roof gets most of the credit of a well-built house, but he did no more than the stalwart axman that cut the log and the wild of dismembered sawing the log into the wide kerf of a towering white pine, then dragged the captive king to the water-side and rafted it to the saw-mill boom.

Society mentions the college whose diploma a promising young man or a brilliant girl has won. Society does not know who kindled the love of knowledge in the soul of that youth, and what careful hands have fed its flame. Lonely and sad-eyed women in many a remote cabin and school-house are planting the corner stones of character, which in its completion will "shine like gate of steel, Facing the rising sun."

Keep Still. When trouble is rearing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitements. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter, and sent it, and I wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but I had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept the letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any harm, but in my doubtless I learned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Times work wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, may be. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.—Dr. Burton's "Lectures to Yale Divinity Students."

Church Growth. From the United Presbyterian we take the following statistics showing the numbers of the Protestant denominations. It is true that wickedness is rampant, but it is also true that the seed of the kingdom is growing in the United States. We now have 107,293 churches, 82,721 ministers, and 1,069,000 members, distributed as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Churches, Mts., Mem., and a fourth column with numbers. Rows include Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutherans, Episcopalians, and others.

The increase is shown according to the following table. The membership of the church was in 1800, one in 10 of the population. In 1850, one in 7 of the population. In 1870, one in 6 of the population. In 1880, one in 5 of the population. In 1888, one in 4 of the population.

According to this rate of growth we may reasonably expect it to stand in 1900, one in three of the population. Of course, this growth is made to depend largely upon the activity of the existing Church, according to the teachings of God's word.—Chris. Sec.

OUR ECHO.—You remember the story of the boy who went out in the woods and cried out "Hello!" and he said "Hello!" The boy got mad, thought he was being made fun of, and he said, "I hate you!" Echo said, "I hate you!" His anger increased, and he cried out, "I'll hit you!" Again Echo says, "I'll hit you!" The little fellow, indignant, went into the house and told his mother that a boy out in the woods was going to hit him and that he hated him, and so on. The mother saw the secret and said to him, "Now my son, if you go out into the woods and cry out, 'I love you,' you will find that the boy will say 'I love you.'" So he went, and said, "I love you!" and Echo immediately replied, "I love you!" When we go out into church, into the world, with this life of love in us, producing harmony of mind, and we can project into our environments or circumstances this life of love, and by it make men love us, and beget in the lives of men this life of love.

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