Sorrows Turned Into Joys.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

We often make sad mistakes as to what is best for us. We often hide our richest blessings under a pall, and decorate with garlands our temptations, or the sources of our spiritual sorrows and shame. The poor old patriarch Jacob was shrouded in gloom, when he wailed out, "All these things are against me." Joseph is gone; Simeon is gone; and they have carried away also Benjamin, who bore on his boyish face the photograph of the beautiful Rachel. He calls his lot a sad one. But the returning caravan is almost in sight which brings to him the full sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go and see his long lost Joseph as Premier of Pharoah's kingdom. His dark hour is just before the day-dawn. What he baptized as a sorrow, has grown into the greatest mercy of his life.

We have a striking illustration of the mistakes that short-sighted people often make, by turning to a verse in the fourth chapter of the first Book of Chronicles. There we read that "Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, '*Because I bore him with sorrow.*'" For some reason or other she puts the mark of her grief on the brow of her child, and calls him "sorrowful." Yet the very child who was born in tears and christened with a sad name, grew up to be the ornament and glory of her household. He outstripped all his brethren! God honored him with so many blessings, and his career was so bright and beneficent, that people must have wondered how he ever came to have so doleful a name. His history was like the April shower that begins with weeping clouds, but ends in brilliant sun-bursts and in rainbows painted on the sky.

We are often as blind as that Hebrew mother, and make the same egregrous mistakes. We persist in naming things *sorrows*, which turn out to be rich blessings in disguise. Who ever congratulates a man on the loss of his fortune, or the failure of his ambitious schemes? Yet while his purse is being emptied, his soul may be filling full with God's grace. More than one man has been bankrupted into spiritual wealth. Be careful how you tell a sick friend that his sickness is a great affliction—when it may be sent of God to soften his heart, to bring him to reflection and repentance. Let us also be careful how we condole with every weeping mother whose darling child has found its angel wings, and flown away to the arms of Jesus. If we wish to sympathize with any parent, let it rather be with her whose living children are fleeing away life in frivolity, or are hardening into the sins that may yet break the heart of her who bore them. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow, than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy. Parents, spare your tears from those who have gone up to the sinless "high school" of Christ in glory; spend them on those children who are yet alive, but are still untouched by repentance, or unconverted to God. Don't stop with weeping over their impenitence. Strive to win them by kind counsels and prayers, and by a holy example, to the Saviour; then your sorrow may be turned into joy.

The Bible is like a vast orchard, where precious fruit is often hidden behind the leaves. This story of Jabez—if you turn it out from under the leaves—has many a golden teaching. It teaches us not to be frightened by present troubles, or cast down by to-day's discouragements. Every true, deep Christian life begins in griefs over sin and in sharp conflicts with temptation. A religion that has too easy a birth, seldom grows into a strong, victorious Christliveness; he who never weeps over sin, will never sing for joy, or chant harvest-hymns over full sheaves of blessings. The enterprises also that cost us the most anxiety and toil and self-denial, are those that like Jabez, "enlarge their borders," and yield the after-crops of large results. There may have been some wet eyes up in that prayer-room in Jerusalem, where the little band met after their Master had left them; they were sowing in tears, to reap with joy before the next day's sun went down. Never despair of a good cause! Never despair of a great heaven directed reform, even when the powers of hell are striving to strangle it. Never despair of a child. The one that fills you with most solicitude, and occasions you most fervent prayers, may yet gladden your life with joys beyond your highest hopes. *Never despair of a soul*, as long as you can plead with God for that soul, or strive to bring it into a full view of Christ. Let us all learn that God is ten thousand-fold wiser and more far-sighted than our poor, foolish fears. And also let us never name our children or our good undertakings *sorrowful*, until we know how they are going to turn out, and what our heavenly Father intends to make of them.—*Evangelist.*

How to Read the Bible.

1. Do not trammel yourself with the legalism of reading a certain amount. What you want is the growth of your soul, not the bolting of quantity. If you find a single verse very juicy, stop and enjoy it for a half-hour. Shut your eyes and think it over. Illustrate it in your own life and experience. That one verse may run into every corner of your being, and do you more good than twenty chapters. At another time the historical connection or other interest may lead you to read page after page. Any rule about quantity is a bad rule.

2. Compare Scripture with Scripture. This is best done with a concordance or a good marginal reference Bible. In the latter case look at all the references, and you will be suprised how they illuminate your reading, and open up new avenues of thought. The searching of the Scriptures which the Lord enjoins, seems especially to be fulfilled in this work. Sometimes a double view of one truth in this way will act like the double view and double glass of the stereoscope, and make the truth stand out in all the fullness and perspective of reality, startling the soul by its presence.

3. Use a Bible in some other language than your own, if you are able. This gives a freshness to old texts, of which the truth is ever fresh, but the words may have become trite to the ear. And you see in the foreign version a slightly different phase of the truth, as looked upon by another people from a different stand-point of disposition and temperament. You will be filled with surprises in this research, which will serve not only to incite your zeal, but also to secure the truth in your memory.

4. Use a good Bible atlas and Bible dictionary. Familiarity with the geography and usages of the East gives a life to the Bible narrative that makes its truths the clearer. The more oriental we become the better fitted we are to receive the Word, which was first spoken to orientals, and which is filled with oriental facts and allusions. How it adds to the parable of the good Samaritan to know something about the dismal, lonely road from Jerusalem down through the limestone rocks to Jericho! And how could one understand the story of our Saviour washing His disciples' feet, unless we knew the important facts of oriental costume and customs here involved?

5. Read aloud, if you have the opportunity. Reading aloud and praying aloud add much to the vigor of those exercises. The mind seems to be aroused by the sound of the voice. Our thoughts take a more complete shape, and hence are more permanent and powerful. Let those who never tried try it now, if they wish a new and very happy experience.

6. Always read with prayer. Reading God's Word is an act of devotion, a religious exercise. God's Word is always sacred, and we ought to be always solemn when we approach it. To take up the Bible as we would the city directory or the almanac, is to secularize it and emasculate it—it is to us a magnetic machine without connecting the wires. The prayerful frame of mind is necessary for the electric power of the Bible to operate. When the Spirit, who inditeth the book, is received in His influences into the heart, then the connection is complete, and messages of peace flow from heaven to earth.

7. Read each time with full faith that you will find a blessing. This is honoring God's own method. He gave the Bible, and for the express purpose of blessing the soul by it. Use it for this end, and you cannot be deceived. There can be no failure on God's part. His blessings are inexhaustible, and so are His Scriptures. Let there be no critical pride, but a child-like simplicity before the Word—a putting forth of our hand to receive a gift from God.—*Rev. Howard Crosby.*

"Your Own Salvation."

BY REV. H. D. HENRY.

There is no such a thing as helping others toward salvation and not attending to your own. No doubt when Noah built that Great Eastern of ancient times many "outsiders" assisted in the raising of the monstrous frame-work, while others helped to store her with provisions for her long voyage and until another crop would grow from the ruined harvest fields. They helped to save the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the members of Noah's family; but they neglected their own salvation.

So to-day some of the unsaved are exceedingly kind towards others, but unkind to themselves. Some of the wealthy contribute most liberally in order that the gospel may be preached at home and abroad; but they do not accept it for themselves. Generous friends out of Christ, see to your own salvation. It is noble to be so much interested in others. We admire your unselfishness; but there are occasions when the Lord's message is: "Look to yourself, pray for yourself, accept salvation for yourself."

Parents, it is a matter of eternal moment to save the children; but your own salvation should be seen to before theirs. God commanded Noah first of all to come into the ark, and then his children: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." How can you persuade your sons and daughters to accept Christ's refuge unless you trust in Him for your own salvation?

It almost breaks a mother's heart to hear the cries of her sick child and be unable to help it. O how the little ones entwine themselves about your heart! Even the waters of death cannot quench your love. Bereaved mother, some day you are looking through a bureau drawer and suddenly come upon a half-worn shoe, or you, father, find a torn story-book on the top-shelf of the book-case and there flashes through your mind the whole history of your baby girl. You cannot forget her who is now so safe in the arms of Jesus. Will you ever meet her again, know her, and associate with her? Not unless you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Could that child speak to-day and warn you as Dives wished some heavenly spirit would warn his five brethren, she would say: "Mamma, papa, look to your own salvation."

When will you attend to this, the one question of time and eternity? Better do it now, though some household duty wait till it is settled. Better neglect the home duties to-day than your soul, for how shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation? See to it, father, though in doing so you lose a situation. Better give up a position that keeps you from being a Christian than lose your soul. "Seek first the kingdom of God." It is wise to look after your health, your children, your business; but wisest of all to look to your own salvation.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

— Major Henry Spence Palmer, in his work on "Sinai," gives an interesting account of the climate in the Desert of Sinai:

Everywhere in the Desert and at all seasons there is hardly an exception to the refreshing coolness of the nights and the early mornings. Everywhere, too, there is that wonderfully pure invigorating air which preserves the bodily health and strength in spite of all discomfort and fatigue, and continually braces the nerves and energies. "No one," writes Major Wilson, "who has travelled in the Desert can forget the exhilarating effect of the fresh morning air, or the joyous feelings of life and strength which it brings with it; the mere act of breathing is a pleasure, and we can hardly be surprised at the stories which have been handed down of the great age attained by many of the hermits, or that they believed that men needed in the Desert hardly to eat, drink, or sleep, for the act of breathing will give life enough. Doubtless this wonderful air must have done much to assuage the sufferings of the Israelites in the Desert.

Two Kinds of Old Age.

This vivid contrast between an old age heedless of God, and one spent in communion with Him, we find in an article in the *Christian Advocate:*

One of the saddest sights in the world is to see old age without faith in God and without hope for the future; a life preserved by the forbearance of God through long years, and no gratitude for the preservation; God's good providence manifest in the endowment of a physical vitality, whose power perpetuated the life through its scores of years; an endowment which came perhaps through a virtuous and God-fearing parentage; the providence which directed the life away from occupations of danger, or shielded it in the midst of danger; that housed, and fed, and clothed the body—and yet no thankfulness for all this!

On the other hand, how beautiful to see the almond tree budding with the light of heaven upon it, and the hope of heaven animating the soul. Faith reaching out its hand and taking hold of the hand of God trustingly and lovingly, and looking up into His face, saying, "Father, Thy will is good." Lips which have drunk cups of wormwood and cups of honey. Laughter and tears, pain and sorrow, and tempest and sunshine, and gentle shower, alternating through long years of weary travel, thanking the Father alike for the shadow and the light, the bitter and the sweet, the successes and the failures. The face radiant with peace and love, benign with the light of heaven falling upon it; the lip, the gateway of prayer and song and worship; the presence a benediction. The loving counsel, like the dews of Hermon, or the precious ointment, poured forth gentleness, meekness, autumn serenity and harvest ripeness, that has gathered into itself all the essences of earth and air and is fragrant with the perfume and luscious with the ripeness of heaven. No crabbedness, nor sourness, nor pessimism, but instead cheerfulness, love, "sweetness and light" everywhere, and in everything; and God enthroned in the thought over all.

A Dying Skeptic.

Skepticism may fascinate, but it brings no comfort. Years ago a minister's son went off from home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home at vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation, and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel-keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me, except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering." The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man, or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself, "Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart flutters? What would Ellison say if he knew my skepticism gave way?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel-keeper: "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel-keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow. The doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name; where is he from?" "Where," said the hotel-keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College! What is his name?" "Ellison." "Ellison!" Oh, how the young man was stunned! It was his old college mate—dead, without any hope. It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the Cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen; since the days of Paul no superior, to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven—Adoniram Judson!

A Prevalent Offence.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all the talk floating about through society regarding persons and families is absolutely without foundation. Over every community one may observe, at times this mist of misrepresentation and misunderstanding, sufficiently tangible to blur the outline and harmony of things, but never tangible enough to be traced back to its origin so that responsibility can be fastened. Not long ago, in a church in another section of the country, it was suddenly reported from mouth to mouth that there was serious dissatisfaction with the minister in charge; a man of the greatest sincerity, integrity and fidelity, respected and beloved. There was instantly great anguish of mind on the part of many worthy people, who resented the injustice, and who detested the sort of spirit which manifests itself in church divisions. Presently it occurred to a few sceptical spirits to ascertain the dimensions of the dissatisfaction. They went to all the persons whose names were mentioned in connection with the movement, and from each they received not only a positive disclaimer, but a protestation of absolute ignorance; and both the protestation and the disclaimer were true. The whole dissatisfaction existed in the mind of one well-meaning but exceedingly irresponsible woman, who had excited herself to such a degree and talked with such volubility that she had persuaded herself and almost convinced a congregation that there was a serious disturbance at hand. This woman meant no evil, but she caused a great deal of suffering, and she might have been the occasion of a great piece of injustice. There is no way of punishing such an offence as this, although it is an offence which society ought to be able in some way to bring home to the offender. The absolute lack of responsibility which a good many well-meaning people show in the matter of talking would be incredible if one were not constantly coming upon illustrations of its extent. Men and women give forth impressions and repeat, without qualification or condemnation, statements regarding others which have absolutely no foundation in fact, and to ascertain the truth or falsity of which not the slightest effort has been made. These same people would shrink from the idea of burning down a man's house or taking a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket; but they do not hesitate to smirch his character or destroy his peace of mind, calamities much more difficult to bear than the results of arson or theft. Society stands in great need of sound education regarding personal responsibility for talk which affects the character or standing of others.—*Christian Union.*

Spurgeon on Preaching.

If any man has a right to speak on preaching his name is Spurgeon. The following is excellent advice:

"We must take care that we preach the Gospel simply. This seems an easy thing, but it is harder than it looks. I could tell you of ministers within my knowledge who could not be understood by anybody but those technically educated. The language of studious, bookish people is far out of the reach of laborers and artisans, and I feel convinced that many of the terms which we commonly use in our theological discussions, are no more understood by the multitude than their equivalents in Latin. Crumble down the bread when you serve it out to the children. Break the loaves and fishes for the multitude.

"The common people like to hear that which their minds can grasp; but they shun the jargon of the schools. I believe that the quality which fills the house is real earnestness. Nothing attracts all eyes like fire. Flame with zeal and you will soon be known. Whether he uses copious illustrations or not, if a man is in downright earnest, he will win attention and secure an audience. Do you wonder why some chapels are almost empty? Would it answer any man's purpose to go far to hear men who do not themselves feel sure what they preach is true? Would some of you go far to hear yourselves preach?

"Give an honest answer in the quiet of your own thoughts. Downright earnestness, zeal at blood-heat, energy at its utmost, these are necessary; and, as a rule, there will neither be success without them nor defeat with them. The Gospel preached in a red-hot style will find a way for itself, whatever may oppose it. Try it and see."

People and Verbs.

"It seems to me," said Edith, a bright girl who is in the first class at the high school, "that all the people in the world are just like verbs, and that everybody belongs to one or another of the moods."

"Why, Edith, what do you mean?" one of her schoolmates asked.

"There, Mabel, you are an illustration. You are a verb in the indicative mood. The grammar says that the indicative mood expresses affirmation, or a simple or unconditional judgment, or is used to ask a question."

"Does that describe me?"

"Certainly. You never go flying off into guesses or suppositions, or qualifications, and you never undertake to command people to do this or that. Sometimes you are dreadfully positive in your affirmations; but when you can't assert, you ask a plain question."

"Well, what other kind of verbs are there among people?"

"Oh, there are plenty of people in the subjunctive mood. There is Mrs. Dubius, for instance, who is noted for never knowing her own mind. You know the subjunctive mood 'expresses supposition, doubt, uncertainty, condition or contingency.' Isn't that Mrs. Dubius, out and out? 'O dear me,' she actually said to mother the other night at sunset, 'Supposin' the sun shouldn't never rise no more!' Why, there are lots of people who go through the world in such a subjunctive state of mind that they are in continual torture."

"What about the potential people?"

"They are the people, I suppose, who always may, can, might, could, would or should do something if somebody or something didn't get in their way and prevent them. To hear them talk, you would think they had immense possibilities in them; but its always possibility, and never performance. I think the potential mood is the most to be dreaded of the whole list."

"But that doesn't end the moods, Edith."

"Certainly not, my dear, and the other one, it seems to me, includes the majority of people. The great trouble with the world is that almost everybody is in the imperative mood, or wants to be."

"You mean that everybody wants to command?"

"Why, yes, in one way or another. When the children quarrel at their play, it's generally because they all 'want to be boss.' If people would content themselves with being in the indicative mood, now, how much less wrangling and trouble they would have."

"But, Edith, there are really not so very many people who are trying to 'be boss.'"

"Oh, not so very many, perhaps, who go around saying 'Do this,' or 'Don't do that;' but you must remember that the imperative mood includes 'entreaty or exhortation'—and so many people know how to entreat or exhort in a way that means a command as much as anything could! In one way or another, almost every body contrives to be more or less in the imperative mood; and when two imperatives come together, the result is dreadful."

"Well, my dear, what mood do you belong to?"

"*I!* Oh, I never thought of that, to be sure. And, really, how could you expect a verb to know what mood it is in?"—*Youth's Companion.*

One or two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove Dyspepsia, and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the industrious, and persons of sedentary habits. Mr. W. E. Ellis, Druggist, Fenelon Falls, writes: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well and giving good satisfaction."

Hold On!

There comes a time in the life of every boy when he thinks he knows it all. If he were riding on a locomotive he would want to tell the engineer just how to run the engine. In his own home he thinks he knows more about how the house ought to be managed than his mother does, and he is positively certain he knows much better what is best for himself than his father knows in spite of his age and experience.

This does not usually last long, and from that time on for the rest of his life he will realize more and more how little he really knows. Some boys get over their conceit gradually; others are hustled out of it very unceremoniously by some unpleasant experience. This was the case with the gentleman who relates his experience in the New York *Sun*. Ice-boating is dangerous at the best; and when the flying boats, going at railroad speed, finding it necessary to tack, it must require all the strength and attention of the passengers to hold on successfully.

I remember the first time I ever climbed into an ice-boat. It was near Saugerties, on the Hudson, about thirty years ago. Three other passengers were there, too; but I was the only novice. I was horribly afraid of air-holes, for I had heard a great deal about them. Seeing one about fifty yards in front of us, and directly in our track, I nervously drew the steersman's attention to it.

"Do you think I am blind?" he replied, angrily, for I had bothered him that way once or twice before. A second later he shouted, "Hold on, all!" and I, who had not held on fast enough, as the boat spun away on another course, was shot out of the craft and went sliding along over the ice at a wonderful rate of speed. There was a splash, and I felt the water close over my head. I thought we were all lost, for, in my fright and confusion, I had not noticed that I had left the ice-boat, but when I rose, spluttering, to the surface, I saw my companions 200 feet away, and quite safe. It was I who was in the air-hole, and I was there alone.

It was a quarter of an hour before I was fished out, half-drowned, and two-thirds frozen. Since that day I have never attempted to offer suggestions to the steersman, but have devoted my attention exclusively to my own business, and chiefly to holding on when he tells me.

The moral is, if you are the helmsman, steer your best. If you are only a passenger, don't attempt to manage the steering, but "hold on."

Humanity of Our Lord.

Another proof that our Lord's humanity was more perfect than ours, is the absence in Him of what we call character. All men and women have some special characteristic; one is brave, another humble, another patient, and so forth. Moses was the meekest of men, Solomon the wisest, Job the most patient. What does that mean? It means that those qualities predominated over the rest of the character in their respective possessors. But the predominance of any special quality is a mark of imperfection. The perfection of man's constitution is to have its qualities in equipoise; each in its proper place; each coming to the front when required; but none overshadowing the rest. Read the history of Christ as you find it in the gospels, and you will see that one of the most wonderful things about it is this absence of any special characteristic. All his intellectual and moral faculties are in perfect equilibrium. Each was in its proper place, each asserted itself when necessary, just to the extent required, and not a jot beyond. He was the bravest of men when bravery was required; the meekest when meekness was needed; the most indignant when the occasion demanded indignation; the most merciful where mercy was deserved. But there was no special quality which distinguished him; no particular attribute which dominated the rest of His human nature.—*Canon MacColl.*

— A HUMAN OR A DIVINE CHRIST?—Dr. Cairns, eminent for ability and learning, has been lecturing in London on "Christ and Criticism." In the course of it he asks: "Why is American Unitarianism so feeble that it has only some three hundred congregations against seventy thousand Trinitarian?" He answers: "A human Christ has been weighed in the balance and found wanting; He brings no light from the higher world." "The Unitarians," he says, "have, no doubt, a simpler Christ, but an infinitely poorer one, who has no mystery because He had no greatness. He was dead, but was not alive; and He claimed a victory which was only delusion, was blasphemy. A divine Christ we may be unable fully to understand; but it is the mystery of greatness, of atoning love, of constant fellowship, and of full salvation which will ever move and win the human heart."

M. Sheehan, of Oscoda, Mich., writes: "I have used *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* on horses for different diseases and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time, and is the best oil for horses I ever used."

— The laymen who read church papers and magazines get news and views about religious movements which it is not within the province or the power of preachers to supply. No person, who wants to keep abreast of the tide in church affairs, can afford to neglect the regular reading of a denominational journal. To enjoy a well-rounded religious life he must give attention to the church press as well as to the pulpit.—*Interior.*

Health giving Herbs, Barks, Roots and Berries are in Burdock Blood Bitters which regulate all the secretions, purify the blood and strengthen the entire system.

— A little Austin boy, whose impecunious parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher: "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay their rent I reckon."

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria. Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

HOTELS.

ALBION HOUSE,
22 Sackville St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Conducted on strictly Temperance principles.
P. P. ARCHIBALD, Proprietor.
Jan 1

CENTRAL HOUSE,
73 Granville St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Conducted on strictly Temperance principles
MISS A. M. PAYSON.
Jan 1

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
28 to 32 Germain St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Modern Improvements.
Terms $1 per day. Tea, Bed & Breakfast 75c.
E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL STANLEY,
KING SQUARE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.
Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished.
First-class in all its appointments.

HOTEL OTTAWA,
North Side King Square,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
E. COSMAN, Proprietor.
Terms: $1.00 per day. This Hotel is conducted on strictly Temperance principles. Every attention paid to Guests' comfort.

YARMOUTH HOTEL,
MAIN STREET,
YARMOUTH, N. S.
W. H. S. DAHLGREN,
PROPRIETOR. jan 1

OXFORD HOUSE
TRURO.
A TEMPERANCE HOTEL.
jan 1 A. N. COX, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. CHAMBERLAIN & SON,
Undertakers,
Wareroom, Office and Residence
146 MILL STREET, PORTLAND, N. B.
Orders from the country will receive special attention. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Telephone Communication night or day.

THOMAS L. HAY,
DEALER IN
HIDES and CALF SKINS,
And SHEEP SKINS,
STOREROOMS — 15 SIDNEY STREET,
Where Hides and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold
Residence—41 Paddock St., St. John.

ISAAC ERB,
Photographer,
13 CHARLOTTE ST.,
ST. JOHN, - N. B.

LAMP GOODS.
Chandeliers, Bracket, Library, Student, Table and Hand Lamps; Burners, Chimneys, Wicks, Shades, Globes, Lanterns, Oil and Spirit Stoves, &c.
—For Sale by—
J. R. CAMERON, 94 Prince Wm. Street.

J. McC. SNOW,
— GENERAL —
Fire, Life and Accident
INSURANCE AGENCY.
MAIN STREET,
MONCTON, N. B. jan 1

Marble, Freestone
And Granite Works.
WALKER & PAGE, A. J. WALKER & Co.
TRURO, N. S. KENTVILLE, N.S.
All work done first-class.

CURRIE & HOWARD,
Manufacturers of
FURNITURE
FOR THE TRADE,
AMHERST, N. S.
Photos and prices on application.

At A. P. SHAND & CO.'S
YOU CAN PURCHASE THE
Finest Shoes FOR THE LOWEST PRICES.
WINDSOR, N. S.