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OFFICES:
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ST. JOHN, N. B.
January 30, 1888. 6tf

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For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of Dry Goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale Dry Goods and General Jobbing and Commission business.

3. That the name of all the general and special partners interested in such partnership are as follows: Ward C. Pitfield, who resides at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at the said City of Saint John, is the special partner;

4. That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of Ten Thousand dollars as capital to the common stock.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1888, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1889.

Dated this twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
(Signed) SAMUEL HAYWARD.

City and County of Saint John to wit: Be it remembered that on this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, John Russell Armstrong, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the said City and County of Saint John, personally came and appeared Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, parties to and the signors of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned and severally acknowledged, the said Ward C. Pitfield, that he signed the said certificate and the said Samuel Hayward that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at the said City of Saint John, the said twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(Signed) J. R. ARMSTRONG,
Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

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SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT
The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

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OFFICE: 128 UNION STREET.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
31 1y

THE HOME.

Unreturning.

Three things never come again:
Snow may vanish from the plain,
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head,
Night may brighten into day,
Noon in midnight fade away.

Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter tempests roar.
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring.
Grass be green where plowshares run,
Rivers flash in autumn's sun.
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and midnight come and go,
But though all thy soul complain
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Scent in space its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight,
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bowstring's shivering twang
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped.
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back.
Hold thy hand before it go;
Pause beside the bended bow;
Hurtled once across the plain,
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed,
That one moment was its last,
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung.
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate,
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from nature's plan.
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance.
Never more that time shall be
Burden-bearer unto thee.
Weep and search o'er land and main,
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard.
Well its work the utterance wrought—
Woe or weal, whate'er it brought;
Once for all the rune is read,
Once for all the judgment said.
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou hold'st dear,
Through it quiver fierce and deep
Though some stainless spirit's sleep
Idle, vain, the flying sting
That a passing rage might bring.
Speech shall give it barge of steel,
Utterance all its barb reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire,
Pray with pangs of mad desire;
Offer life, and soul and all,
That one sentence to recall.
Wrest e with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path.
Rue it all the lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise;
Once for all thy word is sped,
None invade it but the dead,
All thy travail will be vain—
Spoken words come not again!

—(From Rose Terry Cooke's Poems.

When The Day Is Done.

R. J. BURDETTE.

How quiet the home is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can talk and laugh and sing, or the dear silent ones who come to noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far-away whisp re that have no sound, so that we only hear their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers as I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little "First Reader." He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson, such an easy lesson, and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his mother's brave and patient cheerfulness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome lesson, such a simple, easy lesson; any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs, and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to the play that comforts him. And there lies he little book just as he left it. Ah, me! I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me today? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from prattling lips that quivered when I turned away? I hate the book I read, I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know, I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I chose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

Ah, friend, we do not waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours, are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blindest may read—a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.

THE FARM.

—The annual loss to productive industries in the United States caused by insects is estimated at 150,000,000 dols.

—Mr. L. H. Bailey, of the Michigan "fruit belt" makes a practice of constantly picking off his wormy apples during the season by means of a sharp hook fastened to a long pole. These apples are at once picked up by a drove of hogs. If left to themselves apples will seldom drop until after the worms have left them, and the old idea that hogs devour the worms by eating the apples as they fall naturally, is an erroneous one. Mr. Bailey is a practical fruit grower, and he finds the above method profitable.

—Chicks that refuse to eat, throw their heads back, tumble over on their backs, and act as if bewitched generally, are probably troubled with large chicken-lice that at first are found only on the heads of the victims. Chicks that are adorned with topknots are very apt to be troubled with these pests. The quickest way to get rid of these lice is to take a large pin and catch them one by one, you will not often find more than two or three on a chick, and then rub on something to kill the nits. One of the best things for that is a mixture of carbolic acid and fresh lard, one-half ounce of the acid to a gill of lard. If the acid is not at hand use whale oil, or, failing in that, try salted lard, which can be found in every house.

—I have known persons on market day to go out and kill twelve or fifteen fowls, and to bring them into a room where there would be half a dozen women and boys pulling a few feathers at a time, between their thumb and forefinger, to prevent tearing them. Now for the benefit of such, I will give our plan: Hang the fowl by the feet by a small cord, then with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw, opposite the corners of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running a stream, place the point of the knife in the groove in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade in the back part of the head, which will cause a twitching of the muscles. Now is your time, for every feather yields as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender chick. Before he attempts to flap, you can have him as bare as the day he came out of the egg.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

TO GROW HOUSE PLANTS.—The soil must be rich for the perfect growth of house plants, and should be of a somewhat porous nature, or made so by the addition of fibrous soil and manure. Equal parts of well-decomposed stable manure and half-rotted turf make a good soil for most plants. If the temperature and moisture are right, and the plants do not grow satisfactorily, the application of liquid fertilizers, made by dissolving some fertilizer in water, will be useful. It may also be made by soaking a small quantity of stable manure, and watering the plants with the liquid once a week. Fuchsias should be allowed to rest, withholding water during August and September, if early blossoms are desired. They require a good deal of heat, from fifty to seventy degrees, the former at night and the latter in the day time; and sunlight is also essential to success.

—I have made what I believe to be a decided advance in the culture of red raspberries. Certainly there are some advantages in my present plan over any other I have seen. I allow the canes to grow full length, in my soil often ten feet long. Then in the rows I plant stout cedar poles about fifteen or twenty feet apart, and fasten to them a wire about four feet from the ground; then to the wire I tie the canes, two or three in a bunch. I allow the canes to grow as thick as they please in the row, of four or five inches wide, only cutting out feeble ones. Between the rows I run my cultivator. The berries when they come to ripening hang over both ways completely shading the ground so that a drought cannot easily affect them. Yet, being tied to the wires, they cannot get down, or prevent easy walking through and picking. If Cuthberts can bear more profusely or larger berries than mine, I have yet to see them. The dry weather that affected my blackcaps did not prevent these reds from producing enormous berries. The canes should be tied with soft, coarse hop-twine, that will not cut the canes, and should be tied tight, so that they will not rub back and forth on the wires. The wire training is suitable for all sorts of raspberries.—*American Agriculturalist.*

—The *Farmers' Review* says: The manuring of grass lands differs essentially from arable land fertilization. The roots of grass are much shorter than those of the cereals, and less able to gather such constituents from the soil. For this reason when grass is mown for hay, manures containing lime, potash, and phosphoric acid are usually considered most effective. Our old meadows, too, are often sour in nature, and this is easily detected by the presence of moss and bleached grass, although in some cases these things indicate lack of under drainage. Such sourness seems only to assist such grasses as are of the wire grass type, and is decidedly detrimental to the vitality of what are known as "artificial" or "tame" grasses. Lime and draining are the sovereign remedies for sourness, while bone meal, land plaster, and wood ashes are also most helpful; the former for permanent pastures and the latter for meadows. But after all the very best fertilizer for permanent pastures is farm yard manure properly made, or the feeding of cake and grain on the land. This treatment gives quality as well as quantity, which is worth considering. Such manures as nitrate of soda, kainite, and superphosphate, bring away a very rapid growth of grass, but tend to produce coarseness of herbage. In fact we have known of hay meadows so heavily dressed with nitrate of soda that horses would scarcely touch the grass produced from them. Warington has, we think, who first pointed out that the natural clovers of a pasture may be obliterated by the too free or long continued application of highly nitrogenous manures, while, on the other hand, they may be greatly benefited by the use of manures containing lime or potash free from nitrogen.

TEMPERANCE.

—Dr. Parker says he could make a Garden of Eden in the East End of London in three months, though his way "would be a rough one at first." He "would burn down all the breweries and shut up all the public houses." Those barred doors and those heaps of ashes would help some, no doubt; but England will not allow this reformer to have his way; nor will it inaugurate any milder plan to reach the end he aims at, so long as one-third of all the taxes of the United Kingdom is obtained from the liquor traffic. What Dr. Parker calls the "damnable drink-shop" will not be an object of universal execration so long as it bears one-third the burden of the government. In this respect England is very much like the United States. One hundred millions of dollars is an enormous bribe to which public opinion is not insensible.—*Western Christian Advocate*

A Word to the Girls.

Girls, whatever else you may do, do not marry a drunkard.

No matter how deeply in love you may fancy yourself to be, do not marry a man who drinks intoxicating liquors.

It is much better to be an old maid, and miss the desired Mrs. from your tombstone. It is better to go on through life single and alone, to keep a cat, and make aprons for the heathen children than to be a drunkard's wife.

Young men addicted to taking a glass now and then will doubtless laugh at you if you call their habit a vice, or hint that it is anywise dangerous; they assure you in a lordly way that they know what they are about. They wonder what you take them for! Haven't they control enough over themselves to take a social glass now then, and stop there? Way, you talk as though they were common drunkards!

And so they are liable to become. There is no safety in playing with poison. He who touches pitch must be defiled. The first glass makes room for the second. The appetite for strong drink grows with what it is fed upon. The man who drinks a glass of brandy or whiskey to-day will want another to-morrow. If he is not strong enough to abstain from the first glass, how is he to put away the second?

Young woman, beware of him! Shun him as you would one infected with the plague!

Oh, young girls, fair and pure and loving, think of what lies before you! Think of the moral contamination, the miserable degradation which hang around the drunkard, and forswear the young man who drinks!

Smile no more upon the deadly sin of wine drinking! Scorn it! Never give his practice your sanction in ever so remote a degree.

Oh, that the women of our nation would turn their faces as one woman, eternally from the man who drinks! Oh, that the mothers would close the doors of their houses against the wine-drinking young man as against the leper, and let society understand that no embryo drunkard will be received as honored and respected into its ranks.

Call us radical, or fanatical if you will—it matters not, we are bound to the belief, born with us, that no man is safe who takes the first glass of liquor! For if he takes the first glass he may want the second, but if he never takes the first he cannot take the second!

Again we say to you young girls, beware! No matter how handsome, or fascinating, or wealthy a man may be—if he drinks, turn away from him and save yourself from becoming that most miserable of all women—a drunkard's wife.—*Exchange.*

The Place of Alcohol in Medicine.

Let me give, in conclusion, the authoritative language of this Nestor among physicians, for it is a harbinger of the new departure in medicine for which all temperance people oil and pray. He says: "I speak the more positively on this subject because for more than thirty years past I have faithfully tested the correctness of the sentiments I have given you in relation to the therapeutic effects and uses of alcoholic liquids in an ample clinical experience both in hospital and private practice, and during that time I have found no case of disease and no emergency arising from accident that I could not treat more successfully without any form of fermented and distilled liquors than with."

As I do not like to exhort, let me add just here the words of Dr. Greene, of Boston, when addressing his brethren of the medical association in that city. He said, in closing an essay on "Alcoholic stimulants as medicines":

"It needs no argument to convince you that it is upon the medical profession, in a very great extent, that the rum-seller depends to maintain the respectability of the traffic. It requires only your own experience and observation to convince you that it is upon the medical profession, upon their prescriptions and recommendations for its use upon so many occasions, that the habitual dram drinker depends for the seeming respectability of his drinking habits. It is upon the members of the medical profession, and the exceptional laws which it has always demanded, that the whole liquor fraternity depends, more than upon anything else, to screen it from the opprobrium and just punishment for the evils which the traffic entails upon society, and it is because the rum-seller and the rum-drinker hide under this cloak of seeming respectability, that they are so difficult to reach, either by moral suasion or by law.

As a result of thirty years of professional experience and practical observation, I feel assured that alcoholic stimulants are not required as medicines, and believe that many, if not a majority of physicians today, of education and experience, are satisfied that alcoholic stimulants, as medicines, are worse than useless and physicians generally have only to overcome the force of habit, and the prevailing fashion in medicine, to find a more excellent way when they will all look back with wonder and surprise that they, as individuals and as members of an honored profession, should have been so far compromised."—*Frances B. Willard.*

Sitting on the Safety Valve.

Many are they who have laughed at the story of the green steamboat fireman who sat on the safety valve to prevent it "leaking." Yet thousands are repeating his folly every day. They are troubled with blotches, pimples, salt rheum, boils, carbuncles, ulcers and old sores, and are contenting themselves with suppressing the symptoms without removing the cause. They sit on these safety valves by which Nature is driving out blood impurities, instead of using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures by removing the cause, which is in the blood. It is a wonderful blood purifier and invigorating tonic.

Do you think the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy would offer, as they have done for many years, a standing reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure, if they did not positively know that the remedy will absolutely and permanently cure Catarrh. Sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pills Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women 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. 50 Pills in every box.

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. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

Make New Rich Blood!

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!!

Believing God's purpose was in it, we have obeyed the call to come and labor at the MARINER'S TEMPLE. Apparently it involves much sacrifice of home and other personal comforts to attempt and obtain SUCCESS. As advised, we shall issue our MAGAZINE,

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

and use it to help us, as heretofore, in the Work. Unless aided by Christians generally, we must suffer financial Loss. This can be, should be, and will be avoided if advertisers will encourage, and those who receive it subscribe. Send for circulars and specimens, and you will see what others think and say about BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

SOMETHING NEW
IN BUDS AND BLOSSOMS AND FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

B & B This is a richly illustrated magazine, highly recommended, and deservedly introduced to the Home Circle. It is profitable and pleasing to old and young. A record of faith work. Full of the Gospel spirit. Its short stories, temperance sketches and missionary notes, make it bright and cheery. Just the thing for your family. 12th year of publication.

☞ N. B.—The Editor's address is changed. Send all communications and payments to Rev. J. F. AVERY, Office, 1 Henry St., Cor Oliver, off Chatham St., New York, U. S. Forty pages monthly. $1 per year. Send two 3c. stamps for specimen. B. & B.

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Send for new Price List for 1888.
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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until **Friday, 10th August** next, for Coal supply, for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings.

Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Wednesday, 18th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, *equal to five per cent.* of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 14th, 1888.

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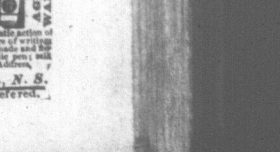

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