"They Say."

"They say!" Ah well! suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say!" but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!" Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make a pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more."

"They say!" O, pause, and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin;
Watch lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its pow'r!
The frail, then, pity for their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all!

—*Eastburn.*

Selected Serial.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHADOWED LIVES.

In one of the beautiful homes, which are numerous on Pennsylvania Avenue, seated at an upper front window, looking out upon the passers-by, with that far-away air which says, "I see them and do not see them; they are all as less than nothing to me, and I care not what becomes of any of them," was Mildred Powers. All about her were lavish evidences of wealth and refined taste. Nothing, certainly, that money could buy had been spared to make this room of hers a place in which she might delight to stay. But the face which looked out from the bay-window, where birds and flowers were enjoying the brightness of the day, was far from bright. There were traces of tears, and there were marks of a sorrow which tears could not relieve. It was a young face to be so shadowed; as you looked at it, you could not help hoping that time would efface the traces of sorrow; but certainly they were there now. She was quiet enough; the first storm of her grief had calmed. In her lap lay pages of paper closely written. Something in the way in which her hand grasped the papers would have led you to conclude that they had to do with her trouble, whatever it was. That she had not just now given them a first reading, was also evident; they were held as papers with which she was, and had been for some time, perfectly familiar; but which were, nevertheless, of grave importance.

Meanwhile, her mind was busy with a problem which she shrank from settling. This letter had been in her possession for three days, and she was still revolving the question whether it was her duty to take it down to her mother.

"Of course, mamma must know," she said to herself, mournfully, "but ought I to give her the entire story in detail? Would it be wrong, I wonder, to tell her about it, as fully as she chooses to question, and let the rest pass?"

Unquestionably this would be the easier way; there were sentences on these pages which she shrank from having any eye read, even a mother's. Still, ought she, a young girl, to have in her possession a letter, one line of which she was not willing to have her mother read?

"Mamma will trust me," she said aloud, and in a confidingly, as if in reply to some suggestion from outside. But all the more did it immediately occur to her that she should be worthy of the trust. The end of the mental discussion was, that Mildred gathered the papers into their envelope and went across the hall to her mother's room.

A beautiful room, furnished with the same disregard of expense which had characterized Mildred's, and with the same exquisite regard to taste; though the colors were more subdued, and the appointments of the toilet were for quiet, middle life, rather than for girlish tastes. The lady who sat by the open grate fire, with a light shawl thrown gracefully about her, and writing materials at her side, was an older edition of Mildred herself. Eyes and lips, and features generally, were repeated. Once you could have said the same of the hair, but Mildred's was a rich brown, while the still young mother's was plentifully streaked with gray.

"Sudden and heavy sorrow brings gray hairs fast."

Mildred had heard her mother say this with a sigh. She thought of it that morning when she was brushing out her long, brown locks. Would the gray hairs come fast among them now? Her sorrow was here; so she thought, poor child, and it had been sudden enough; she had not dreamed of anything like this, until the letter came.

The elder lady looked up on Mildred's entrance.

"Well, daughter," she said with a smile, and made room for her on the couch near at hand, brushing away the accumulation of papers and a book or two.

"Mamma," said Mildred, talking rapidly and not heeding the movement, "I had a letter come the other day."

"So Maria told me." The voice was quiet, the eyes still smiling. "I have been biding my time. I knew you would want to show it to mother, after awhile, for I saw that it troubled you."

"Mamma," with a little catch in her breath that told of strong and suppressed emotion, "I did not know how to show it to you, but I thought I ought. In the first place, you will not understand—it is from a gentleman, a stranger."

Mrs. Powers removed her feet from the hassock and sat erect, drawing her shawl about her with almost a shiver, and, as Mildred again paused, said:

"Well, daughter," her voice tender, but alert. "What new danger was this? The world was full of wolves, and she had but one very choice lamb.

"Mamma, you need not be afraid, not in that way. It isn't anything foolish. He is a gentleman whom I met while I was with Fannie Copeland. I don't know him much, only he is a Christian gentleman—a temperance worker. He seeks out young men who need help, and tries to help them. I had an opportunity to speak to him alone for a moment. I knew he was going to Chicago, and I gave him Leonard Airedale's address, and said that I thought perhaps he needed help. I did not ask him to write to me, mamma; of course not. I did not give him permission to mention my name to Mr. Airedale. I just spoke to him as you might speak to a good man, of one whom you thought he might be able to help. I did in all respects as I thought you would like your daughter to do."

"I know, daughter. I trust you fully. And now this gentleman has written you about him; pleading for him I suppose; and you are a little afraid to have mother see the letter. But, daughter, it is surely right that I should do so. Thank you for coming to me," and she held out her hand.

Mildred dropped the letter into it without another word, and, passing went over to the window, where she looked blindly down on the people below.

"There stands Mildred Powers, framed in just the right light to make a pretty picture of herself," said one of the passers-by, glancing up as she spoke. "All the prettier because she is utterly unconscious of it. If that girl isn't a favorite of fortune, I don't know who is. Wealth, and leisure, and beauty and friends; nothing to trouble her, nothing to worry about in any way; and a general favorite with all the people worth knowing."

"Yet she had buried her father."

"I know," and the speaker's tones grew gentler, "but he was a grand man, ready to die; and time, you know, has softened that sorrow. Her father is simply a beautiful memory to her, which it helps her to recall. And her mother is young, and well, and devoted to Mildred. It is difficult to see how the troubles of life, which they say come to all people, are going to get a chance to touch her." And the speaker sighed as though she had felt the touch of trouble in no gentle form.

Yet at this moment the sheltered girl of whom they spoke carried the sorest heart which she thought it possible for any one to have, and looked at the speakers with eyes that were blinded by a rush of bitter tears.

Mrs. Powers pushed writing-desk and papers from her and grasped at that letter with a long drawn sigh of suppressed disappointment. The one anxiety of her life was pressing up again; and had brought with it perhaps a strong ally, and she must combat her daughter's wishes all alone. "If her father were only here!" The widow did not speak those words aloud. She only sighed them into the ears of the infinite and pitying God.

Then she began to read:

MY DEAR MISS POWERS:

You did not give me permission to write to you, yet I have that to say which is just that you should hear. In the first place I have to ask your forgiveness, and your mother's. I have exceeded the bounds of the commission given me. I found the young man of whom you told me, and found, as you surmised, that he needed a friend; and, in order to give myself a chance of befriending him, I was obliged to say that I was a friend, or at least an acquaintance, of yours. Now to my story. I was hurrying to my boarding-place on the third evening after my arrival in Chicago. I had spent some hours in search of the person whose name you gave me, without avail. He had left the employment of the firm mentioned, and I could get no clue. On this evening, as I was hastening up town, I saw a young man standing studying the water below him; in a way that bodied no good. At first I passed, then felt impelled to turn and speak. I received an unsatisfactory answer, but for some reason I could not bring myself to leave the man. I tried to draw him into conversation, to win his confidence. The more I tried, the more sure I felt that he was in peril, and needed help. Two young men passed by, both partially intoxicated, and spoke to the stranger, calling him by name. I recognized the name as the one you had given me. It was then and there that I exceeded my instructions, and tried to rouse the man by speaking your name, and claiming myself as a friend of yours and his. I think it was because of this that I succeeded in getting him to go home with me. It was well I did. I hope and trust we may, by this means, have saved a soul. He was at that time under the influence of liquor. I just succeeded in getting him inside my own door, when he fell against me heavily; not in a drunken stupor, but with something more serious. It proved to be a sort of fit. The brain was seriously congested, and the physician whom we promptly summoned gave it as his opinion that the poor fellow would not live until morning. I hasten over the days which followed, to tell you that he is now living, and on the road, we trust to mental and physical recovery. He has had a very alarming illness, and still lies in a weak state. This is only part, and, perhaps, for his friends, not the hardest part of the story. I have been with him much during his illness, spending the greater portion of my nights in his room, as in the fever of delirium he clung to me. I have learned to know a great deal about his past; and it is a sad record. Of late, he has been going down very rapidly. He fell in with a hard class of young men; but truth compels me to state that he was their leader, rather than their follower. He went astray in almost every way that you can imagine. In many ways that I rejoice to believe you cannot imagine. He was discharged by the employers whose address I had, because of dissipation. On the evening in which I found him, he was not so much intoxicated as to be unaware of what he was doing. He had, as I feared, planned self-destruction. I thought I saw that in his face as I passed. He was in deep trouble, which became clear, to us during the time that he lay in delirium. He had become involved in pecuniary trouble; had gambled, as sooner or later nearly all drinkers do, and, in a fit of drunken despair, had forged the firm name of his former employers, for not a very large amount, but quite large enough to send him to the State's prison. The matter was not sharply managed, and came to light before he had a chance to get out of the country. It was the belief that he was being shadowed by the police, which had determined him to make, what he called, an end of the whole miserable business. His idea of the end was to drown himself. When the facts in the case came to light, some of the Christian men in the city took hold of the matter, visited his employers, secured a stay of proceedings, and eventually secured a compromise. His mother was telegraphed for, and came on at once, exerting herself earnestly in his behalf.

We were enabled, as soon as the delirium passed, to give the poor man the news that he would not be arrested for forgery; that the matter was settled, and the sinner forgiven. He appeared grateful and shed some tears; but I must own to you—what in your sheltered life, you probably do not realize—that sin has a way of blunting the sensibilities; he was neither so grateful nor so penitent as you might have supposed. I do not think he was deeply overwhelmed with the sin of what he had done, but, simply with the thought of consequences; and, these being averted, he was ready to take hold of life again. I urged him to sign a pledge to let his worst enemy alone forever, but he assured me that he could do that without signing any pledge; that he had drank his last drop. I hope this is so, but I have little faith in it. Perhaps the poor fellow must drink deeper of the dregs of sin before he will consent to be saved.

And now, my friend, there is another and a very dark side to this sad picture of a perverted life. There came, repeatedly, during the earlier days of his illness and unconsciousness, a poor, sorrowful-looking young woman; quite young—only a child, she would have been called in a sheltered home, with a loving mother to watch over her; but she has neither mother nor father. She did not, however, look like a sinful woman. She expressed the most intense anxiety for the sick, and, as we thought, dying man. Day after day she came, and begged to see him. When we told her that he was entirely unconscious, and would probably remain so, she broke into a perfect passion of tears, and begged to sit beside him for only a little while.

At last I asked her, as gently as I could, what reason she, a young girl, had for expecting to be admitted to the room of a young man who was no kin to her. I assured her that he had the best of care, the most skilful of physicians; there was nothing she could do for him, how could she expect to be admitted, and why did she wish it?

The poor young thing lost every vestige, then, of her attempted self-control, and assured me, with bitter sobs, that she was the young man's wife! Of course, I was shocked and dismayed. But when I questioned, and cross-questioned, she told a straightforward story. It was a secret, she declared, and she was not to reveal it; she would not have done so for anything in the world—only, if the man was going to die, she must, and would, see him once more! I took her to his mother. She undertook to prove the falseness of the young woman's story, assuring me that it was not possible. Earnest investigation on her part, and on mine, established beyond a shadow of doubt the truth of the poor girl's statement. The young man was intoxicated at the time. He had not realized in any sense the step he was taking; nevertheless he took it. They went to the house of a clergyman in the suburbs; and whether the reverened gentleman was so accustomed to the fumes of liquor about young men as to take no notice; or whether he thought the matter was not of his concern, I do not yet understand. However it was, he performed the ceremony which made them husband and wife. That was two months ago last Friday night; since which time the girl has seen but little of him, and it was his deliberate intention to desert her and make his escape to some foreign port, where, he told me, he had meant to turn over a new leaf, and live as he ought. No sense of the solemnity of the vows which he had taken seemed to impress him. On the contrary, he appeared to be overwhelmed with astonishment that even his mother should tell him that it was his duty to recognize the young woman as his lawful wife.

"But I did not mean to marry her," he said. "I was drunk when I did it."

My dear Miss Powers, I have thought it my duty to tell you this long, sad story, plainly; for however painful it may be to his friends, it is necessary that they should know the truth. His steps have been downward for the past year, to an alarming extent. I am to remain in Chicago some two or three weeks yet. If your mother desires me to serve her in any way in this connection, I shall be glad to do so. Of course you will communicate with her; and if I hear from her, I shall make it my first effort to execute her will.

If there is nothing further to be done, of course I expect no reply to this. Mrs. Airedale is now with her husband, caring for him as a wife can. She is young and ignorant, but loving and good intentioned, and deceived. She has gone as no daughter could go, who had a true mother; and she has a sad harvest to reap, I fear.

I am at work for my Master, and recognize you as one of the laborers; therefore I make no apology for burdening you with the details of this account. I keep my pledge, and shall continue the name on my list for work and prayer.

Yours in Christian bonds,

SCOTT DURANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Missionary Eggs.

"Hope is terrible hard on eggs. I always know when she has been a cake-making. One, two, three—nigh a dozen left, but she'll use every one in the next batch she makes, I'll be bound." After this speech Mrs. Parmenter set the egg basket under the shelf in the pantry and hurried to get the sitting-room swept before her daughter Hope came in, "because she made such a 'smuddering dust,' she said.

Mrs. Parmenter's speech was not very profound, nevertheless it must be explained, which fact leads us naturally to speak of the house of the Parmenters.

It was quite out to sea, not on a vessel of any kind but on a sea-surrounded island, some thirty miles from the main land. Hope's father owned one of the island farms, and like his neighbors, was also a fisherman. Money was scarce among the natives, but Hope, being thrifty, made quite a respectable sum for herself by drying sea-moss and raising poultry for the market.

Wherever one walked, a hen was seen, whether climbing the steep cliffs on which an imposing lighthouse was built, or going down to a rocky beach the islanders called "pebbly." The island was indeed charming, the air invigorating, facts which in time became known to tourists and invalids. As a natural consequence, hotels were built, and then followed increased facilities for communication with the mainland.

Then it was that Hope Parmenter was wooed and won, and left her seagirt home to live in a crowded city where hens were never seen, save as they dangled from a peg in the butcher's shop shorn of feathers and "quit of life."

Like all sensible women, Hope at once went to housekeeping, and then she learned the value of eggs, and that cake-making was no longer a delight, but an extravagance in which she must not often indulge.

To do Hope justice, it might be said she was very homesick. She soon wearied of the hollowness all around her, the strife for wealth, place and name; her eyes became land-tired, her heart sick with longing for the sea, the dash and roar of waves under the cliffs; the "over-roofed rocks" where she had played when a child, the homely comforts of the farm. But God was in it all, and in his own good time there came to Hope great compensation, the peace that cannot be taken away, that passeth all understanding. In her church life she found comfort and joy, and in time work for her willing hands.

"I can't give money," she said to those who asked her to join the missionary society in her church. "I go without everything now that I can, but I will work and pray for the poor women in heathen lands." One day as she was reading her Bible the thought came to her that "alms, deeds and prayers" were mentioned together, and then followed the questions, "Can I in any way save two cents a week? Can I give as well as pray?"

There was a great beating of eggs in Hope's dark pantry; she was to have her pastor to tea, and to do him honor she made the oft repeated mistake in thinking it must be shown in cake and frosting, and in the almost unlimited variety of the article.

"It's light as a feather now," she said to herself (and an "island cat" she had brought with her from home,) "and the 'resate' says one more egg,—wonder if it will do to leave it out."

The egg was taken out then returned to the basket, the operation was repeated three or more times, while Hope looked anxiously into the yellow bowl at the foaming mixture.

Finally the egg was carefully put back unbroken into the basket. "I'll try it and who knows?" were Hope's mysterious words. Very seriously was that cake made, soberly placed in the oven; "I'll. see how it eats," she said as she shut the oven door; "little risky trying it now of all times—but's in a good cause, howsomever."

Like most men Hope's husband was "a good judge of good eating," never taking the second piece of anything that was not "flavored just to his mind," or commending any of his wife's culinary efforts for politeness' sake.

That night the minister did not take any cake, but the-one-egg-left-out cake met with John's hearty approval, judging by the number of pieces he ate.

Hope had little opinion of regular cook-books made to sell, nevertheless she had had quite a good stock of "resates" written on buttery bits of note-paper carefully sewed together. A small lead pencil was now attached to this collection of papers, and after any baking mysterious crosses were put against certain "resates." If the cake or pudding made met with John's approval, Hope went to a tin box nailed up directly over the egg basket, and dropped in two cents. If the article was in any sense a failure, no cross was attached to the receipt, and no cash went into the box.

"The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another," so said Ben Azai. Made courageous by success, Hope now made a step in advance, notwithstanding a timidly uttered protest from her John.

"John she said after that worthy had been rendered placid by an inviting meal, —"John," she repeated to gain attention, "I'm thinking of hereafter, only on entry times, leaving off candy-top to my cake ('candy-top' being interpreted frosting.) What do you say to it? There's two eggs saved, the very leastest you can say, and two eggs means four cents missions to me."

Hope heard some mutterings about "a leetle mite of dissappointment," and then a somewhat hearty "Guess you're 'bout right Hopey," which decided the matter.

"I knew I could depend on you, John," was Hope's answer, with a look in her honest face which John then and there decided was worth a bushel of cake candy-top. "You see," said Hope, moralizing on the subject, "most of us, if the whole truth is known, candy-top cake, to be seen of men, so to speak."

"Seen of women," suggested John.

"Well, yes, but its useless expense, does no good, and is no end of a worry."

It was a simple service, a trifling sacrifice, but it was blessed to Hope. The eggs saved, or rather the money, enabled her to join the missionary society, and there she learned the extent and glory of the work. She had heard that "the field was the world," but she never had felt it until she joined the ranks of the workers and gave her carefully saved pennies to help on the cause.

In the course of time Hope's parents died and then she went back to the island and lived on her inheritance, "the farm." Then she made poultry-raising her business. In the most sunny corner her best hens have their nests, and over three of the boxes is painted the letter M. The eggs in these nests are carefully laid one side and dedicated to God's work, and Hope finds ready sale for her "missionary eggs," because they are the largest and best. Whenever she is asked how she first became interested in Mission work she says, "When I began to save one egg from every batch of cake I could, and dedicated the money that egg cost to the Lord. You can't be interested heartily in anything unless you make some sacrifices. It won't do to sing, 'Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,' and set down easy-like and give nothing and do nothing to help on the flying."

"The merit of our actions consists not in extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions well." "The growing good of the world is greatly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—*Mrs. Henry F. Lane, in the Watchman.*

—Professor Elmslie, in reference to brief speeches, waked up an English audience considerably by a Yankee story of a man from the West, who said: "If a speaker can't strike oil in ten minutes, he should give up boring."

—"What has become of the bootjack?" said Towser, savagely, as he knocked things about, "I had it last night." "It's on the mantlepiece," replied Mrs. Towser. "I covered it with plush to-day and painted some flowers on it. Isn't it lovely?"

"I don't want any castor oil," said a sick little Boston boy, petulantly. "Why, Horace," expostulated his mother, "don't you know that castor oil is made from beans?" And the little boy, whose faith in his mother is perfect, took the dose, and feebly asked for more.

—A well-known author in the street car, rising and giving his seat to a stout woman, who does not acknowledge the civility—"I'm obliged to you madam." Stout woman (flushing angrily)—"For what, sir?" Gentleman (courteously)—"For taking my seat." Hilarity among the other passengers.

—A Sunday-school superintendent essayed to treat the children to a blackboard exposition of the lesson. So, for a starter, and in the way of graphically illuminating his remarks, he took a bit of chalk and sketched on the blackboard a representation of two hearts joined together. "Now, then," he said, turning to the school, "who will tell me what I have drawn?" "I know," called a very little boy on the front seat. "Well," the pastor kindly said, "what is it?" The little boy shrieked out, "A terrapin!"—*Exchange.*

—MORE IDIOTS.—A journalist tells the following:—"I have picked up a 'little story,' which I think too good to be lost as a reproof for disturbers of the peace in churches. A certain Dissenting minister was preaching in my neighbourhood, and was very much annoyed by persons talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, 'I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in chapel. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, one of the official members came and said to me, "Sir, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot." Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot.' During the rest of that service at least there was good order."

What Disease is this that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision be-impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's uratives Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommend ing the urative Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

For sale by Geo. E. Frost, Druggist, St. John, N. B., and by A. J. White, Limited, branch office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

Thousands of bottles of Minard's Liniment have been used during the past year by fishermen and all testify that it is good for everything, and especially for extracting the soreness from their hands there is nothing like it; it is a medicine chest in itself.

Boys and Girls who are growing rapidly should (to ensure strong and healthy constitutions) be given regularly **Phosphorized** Emulsion, to keep up the waste that is continually going on in the system during the growing period. Always ask for **Phosphorized** Emulsion, and be sure you get it.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1y20

Close Confinement in poorly ventilated work rooms, and want of proper exercise, are often unavoidable, but tend to produce Dyspepsia, want of energy, and loss of appetite. In such cases Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron is the best medicine to use. See that you get "Hanington's," the *original* and *genuine.*

A gentleman from Nova Scotia writes us a long letter, which for want of space, we cannot give in full, but he says; "I had RHEUMATISM in the *most malignant* form, the worst case that was ever known in this place, and I am very happy to inform you that two packages of SCIATICINE have entirely cured me. The doctors here gave me no relief, but SCIATICINE has made a perfect cure, and I am as well as ever I was in my life."

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JOYFUL NEWS

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

AT this season of the year many persons are saying, I don't feel well, have no appetite, and am weak; what shall I take?

To all such, we emphatically say, use

Gates' Life of Man Bitters,

—AND—

INVIGORATING SYRUP,

they meet your case exactly, by purifying the blood, extracting the water therefrom, and arousing to action the sluggish liver, creating a desire for food, and toning up the whole system. During nearly fifty years constant use they have given such wonderful satisfaction and have made such positive cures, that they are considered far superior to any similar preparation before the public.

Get a dozen bottles assorted for $5.50, or 50 cents per single bottle, of Druggists and Dealers.

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
Middleton, N. S.

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Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

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Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

Chandliers Bracket Lamps,

FOR CHURCHES & DWELLINGS.

2, 3, 4 and 6 LIGHT CHANDALIERS, BRACKET LAMPS, TABLE LAMPS.

In great Variety, at Lowest Prices.

J. R. CAMERON,

64 Prince Wm. Street

READ THIS!

A Testimonial to the Worth of

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

"BUDS AND BLOSSOMS," published at Halifax, N. S., is not only one of the cheapest, but also the handsomest and best publication for young people that has come under our observation. Pure and, sprightly, interesting, intelligent and instructive, it cannot fail to do good in every family which receives its monthly visits. Its short graphic stories, its wealth of anecdote and incident, its spirited illustrations, and its interesting manner of presenting the live topics of the day, make it particularly charming to the young. And over and under and through it all breathes the pure and loving spirit of the Gospel of Christ, make it a benediction wherever it goes. We commend it to the readers of The Christian at Work as worthy of place in their home circles, and as a publication in promoting the circulation of which they will be promoting a genuine missionary work. It is just the publication that is needed to interest the young, and thus drive out unwholesome and pernicious reading. Its price—seventy-five cents a year—is sufficiently low to bring it within the reach of everybody.—"THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK."

WANTED 10,000 SUBSCRIBERS

To Buds & Blossoms (A Friendly) Greetings

Good Pay to Canvassers, 5 dollar Gold Pieces, etc., as Premiums. Remember Pages Monthly, beautifully illustrated, Graded to be at the Head of Best and Cheap Magazine published. Price 25 cts. Send 1 cent stamps for specimen. Rev. J.F. Ave Editor and Publisher, Mispah Cottage, Kent Road, Halifax, N. S.

British Mails.

THE next packet of the Week. Liverpool Mail Line is intended to be despatched from Quebec, on Thursday, the 13th of May under the usual summer arrangements.

The outgoing steamer sailing from Halifax on the 8th of May, will be the last mail steamer from Halifax this season.

The mails for the United Kingdom, for despatch by the steamer leaving Quebec, via Rimouski, for Liverpool, on the 13th of May, the first outgoing steamer under the summer arrangement, and by each succeeding steamer during the present summer, shall leave the St. John's, P. Q., in time to go forward by train leaving St. John on Wednesday evenings, and due at Rimouski on Thursday afternoons.

Fishermen and Railway Mail Clerks in the New Brunswick Division will please be governed by this notice in the despatch of mails for Europe via steamer from Rimouski.

JOHN MCMILLAN,
P. O. Inspector's office, P. O. Inspector.
St. John, April 26th, 1886. 1924

New Carpet Store! New Goods!

BRUSSELS, Tapestry, All Wool, Union, and Cottons, Carpetings, Rugs, Door Mats, Toilet Quilts, Towels, Table Linen, Oil Cloths, Curtains and Curtain Poles, Window Shades.

Upholstery Goods in Raw Silks, Tapestrys, Jutes, Utrecht Velvets, Silk Fringes, English Hair Cloth, Hessian Gimp, Cord, Buttons, Etc.

Gents' Furnishing Department.

40 doz. American and Canadian Hats, 6 doz. Fine Shirts, 47 doz. Collars and Cuffs, 4 doz. Suspenders, 3 doz. Gloves, 18 doz. Pocket Handkerchiefs, 4 doz. Half Hose, 31 doz. English "Easy Fitting" Hard and Soft Hats, 1 doz. English "Easy Fitting" Silk Hats—Latest London Styles—just out. Prices Low

J. G. McNALLY, - FREDERICTON, N.B.

WANTED—LADY Active and intelligent, to visit this Province and Nova Scotia; permanent and good salary. GAY & BRO., 16 Barclay St., N.Y.