Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move?
I shrunk?
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."
R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;"
The second made me as well and strong as when a child,
"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the
"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,
And many more are using them with great benefit.
"They almost
Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Puttner's Syrup HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is invariably prescribed by the profession in cases of Nervous Prostration, Chronic Cough, Bronchial and Asthmatic Affections, Scrofula, Diseases of Woman and Children, etc., etc.

ENDORSED BY THE PROFESSION.

DR. W. B. SLATER, says:

I have tried Puttner's Syrup and find it well made, very palatable and admirably adapted to do good in those cases where Hypophosphites are called for.

DR. SINCLAIR, Asst. Physician to Mount Hope Asylum, says:

In General Debility it acts well, as a Tonic, unagreeable. Taste makes it easy to take.

TENNAMAN, M. D., City Medical Officer:

Introduced Puttner's Syrup and can testify efficacious.

COUNTS GIVE MANY OTHERS.

Remember this fact, that Puttner's Syrup contains no oil. Ask for the Syrup. Sold by all Dealers. PRICE 50 CENTS.

SEEDS. SEEDS. 1885.

Our Spring Seeds

HAVE JUST ARRIVED

per English steamer from London. These Seeds are all bought of the well known and justly celebrated seed house of JAMES CARTER & CO., London, England.

Parties purchasing of us will get first class and reliable seeds, including Garden, Field and Flower.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited.

S. McDIARMID,
(Successor to John Chalmer.)
Druggist and Seedsman,
59 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Sussex Poultry Yard.

EGGS FOR HATCHING, 1885,

HAVING imported from C. Gammerdinger, Columbus, Ohio, the following varieties of Thoroughbred Poultry, I am prepared to ship, carefully packed to any address, fresh and fertile eggs at the following rates: White Crested Black Polish, $2.00 per clutch of 13; Langshan's pure Cross strain, $2.00 per 13; Silver Spangled Hamburg, $2.00 per 13; White Leghorns, $1.50 per 13; Brown Leghorns, $1.50 per 13; Partridge Cochins, $2.00 per 13. Eggs ordered may be of as many varieties in one or more sittings as desired. All orders accompanied by the cash will be promptly filled and safe arrival guaranteed.

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16-24 Sussex, N. B.

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Produce and Commission Merchant.

Consignments solicited.
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Tailor and Clothier,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.
Acadia Corner, 78 Upper Water St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.
7-52.

May 4th, 1885.

JOGGINS Round Coal!

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, we will deliver the above Coal, well screened, to any part of the City or Portland,

☞ *FREE OF CARTAGE,* ☜

—FOR—

$5.50 CASH!

per Chald.; $5.50 if booked.

☞ TELEPHONE
and Coal, in nut and chestnut sizes.
401y RILEY & MASTERS.

IN MEMORY.

Rev. A. V. Timpany, who fell asleep in Jesus at Cocanada, India, at 2-30 p. m., Feb. 19, 1885 and was buried at 9-30 p. m. of the same day.

Affectionately inscribed to the bereaved friends and the friends of Foreign Missions.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

Night in the far off East—in India, night,
After a day of anguish; folded hands,
And fast-shut eyes, and still, unheaving breast,
And calm—the calm of death—enfolding one
Who but a day ago, for service girt,
Wrought for the Master with unflagging zeal,
Nor asked how long till rest-time and repose.

He slept. Sharp had the struggle been, and keen
The pangs of the most weary day—his last
For India and for Earth—sharp, but soon o'er,
And rest, sweet, Heaven-sent, peaceful rest
Came like a benediction from above—
Release and benediction both at once.

Then angels ministrant, that waited near,
Bore the freed spirit out past moon and sun,
And spheres of name and age to man unknown,
Into the calm of God's fair Paradise,—
Into the dawn-light of eternal day,—
While countless voices bade him welcome home,
And heaven o'erflowed with [illegible] of great joy.

Meanwhile, in India, night and bitter tears.
The pastor slept—the husband, father, friend,
The gracious counsellor, the tender guide—
Slept all unconscious of the tears that rained
Around and over him, serene and calm,
For God had given "to his beloved sleep."

Nay, do not name it "*death!*" Hath not the Christ
"Abolished death?"—plucked out its sting?—and snatched
The victory from the grave? God's people *sleep*—
They sleep in Jesus—waiting the blest hour
When, down the opening heavens, with victor-shout
And archangelic trump, He shall return;—
Nor shall the grave have power then to hold
The eyelids of His sleepers. They shall wake
And spring exultant from their lowly beds,
His coming steps to welcome. Let us, then,
Say of our brother that he slept that hour;
And, speaking thus, with joy unspeakable
Rejoice in hope of resurrection bliss.

"Bear forth your dead"—the voice was low and sad,
And full of pity, yet must be obeyed.
And so, beneath the brooding wing of night,
A sorrowful procession weeping went
Down that dark heathen city's gloomy streets,
And past her idol-temples still and stern.
Where stony gods with blank, unseeing eyes
Sit waiting dumbly the strong Arm that yet
Shall hurl them from their seats, and on the wreck
Uprear the glorious temple of His grace,—past these,
And more that made the darkness and the night
Darker with dear suggestions of the gloom
Of mortal light—scarce pierced as yet—that broods
O'er India and her sons, the while the hand,
That, only yesterday, held high the lamp
Of love above her darkness, palsied lay,
And mute the lips so late that spoke of God,
And hope of Heaven—as mute and silent now
As were the solemn stars that gazed from far
Upon those weeping mourners bearing thus
To its last resting place all that remained
Of the beloved who seemed as lost that hour
To India, t the world, and them.

Thus
By the flickering torch-light, thro' the gloom
They bore the missionary to his rest;
While sons of India—they whom he had led
To Christ for cleansing—stricken-hearted, wept
More than a brother dead—a father, friend
A consecrated teacher, shepherd, guide.

And round that tomb were other mourners bowed
Beneath a weight of anguish heavier far
Than even theirs;—and, as their bitter wail
Over the waters to the home-lands sped,
It pierced unnumbered hearts, and countless eyes
O'erflowed with tears of sympathy for hearts
So crushed and bleeding.

But take heart, there is,
O sorrowing spirits! balm in Gilead—
A Healer there who giveth joy in grief,
Hope in despair, unmeasured gain in loss,
And victory in defeat. Fore not in vain
He fell, who, fighting, fell for God and truth.
His last faint utterance shall louder ring
Throughout the home-lands than his living voice
Ere rang long before; and ears that would not hear—
Haply *that could not*—till death came to give
Those words stern emphasis and power to rouse
Men's souls to action now, at last, have heard,
And lips replied "Here, O my Lord, am I,
Send me! Send me!"

And will not India's sons
Now, from the cold lips of the teacher dead,
Receive the message that, from living voice
And living lips, they heard, but heeded not,
Or soon forgot—forgetting now no more—
And thus, through death, more laborers be gained,
And more souls saved than e'en by length of days
And years of hard endeavor had been won?

Nor yet in vain the work already done
By those now folded hands and silent lips,
For India and for us. The seed he sowed
Springs even now; and rip'ning fruitage waits
The willing hand that follow where he toiled;—
And less securely sit the gloomy gods
Of Ind upon their stony thrones to-day
Than when his voice first sounded in her ears
The story of her Saviour and her King—
The Almighty King, ere long to burst the chains
By Satan forged and fastened on her limbs,
And in promiscuous ruin hurl her gods
Of wood and stone beneath His chariot wheels.

For even now—could we but see aright—
The night breaks up apace, and all the East
Flames with the rising glories of a day
By him—let us believe it—brought more near—
Day of Messiah's coming, and for which
His people ever cry—"Lord Jesus, come!"
Already, listening, heedful, we may hear
His coming footsteps, near and nearer still;
While on their mouldering bases rock and reel
The ideal temples and their myriad gods,
To utter ruin hopelessly foredoomed.

Then let us lift the banner that he dropped
And bear it boldly thro' the thickening fight!
And rear aloft the glowing lamp that fell
From the weak hands that longer could not hold
It up for India and the world to see,
And pour its light o'er heathen lands; the while
Christ and him crucified—a lost world's hope—
To a lost world we publish far and near!—
And, if God will, fall, even as he fell,
Unfalt'ring and undaunted at his post,
Rather than waver, victory so sure—
So sure, so near, and Christ who died for us
So soon to come, and faithful service crown
With endless honors at His own right hand!

Dying in the Harness.

Few passages in the history of literature have a more touching and pathetic interest than those relating to the last scenes in the lives of men or letters who have retained their grasp upon the pen until death has given them release. Such scene is that depicted by the historian Green in his account of the death of Bæda, or the Venerable Bede, the father of English history. The good monk was engaged at the time in finishing his version of St. John's Gospel. It was two weeks before the Easter of 755 that the shadows began to creep over him. "I don't want my boys to read a lie," he answered those who would have had him rest "or to work to no purpose after I am gone." A few days before Ascension-tide his sickness grew upon him, but he spent the whole day in teaching, only saying cheerfully to his scholars: "Learn with what speed you may; I know not how long I may last." The dawn broke upon another sleepless night, and again the old man called his scholars around him and bade them write. "There is still a chapter wanting," said the scribe, as the morning drew on, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself longer." "It is easily done," said Bæda; "take thy pen and write quickly." Amid tears and farewells the day wore on to eventide. "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master," said the boy. "Write it quickly," bade the dying man. "It is finished now," said the little scribe, at last. "You speak truth," said the master, "all is finished now." Placed upon the pavement, his head supported in his scholar's arms, his face turned to the spot where he was wont to pray, Bæda chanted the solemn "Glory to God." As his voice reached the close of his song he passed quietly away.

It seems somewhat strange that Green himself should have ended his days in a manner so like that of Monk of Yarrow, and not lacking in the same pathetic incidents. The historian was the victim of an incurable malady, and for the last year of his life worked under the shadow of death itself. He was told by his physicians that the end might come at any hour. And yet he worked on bravely and resignedly to the last. It was during the weeks and months of waiting and sad uncertainty that he completed the volume on the Conquest of England. He then reviewed the work and resolved to make a number of important changes in the original plan. The book was recalled from the press, and the labor of revision and alteration began. At times he was so weak that he could only dictate almost in a whisper the words to be written. "I have a work to do that I know is good," he said, when he heard that he had only a few days more to live; "I will try and win but one more week to write some part of it down." But the week was not won. The last words he wrote were those that close the eight chapter of the Conquest of England, as now published, bringing the work down to the close of the Danish Conquest. When he laid down his pen for the last time he had not sufficient strength remaining to read over the passage he had last written. "Now I am weary, I can work no more," he said, and so he laid down his life and his tasks together. Years before, while listening to some light talk on the epitaphs men might win, he had said half playfully: "I know what men will say of me: 'He died learning.'" The unconscious prophecy was fulfilled.—*Almeron, in N. Y. Observer.*

On A Strike.

A Sunday-school teacher, finding it difficult to obtain the prompt attendence of the boys in her class, resolved to adopt a plan which she felt sure would be successful. She said to the boys:

"Now I will give a bright penny to each one who will be in his place every Sunday."

This plan seemed to work well, until one Sunday not a boy appeared in his place. The teacher was surprised and somewhat discouraged that her plan had not succeeded. But the next day while walking down the street and thinking what to do next, she met one of the boys and said to him:

"Well, Johnny, where were you yesterday?"

"At home, mum."

"But why did you and the other boys not come to Sunday-school, and get your pennies?"

"O teacher, 'cause we've struck; we won't come for less than two cents now."

—I very often think with sweetness, and longings and pantings of soul, of being a little child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by Him through the wilderness of this world.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

—The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the past year, including £108,693 for sale of Scriptures was £285,785 or $1,268,825. Its issue at home and abroad were 4,161,032 copies of Bibles and Testaments making the total number from the commencement 164,196,965 copies.

Is This Possible.

Report comes that General Grant's improved condition is due to the fact that he is using a "simple vegetable preparation" forwarded by one of our consuls from South America, and sent him by the Surgeon General! Is this possible! By an "unauthorized" remedy? Shocking!

And yet, if this "simple vegetable preparation" were owned and advertised by any one as a specific for this terrible disease, certainly the Surgeon General would not commend it, nor would bigoted physicians prescribe it!

Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day, as the late Dr. J. G. Holland stated in *Scribner's Monthly*, were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd persons, knowing of their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secured and advertised them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them!

Isn't this absurd?

We believe that a remedy, if properly made, is just as effective when put up, advertised and sold in bulk, as when doled out to patients at enormous expense by their physicians.

Why not?

If General Grant is getting better through a simple unauthorized vegetable preparation where is the vaunted exclusive skill of the medical profession!

Apropos of the suspension of some very prominent members by the Medical and Chirugical faculty of Maryland, for endorsing advertised remedies, the Baltimore *American* (April 25) says that "when a patent medicine goes on year after year widening its circle of believers, it is a pretty fair evidence that there is merit in it. The regular doctors may ignore it, and expel any of their members who use it, but when they do so their action *looks more like envy against a successful remedy than a true desire to protect the public.*" The failure in the Garfield and Grant cases the *American* thinks, and properly, has knocked professional pretensions higher than a kite.

But this is not a singular instance of unprofessional power over "incurable diseases." That "simple vegetable preparation" now everywhere known as Warner's safe cure, was once an authorized remedy; was pronounced a "good send" to the medical profession for the cure of kidney and liver disorders, malaria, general debility, spring feebleness, female irregularities, etc., by many leading physicians, but when the formula was fully perfected, and the medicine was put up in bulk and advertised so that every sufferer might know of it and *treat himself*, then the professional turned upon it and let their patients die rather than use it!

This is certainly a strange proceeding, but it is on a level with all the rules and regulations of a code which has gone so far as to forbid a physician displaying beyond a certain size his name and profession upon his sign!

But the world moves, and merit wins the fight!

An Alarming Disease Afflicting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted: Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the side and back? Is there a fulness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder. The origin of this maladay is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Pocklington, York,
October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours respectfully,
3 (Signed) R. Turner.

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.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, as a Remedy for Consumption. Dr. H. J. Pratt, Montello, Wisconsin, says: "After a thorough test of over two years, I voluntarily recommend your Scott's Emulsion to those afflicted with consumption."

Thousands of dollars might be annually saved to farmers if they would give freely of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* to their horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and fowl. They prevent disease and promote the growth. We said Sheridan's. Those put up in large packs are utterly worthless.

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$500.00 REWARD

offered for a better article, to the Proprietors of any remedy showing more Testimonials of genuine cures of the above diseases in the same length of time. There is nothing like it when taken internally for Cramps, Colic, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless and can be given according to directions without any injury whatever.

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