THE HOME.

Home.

By REV. A. J. VEAZIE, JR. D.

I'm waiting at the roadside inn;
Well, let the darkest feet of time,
That so pass onward over me,
Dothe work they may divine.

I know not what is before me
Of pleasure or of ill;
But I know there's good in evil,
And God e'er loves me still.

Not an anxious thought I borrow
For the when or the where;
I only know I cannot go
Beyond God's love and care.

So when the hoarse waves of Jordan
Shall break upon my ear,
I will look upon its waters
Unfrightened—without fear.

Through its chilly but narrow stream
My benumbed feet shall wade,
With my Father's arms about me,
And not a joy to fade.

For beyond this little river
There's light upon the shore;
And this is the way of progress
And love forevermore.

—My husband is a noble, true-hearted gentleman, who doubtless thinks his wife just the wife for him, but he ruins my best efforts in perfect silence. He has no words either for or against them. At first this was terribly painful to me. I was too proud a woman to complain, or even to refer to it; but many a bitter tear has his silence cost me in secret. I *needed* to be reassured. But now I am learning more of his deep, true heart, and I try to be content to believe without evidence in his appreciation of my work. Yet even now, sometimes there rise in my heart Aurora Leigh's cry of womanly weakness: "I am tired, tired, tired, but not of pain!"

Why is it, men and brethren, that the husband can not keep the tongue of the lover in his mouth? Does the woman lose all of her charms and attractions by becoming a wife? Is there nothing left that the husband can praise?

The lover had nothing but admiration to express. Was none of it genuine? All of it just a snare to lure the bird into the net?

If he really thinks anything of it, let him sometimes tell his wife what he would have said to his sweetheart. It will do her no harm, judicious praise never yet hurt anybody. True love is always humble-minded, doubtful of itself, needing to be reassured; and a womanly woman would give more for one word of hearty praise from her husband than to have all the world at her feet. There comes a time in her life when she is indifferent to his admiration. Don't let her take it for granted all the time. Tell her when she pleases you by deeds, or words, or even looks.

I have seen a woman, forty years a wife, blush as really and shyly as a girl at a compliment from her husband, who in all those years had not forgotten to be also her lover.

So, Benedicts, one and all, praise the good wife! Whenever you think a pleasant thing of her, why, say it to her. It will do you no harm, and she will be happier and, therefore, a better woman for it; for happiness is a great conservator of morality and virtue.

If you doubt my wisdom, try my plan for a year and a day, and I'll agree to let you write me down a fraud if at the end of three hundred and sixty-six days you can honestly say that you have fairly tried my method, and failed to make her—and consequently yourself—brighter and happier, by "the speech that is silvern."

The Queen of Home.

And who is she? Is it not she who in the quiet hours of night rocked the cradle while slumbered there a little form whose very mettle brought to its side the form of mother. There is probably not a man living who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and greatest rewards of life are found in the enjoyments and love of home. And what does this spot so sacred and cherished consist of? Is it a fine mansion or a modest cottage all fitted and furnished with the essentials of a modest residence? From a thousand voices we hear the echo, No! It is wife and mother. The complexion and hue of the fireside is shaped by her. Woman is not only queen of the home, but governor of the land. She consciously and unconsciously organizes and puts into operation a set of influences that do more to mould the character and destiny of man, yes, of nations, than any other power can possibly effect.

The men of our nation are as a rule what their mothers made them. There are few great men who cannot trace their success and power back to the nursery and personal influence of that "dear old mother" who toiled day and night for those she loved so tenderly, and no sacrifice was too great for her to endure for the weal of her home.

Young man, do you not hear the voice yet ringing in your ears, although the words were spoken years ago by her whose lips have long been sealed by the silent messenger? What are those words? Are they not fraught with gentle, loving admonition? Are they not directed to your benefit and welfare? Then comes the solemn question, are you obeying those loving instructions? Are you keeping good that promise made to her while on her death-bed? Have you forgotten that sacred promise, and do you realise that even now perhaps those eyes are fixed upon you with eager hopes? These are thoughts that should not be trampled upon, but rather nurtured and treasured up as sacred to her who loved us beyond the power of tongue to express.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.—The first duty of husbands is to sympathise with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, amid the perplexities of business, that home cares are also annoying and try the patience and the strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. Frequently they are morose and peevish, and give their attention to the newspaper, or leave the house, or seek the companionship of men at the club or the store, and sometimes the hotel, while their wives are left alone and sad, borne down with family cares, and longing for sympathy and affection. A single kindly word or look will indicate her husband's thoughtfulness would lift half the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their business plans and prospects, and specially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all the wisdom and shrewdness of her "better half," and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts to extricate himself from difficulties. Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attentions, in their manner of treating them, and in the thousand and one little things which make all the difference between a home of love and undefined longing and a cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as though they were the only ones not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and "never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervour."

TEMPERANCE.

Quinine as a Tobacco Cure.

Mr. Geo. W. Osgood has been an inveterate user of tobacco, to his harm, as he well knew, and he tried frequently to overcome the habit, but never could master it, although he knew it was killing him. But about three months ago, acting on the inspiration of a temperance lecture, he put some of his tobacco-tins, and concluded to stimulate with quinine for an experiment. He took a two grain pill at noon. The stimulus from quinine is well known to be more lasting than that from tobacco (and moreover quinine was just what Mr Osgood needed, being a bilious man), so that he did not feel any desire for tobacco the rest of the day. The next morning he took another pill, and determined that he would not again take a pill till he felt the return of tobacco appetite. For two days he had no desire for tobacco. On the third and forth days he took one pill in the morning, and went three days without any notice of appetite; so he kept on taking a pill only when he felt the need or something bracing. Soon the once wasted saliva began to accomplish its wonted function in his system; his appetite improved; in two months he was completely over the habit, and for a month had taken neither quinine nor tobacco, and is not tempted by the old power—to-day a free man! He has put on from fifteen to twenty pounds of flesh.

—Alcoholic drinks are not good for me. I can feel it, nor did the few times I took port wine. It simply heats me, and leaves me weak for a time. I worked a good four hours to-day, and wrote a short chapter for my book.—*U. S. Grant, July* 1, 1885.

—A dying inebriate in Oswego, N. Y., left this "last will and testament:"

"I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can in their feeble state bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I could bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart—a life of shame. I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character and the remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave. For drunkards to read when they have time."

NOTE.—Be suspicious of persons who recommend any other article as "just as good," and take nothing else but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A party paid ten dollars for a horse at an auction sale. The horse was lame and bruised all over. A bottle of Salvation Oil costing 25 cents was used; he is now valued at two hundred dollars.

THE FARM.

Some Farmers' Wives.

The mistress of the farm-house is often a greater drudge than the farmer. The routine of daily duty is more uniform and exacting; the confinement is more circumscribed, and naturally becomes more irksome. She is too often housekeeper, nurse, cook, governess, chambermaid, seamstress, dairy-woman, as well as the farmer's wife. Such a substitute for maid-of-all-work should be made of iron. The farmer is accustomed to work himself, though it is relieved by the ameliorations of pure air and free locomotion, and he fails to see the slavery to which his wife is doomed, because his mother was just such a slave. His ideas come by inheritance, and are fortified by personal experience. He might relieve her by relegating the dairy to the factory, by labor-saving appliances, by hiring more help, sometimes by doing a little of this domestic drudgery himself; but he doesn't think of it, and perhaps don't like to have one jog his memory. Under these toils and hardships, saying nothing of trials of disposition and tribulations of temper, is it a wonder that the farmer's wife is sometimes compelled to exchange her home of hardship for a hospital of mind diseased? These may be extreme cases, but they occur, and were it not for the wholesome influences of the country, would come to light with greater frequency. In view of such facts, which have excited much attention without exerting a sufficient influence, the need of respite from the strain of monotonous toil, upon the farm, must be apparent. Some form of vacation, short though it must be in summer, is evidently necessary. Some temporary change, frequent yet radical, of the tone and tenor of ordinary routine, is essential to the highest results of the work and the highest health and happiness of the worker.—*Cultivator.*

—The Prince of Wales has had a sale of his Shorthorn herd at Sandringham. There was a very large attendance, for his royal highness has gathered together a really first-class stock, and it was not at all difficult to obtain fair prices. Every animal offered for sale was bred on the estate of the Prince of Wales. The cattle are kept on two farms, Babloigley and Wolferton, Baby bulls having been used for breeding at the former and Booth at the latter. But at both farms Knightley blood has been used as a foundation. The higest figure reached was for Lady Blanche Rose, two years old, a daughter of Duke of Connaught well worthy of her descent. She was purchased by Lord Fitzhardinge at $1,150. The same noble man bought the successful show-yard animal, Wolferton Knight for $650. Several of the animals were bought to go to South America, but so far none have been announced as for the States. The 52 cows and heifers realized a total of $13,126 or an average of about $252. The total for the 17 bulls was $4,355, or an average of $256. The average for the entire herd was $256.

—In his report on commercial fertilizers State Chemist Wilson, of Pennsylvania, says: "Great care should be taken to return as large and manure to the fields, not allowing the liquid portion to drain off into the streams. A waste of two percent of the matter discharged by our live stock would represent all the phosphoric acid and thirty times all the potash sold in the State for fertilizing purposes, worth some two millions of dollars. The actual waste is more likely to reach ten or twenty million dollars annually." Every good farmer should make a note of this.

—A farmer should have a patch of raspberries. This fruit will give better satisfaction than any other. It will pay to transplant wild black raspberries where others cannot be obtained.

His Weekly Stipend.

Grandfather stood on the terrace looking down toward the front gate, through which came a small boy of ten. "Rushed" would be a better word, for Harry seldom had time to walk, and flew up the steps now at such a rate that grandfather stepped aside hastily, saying:

"What new, Harry, boy?"

"It's a new store, grandpa—a new store, with all sorts of things in it—everything we want—figs, and slate-pencils, and shoe-strings, and everything, and old Bob Field keeps it. I want mamma. Where is mamma?"

"Upstairs with baby; but, child, I don't want to turn a somersault down the front steps if there is a new store. Can't you go a little slower?"

"I didn't mean to run into you," Harry said, apologetically, "only I couldn't wait, I was in such a hurry." And he plunged up stairs at the same rate at which he nearly upset grandfather.

"Come gently, dear," said a voice from the window, "or I shall think I own a cannon-ball instead of a little boy. What is the hurry?"

"Only to tell you all about the store," and Harry planted his elbows on mamma's knees, and looked into her eyes.

"Where is it?"

"Close by the school-house mamma—that speck of a house, you know. Bob Field is going to live in the back room and have a store in the front, and he's got—O, everything! Mamma!"

"Well, Harry."

"I wish I had some money."

"What could you do with it?"

"O, spend it. I'd buy taffy, or something else, maybe. Why can't I have some pennies every week? Don't you know Charly Douglas does? Couldn't I have two?"

"That doesn't seem unreasonable for a beginning," said Mrs. Morrill. "Will you be contented with two, though?"

"Yes, indeed," Harry answered, beginning to jump up and down. "Because often I go a week and don't have one. Unless you meant to give me more," he added hastily. "I'd love to have three."

"Very well, you shall have three. You love to share everything too well to run any risk of making yourself sick with what is left. I'll give them to you now, only remember that it is only three a week, and that you must plan how to do the most with them."

"O you loveliest mamma!" Harry said, with a choking hug, and then ran down to tell grandfather of his good fortune.

Harry was a village boy, as you may have by this time guessed, sure that a city boy would never be so excited over a store of any sort. And a store in the village itself would have been nothing to think about. But lame Bob Field, who had not peddled molasses candy in the old school-house for nothing, knew what would come of settling near it, and that every spare penny owned by those small boys and girls would, sooner or later, find its way into his till. He chuckled quietly as he arranged his window, piling up the white peanuts, and making a star of figs and dates in the center. There were other things, too, which might be useful to the people who lived on the farms close by; needles and pins, and herrings and crackers, and so on, but Bob had spent almost all his capital on what the children would buy, sure that they would prove his best customers.

Harry, as it happened, was the first one, and after a good deal of thinking, decided upon a stick of wintergreen candy with which to treat Amy Wallice who lived next door to them. The stick seemed so small that he hesitated, and Bob said:

"Well? You want something else?"

"I'll take half a cent's worth of peanuts, and half a cent's worth of raisins," Harry said, putting the other penny at the very bottom of his pocket. It never would do to spend all this the first day.

"That ain't no way to trade," said Bob, "I don't want to do business that way."

"Then I'll have all peanuts," Harry said, so cheerfully that Bob changed his mind and counted out thirteen peanuts and four raisins.

"Just for once," he growled; "and don't you let on."

"No," Harry said, delighted, and running out to Amy, who was just coming down the road with her brother and Charley Douglas. Miss Brown tapped on the window, and all Harry could find time for then was to say in a loud whisper: "I'm a going to treat at recess."

Recess had never seemed longer in coming, and Harry found so many good things in his pocket very distracting, and almost wished he had waited until after school.

Thirteen peanuts could not divide evenly, and, having eaten the twelve, Amy and he spent the rest of recess in planting the thirteenth and bringing water from the spring to water it. Charley, in the meantime, indignant that he had not been shared with, watched his chance, and digging it up, ate it with great relish, which, as the peanut was a costly one and never could have grown anyway, was perhaps just as well.

Like other people before and since, as time went on, Harry found it difficult to live within his income. "Treating" was so pleasant, and three cents did so little toward it. Harry longed for more, but a way out one day came to him as he went with grandfather into the produce store.

"Charge it to my bill," said Mr. Burton, as he went out.

"Charge it," repeated Harry, climbing into the buggy. "You always say that, grandfather."

"Not always," said Mr. Burton, "for I pay the bill once a month. Charging means that he writes it in his book what I owe him for the stuff I buy. It is more convenient, because sometimes I have not the money with me; but it is generally best to pay as you go."

Harry sat quite still. Why should he not have a bill, and let Bob "charge it?" Grandfather often gave him pennies, and he could save them and pay all at once. He could do it the moment he got home. No, he couldn't, either. He'd try and tell mamma. It seemed then tell her.

Harry did not quite know when there was something not quite right when he was not willing to go at once to her, but kept still, thinking that he would call it a secret, and enjoy telling it after a while. So next morning he went into Bob's and looked about. Fresh dates, altogether too good to do without, were in the window, and he said at once:

"Five cents' worth o' dates, but," adding, as he took the sticky little bundle, "you may charge 'em. I haven't any pennies this morning."

Bob looked doubtful a moment. Then, sure that Mr. Burton would pay, said "All right," and Harry ran off.

That very evening Uncle John drove over from Cornish, and gave Harry a five-cent piece, and the small debtor, who had been a good deal worried during the day over his morning's work, went to bed happy. Bob was paid next day, and more dates bought, and then, seeing some fresh lemon drops, one cent over was charged on Bob's slate.

So it went on. The bill grew slowly but surely. Harry sometimes catching up, but oftener not, and hardly realizing how surely, till one morning Bob, with a very sober face, handed over a dirty slip of paper.

"What is it?" said Harry, uneasily.

"It's your bill, boy. High time you paid up."

"How much is it?" said Harry, faintly.

"Twenty-eight cents, and you'd better pay to-day, because I need all the money I can get in."

"Well, I'll pay you pretty soon," Harry said, slowly, but his heart sank within him as he turned away and walked down the road.

"He's a plucky oc'," said old Bob to himself, "He hain't a cent to his name, but he wouldn't let on if he was flogged to make him. I wonder what he'll do about it?"

Harry walked on till he came to the wood path, into which he turned, and went on till he came to an old log near a spring, over which grew a clump of alders. He sat down here and began to think. Twenty-eight cents! What would his mother say, and grandfather, too? How long would it take to pay at three cents a week? Harry thought it out slowly. Nine weeks and a little bit of another! Would old Bob wait, and what would Amy think if he stopped treating? The school-bell was ringing, but he could not go there. How was he to learn a spelling lesson or a table when over and over in his head, seeming to say itself, he heard:

"Twenty-eight cents! Twenty-eight cents!"

"I hate an allowance! I hate it!" Harry said passionately, throwing himself on the ground and beginning to cry. "I wish I hadn't ever had one! What shall I do? Oh dear, what shall I do?"

Down the wood-path came a tall figure, with hands clasped behind and bent head. It was Mr. Osgood, the village minister, who very often walked here, and who stopped now in surprise as the sound of sobs fell on his ear. He looked for a moment, then went on softly, sat down on the log and said, "Harry."

Harry sprang up with a cry. Then, seeing who it was, ran right into the kind arms he had known ever since his babyhood, and sobbed as if his heart would break. Mr. Osgood waited until he was quieter, then said, gently,

"Now, Harry, boy, what is it all about?"

"I hate my allowance. I don't want to have an income," began Harry incoherently. "I'm in debt awfully; I never can pay it, not till nine weeks and a day, and Bob'll put me in prison may be. What shall I do?"

Little by little the privately much-astonished Mr. Osgood heard the whole story, and, smiling in spite of himself as Harry looked up pitifully, said:

"There are two things to be done, it seems: First, to tell mamma; then to think of some way of earning money to pay the debt."

"Then you don't think Bob will want to put me in prison?" Harry said.

"Not at all. But you must pay him just as soon as possible, and I think I know a way. We will go now and see what mamma thinks of it. On the whole, Harry, I am rather glad you have had this trouble."

"Glad?" repeated Harry. "How could you be?"

"Because I think you will hardly want to run in debt to anybody again. To do it when you don't know of any way of paying is almost as bad as stealing, though I know very few people think so."

"Half an hour later Mrs. Morrill looked up in surprise as she saw Mr. Osgood and Harry coming up the steps. Harry told his story in a very low voice and with a very red face, while Mr. Osgood walked around the garden with grandfather, coming back when the confession was ended.

"I am very glad it is no worse," mamma said. "Earning money to pay the debt will be the only punishment you will need, and I shall be very glad if Mr. Osgood shows you a way."

"It's hard work, Harry. Back-breaking work, for my back, at least," Mr. Osgood said. "My little onion-bed is full of weeds, and if you can pull them all out you can earn your twenty-eight cents very honestly. Are you willing to come a little while every day till it is done?"

"I guess I am," Harry said, gratefully; "I'm glad I've got the chance."

So, for several days Harry went down, weeding a row each time. It was hot, hard, tiresome work, but he persevered, and in a week had finished the four long rows, fixed four times seven once for all in Harry's mind, and the afternoon when he walked home with twenty-eight bright pennies, jingling them all the way, was one of the proudest of his life.

"You have earned a great deal more than twenty-eight cents," said mamma, as she counted the shining pile. "Much more than you would understand if I told you now. Patience and perseverance and honor, more than I was sure my little boy had. Now you want to pay Bob, and then I think you will be happier than you have been for a long time."

Harry ran off, and burst into Bob's quarters with a sort of war-whoop which brought out the owner at once.

"Here's your money," said Harry, putting down the pennies with such energy that some rolled on the floor.

"Your ma gave it to you," said Bob, "or your grandfather maybe?"

"No, they didn't—I earned it," said Harry, and that was all Bob could ever make him tell. To Amy he confided all his troubles, and the fact that he should not do so much treating hereafter, and was greatly relieved when Amy declared that she should not mind one bit. So the trouble ended for that time, and if Harry was ever tempted to say "charge it" at any time, he remembered that half hour in the wood, and the long rows of onions, and marched away from temptation as rapidly as possible.—*Christian Advocate.*

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Inflammation, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who need it will be glad for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts., 50 cents, $1.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 3110, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

H. C. MARTIN & CO.
Portrait Artists.

PORTRAITS —IN— INDIA INK, WATER COLORS, CRAYON, OIL, &c.

DOPLED —FROM— ANY STYLE OF SMALL PICTURE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Studio—46 King Street. - - Saint John. N. B

ISAAC ERB'S
Photograph Rooms.
13 CHARLOTTE STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PANELS.....$5.00 per dozen
CABINETS.....4.00 " "
CARDS....$1.00 & 2.00 " "

FINEST IN THE CITY!

PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED

FOR SALE!

The subscriber, intending a change of business, now offers for sale his

Valuable Business Stand,

at Tremont, Kings Co., N. S., containing 13 acres of Choice Land with a good young orchard of 130 trees,—part bearing heavily, balance just commencing to bear,—all in good condition, bearing from 100 to 150 bbls. graft fruit per annum. On this property is a good House, Store, Wood-house 24 x 30, Cooper and Carpenter Shop in loft, a New Barn 36 x 40, all in good repair; a good spring of never failing water brought into house and to barn by wood and iron pipes. Excellent land for growing small fruit. Church and School within half mile.

—ALSO—

A FARM AT HARMONY, containing 46 acres of land, cutting from 8 to 10 tons of hay. On the same is a meadow, only part cleared; a nearly new house, all finished, outside of main house just being finished; a barn 26 x 36, lately fitted up; a good young orchard just beginning to bear; a good well of water in yard. School house and church adjoining.

—ALSO—

A MILL SITE, with 375 acres of timber land, Mill lately burned down. The dam and flume, only having top burned off, could be repaired at small expense. There are 2 good water wheels—1 iron and 1 wood and iron (wood burnt). Also, shafting and irons from burnt Mill, with 200 pine logs in pond.

Parties wanting either of the above properties will do well to call and see them, as all will be disposed of, if not by private sale by the middle of October, will be sold at Public Auction. Address

G. L. STRONACH,
36-43 TREMONT, KINGS CO., N. S.

READERS OF THIS PAPER
—REQUIRING—
BOOTS OR SHOES.
OF ANY DESCRIPTION
are invited to examine our stock which contains the most stylish lines of English and American Manufacturers.

WATERBURY & RISING,
34 King and 212 Union treet.

LONDON HOUSE
Wholesale.
Received since 1st June, 217 packages British Foreign, and Canadian Manufactured
DRY GOODS.
All orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will have, as usual, prompt and careful attention.
DANIEL & BOYD.

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC PERSON in every district to sell the most remarkable book of the age, entitled "Proposal and Espousal of Matrimony and Celibacy." It discusses rationally and philosophically the subjects of Love and Marriage, Modes of Proposal, Espousal and Betrothal, Marriage, Etiquette, Bachelors, Spinsters, Beauties, &c. This is a standard book, reliable, and taken with quickness. For particulars address INTERNATIONAL BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE, Toronto, Ontario. 37-1y

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. 41y. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Mill, Steamboat, Mining and Railroad Supplies.

Rubber and Leather Belting.

Our Machine Belting has carried a high reputation for durability and uniform quality. ☞ When in want, please send trial order. Disstin's Gang and Circular Saws, (Solid, Chisel Point, and Inserted Teeth.)

Rubber Hose, Steam Packings, Fire Hose a specialty, (either all Rubber or Jacket.)

Valve Rubber, Emery Wheels, Babbitt Metal, Lacing Leather, Steam Fittings, Iron Pipes.

OILS. Special quotations on Machinery Oils, (in Bbl. and Car lots) Lard, Olive, Castor, Sperm, Neatsfoot, Coal, Engine Cylinder, and West Virginia Oils; also Burning Oils. In addition to our stock of above goods we keep Rubber Goods of every conceivable kind.

☞ WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MCFEE, ALLWOOD & CO.,
68 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

J. E. FRASER,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

Orders may be left at GEO. A. KNODELL'S, Church St., or 53 Garden St., St. John, N. B.

FURNESS LINE.
BETWEEN
LONDON and ST. JOHN.
Under Contract with Canadian Government.

SAILINGS FROM LONDON.

ULUNDA,	1,669 Tons,	About SEPT.	4
DAMARA,	1,669 "	" SEPT.	15
ULUNDA,	1,669 "	" OCT.	16
DAMARA,	1,669 "	" OCT.	27

SAILINGS FROM ST. JOHN.

ULUNDA,	1,669 Tons,	About SEPT.	21
DAMARA,	1,669 "	" OCT.	2
ULUNDA,	1,669 "	" NOV.	2
DAMARA,	1,669 "	" NOV.	13

And Regularly Thereafter.

These are new Clyde-built Steamers, with superior accommodation for Passengers, and are finished throughout in the most modern style, with Saloons amidships, and large, airy State Rooms.

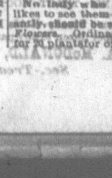
For Freight or Passage, apply to

S. SCHOFIELD,
Agent.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2000 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Voice and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ, English, Fine Arts, Oratory, Elocution, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, Military Drill, &c. Pupils may enter any time. Best and Cheapest Home for Young Ladies. Fall Term begins Sept. 16. Catalogue, with full information, sent free, address, E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

The GREAT CHURCH LIGHT



Established 1877.

Agents Wanted! Sectors for Gas or Oil, over the most powerful artificial Sunlight. Best light known. Cost but a trifle. Show Windows, Stores, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and Beautiful Designs. Send size of room, for circular and estimate. A Liberal Discount to the trade. Only Sunlight Burner in the world that can be used in these centrators. L. P. FARRAR, 151 Pearl St., N. Y.

Novelty, who delights in Flowers, and likes to see them dowell and look abundantly, should be without Simmons's *Food for Flowers.* Ordinary packages 30c., sufficient for a Plantator one year.