### Obedience to Christ.

BY REV. J. CLARK, ECTAUT.

If ye love Me, keep my commandments.—John xiv. 15.

How can I say, I love Thee, Lord!
Unless I love to do Thy will?
How can my thoughts with Thine accord,
If wrong desires are harbored still?

Can I forget what Thou hast done
To save my soul from sin and death?
The glorious victories Thou hast won
Should be proclaimed with every breath.

Through all my pilgrimage below
My tongue shall speak in praise of Thee;
But human language fails to show
How great has been Thy love to me.

What matchless grace Thy gifts display!
What wondrous love Thy words reveal!
Oh, let my life from day to day
Make known the sacred joy I feel.

Why should I shrink from any task
Which One so loving may assign?
It is but little thou dost ask,
And in the end the gain is mine.

Thy glories time and death defy;
Thy goodness ne'er can know eclipse;
No child of thine escapes thine eye,
No harsh commands can pass thy lips.

O might I learn the heavenly art
Of pleasing Thee as loved ones may!
How gladly would this hand and heart
Thy every word and wish obey!

Thy service cannot irksome be,
Since love constrains and grace requites;
While none but those who walk with Thee
Can reach the shining glory heights.

## Selected Serial.

# SHILOH:

OR,

## WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

### CHAPTER XXV.

AMONG THE BRYERS AND THORNES.

I set forth for the Bryer Farm in the dreamy hush of a warm summer afternoon. The breeze had swooned away in the tree-tops, and gave no sign of reviving life. The shade was not a "broad contiguity," but an irregular succession of dark, isolated patches in the arid and dusty highway. I was vain, therefore, to pause for a moment at the farm gateway and take breath while I reconnoitred the premises.

The house stood at a considerable distance from the road, in the midst of a verdant mosaic of meadow, orchard, and cornfield. Originally it had been of the better sort of farm-houses, and its white, expansive front must have been a pleasant sight seen through the green vista of a long avenue of maples and beeches, leading up to the vine-wreathed porch. But both the house and its surroundings had plainly fallen an easy prey to Time's omnivorous tooth. Its original white was merged into a dingy gray; its shingled roof and sides were loose, warped, and weather-gnawn; and the missing base of one of the pillars of the portico had been replaced by a rough section of a log with the bark still on. The avenue had become a grass-grown lane, through which a brown thread of foot-path went wandering in a vague, aimless way, and seemed to owe its final arrival at the cracked door-stone chiefly to the agency of some happy chance. This lane was bordered on one side by a row of scrubby quince trees; and the other by a long line of crumbling stumps, among which three or four gray, decrepit maples stood disconsolately, unable to close up their ranks over their fallen comrades, and waiting, dumb and lonely, for their own stroke of doom. The fences were either falling down or rudely patched; and the gate whereat I stood had the look of an exhausted sentinel keeping watch over the brief bivouac of a defeated, wasted, and flying army.

Houses often have as distinct and individual an expression as faces of men. In this one I soon discovered a quaint, curious resemblance to the only one of its inmates with whom I was tolerably well acquainted—Miss Caroline Bryer. Like that gaunt, antiquated virgin, with her air of decayed gentility, her manner of antique stateliness, and her cherished remembrances of bygone prosperity and distinction, the shabby old dwelling seemed to be inwardly pluming itself upon obsolete glories, and to be trying to keep itself alive upon the insufficient nutriment of aristocratic reminiscences.

I was somewhat dismayed to find, upon examination, that my choice of entrance upon the scene lay between climbing a stone wall and opening the aforesaid gate, designed, it would appear, for the admission of carts and waggons rather than for the use of the human species, and in such a dilapidated condition that it was probable it would fall to pieces at an unaccustomed and unskilful touch. But if there had ever been a smaller and more manageable one—as a certain irregularity in the stone wall seemed to indicate—it had vanished long ago, and left not a wrack behind. I was relieved from the dilemma, however, by the opportune appearance of the face and bust of Carrie Thorne, in the open upper half of the front door, looking, for the moment that she stood there, framed in vine-leaves and thrown out into strong relief from the dark background of the interior, as if some lovely ancestral portrait had descended from the walls and hurried to the threshold to bid me welcome. She waved her hand in token of speedy help, ran swiftly down the lane, wrought the incredible miracle of causing that crazy gate to revolve upon its rusty hinges without burying us both in its ruins, and led the way back to the house.

A very different picture now filled the doorway—the full length figure of Miss Bryer herself, clad in old-fashioned garments of rusty black, and with a general air of rustiness about her—rustiness of joints, of voice, of manner, of garb—in admirable keeping with the rusty old roof over her head. Yet let me not be understood to say one disrespectful word of the mild, stately, decayed gentlewoman, the story of whose life, if fully and rightly told, would put to the blush myriads of lives that are lovelier to outward view. Wealth and position slipped early from her grasp. Idiocy put its woeful mark upon the younger members of her family. Human love lingered for a moment at her side, and then passed on neglectful. Joy waved her a careless adieu; disappointment met her with a mocking salutation. Death made her motherless. Despair cast her down and trod her under foot. Then Duty came to her side, and whispered solemnly in her ear. Necessity raised her up, and sternly bade her move on. Care fastened its burden to her back. Quietly she gathered up the scattered fragments of her life and love, heaped them on the hearthstone of her heart, and kindled them into blaze and warmth for the narrow, stinted lives of her infirm, irritable, exacting father and her imbecile brother and sister. By that quiet fireside these poor paupers of existence find ever undisputed room, and steady, if not vivid, glow. We will trust that, while only intent upon their comfort, her own self-denying spirit fails not to catch some soft, reflected light, some healing warmth.

She gave me a characteristic greeting, kind without verging upon cordiality, ceremonious without being cold. Behind her stood the two half wits, one with a gaping, staring, vacant face, the other silly, simpering, shuffling, restless. Both were past youth; neither would ever seem really to be really old. Complete childishness of expression neutralized the effects of gray streaks in the hair and wrinkles creeping into her face. They were scarcely less children now, after the lapse of forty or fifty years, than when they first opened their eyes upon the earth. For them, neither sorrow, crime, care, or responsibility exists. Yet it goes far to vindicate the course of God's providence in this world, and to reconcile us to the ministry of griefs and trials, to feel that none of us, whatever our lack or our burden, would willingly change places with them.

It was evident that these irresponsible old children were kindly cared for; their garments were clean, though plain, their persons in perfect order. Miss Bryer introduced them with a slight wave of her hand, and a melancholy, deprecating tone of voice—"Betsy and Simeon, my poor sister and brother." Obviously, she was nervous about the impression they might produce upon a stranger, but she was too kind-hearted to rob them of their childish gratification in the sight of a new face, or to interrupt their settled habit of following her about the house, like her shadow.

Then she opened the door into a large dim parlour. "I am glad to see you in our poor old house, Miss Frost," she said, with a half sigh, as she placed me a chair—"it is not what it was once, neither are we—the house and the family have gone down hill together, but if you can put up with such entertainment as we can give you, you are very welcome. Sit down a bit; I suppose Eliza is expecting you to come right to her room; but you have had a warm walk in the sun, and you had better rest a little and cool yourself off before you go up."

"Cool yourself off before you go up"—"before you go up," repeated the two idiots, one after the other, in such manner as to give the exact effect of a double echo of Miss Bryer's words.

The unexpected iteration startled and confused me to such a degree that it was not until after the lapse of a moment or two that I bethought myself of the necessity of making my hostess some reply.

"Thank you," I said, struggling to seem unobservant and at ease; "I did find it rather warm walking in the sun, even for me, and I am accounted among my friends a sort of salamander."

"Count among my friends a sort of Sally Amanda"—"sort of Sally Amanda," echoed the half-wits, catching up my phrase, and inevitably travestying it; since it did not happen to come within the limited scope of their comprehension.

I gave an irrepressible start, and for a moment could not conceal my discomposure. It had not occurred to me that the idiots would find my sentences as available for repetition as their sister's.

Mrs. Bryer sighed heavily. "You must not mind it," she said, in a low voice; "they don't know any better."

Then she took up the broken thread of our talk. "I hope Mrs. Divine is quite well—and Mrs. Prescott and Alice. I told Eliza she ought to have invited Alice, too; but she said she never thought of it. The truth is, Eliza has not lived with us long—only a year or so—and she keeps herself so secluded that she has not found out who her neighbours are. But she begins to see that Carrie needs to go out more, and to have some society—the girl is getting listless and low-spirited; and I suppose," she added, betraying and inward consciousness that Mrs. Thorne's sudden overture to me stood somewhat in need of explanation," she thought she would like Carrie to get acquainted with you; I have often spoken about you to her; but if I had known about her invitation in time I should have seen that Alice was included in it. However, Eliza is apt to act out of her own head, without notice or warning."

"Out of her head, without notice or warning"—"out of her head without notice or warning," echoed the idiots, lugubriously.

I cast a glance at Carrie's Thorne's slender, girlish figure, waiting for me in the doorway, with an involuntary feeling of surprise that I should have been sought for as an associate for her. The next moment I sighed deeply: The disparity I knew well, was not so much outward as inward; not of years, but of feeling. To a surface-gaze, we might still seem well mated enough, as mating goes; but I felt in my heart that experience of life and sorrow had separated us by half a century.

Nevertheless, if it was for Carrie Thorne's sake that I was here, I would try not to defraud any reasonable anticipation. So I rose and went near to her, in token that I placed myself at her disposal.

She immediately conducted me up the crooked, oaken staircase to a large, front chamber furnished as a parlour, with considerable taste, and even an approach to elegance. Here sat a woman, with her sewing on her lap, whom, at the first glance, I took to be young; at the second (becoming aware of certain skilful devices of toilet, as well as of unmistakable maturity of expression), to be old; and it was not until the third, and a prolonged one, that I settled into the conviction that she was still in the border-land between youth and age—so far as years were concerned—but hopelessly gray and old and worn in some sort of bitter knowledge and experience. She rose and received me with an ease and self-possession that evinced considerable acquaintance with life and manners, and quietly explained that she had taken the liberty of sending for me because she believed that my father and her deceased husband were formerly friends, though finally separated by the chances and changes of life. She had even met Mr. Frost once herself, and the impression upon her memory was so pleasant that she desired to know his daughter; and as she never went out, on account of delicate health she had ventured to entrust Carrie with the duty of a preliminary call, and to ask me informally to tea. Her act being thus relieved of any doubtful character, and brought within the pale of social observance, she passed easily to other themes, showing in all some refinement, some cultivation, and a rare and ready tact that could make up for any deficiencies in either.

Still, I was conscious of some involuntary distrust of her from the very first. An unaccountable conviction that her claim to my father's acquaintance was not genuine took possession of my mind, and would not be dislodged, though she answered, or parried, all my questions with such consummate skill as to leave me no reasonable ground for the belief. Somehow, she had possessed herself of a tolerably correct her some of his early life, and the places where in it had been spent, and any inaccuracies were easily chargeable to a defective memory, or to the facility with which false impressions are given and received. I listened, assented outwardly, and inwardly disbelieved.

To be quite frank with you, the moral repulsion—or whatever it was—appeared to be mutual. At the moment of our meeting Mrs. Thorne's face expressed, for one swift instant, doubt, disappointment, and perplexity; the next, she had drawn on her mask of easy affability, and nothing but cordial interest and pleasure were thereafter suffered to peep from beneath it. Yet I was conscious, now and then, that a keen, furtive glance was resting upon and analysing me, though I never once succeeded in surprising it.

Carrie, meanwhile, had seated herself at a window, and was looking down the lane with an eager, expectant face. Suddenly, she started up, exclaimed, "O mother! Rick is coming!" and darted down the stairs. In another moment or two she was at the end of the lane, fulfilling her self-elected office of gate-opener. A handsome light carriage, drawn by a span of spirited horses, soon came through and stopped; the driver reached forth his hand to assist her to a seat at his side, and then drove up the lane in dashing style. In a few moments he entered the room, with his sister hanging on his arm, and was duly presented to me be his mother. Seeing how completely these two lives were absorbed in his, I looked at him with some feeble stir of interest.

But, to my surprise, I saw no new acquaintance in Frederick Thorne. Although his name, in the familiar form current in Shiloh, had failed to strike any chord of association, my first glance disclosed the fact that he was identical with a certain young "Mr. Thorne" whom I met last winter, but of whom I had known nothing, nor sought to know save that he was a student at —— College, and a classmate of the eldest son of the Kenmores, with whom he was spending the holiday vacation. They are near neighbours and intimate friends of my aunt, consequently I saw a good deal of him during his stay. In truth, I had to endure some little good-natured teasing on the score of the very open and boyish admiration wherewith he chose to honour me. I happened to be out when he made his final call, and Flora did more than justice, I suspected, to the keenness of his regret at being prevented from saying farewell in person; and so, having made but a faint and transient ripple on the surface of its flow, he passed out of my life and out of my memory as well.

Yet it was pleasant to meet him again, just now, and here. The sight of his open, handsome face was like a cheery window-gleam by night to a traveller over an unknown road. His delight at the unexpected meeting was so evident, too, and so frankly, yet courteously expressed, that it was impossible not to be grateful for it, and to share it in some degree.

Moreover, Rick Thorne could scarcely appear otherwise than to excellent advantage by the side of his mother. His countenance was so full of frankness, joyousness, and careless good-humour, while hers was so reserved, so cool, so concentrated. His manner was as frank as his face, only tempered by a fine, natural courtesy; hers, soft as velvet, yet somehow suggestive of claws underneath. Years of intercourse might not avail to sound all the deeps of her character; but a very short acquaintance would suffice to read him through and through—a sunny temper, an easy-going, generous, affectionate nature, a fine taste and some fancy, more capacity for emotion than thought—made to be somebody's spoiled darling all his life, and certain to do neither much harm nor much good in the world—in its essence a selfish character, but not necessarily in its developments—one that we feel instinctively was never made for life's sorrows, nor its storms, nor fitted to endure any of the forms of martyrdom which await those who have the strength and the will to enter into its conflicts, and fight its battles.

It is not a character that appears to advantage on paper, I know; but it has its charm, and possibly its value, in real life. Seen by the side of one so old in the world's strategies as Mrs. Thorne's, it could not be otherwise than delightful and refreshing. I gave myself up to the enjoyment of it with the more heartiness in order to escape from the other. Seeing this, Mrs. Thorne took up her work, and quietly exchanged the position of actor for that of spectator, in which she reminded me of a spider lying in wait for incautious flies.

Rick's talk was lively, unreserved, and careless, almost to boyishness. After the topics growing out of our last winter's acquaintance were exhausted, it ran much upon his personal tastes, pursuits, and exploits. He was especially eloquent about his drive up from Haventon, and expatiated at some length upon the excellent qualities of the "span" which had brought him. Mrs. Thorne heaved an involuntary sigh, and her brow showed a deep wrinkle. It did not escape her son's notice.

"You need not look so glum, mother," said he, frankly.

"I suppose I might have come up with one horse, but there's twice as much fun in driving two. And I didn't run in debt for it, this time. I won ten dollars in a bet last week; so, you see, I could afford to give myself a treat."

The frown on his mother's brow deepened, and she threw him a warning glance. I was amused to think how completely it was wasted. The character of her son was of the sort which would inevitably reveal itself.

Tea was shortly announced. It was served in the long, oak-ceiled kitchen, within the depths of whose capacious fireplace the handful of sticks which had boiled the tea-kettle still blazed fitfully. Yet so remote the fire, so wide the yawning, black throat of the chimney, and so free the draught across the table (standing between two open doors), that the flame seemed not to add one more fervid breath to the sultry summer afternoon. On the contrary, the old-fashioned fireplace, with its broad, uneven hearthstone, its smoke-blackened jams, its cavernous oven, its scoty back, its swinging crane, garnished with pot-hooks and trammels (on one of which the teakettle still simmered drowsily), its sturdy andirons, its gray bed of ashes, its ruddy coals, and its half-consumed sticks, falling apart and sending up alternate jets of smoke and flame, contributed an element of picturesqueness to the scene that I should have been sorry to miss.

The half-wits did not appear at the table—a banishment effected, doubtless, by the agency of Mrs. Thorne, though not without having left a grieved and doubtful shadow upon Miss Bryer's face. But an equally noticeable and disconcerting presence was not to be thus averted—that of Dr. Bryer, the master of the house. He was already seated at the right of the tea-tray, gaunt and grim—his naturally stern, harsh, and arrogant traits of countenance seeming to have been intensified by old age and infirmity, as in certain ancient portraits the fading of light and colour serves but to bring into greater prominence the severe, inflexible expression of the face, and to harmonise it more perfectly with the known character of the original. His garments were rusty, and carelessly put on, and a broad brimmed hat, with two or three turns of coarse twine around it, by way of band, deepened the shadow of his overhanging brow.

(To be Continued).

### Mr. Forsyth's Object-Lesson.

"Did you see Grace's tears at recess to-day, Bertha?"

"No; what caused them?"

"She was just behind you, and heard you allude to her father as he passed, saying, 'He drinks so much liquor that his daughter is obliged to wear one dress a whole term.'"

Bertha was not a cruel girl, but thoughtless and vain. She regretted more that Grace had heard her words, than that she had uttered them. She was a little piqued that one who was younger and so plainly dressed should be in advance of her in all her classes.

The term was near its close, and Bertha, who had taken pride in the changes of apparel she had been able to display, noticed that Grace had worn only a simple gingham all the while, which her careful mother laundried on Saturdays, that it might be neat and presentable.

Grace's father, Mr. Forsyth, possessed both genius and ability, but the year previous had been dismissed from a lucrative position on account of intemperance, and his income had since been so precarious that strictest economy was necessarily practised by the family. Grace, who loved her home, and was sensitive under the cause of the humiliation, felt Bertha's remark keenly. As the tears would come, she turned back to the school-room, and sought to forget it in her books, but the afternoon was long and trying to her. Hastening home, with as few words as possible with others, she flew to her little chamber, and in its retirement allowed her tears to flow unchecked.

Grace and her mother were both Christians, and had often prayed together for the husband's and father's salvation. Now, she bowed, and with "strong crying and tears" plead that the curse might be speedily removed, and her father saved. Simple, but oh, how earnest, was her prayer. Young as she was she fully realized that all their efforts would avail nothing unless the Divine arm interposed. As she arose, she felt a serenity of heart and an increased confidence that God would hear the united cries that had been offered so long. She often heard her mother say that God always had a time and a way in which to do His work, and that way and time were always the best. She felt now that she could pray and patiently wait His own time.

Seeking her mother's sympathy, she expressed her renewed faith, and related the incident which had driven her to seek God more earnestly. Her mother's faith had always been unfaltering, believing they would surely reap something, but neither knew how near the glad harvest was to them, or how bitterly the curse would still trail its blighting length for others.

That evening, as Mr. Forsyth entered the house, his wife's heart bounded with joy, his step was firm, and as her eyes met his, she saw they were clear. Sitting down beside her he said,—

"Mary, your prayers have been heard and answered at last. I have signed a pledge never to take intoxicating drinks again."

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, with a simple "Thank God" upon her lips, and tears of gladness streaming from her eyes. Grace could only put her arms about his neck, and sob in his ear, "Darling papa," and literally their tears of joy mingled together, as he sat with his arms about them. Presently he said,—

"While you are shedding tears of joy, others near are in bitter sorrow, for it was a sad object-lesson that finally opened my eyes to take the step I have. You know Charley Green; what a happy, good fellow, he appeared when sober? Well, he has been away a few days, and came home today with so much in his head that he could scarcely keep on his feet, and just as he was crossing the track, a little back near the curve, he stumbled and fell upon the rails, and before any one could reach him, the train dashed around, and there was no help. He breathed but a few time. I assisted in removing him to his home, and over that mangled body, my heart signed till death the total abstinence pledge."

"However dark the cloud,
Let Faith's eye pierce its gloom,
And follow wayward feet
With prayer, where'er they roam;
If faileth never,
Faith or endeavor,
Christ's love and thine will sometime bring
them home."

MRS. E. R. DUNBAR.

*Alfred, Me.*

—"Ah! you flatter me," lisped a dude to a pretty girl with whom he was conversing, "No I don't was the reply. "You couldn't be any flatter than you are now."

—"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir, a good deal thank you." "Ah! I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

—A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently he waits for dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

—No more touching compliment could be paid than that of the child who had overheard a conversation at the table on the qualities of a wife. As he stooped over to kiss his mother he remarked, "Mamma, when I get big I'm going to marry a lady just 'xactly like you."


# Worth Thinking Of.

## What Ayer's Cherry Pectoral does:—

It prevents the growth, to serious illness, of a dangerous class of diseases that begin as mere trivial ailments, and are too apt to be neglected as such.
It alleviates even the most desperate cases of pulmonary diseases, and affords to the patient a last and the only chance for restoration to health.
It breaks up a cold, and stops a cough more speedily, certainly, and thoroughly than any other medicine.
It spares mothers much painful anxiety about their children, and saves the little ones' lives.
It cures all lung and throat diseases that can be reached by human aid.

## How Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Does Such Good.

It expels the mucus from the throat and the air passages of the head, and cleanses the mucous membrane.
It allays inflammation, puts a stop to tickling in the throat and coughing, and enables the patient to rest.
It heals sore throat, reduces the swollen tonsils, and restores natural tone to the affected vocal cords.
It soothes to natural and refreshing slumber, during which Nature regains strength to conquer disease.
It clears out and heals diseased air cells in the lungs, and helps Nature to repair the waste made by the corrosion of pulmonary disease.
It puts a stop to the cankerous decay of Catarrh.

## Why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so Perfect a Medicine.

Because it is a scientifically ordered compound, of great potency, the product of years of study, observation, and experience in the treatment of throat and lung diseases.
Because it is prepared from the purest forms of the drugs employed in it, chemically combined by a process of such perfection and accuracy as would be unattainable, even by the most skillful pharmacist, dealing with small quantities.
Because it is not only the most effective medicine for the uses to which it is designed, but, owing to the enormous quantities in which it is made, is sold at so low a price that it is placed within the reach of every household.
Because it is an active curative agent, that must be taken by drops, as prescribed in the directions accompanying each bottle, and not a mere palliative syrup that may be swallowed by mouthfuls.

## Where Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Stands Before the World.

It is popularly known to be a medicine that has cured laryngeal, bronchial, and pulmonary affections where all others had failed.
It is a favorite household remedy to-day with people whose lives were saved by it, when they were young, a generation ago.
It has held the first place in popular estimation for nearly half a century in this country, and is more and more highly appreciated, year after year, both at home and abroad.
It evokes daily, from all over the world, expressions of gratitude for lives saved by its use.
It is everywhere recommended by reputable druggists, who know, from conversations with their patrons, and from their own experience, how almost magical are its effects for good.
It is regularly prescribed by many physicians of the best standing, and is recommended by Professors of Medical Colleges, to their students, as invaluable for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., [Analytical Chemists,] Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles for $5.

# BUY ONLY THE Genuine Bell Organ!

A MODEL OF BEAUTY and SWEET IN TONE.

OUR Designs are all NEW, and we employ only the best skilled labor. Before buying an Organ, *send for our Catalogue and get our Prices.*

W. BELL & CO., GUELPH, ONTARIO, and LONDON, ENGLAND.

W. H. JOHNSON, - Agent

121 and 123 HOLLIS STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

## ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Incorporated 1861.

*DIRECTORS:*

HON. C. N. SKINNER, Judge Probates, President
JAMES CHRISTIE, ESQ., K.D.... Vice-President
ALEXANDER DUFF, ESQ.... Managing Director
GILBERT MURDOCH, ESQ., Q. E.
WILLIAM CHRISTIE, ESQ., M. D.
DAVID A. SINCLAIR, ESQ., M. E.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold Securities, at reasonable rates.
Mortgages, City and Water Debentures purchased.
Money received on deposit at five per centum per annum. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly.
Debentures issued with Coupons, from one to five years, interest five per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.
Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years. Interest six per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.
FOR SALE: Capital Stock, and four years Stock, dividends on each payable half-yearly. Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1881, was four per cent., on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REED,
Secretary-Treasurer.

s.p.19 tf

## COOKING STOVES,

*Ranges, &c.*

The subscribers are showing a large assortment of above goods. Being of our

Own Manufacture,

we can offer rare inducements to cash purchasers.

J. HARRIS & Co.,
27 & 29 Water St.,
SAINT JOHN, - N. B

## MONT. McDONALD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law
Solicitor, &c
OFFICE:
No. 10 Barnhill's Building, Princess St.

*May 4th, 1885.*

## JOGGINS Round Coal!

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

FREE OF CARTAGE,

—FOR—

## $5.50 CASH!

per Chald; $6.50 if booked.

TELEPHONE.

and Coal, in net and chestnut sizes.

RILEY & MASTERS.

Bibles at 1-8 and Old Prices. Agents wanted. Send 1-2 the price of the Bible you want, and cents for postage, and receive the Bible, in return mail, postage paid. Address, Bible Department, Publishing House, Halifax, N. S.

## WHY SUFFER?

When such valuable remedies are within your reach.

### LIFE OF MAN BITTERS

Will cure most all diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, including the worst cases of Dropsy, and is certainly the best blood medicine known.

### INVIGORATING SYRUP

Cures Dyspepsia, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Worms, acts as a gentle Physic, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.

### ACADIAN LINIMENT

Cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Quinsy, Cuts and Pains of all kinds, as well as for other ailments on man and beast.

### NERVE OINTMENT

Is truly a household necessity, and is used externally and internally for the Lungs, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Cutaneous Eruptions of the Skin, and a hundred ailments flesh is heir to.

### VEGETABLE PLASTER

Cures Boils, Cuts, Cracked Hands and Lame Back; being put up in tin boxes it is one-third cheaper than those ready spread, besides being so much more useful.

### CERTAIN CHECK

Cures Cholera, Diarrhœa, and all like complaints in children and adults.

### EYE RELIEF

Cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Chilblains. Don't forget to try it for the latter this winter.

All the above preparations are manufactured by

C. Gates, Son & Co., Middleton, N. S., and may be relied on. Send for Pamphlets of Cures. Sold by all respectable Druggists and Dealers.

## 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 Chaloner.)

*Druggist and Seedsman,*

69 KING STREET, - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. ONLY $1.

BY MAIL, POST-PAID.

## KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged, and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work in this country for $1.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post-paid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers of which he refers.

The Science of Life should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all who read it.

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases, that have baffled the skill of all other physicians, solicited especially. Such treatment HEAL successfully without an instance of failure. THYSELF. Mention this paper. 27-1yr.