

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.
 Wait not till the little hands are at rest
 Ere you fill them full of flowers;
 Wait not for the crowning tapers
 To make sweet the last sad hours;
 But while in the busy household band
 Your darlings still need your guiding
 hand,
 O fill their lives with sweetness!
 Wait not till the little hearts are still
 For the loving look or praise;
 But while you gently chide a fault,
 The good deed kindly praise;
 The word you would speak beside the
 bier
 Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
 O fill young lives with sweetness!
 Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips
 To the rosy mouth we press,
 When our we one flies to her mother's
 arms.
 For love's tenderest caress!
 Let never a worldly babble keep
 Your heart from the joy each day should
 reap,
 Circling young lives with sweetness.
 Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy
 boys
 Give thanks for the fairy girls;
 With a dower of wealth like this home,
 Would you rills the earth for pearls!
 Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown,
 But daily shower life's blessings down,
 And fill young hearts with sweetness.
 Remember the homes where the light
 has fled,
 Where the rose has faded away,
 And the love that glows in youthful
 hearts,
 O cherish it while you may!
 And make your home a garden of flowers,
 Where joy shall bloom through child-
 hood's hours,
 And fill young hearts with sweetness.

THE HOME.

She Looketh Well to the Ways of Her Household.
 BY MARGUERITE.
 "Mamma, may I take the fire-shovel a little while? I have lost my shovel and I am in a hurry to finish my mud fort."
 "No, indeed, Dick, you would lose it or break it. And don't stand holding the door open; either go out or come in; you will get flies in. There, one has got in, now I must stop my sewing and drive it out." And with an impatient gesture Mrs. Alton rises from her sewing machine and seizing a towel gives such vigorous chase to the unhappy fly that he is soon exterminated. Then returning to her machine she goes on rapidly with her work of making shirt-waists for Dick, who has come into the room and thrown himself on the lounge.
 She stitches away nervously for a time, when chancing to raise her eyes she discovers the boy and cries, "Why, Dick Alton, take your feet from the lounge this moment; you are getting it dusty with your shoes. Go and get the brush and clean it off at once." And the settled frown between her brows grows deeper as she watches him going reluctantly about the task. This finished, he sits down at the table and begins turning the leaves of the album, but his mother's eye is still on him and she exclaims: "Shut that book immediately; the last time you looked at the pictures you left two finger-marks on the pages."
 "Well, what shall I do, mamma?" asks, turning a pair of beautiful brown eyes pleadingly upon her.
 "Oh, I don't know; do something nice and quiet."
 "I know," he cries, brightening. "I'll paste pictures into my scrap-book. I have lots of pretty ones that ought to be put in."
 "No, Dick, I can't have you do that. Nora has cleaned the kitchen and scoured the table, and I can't have paste and cuttings scattered about."
 The little boy flushes angrily, and with a bound between a sob and a snarl flings himself out of the room. His mother frowns at the noise, but seems relieved to be left alone, and hurries on with her work.
 After an hour of quiet, broken only by the whirr of the machine, the door is once more opened, and a fair girl of thirteen or fourteen enters, tastefully dressed in a fresh fall suit. She is extremely pretty, save for a frown so exactly the counterpart of her mother's that one wonders if it is an inherited feature.
 "I don't like my new suit any more, mamma," she says. "Kate and Bessie have new dresses, and theirs have four ruffles, and I am not going to wear mine any more unless you put on another ruffle."
 "Oh dear, what luck!" cried the mother fretfully. "I want you to be dressed as well as the other girls, but the seamstress is coming to-morrow to make you blue silk, and, as she can only give me two days, we must put all our time on that."
 "Can't you do it this evening, mamma?"
 "Perhaps so; this is the last of Dick's waists. But I am fearfully tired and I have a raging headache."
 "Well, I wish you would if you possibly can, for I shall wear my green dress if you don't; that is stylish if it is getting a little worn."
 "Now, Helen," said her mother, as the girl rises and takes up her music-book, "when you go into the parlor to practise, don't throw open the sash as you did yesterday; the sunlight will fade the carpet. I think you can see without more light."
 Mrs. Alton carries her anxious harassed look to the tea-table, and the shining diamond, costly necklace, and tempting wafers are not enough to banish it. "Oh, how tired I am!" she gasps the moment the blessing is finished.
 "You have been sewing too much," her husband replies. "Why not go to the Congregational Club with me this evening? It would rest you. Many ladies go with their husbands, and I think this exercise this evening will be particularly interesting, as Arnold's poem, 'The Light of Asia,' is the subject for discussion."
 "I have never read the poem and I should not be interested in the discussion. Besides, I shall be obliged to sew till midnight on Helen's gown."
 "Why not buy ready-made garments for the children? It would save your

strength and give you time for reading and going about with me."
 "Oh, those wretched ready-made things! Why, I should be ashamed if children dressed in them; they are never well made and they fit horribly. Besides, I prefer to select my own material."
 "Oh, shocking!" she cries a moment later, "here is a tick in this tunic. Nora is getting just too careless. There were as many as half a dozen flies in the kitchen when I went out there before tea, and Nora was ironing and singing some of her Irish nonsense as gayly as if there wasn't a fly on the premises. I made short work with them. I assure you, I only wish I had two pairs of hands. I would dispense with a servant girl and do things as they should be done."
 As soon as supper is over Dick is hurried off to bed to be out of the way, and his fervent, exhausted mother seated herself once more at the sewing-machine for the further adornment of Helen's gown. And so absorbed is she that she does not discover that, between the pages of her geography, Helen has concealed a worthless novel which she is eagerly devouring.
 Alas, mistaken mother! she looketh well indeed to the ways of her house, but for the heart-hunger of her house, hold she furnishes nothing but the "meat which perisheth."
 Let us look in upon Mrs. Alton's neighbor, Mrs. Bradley, who lives on the same street. The house is a shabby-looking paint as Mrs. Alton's, and the grounds, though larger, are not so fastidiously kept. The grass is trodden away around the swing and croquet ground, and the entire premises have the appearance of being constantly used and enjoyed.
 The simple sitting room is flooded with the yellow autumn sunshine, and in the south window bright flowers are blooming and three plump canaries trill and twitter in a gilded cage. The room seems filled with books. They line the walls and crowd the table and are scattered about the carpet. The piano stands open with cheerful music lying about. Three boys between the ages of six and fourteen are comfortably disposed around the room; the two older ones reading, the youngest engaged in building a wonderful structure with his blocks, while their mother sits in a low rocking chair by the window absorbed in a late magazine.
 Presently Ralph springs to his feet exclaiming, "Let's have a game of croquet," and then arises a host of voices shouting "Mamma, for my party!" Mrs. Bradley rises with no apparent regret because of the interruption in her reading, and looking fondly at the bright, eager faces, says, "I have forgotten whose partner I was last time, so I will play with Neddy, because he is my baby, you know."
 The matter having been thus amicably arranged, they proceed to the croquet-ground and are engaged in a spirited game when Mrs. Bradley appears accompanied by a stranger.
 "This," he says, presenting him, "is my college chum, Fred Thorpe, whom I have not met for ten years. Happily he is now in your party, and it is a great pleasure to me to see him again. Mrs. Bradley's welcome is none the less hearty and sincere because of her knowledge that, being a washing day, there will be no cake for tea. When it is time to set the table she steps for a moment into the kitchen and says, "Mary, you may put on a fresh cloth and an extra napkin, as we have company to tea."
 When they gather about the cheerful table there are no apologies for the missing cake, and it is doubtful if the guest notices that anything is lacking.
 The table-talk touches upon literature, science, and theology, and Mrs. Bradley is an interested listener and intelligent participant. After tea Mrs. Bradley accompanies her friends to the train and Mrs. Bradley goes up stairs with the two younger boys. Holding one on each knee, she listens to the story of the day, laughing with them over their fun and chiding Ralph gently and lovingly when he confesses to having been unkind to Neddy while playing soldiers. Then she tells them a bright story with a wholesome little moral, and, after hearing their prayers, leaves them to pleasant dreams.
 Descending to the sitting room, where Frank is busy with his Latin lesson, she turns once more to her neglected story, thinking to finish it before bed-time, but hardly has she joined the broken thread of incident when Frank breaks the silence, saying, "Mother, I wish you would help me with my Nepos lesson; I am stuck on the chapter on Aristides."
 She seats herself beside him, and soon both are so absorbed that they read beyond the paragraph assigned for the morning's lesson, on to the end of the chapter. "Hurrah!" shouts Frank, with a look at the paring of "I am all right for the rest of the week. It is so much pleasanter to study when you read with me. How have you managed to keep up your Latin all these years?"
 "I have tried to read a little each day. I don't want my boys to get too far ahead of me."
 "No danger I guess," laughs Frank, as he kisses her good night.
 "Dear boy," murmurs his mother, as she listens to his retreating footsteps, and her heart swells with joy that she is still her boy's most intimate friend, and she breathes an earnest prayer to heaven for wisdom and strength her "calling to fulfill."
 Happy is that home where the mother comprehends that her first, great duty, her heavenly-appointed work, is to minister to the vital needs of her dear children, even at the expense of her housekeeping and faultless apparel.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

THE FARM.

Nothing seems to irritate bees more than the breath, unless it be the jarring of their hive. If anybody doubts this, let them go to a hive in a room at night, opening it in July or August, when the bees are thickly clustered on the outside of the hive, and quickly breathe on them, keeping the face a foot or more away from them. Upon such a provocation, each bee will buzz the wings and thrust out the tongue, while the many stuck hands will feel the cluster into an angry throng, rising and flying about the hive ready to sting anything which is near. It cannot be too deeply impressed upon

the beginner that both this and jarring the hive should be studiously avoided.
 A HINT TO CABBAGE GROWERS.—As cabbages increase in growth by the heading process, there is a tendency sometimes to split open, which very greatly diminishes the value of the head. As a remedy, Mr. J. J. Gregory, the noted market gardener and seedsman of Marblehead, Mass., recommends going over the ground and starting the cabbages that appear to be nearly mature, tipping them to one side. He says this tends to increase the size of the cabbage heads and prevents their bursting. It is certainly a very simple operation and one well worth of trial.
 KEROSENE FOR LICH ON FOWLS.—Fanny Field, the wide-awake poultry expert, says that some folks, who don't know whereof they write, are always condemning the use of clear kerosene for lice, or for scaly legs on fowls—say it is "too powerful" and all that. Such stuff always makes her feel like killing the editors who publish it and sentencing the writers to imprisonment for life. She adds that she has used kerosene on adult fowls for years, and never seen any ill effects therefrom. Has applied kerosene (such as is used for lamps and about fowls) to her own face, hands, arms, and neck, and it did not "burn," or make the face sore, or cause any uncomfortable feeling—except that she did not like the smell.
 Though haymaking is important, the care of the meadow is equally if not more so. It is best to seed with fall crops, at the time of sowing or in the ensuing spring. Do not pasture much, and if the meadow is seeded to timothy, alfalfa, or clover, the meadow will soon "run out." Pasturing will cause June grass to start, and there will soon be no timothy. I know of meadows ten or twelve years old that yielded from one-and-a-half to two tons per acre last year. They were never pastured, last spring were harrowed, and were thin, and new seed was sown. Every two or three years a quantity of phosphate was sown, at the rate of a few dollars' worth per acre. This enriches the land and gives a good growth to the grass. If the fall cutting is done, it will be quite a growth after that. In spring, when this autumn growth dried, it is burnt over. This warms the ground and gets rid of the old, dead grass, which would otherwise be raked up and spoil the sale of the hay.
 Colonel Fellows's Enemy.
 The other day I sat down to dinner in the Galt House, at Louisville. Next to me sat a gentleman whom, at first sight, I thought I knew. The second look, and his own glance of recognition at me, showed me that I was mistaken. After a few moments I saw why it was that I thought I recognized him. He bore a singular likeness to the cartoons of Mr. John R. Fellows, the District Attorney of New York, the man who defeated Larceny Nicholl, and the man about whom President Cleveland wrote a letter of recommendation, as it were. Fellow's picture had appeared at the time in many of the comic papers, and my neighbor at the dinner-table bore a great resemblance to the cartoons. At last I said:
 "Do you know that you look very much like John R. Fellows of New York?"
 "Yes," he answered. "I have often been taken for him. Do you know him?"
 "No, I do not; but I have seen a great many pictures of him in the papers. Do you know him?"
 "I am slightly acquainted with him, I regret to say."
 "Then he is not a friend of yours?"
 "On the contrary, an enemy."
 "Well, it must be rather embarrassing to look like a person's worst enemy."
 "Oh, I don't know that Fellows is my worst enemy. Although perhaps he is."
 "Then I imagine you didn't vote for him on the occasion of that memorable struggle?"
 "No, sir; I did not. Still I saw no fault with him, and in a sort of 'saw-off' between Fellows and myself."
 "Well, I would have gone further. I would have voted for Nicoll. My sympathies were with him in the contest."
 "Then you are not a New York man?"
 "No, I'm from Detroit."
 "Ah! I did not think a local election would have had any interest so far west."
 "Far west? Yes, you, Detroit is not far west. Detroit is an eastern city. It has the stability of the East with the enterprise of the West."
 "Oh, it is. What is Nicoll doing now?"
 "I believe he is practising law. He is a good lawyer."
 "I should think you would have been sorry you did not vote for him, when you may have felt that was the right thing to do."
 "Well, none of us do as we should, you know. Besides, a person seems to see these things clearer after they are over than he does at the time. Anyhow, it would not have made any difference with the result."
 "That's so. By the way, what sort of a District-Attorney is Fellows making? How does the average man regard him?"
 "Well, it's like this. Fellows is very much liked by the rest of us. He is neither as good as his friends try to make him out, nor is he as bad as you or I might think him to be. In a word, he's human. He likes his friends, and tries to give his enemies as good as they send."
 "I suppose you know him."
 "Well, I ought to. Fellows has done me a good deal of harm in his time, and yet I will say this for him, that if I wanted a dollar I don't know of any man who would let me have it quicker than John R. Fellows."
 "I don't wonder a man like that is popular."
 "That's the sort of a man he is. Now, he knows very well what I think of him, yet he would just as soon take a drink with me as with you."
 The stranger and myself then talked on other subjects till the train was to be a very well informed man and a most fascinating talker. He was, in fact, one of the most genial men I ever met.
 The next day I was paralyzed to read the following item in the Courier-Journal:
 "John R. Fellows, the District-Attorney of New York City, passed through Louisville yesterday on his way East. He stopped at the Galt House, and left on the 11 and N. train at midnight."
 Detroit Free Press.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE Scott's Emulsion
 of Cod Liver Oil WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.
 It is Palatable as Milk.
 It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
 It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
 It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
 It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
 It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrophulous Eruptions, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.
 Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.
 BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED.
 SUMMER SAILINGS.
 ON and after 1st JUNE, the CITY OF MONTEBELLO will sail from the Company's Wharf, Reed's Point, on:
 Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
 7.45 a.m. local for HIGHLY and ANAPOLIS. Returning same days and due here at 4 p.m. Excursion tickets will be issued on SATURDAYS at St. John's, highly and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare. Tourists and Invalids who desire to go and return to return same day, will be entitled to return tickets free, on application at the Purser's Office.
 H. D. THOMP, Manager.
 Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 5th June, 1888.
BOVINE LIQUID FOOD.
 The rapidity with which LIQUID FOOD is absorbed by the stomach, by which organ it is disposed of without requiring the aid of the intestines, renders it peculiarly adaptable to cases of Cholera Infantum, Diphtheria, Scarlet and Typhoid Fever, and kindred diseases, where it is most essential to sustain the patient's strength through the crisis of the disease.
 It is retained by the weakest stomach, and builds up the system with wonderful rapidity.
IN DIPHTHERIA.
 GIBSON, N. B. I have used your food with splendid results in cases of great prostration following attacks of Typhoid and other Fevers. I have now under treatment one of the worst forms of Diphtheria in a young woman who is taking prescribed doses of BOVINE LIQUID FOOD. She is improving, and will ultimately recover. I have tried LIQUID FOOD six or seven cases of Diphtheria previous to this during last month, with good results in every case.
 J. H. GIBSON, M. D.
BOVINE LIQUID FOOD
 Is retained by the most irritable stomachs. It is the only nutriment that will permanently cure Nervous Prostration and Debility.
 Creates New, Rich Blood faster than any other preparation. It is daily saving life in cases of Consumption, Typhoid and Relapsing Fever, Diphtheria, Bright's Disease, Pneumonia, and all diseases of children.
IN WASTING DISEASES.
 YARMOUTH, N. S., Jan. 25, 1888. Gentlemen—My experience with BOVINE LIQUID FOOD as a nourishing stimulant for convalescents leads me to speak highly of it. It is especially useful in cases of recovering from fever, and wasting diseases generally. Yours, etc., L. M. LOVETT, M. D.
BOVINE LIQUID FOOD.
 6 oz. Bottle 60c. 12 oz. Bottle \$1.00.
J. L. SHARPE, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.
 DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, SPECTACLES, &c., &c.
 Special attention paid to repairing Fine Watches
 42 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.
 Selling off entire Stock Come and get bargains!
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED FOR IT. It is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.
 OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SYDNER, DRUGGIST, 42 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 8, 1887.
 DR. R. J. KENDALL CO., 42 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
 Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I find it superior to any other spavin cure I have used of the best ingredients on earth. I have used it on my stable horses for years. I have used it on my stable horses for years. Yours truly, CHAR. A. SYDNER.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 BOWLING, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
 Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints, and Sprains, and have found it to be a truly valuable remedy in all instances.
 Yours truly, A. H. GIBNEY, Manager Troy Laundry Stable.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 BAIT WINDY COURT, ONT. Dec. 13, 1888.
 DR. R. J. KENDALL CO.
 Dear Sir: I have the duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured several horses afflicted with Big Head and Sprains, and I have followed the directions I have sent you in every case.
 Yours truly, ANDREW TEEB, Horse Doctor.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
 Price 25¢ per bottle, or six bottles for \$1. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent you by mail. Write for circular and testimonials. DR. R. J. KENDALL CO., Ensbrough Falls, N. B. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
SUMMER HOMES BY THE SOUNDING SEA.
 The sounding C on one of Ditson Company's famous Gut-tars, Banjos, Mandolins is always in unison with the restful pleasure of summer days in summer pleasant places. Don't go to a musicless home. Take with you one of our light, portable music instruments. Reasonable and most enjoyable music books are:
 Higgs Songs (30 cts.) 120 songs.
 College Songs for Banjo (\$1.00) Guitar (\$1.00).
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 Popular Song Collection (50¢) 70 good songs.
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 Also music in quantity and variety for all instruments. Send for catalogues, free. Any Book or Piece mailed for Retail Price.
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 '89. Summer Arrangement, '89.
 ON and after MONDAY, 10th JUNE, 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—
 Trains will leave Saint John:
 Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7:00
 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11:30
 Fast Express for Halifax, 12:00
 Express for Sussex, 12:30
 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12:35
 A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8:30, leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10:35, and take sleeping car at Moncton.
 Trains will arrive at Saint John:
 Express from Sussex, 8:30
 Fast express from Montreal & Quebec, 10:30
 Fast express from Halifax, 14:00
 Day express from Halifax & Campbellton, 20:10
 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Montserrat, 23:30
 The Trains of the Intercolonial Railway for and from Montreal are hauled by electrically heated by steam from the locomotive. All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
 D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.
 Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 5th June, 1888.
BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED.
 SUMMER SAILINGS.
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 H. D. THOMP, Manager.
 Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 5th June, 1888.
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 Thoroughly taught by mail or personally at the Institute. SITUATIONS procured. Pupils, STEVENSHAMBERS furnished business men. TYPE-WRITING instruction and practice on all the standard machines. Shorthand and Typewriting Supplies. Send for Circulars. Address, Shorthand Institute, St. John, N. B.
 DID YOU Secure one of the PRIZES offered for the Wrappers of Woodill's German Baking Powder? IF NOT If you do not capture the \$5 you must BLAME YOURSELF. W. M. D. PEARMAN, Halifax, N. S.
 At A. P. SHAND & CO.'S YOU CAN PURCHASE THE Finest Shoes FOR THE LOWEST PRICES. WESBORN
 THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN. THE BEST DIET FOR INVALIDS AND OLD PEOPLE. FOUR SIZES 35 50 1.25 1.75
 SHARP'S BALSAM FOR CROUP AND WHOOPING COUGHS & COLDS. SHARP'S Cough & Croup Balsam Of Horehound and Anise Seed. For Coughs and Croup, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, Diphtheria, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Whooping Cough, Tickling or Inflammation of the Throat. It is Instant Relief in cases of Croup.
 This extraordinary medicine was got up by Prof. John G. Sharp, of St. John, N. B. a Pharmaceutical Chemist, over fifty years ago, and has been and now is the leading article throughout the Province of New Brunswick for the above diseases. Manufactured by CONNOR & DINSMORE, St. John, N. B. T. B. BARKER & SONS, St. John, N. B., Wholesale Agents.
 READ THIS. ASK YOUR MERCHANTS FOR YARMOUTH WOOLLEN MILL TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c. They will give you satisfaction both in appearance and wear, being manufactured of all Pure Wool stock.
HALEY BROS. & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Doors, Sashes, Blinds, &c. A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Liberal discounts to Wholesale trade. 11 TO 17 MAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NEW GOODS IN GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.
 27 King Street.
 NEW Low Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Madras Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Braces, Bag Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Men's Shirts and Handkerchiefs.
IN STOCK:
 ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS, in the latest styles; and the "Doric" (Upper, Turn Down, and "The Swell") Paper Standing COLLAR.
 Manchester, Robertson & Allison.
GOOD NEWS.
 KIRKPATRICK is still at the old stand, No. 7 KING STREET, giving the people the full value of their money in CLOTHING. We keep all sizes and quantities of Men's and Boys' Clothing at lowest prices in St. John. We also make CLOTHING TO ORDER. Special discounts made to large and varied stock.
 Department of Italian Affairs. Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.
100 MEN WANTED
 To canvass for a full line of HARRY CANADIAN NURSERY STOCK. House, aged, steady Men, 25 years of age and over, can find study work for the next twelve months. No experience needed. Full instructions given. We engage on SALARY and pay expenses on commission. Address (stating age and enclosing photo) STONE & WELLINGTON, Montreal, Que. J. W. BEALL, Manager. Noreston, Fourth lot. Established 1842. 65 Ave. the largest nurseries in Canada.
LAMP GOODS.
 Chandeliers, Brackets, Library, Student, Table and Hand Lamps; Burners, Chimneys, Shades, Globes, Lanterns, Oil and Spirit Stoves, &c.
 For Sale by J. R. CAMERON, 94 Prigue Wm. Street.
J. F. ESTABROOK & SON, COMMISSION AGENTS FOR All kinds of Country Produce. Also, Receivers of FOREIGN FRUIT. No. 18 North Market St., ST. JOHN, N. B. Consignments Solicited. Returns prompt. J. F. ESTABROOK. W. M. G. ESTABROOK
BRIGHT Barbadoes Molasses! 45 HHDS.
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