

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. RS. SMITH & BRIDGES, (Graduates of Edinburgh University), STEVENS' BLOCK, MAIN ST., MONCTON, N. B.

D. R. G. E. DEWITT, Graduate of Harvard Med. College and the N. Y. Polytechnic, 58 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

A. M. PERRIN, M. D., UNIV., NEW YORK, Office: Main Street, YARMOUTH, N. S.

DENTISTRY, F. W. RYAN, D. D. S., GERRISH BLOCK, WINESOR, N. S.

W. P. B. DONNELL, D. D. S., DENTAL ROOMS, 22 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. C. HARDING, D. D. S., Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, MAIN STREET, YARMOUTH, N. S.

D. R. DELANEY, DENTIST, HALIFAX, N. S. OFFICE—57 HOLLIS STREET, 2 Doors South Salter.

C. W. BRADLEY, DENTIST, MONCTON, N. B. Office Cor. Main & Botsford Sts.

JAS. C. MOODY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher, Office and Residence, corner Gerrish and Grey Streets, WINDSOR, N. S.

D. R. LANGILLE, DENTIST, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, TRURO, N. S.

EATON, PARSONS & BECK WITH BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c., 55 BEDFORD ROW, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

KING & BARRS, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c., HALIFAX, N. S.

HERBERT W. MOORE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Equity, Conveyancer, &c., OFFICES: Room No. 7 PUGBLYE BUILDING, Prince William Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MONT. McDONALD, BARRISTER, &c., PRINCESS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

JOHN H. McROBBIE, Wholesale Shoes, Shoe Findings, Leather and Uppers, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Send for prices.

JAMES ROSS, PHOTO STUDIO, HALIFAX, N. S. 161 BARRINGTON STREET, Opp. Grand Parade. Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

CHIPMAN'S PATENT IS ONE OF THE Best Family Flours made in Canada Ask your grocer to get it for you, if he won't send direct to J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Head Central Wharf, HALIFAX, N. S.

Marble, Freestone, and Granite Works, WALKER & PAGE, A. J. WALKER & CO. TRURO, N. S. KENTVILLE, N. S. All work done first-class.

THOMAS L. HAY, DEALER IN HIDES and CALF SKINS, and SHEEP SKINS, STORE ROOMS—15 SIDNEY STREET, Where Hides and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold. Residence—41 Paddock St., St. John.

SHORTHAND Thoroughly taught by mail or personally at this Institute. SITUATIONS procured for competent pupils. STENOGRAPHY furnished business men. TYPE-WRITING instructed and practice on all the standard machines. Shorthand and Typewriting Supplies. Send for Circulars. Address, Shorthand Institute, St. John, N. B.

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Fourth Quarter.

Lesson IV. October 21. Ps. 32: 1-11.

SIN, FORGIVENESS AND PEACE.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. 5: 1.

EXPLANATORY.

"THE PSALMS.—(1) The Book of Psalms is the Hebrew Hymn-book for the worship of God in song. (2) The volumes are divided into five books, ending with the 41st, the 72d, the 89th, 106th, and 150th Psalm.

I. DAVID'S SIN.—The great crime of David's life is recorded in 2 Sam. 11. It was a double crime, consisting of the two most heinous wrongs one person can commit against another, adultery and murder. Moreover, it was a sin against God amounting almost to treason (2 Sam. 12: 9, 10).

THE STARS. (1) Increasing luxury and self-indulgence, as sending Joab with his army instead of going himself (2 Sam. 10: 1-7). (2) Great popularity and success. (3) David parleyed with temptation. THE GUILT.—There is no apology for David's sin. It was a sin against light. He knew the commandments; he had received great spiritual enlightenment and noble impulses. He himself never apologizes for his sin. He was a man of very strong passions, a soldier, and an Oriental monarch having despotic power; no other kind of his time would have felt any compunction for having acted as he did. WHY RECORDED.—(1) The Bible would give a true picture of its saints. The book of truth must be true in its history. (2) The record brings hope and comfort to true penitents in all ages. (3) The record shows us a way out of sin into a holier and better life."

an sorry David sinned; but I am glad that, having sinned, his sin is recorded. II. THE FAITHFUL PROMISES WERE KEPT.—See 2 Sam. 12: 1-15. The Lord allowed David to go on in apparent peace for a year or more. His conscience knew no peace. When silent influences had prepared the way, then God sent his faithful prophet, Nathan. Nathan showed David the consequences of his sin. His child should die, and trouble and disaster come upon him from his own household.

III. DAVID'S REPENTANCE AND CONFESION.—See Ps. 51; 2 Sam. 12: 15-25. The boy was taken sick, and the prophet left, and David fasted and prayed, lying upon the earth for seven days, when the child died.

THE REPENTANCE.—One great object of punishment is to compel men to see the terrible nature of their sin. The proof of David's sincerity, that he was not merely sorry for the consequences, but repented of the sin, is shown by his forsaking that sin and hating all its effects, and by his efforts to remove the evil effects of his wrong. THE CONFESSION.—The 51st Psalm was David's public confession to both God and man. Confession should always be to those whom the sin has injured, and should be as widely known as the sin. The king on his throne publicly acknowledges his sin before his subjects, and the temple services required with his confession. No one else David's character unless he places the repentance beside the sin. THE CONSEQUENCES.—David's repentance led to many beneficial results, as we shall see, but it could not remove all the consequences of his sin. Still the greatest evil consequences averted by repentance, and all worked out good for David's soul (see under ver. 1, 2).

IV. DAVID'S SONG OF FORGIVENESS AND PEACE.—Ps. 32: 1-11. The title, *Maskil*, means, probably, a choice song. This is the second of the "Seven Penitential Psalms."

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THOSE FORGIVEN. 1. *Blessed*. The word here, as in Ps. 1: 1, is in the plural. *Oh the blessedness of him whose, etc.*, to denote the most supreme and perfect blessedness. *Forgiveness* . . . covered . . . *imputeth not*. Here is a three-fold blessing, forgiveness viewed from three standpoints. The Trinity of sin is overcome by the Trinity of heaven.

1. FORGIVEN. Literally, taken away, lightened of the burden of sin. So Ex. 34: 7; John 1: 29. 11. COVERED. Hidden from sight of God, and blotted out of the book of God's remembrance. If we cover them, there is no blessedness; but if God covers them, they are hid forever. III. NOT IMPUTED. Not reckoned against him as debts are in the creditor's book, to be collected in due time.

2. In whose spirit there is no guile. No falseness, that is, either to himself or to God.

THE BLESSEDNESS EXEMPLIFIED IN DAVID'S OWN EXPERIENCE. 3. *When I kept silence*. Sought to conceal my sin, and was ashamed to confess it even to God. This experience lasted for a year or so. *My bones waxed (grew) old*. Became decayed, weakened, painful, as in old age. We here learn that the long interval between the seduction of Bathsheba and the mission of Nathan was passed in bitter struggles of conscience, not without severe prostration of bodily powers.—*Cook*. *Through my roaring*. It denotes the loud and bitter outcry of one in the extremity of suffering, like the outcries of a wild animal caught in a trap.

4. *My hand was heavy upon me*. God's hand, i. e., his power, influence, was in these sufferings. God loves men too well to let them go in sin without feeling the bitter effects—which tend to make them forsake it. *My moisture, etc.* The figure is taken from a tree whose sap is dried up, or a field whose verdure is buried up by a drought.

5. *I acknowledged my sin*. We have seen above how the bitterness of concealment and the reproof of the prophet led David to take this step. *My iniquity, etc.* *Iniquity*, the three forms of sin mentioned in ver. 1, 2. *Acknowledged* . . . *not hid* . . . *confess*. The three words expressing the completeness and thoroughness of the confession. Nothing was withheld. *And thou forgavest*. See on ver. 1, 2. God loves to forgive, and he will forgive as soon as the sinner comes to that state of

mind when forgiveness will do good to him, and at least not injure others.

6. *For this*. Because God has proved his love and readiness to forgive in David's case. "Where one man finds golden nuggets, others feel inclined to dig." *The guilty*. Those inclined toward God, religiously disposed. *In a time when thou mayest be found*. At the right time for finding thee; an allusion to the interval between the sin and punishment. There is "too late" a time when God cannot be found (Prov. 1: 24-32), but the difficulty lies in the sinner himself. *They shall not come nigh unto him*. That is, the waters shall not reach him. Because he is too far above them, in some safe shelter. *God's forgiving love, shown to us in Jesus Christ, is his safety and defence.*

7. *Thou art my hiding place*. Where the floods of trouble cannot find him. *Thou shalt preserve me from trouble*. How? In two ways. (1) My troubles shall be kept away from me, such as God's indignation against sin. (2) He shall be victorious over all other troubles; they may assail him, but he will grow stronger and better by means of them. *Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance*. As he was besieged on every side with troubles, so on every side there would be victories and songs to celebrate them.

THE INFLUENCE OF DAVID'S EXPERIENCE UPON OTHERS. 8. I. (i. e., David) will instruct thee and teach thee. By means of his own experience of sin and joyful deliverance.

9. The counsel promised in the previous verse is here given. *Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule*. Irrational animals who are guided by force and not by reason.

10. *Many sorrows shall be to the wicked*; and he cannot escape them or gain the victory over them so long as he remains wicked. *But he that trusteth in the Lord* receives mercy, because faith or trust implies that he has forsaken and confessed his sin, hates it. *Mercy shall compass him about*. Mercy is around him on all sides, as the circumference of a sphere is about the centre; so that in no direction can harm come to him.

11. *Be glad in the Lord*. It follows that the righteous have abundant cause for exultation, not in themselves, but in Jehovah. Who shall say that religion makes good people unhappy and dull.

How She Helped Him. BY EUGENE DENLAP.

"Well, tell me about Henry Woodford. How did that match turn out?"

"Bad enough for far. He is the same delightful, good-hearted fellow, as of old; always ready to do a kind or courteous act. But this woman will be the ruin of him."

"How? What is the trouble?"

"The trouble is, she fancies herself an invalid, lies around, does nothing but read Charlotte Bræmë and Bertha M. Clay—has every foolish whim gratified, and, in fact, I don't see how he stands it."

"Did she have any property?"

"Not a cent. It was an out-and-out love match. She has expensive tastes, is indolent and extravagant. Why, his carriage hire is a big item of itself. She couldn't possibly walk a block, you know."

"Perhaps she is really a sufferer."

"Nonsense; she had that fall, you remember, at the skating rink. At first her spine was thought to be seriously injured. Woodford paid out several hundred dollars to have her cured, and the doctors discharged her, well they said. But it has pleased her to drag around, a load on his hands, ever since. It is thought that he is much crippled financially; I know positively that he has mortgaged his interest in the firm. If the manager to me a few thousand dollars by the end of this year, it is all up with him; and he will never do it at his present rate of living."

"Why doesn't he tell her? Has he no sense or feeling at all?"

"None, except for herself, and he is so fond of her that he will indulge her to his very last cent."

"I thought he looked a little down as he passed us this morning."

"Yes, he is beginning to realize that he has gone far and, poor fellow, it is tugging at him hard."

"Did she hear aught? Was it of her, Eleanor Woodford, that they were talking?"

"Swiftly she sped out of the dark, heavily-curtained back parlor of the stylish boarding-house and into her room, a gorgeous carpet on the floor. She could not mount the stairs on account of her weak spine. Weak spine? She forgot all about it as she paced the floor, angry tears gushing from her large brown eyes. It was shameful—it was wicked—to be so aged, she had never in her whole petted life been found fault with. As to money, what did she know about it? Her father, before his failure and death, had always gratified her. Her husband had never made any difference. These were friends of his. Her bitter overheard it. The mere accident had sent her into the back parlor. Was it true? What could she do? Her dear, kind husband in trouble and she the cause. Oh, she must help him somehow. Long she sat buried in thought, and when the well-known step sounded at the door her face was radiant with a new resolve.

He came to her large easy chair with a step somewhat weary, but his kiss was as usual. "All right, Nellie. Had a good day? Why, you look—let me see—how do you look?" he said, cheerily, as he looked at her. "I look as if I love my big, by very much, don't I?" she responded, merrily.

"His answer was another kiss, and as he turned towards his dressing closet, her heart ached with unspoken tenderness. Her dinner was brought up. She was not conscious of sitting down at the table. For this service an extra charge was made.

Later, when he opened the evening paper, she sat and watched him. Surely those lines of care were new, now that he was not smiling fondly upon her. Oh, how constituted wife, how gently, her long, handsome tea-gown trailing behind her, she stood beside him, one slender

white hand upon his shoulder. Then playfully putting by the paper, she sat down upon his knee.

"Well, dear, what now? Another new gown?" he asked, with his old sweet smile.

She pressed her lips in a slow, reverent fashion upon the broad white brow, another pang at her heart. Then she spoke:

"Very well, then, we'll try it—only to Mrs. Wickham's!" he echoed; "why wouldn't you stay in her dull little place a week?" But even as he spoke there flashed through his mind, in rapid calculation, "Twenty dollars a week there; forty weeks; eighty dollars a month saved; nearly a thousand dollars a year!"

"Don't you like it here?" were his next words, as he glanced around the luxurious suite.

"Yes," she said, "except that there are too many people. It is so noisy."

"Very well, then, we'll try it—only to please my darling!" and he wrung his arms about her as he would lull a restless child.

The move was made, and Eleanor found that she was not as much fatigued as she had often felt after a day's lounging with a novel. Her husband had bought only a new whim, but as it was not an expensive one, he could not complain. When he wanted to take her driving, she playfully told him she was learning to walk—horses were not safe.

The first step, she thought. Now for the next! It came to her almost by magic. In a little rear hall-room at Margaret Devere's, clicking away at her typewriter. A strong, clear-headed girl who had maintained herself these ten years, and had put by her savings. She was soon to be married to a stout young farmer, the lover of her early youth. He had worked and waited. From the first she took an interest in the young wife, and it was given to her energy and common sense to help a suffering sister. Together they plotted and planned. Eleanor's lassitude passed away under vigorous rubbing and brisk walks.

Margaret's trousseau was a thing to be considered. From Eleanor's surplus stock of stylish gowns and garments the country girl's outfit was deftly concocted. Eleanor could send neatly and rapidly. When all was ready she sent the sum of two hundred dollars lay in her writing desk. Her grand piano, two large for the new quarters, was removed from the storage room to a dealer's, and was sold for three hundred more. She wrote at once to the agent in Kansas City, to bid him of her little efforts, and asked what she should do with her mite. He was a real estate man and promptly invested it in a lot in the rising town of Duluth.

In exchange for her services as seamstress, Margaret taught Eleanor the use of the typewriter. When she was married, she left the instrument for the summer months, in Eleanor's care. A nominal rent was agreed upon, and this was easy to pay, as Margaret's engagements were transferred to the new operator, while she, herself, attended to chickens and cows, and her six fatted husband.

Eleanor's energy did not stop here. She obtained pupils on the typewriter at five dollars each. She shipped a lot of old party dresses, crushed and out of style, to the customer on a street, and saved the proceeds. Every time her husband handed over her allowance of pin money she put at least half of it in her "strong box."

It was hard to hide all this activity and cheerfulness from him, but she did. With her husband's enjoyment of a little mystery, and her high resolve to show herself worthy of him, she kept in the old rut as nearly as possible when he was at home. He saw that she was stronger, and it lightened his labors.

"My little woman does more than I read any more," he said one evening in the indulgent tone he used towards her.

"Why, yes, I do read. Don't you see my little library there?"

"Yes; but it seems to me I miss something."

"He missed the litter of trashy novels he had been wont to see."

"I told you I was learning to walk," she added, with a smile. "I really do walk somewhere every day."

"That pleases me most of all," he said in his cheery way; "but what will Dr. Bell think of it?"

"I don't care one bit; I have long since out of his acquaintance."

The end of the year rolled around. Eleanor watched her husband's face with ever increasing anxiety. One evening he sat buried in thought from which all gleams of cheer could not rouse him. He did not feel well, he said. All night he tossed and muttered. Calculations and figures were uppermost.

He was up early, as usual, and away Eleanor hastened her preparations and carefully counted her little hoard—their earnings of months. Early in the afternoon she came home with the proceeds of her last batch of type-writing, glowing with exercise and the happiness of contributing at least several hundreds to meet her husband's creditors. He was there, lying on the sofa, pale and hopeless. Forgetting all else she flung herself beside him with a sob.

"Oh, Harry, my dearest, what is it? Tell me what it is that is killing you; I have a right to know."

"It is ruin, Eleanor. I have brought you to poverty—you whom I would have died to make happy."

"You are talking in riddles, Harry," she said, rallying from her alarm. "Am I not the happiest woman in the world? And don't you see how well and strong I am?"

She coaxed the whole story from his lips. Then, with affected lightness, she said, "Is that all? Why, you frightened me terribly; I thought you were ill—had caught some horrible disease or other. See here." As she spoke she ran to her desk, took her treasures and poured them into his hands in her impulsive fashion.

"Eleanor, what is this?"

"This? Why this is only your wife's selfishness and laziness in another form."

Then her story had to be told. Their combined efforts still fell short of the required sum, but she triumphantly produced the deed to the Western land. For a season there were caresses and even tears of mutual love and thankfulness.

"My precious wife!" he fervently exclaimed, as he clasped her close. "What a treasure in you! You'll all the money in the world should I!"

"But your piano!" he said, with regret

overreaching his appreciation of her sacrifice.

"Let it go," she said, merrily; "I could not play without listening to this—you must acknowledge. It was just an expensive toy—that's all."

Next day the balance of the debt was borrowed upon the security of the Western deed, and Henry Woodford was a free man once more. When the five hundred dollars jumped to thousands in a sudden boom, he bought a neat home, Margaret, the valued friend, supplied their table with produce from the farm. Eleanor was never quite content till Harry had looked up her two maligners and brought them to the house where she presided, and which her painfully awakened energy had helped to buy. In time she told her secret, and thanked them for that ten minutes' gossip. In time, too, sons and daughters came and found a mother prepared by self-denial for the exigencies of life.—N. J. Observer.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any Person who applies to NEWBOLD, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

4 TRIPS PER WEEK FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., ANNAPOLIS, AND Digby, N. S. By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers of the INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TO BOSTON.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and one day on Monday, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 7.30 a.m.

Leave Annapolis, calling at Digby, for Boston direct, every THURSDAY, after arrival of W. & A. Railway express from Halifax.

Fares by the Direct Line from Annapolis is ONE DOLLAR LESS than all W. & A. Ry. stations but by any other route.

Always travel by the Palace Steamers of this Company.

All Ticket Agents sell by these Popular Lines. For State Rooms and further information, apply to H. B. SHORT, Agent, Digby. R. A. CARDELL, Agent, Annapolis. H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent, St. John.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '89. Summer Arrangement. '89. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 10th JUNE, 1889, the Trains on this Railway will run DAILY (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John, Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00 Express for Moncton & Grand Falls, 11.40 Express for Sussex, 12.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12.30

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.30 and take the train at Montreal.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Sussex, 8.30 Fast express from Montreal & Quebec, 14.30 Day express from Halifax & Campbellton, 10.15 Express from Halifax and Moncton, 11.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are high speed, and are pulled and heated by steam from the locomotive. All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. NOTTING, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 5th June, 1889.

CHURCH ALTARS AND PEWS, READING DESKS, and COMMUNION TABLES made in First-class Style and at Lowest Prices. Also, DOORS, SASHES, MOLDINGS, NEWEL POSTS, and STAIR RAILS. Shutter & Venetian Blinds a specialty. Write for Prices.

A. CHRISTIE W. W. CO., FACTORY: CITY ROAD, OFFICE: WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENELEMEN! We have our American Waukenphast and London Boots

BALFOUR'S, CONGRESS and OXFORD styles, in every different style of ENGLISH BALFOUR'S. Personally selected, enabling us to fit almost any foot.

Every pair warranted to give satisfaction.

Waterbury & Rising, 24 King & 212 Union Sts., St. John, N. B.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER. \$15 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER. Warranted to do as good work as any \$100 machine.

It combines simplicity with DURABILITY—SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION—years longer without cost of repairs than any other machine; has no link, ribbon to bother the operator. It is neat, substantial, nickel-plated—perfect, and adapted to all kinds of business writing. Clear a printing press, it produces Sharp, Clear, Legible Manuscripts.

Write for Circulars to the following: Editors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, business men, etc., cannot make a better investment for \$15. Any intelligent person in a week can become a GOOD WRITER, or a RAPID ONE in two months.

\$100 offered any operator who can do better work with a Typewriter than that produced by the ODELL. \$25 (returnable) given to any operator who will send a specimen of his work to the following: Editors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, business men, etc., cannot make a better investment for \$15. Any intelligent person in a week can become a GOOD WRITER, or a RAPID ONE in two months.

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO., THE ROCKERY, CHICAGO, ILL.

CATARRH AND GOLDEN HEAD CURED. NASAL BALM. A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in the Throat.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief. Permanent Cure. Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of voice, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should use our Balm. It is a certain cure for all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents in advance.

FULFORD & CO., PRODUCE, 107 St. John St., Montreal. Beware of imitations similar in name.

SHE (The Sensible Housewife) Sent the Largest Number of Wrappers of WOODLILL'S German Baking Powder

AND WRITES: WESTVILLE, Platon Co., Sept. 6, 1889.

I have written to Mr. Balfour, Postmaster, the price (\$3) offered for the largest number of Wrappers of Woodlill's German Baking Powder, and thank you. I was not induced by the offer to use any other quantity. I have used it for years, and can recommend it as a First-Class Baking Powder.

(Signed) E. HALE. \$10, 85, 83, offered until Nov. 30 to the three families in New Brunswick, sending Wrappers representing the most value.

W. M. D. PEARMAN, Halifax, N. S. No names published without permission.

DR. DANIELS' Veterinary Colic Cure Has never been known to fail in a single instance.

OUR WARRANT—Five to ten cents worth will free you from 10 to 50 minutes more any case of Colic, we will refund the money.

Testimonials can be seen by application to our agents. Put up two bottles in case, with a glass medicine dropper which just takes up a dose. Full directions with each package. PRICE: \$1.00.

PARKER BROS., ST. JOHN, N. B. Agents for New Brunswick.

Fruit and Produce House. T. B. HANINGTON, Receiver and Wholesale Dealer in Fruits, Produce & Farm Products, 83 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

Quick Sales. Prompt Returns. Apples, Plums, and Pears are my specialty.

HARVIE'S PAPER FILE The Best and Cheapest File for NEWSPAPERS, ACCOUNTS, &c. Holds over 30 Eight-page Papers.

The Messenger and Visitor and many other papers should be preserved for future reading and reference. This File keeps them as complete as binding. Files for papers not over 24 inches long, mailed for only 25 cents. Send length of Paper.

Account Files (8 1/2 inches long) only 20 cents. A liberal discount to canvassers. Address, G. W. HARVIE, N. S.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. No More Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and never fails. Read proof below.

Dr. R. J. Kendall, Co., Elmburgh Falls, Vt. Gentlemen—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for many years. I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for many years. I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for many years.

Very respectfully yours, CHARLES J. BRADLEY, ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

Dr. R. J. Kendall, Co., Elmburgh Falls, Vt. Gentlemen—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for many years. I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for many years. I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for many years.

Very respectfully yours, CHARLES J. BRADLEY, ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

Dr. R. J. Kendall, Co., Elmburgh Falls, Vt. Gentlemen—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin for