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In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

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"The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper."

THE HOME.

AN OLD SAW.

A dear little maid came skipping out in the glad new day, with a merry shout; With dancing feet and with flying hair, She sang with joy in the morning air. "Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night!" What a croak to darken the child's delight! And the stupid old nurse, again and again, Repeated the ancient, dull refrain. The child pouted, trying to understand, But her eyes saw the great world rain-bow spanned; Her little light feet hardly touched the earth, And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"Never mind; don't listen, O sweet little maid! Make sure of your morning song," I said; "And if pain must meet you, why, all the more Be glad of the rapture that came before."

"Oh, tears and sorrows are plenty enough, Storms may be bitter and paths be rough, But our tears should fall like the dew on the leaves, That help to ripen the fruits and flowers— So gladden the day with your blissful song, Sing on while you may, dear, sweet and strong! Make sure of your moments of pure delight, No matter what trials may come before tonight!" —Colin Thaxter.

A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.

Prof. Robertson delivered the following address to a large audience at the evening session of the N. B. Farmers and Dairymen's Association, Tuesday, Throughout, the address was illustrated with charts and maps, and bread and milk were each used and shown to the audience as examples. After a few preliminary remarks Prof. Robertson took up a piece of bread. What is this? Mamma. Whence is it? From the hotel? From the granary? From the fields? From the soil? No, it is gotten out of the heavens. Nineteen comes from the atmosphere around us. It is in reality "conserved sunshine." It is one of nature's photographs, for the thrill of sunshine and musical trill of breezes have rolled themselves within it, and through the medium of the grains of wheat from whence it came, to be unrolled in melody through human lives. Wheat has been made into bread, as now before us, but it took 20,000 to 25,000 kernels to make this two pound loaf, and it takes 3,500 grains for the average breakfast of any boy.

"Wheat is latent life. It is suspended animation. The soil is its grave. The planting is germination. Sunshine is its vibration and stimulus."

The speaker compared this meeting to the effect of the sunshine. It would wake up the slumbering fires in the breasts of our individual members, and make them grow and spread in their own lives. One reason he gave that boys would leave the farm is that on the farm there is no romance for them, no impetus to their ambitions. This ambition is like the grain of wheat—insert material, which can be glorified through sunshine, with the sunshine to life, and our association meetings are these beams of sunshine.

The Farmers and Dairymen's Association and the public spokesman who guide the policies and direct the action of one of the valuable resources of our country. We have other resources—soil, water, climate, building materials and these, like our own association, cannot be realized upon but by the application of labor. Our association causes people to exert themselves in right directions. Sunshine, to the life of latent seeds, cries, "Wake up," and so cries our association meetings to our members.

Some people see no good in these revivals. They are those who never get into the sunshine business. But here is a sufficient answer to their unbelief, for the presence of a blind man does not abolish the beauties of flowers nor prevent sweet sunshine from enriching the earth with its blessings. To intelligent labor the gods give all good things. We should be like the kernel of wheat, growing steadily, but without fuss or noise. All farmers are in this sunshine business, and so are making life better and richer and happier.

The speaker thought that our province should make its own bread. We should grow what we need and not have to bring in from outside. That would be so much money kept in our own circulation, and back of all this economy is the essence of our wealth.

A cow, unlike a man, can not make anything, but she can make the milk out of cornstalks, which man can not do.

The sun is at the back of the milk making business also, for it transfers its energy through the cornstalks and cow and causes the creation of the milk. Milk is most complex in its composition.

THE GREAT AFTERDINNER
BENEDY IN K.D.C.
It gives immediate relief for distress after
SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCY, HEADACHE, and INDIGESTION in any form.
Try a free sample.
K.D.C. Co. Ltd., 127 State St., St. John, N. B.

All in milk except fat in its solution and does not rise to the top, but the fat does and makes cream. There are 5,000,000 grains of fat in a drop of milk. As coal is to an engine, so is food to a man. It spurs him on to work. Food has four uses: 1st, to form fluids and tissues; 2nd, to repair wastes; 3rd, to be consumed as fuel; 4th, to be stored in body for future.

CONVERSATION AT A DINNER-TABLE

Talking is one of the best of all recreations and women who understand it are the art possessors a most useful and enjoyable accomplishment. No dinner-table is well-appointed without good talkers; and the basis of interesting conversation is reality. At a dinner-table of London dinner, Sir Walter Scott said, "The bishops and the lawyers talked better than the wis," that is, the wis talked for the sake of talking, and the church and the law had something to talk about. Yet, in our times, our hobbies are not admissible at a dinner-table, and a woman who can only talk on her own had has no business in society. She ought to write a pamphlet, or go to the lecture-platform, for any conversation at a dinner-table attracts attention, but the attention of the patience soon becomes a bore; indeed, one of the chief elements of pleasant company is a readiness to talk, or to be talked to, on any rational subject.

"Conversation is the art of making a ready-made flattery. It is the sacred thought of the moment that has the right word by instinct, as a clever horse on a bad road always puts his foot in the right place. This fact makes the good talker also a good listener, because his best conversation will follow brightly and in a way that the others give it, and it prevents, likewise, the worst of all conversational faults—monopoly. Dean Swift thought "no one ought to talk as a dinner-table longer than a minute at a time," and his rules for such a dinner-table are admirable, that they might be printed on our dinner menus: "Conversation is not carving; Give no more to every guest Than he's able to digest, Give him always of the prime, And but little at a time, And be sure to all but enough. Let them neither starve nor stuff, And that you may have your due, Let some neighbor carve for you."

However, we must make some allowance for our duller intellects. If we had Dean Swift's genius we might all make minute speeches.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A GIRL'S LUNCHEON.

You mean the school luncheon? Let it be as nice as possible, and take pains to make it a really good one. There are when the recess hour comes she may take an interest in what she eats.

A dainty box or little basket, a fine soft napkin, and some paraffin paper, which can be purchased in any grocery store. Sandwiches must be made of this bread and butter, with potted meat, cream cheese, or jam spread between the slices. Rough edges and crusts must be cut off, and the bread and butter be of the very best. There are many delicious crackers, some salted, some sprinkled with cheese-flakes, some sweet and crisp like cookies, which are appetizing with one's luncheon. And fruit is always in order.

It is possible, and it usually is, to get a little boiling water, let the school girl make for herself a cup of bouillon which come in small jars or bottles, and of which a spoonful added to a glass or cup of either hot or cold water makes a refreshing drink. It is hot but bouillon itself, but cold bouillon is very refreshing too, and much better with bread and butter than cold water. If the luncheon is a simple affair of that kind, a girl who eats her luncheon regularly, and who is healthy, plump, and contented, will have bright eyes, a good complexion. She will not look sallow and puffy, nor have pimples and other signs of indigestion on her face.—Harper's Round Table.

HOW TO WALK CORRECTLY.

What the Americans term "style" is what the French more correctly call *maniere*, as the word implies the proper carrying of one's self. In France, the professors of *maniere* devote a considerable amount of time to the development of a graceful walk in their pupils. As far as possible a graceful walk adheres to an imaginary straight chalk-line, and, as Madame insists, places the feet on an elevated support—then walks to the tune of an imaginary march. Another important thing is to keep the head well thrown back and the chin well elevated. Queen Victoria is a short, plain, stout, and nearly bald, any pretense to beauty, still all who see her are impressed with her dignity and stately carriage—in fact, her *maniere*, which is simply perfect.—Form.

To make a really delicate dish out of the coarse vegetable, cabbage, should be sliced and simmered slowly in milk, enough to cover it, over a slow fire, for two hours. Add a lump of butter and a little nutmeg or mace, as preferred, and serve hot. After knives have been cleaned they may be polished with a little white powder. Rub spoons with salt to remove egg stains. A tablespoonful of lime water to a pitcher of milk is very beneficial.

THE FARM
AN EXTENSIVE SKUNK FARM.

Through courtesy of the managers of the Ithaca Fur Company your correspondent was recently permitted to inspect their novel industry of skunk farming. Its "plant" is interestingly situated and their products, together with all the necessary accompaniments to conduct the business successfully. It is hoped a brief description of what was seen will interest all who pursue this, especially the ladies, with delight in wearing the excellent fur of these little animals under various names of expensive furs of animals now nearly extinct; but what's in a name except its scent, and what's in a skunk but—its fur and oil? A ride of seven miles by carriage from this college town brought the party of investigation to the object of their curiosity. The natural habitation of the skunk is in some mound or spoilish place, as the ladies will delight in wearing the under the floors of deserted barns, in quiet, out-of-the-way places. Country graveyards are their favorite haunts, and not a few youth have been seriously frightened by seeing these stealthy animals, on moonlight nights, prowling about among the gravestones as dark and silent as the shadows of the stones. In all of these respects this skunk farm is admirably located, for a more lonely and weird spot would be hard to find. It is on a plateau 300 feet above the level of a valley, and has a background a steep hillside. It is adjacent to a small settlement that in years gone by was known by the suggestive name of "Skunk's Misery." Whether it was this name that suggested the location of the enterprise here did not transpire, but its promoters certainly had regard for the "eternal fitness of things." Of the eighty acres constituting the farm, eight are already packed and a summer house is under construction. On entering the grounds and being informed by the manager that we were within a stone's throw of 2,000 or more of these animals, all of whom were liable to make their appearance at any moment, vivid recollections of a previous encounter with one of these beasts and its sickening atmosphere of stench, it was enough to make one's hair creep and wish himself a good distance away; but in the assurance of the manager that there was no danger, fears quieted down and investigation began. There certainly was no olfactory evidence that a skunk had ever been in or about the premises. The burrows are made by digging trenches into the ditch about eight feet, the back end of which is a little higher than the front end, to prevent water running in. Three boards 10 inches wide and 8 feet long are nailed together and placed in the trench, the open side down. The trench is filled with earth, and the back end is then about three feet under ground and ready for the occupants, who arrange the in side to suit themselves; but they must be provided with dried grass, fine hay, or leaves to fashion into nests.

The size and location of the enclosure having been determined, a ditch three feet deep is dug around it, and then a stone or grout wall is laid. Upon this wall a tight board fence six feet high is built, with a capboard projecting inward, to prevent the skunk climbing out. The feed and coolhouse is in the enclosure. It is 20x30, built on a stone foundation, with apertures left in the wall to permit the animals ingress and egress. One end of the room is partitioned off and used as a coolhouse, the floor of which is cemented. The feed is refined meat and bones from the butcher, the milk of two cows and mush made of wheat bran. The meat must be free from taint, and it is cooked. Parsnips, water, and particularly expensive to be preyed upon by the former.—Galen Wilson.

A FARMER'S ADVICE

He Had Been Impugned Upon by an Unscrupulous Dealer With the Result that it nearly Cost the Life of a Loved Member of His Family.

A reporter of the Sentinel recently dropped into the Victoria Hotel looking for general news and to scan the register for arrivals. Among those present he noticed a well dressed farmer sitting reading a small pamphlet. The reporter asked the landlord if there was anything new, and being answered in the negative the farmer turned and addressed him. "Looking for news, eh? Well, sit down and I'll give you something worth publishing." The reporter was at once on the alert and the farmer continued, "You see this little book I hold in my hand? Well, the title of it is 'Fur and Price' and there is more good sense in it than in half of the philosophical works of the day, and it don't lay in any of the stories either. Well about a year ago I got hold of another little book by the same author entitled 'Four Generations' which I read carefully through and one very important thing I read in it was, beware of imitations, just as I read in this little book. Now I wish to show how I had been taken in (deceived) and how I found it out and how near it came to costing me the dearest member of my household. Well to begin at the beginning, my name is Shepherd Banks; I reside 11 1/2 miles from the village of Bristol, Carleton Co., N. B., and am a walk-to-do farmer. For several years my wife was troubled with pains in the back and weakness of the kidneys. About two years ago she was taken very ill, the trouble taking the form of acute rheumatism. We consulted no less than three different doctors who, however, failed to help her. She continued to grow weaker and weaker, and the pains she endured were something terrible. For over a year she was unable to do a single thing about the house, and she had fallen away in weight from 130 to 100 pounds, and we despaired of her recovery. I happened to notice in one of the newspapers a testimonial of a similar cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately got a couple of boxes. My wife began taking them, and by the time she had used these she began to gain appetite and her pains were much eased, and we began to have great hopes of an ultimate cure. I bought for another supply of the pills. This time I purchased them in bulk, paying 30 cents for 100 pills, which were taken from a large glass bottle. I took

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was originated in 1870 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sprains, contusions, cuts, burns, scalds, chilblains, cold, cramps, cholera-morbus, diarrhoea and all forms of sore throats, sore mouths, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, in grippe, lame back, lame side, lame neck, muscle, muscular weakness, nervous headache, neuralgia, pimples, puffed eyes, stomach or kidney troubles, rheumatism, scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore lips, sore lungs, toothache, sore throat, and whooping cough. The great virtue of this liniment is its ability to penetrate to the seat of the inflammation, and its electric energy eventuatingly eradicate inflammation without irritation. It is important everyone should have this liniment, as it is a complete treatise in plain language, which every person should have for ready reference.

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle. If you can't get it send us. Price 25 cents; six boxes \$2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet from J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

Fine Drivers



cannot be made out of horses that are out of condition. Merely to feed plenty of oats is not enough. A horse gets run down the same as a man and needs a general tonic up. Dick's Blood Purifier is a scientific preparation in the form of a powder. It purifies the blood, strengthens the digestion, turns a rough coat into a smooth and glossy one and puts the animal "in condition." He then has "good life" and feels like holding up his head and lifting his feet. MILCH COWS are greatly benefited by it. The whole system is toned up. The digestive organs being strengthened, more nutriment is drawn from the food and the flow of milk increased. Dick's Blood Purifier will pay for itself ten times over. For sale by druggists, at general stores or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cts. Dick & Co., P. O. Box 452, Montreal.

Brainers & Armstrong's
PATENT SKIN SILK HOLDER
VALUABLE TO USERS OF FLOSS SILKS
FOR WASH SILKS
Latest Designs

In Stamped Lines Squares for Dories and Center Pieces, with directions how to work them and colors to be used.

Man just from Allegany county, that skunk farm on a small scale there was gradually and mysteriously rubbed off their eyes. We still continued the use of the pills until about a third of them were gone. About this time I got through the mail, along with my neighbors, the book entitled, "Four Generations," issued by the Dr. Williams' Medical Co. On reading it it did not take me long to find out that the pills I had bought in bulk were a fraud, as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not sold in bulk, but in boxes with the trade mark on the wrapper. I went to the cupboard and taking down the box in which the pills were, threw it and its contents into the stove. I then went and procured a half dozen boxes of the genuine Pink Pills, and from the time my wife began their use there was an improvement in her condition. She used about twelve boxes altogether, and today there is no heartier or healthier woman in the neighborhood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the standard medicine in our home. Publish this? Yes, it may do some other sufferer good. We are all thankful for what Pink Pills have done for us, but be sure you caution your readers against those vile imitations.

The warning uttered by Mr. Banks is one that the public will do well to heed, for some unscrupulous dealers in different parts of the country try to impose upon the public by cheap imitations colored to present the appearance of the genuine Pink Pills. The public can always protect themselves by bearing in mind that the genuine pills are never sold by the dozen, hundred or ounce. They are always put up in boxes around which will be found full directions for their use, the whole enclosed in a label bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you want a medicine that will cure all diseases due to poor or watery blood, or shattered nerves, ask for the genuine Pink Pills, and take nothing else, no matter what some interested dealer who is looking for a larger profit may say.

DANGER IN THE WATERING TROUGH.
The public watering trough for horses is being regarded with suspicion as a source of conveying disease, especially glanders. It is reported that in one parish in the city of London the trough has been abolished, and the stop-cock, and pall substituted, for the purpose of securing greater safety to horses. In this country some of the States have a law requiring that horses known to have glanders shall be killed. This is wise; but for incidental cases of glanders or other ailments of the mucous membranes of the throat or head—perhaps not suspected—the common watering trough forms a ready means of transmission, and at seasons when infectious diseases of horses are prevailing, should be used with circumspection, however grateful and convenient.—J. M. M.

Among the most surprising importations to this country are beans and lentils to the value of \$174,110.12 from Austro-Hungary.