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mended by the Medical Profession.ST. ANDREW, N. B., 4th Oct., 1889.  
MESSRS. BROWN, BROS. & CO.Being very much reduced by sickness and almost  
given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your  
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a  
very short time my health began to improve, and  
the longer I used it the better my health became.  
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-  
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever  
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.  
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S  
EMULSION. EMERY E. MURPHY,  
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the United States.Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every  
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Opposite Western Union  
Telegraph Office, Halifax  
161 HOLLIS ST.**IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?**

"Is marriage a failure?" Well, let me see—  
A curious question to put to me.  
I'll look in my sweet baby's eyes so blue  
And seek there an answer to give to you;  
And into a mother's large eyes of gray,  
The stars of my night and my suns by day,  
Perfecting the joys of my quiet life—  
So hark to the answer of babe and wife.

The one cannot speak in a learned strain,  
But still her soft cooing to us is plain.  
And infantile Sanscrit does just as well,  
For old is the story her accents tell.  
Her soft little fingers are on my face,  
And fondle my cheek with a childish grace;  
And there in her eyes is the answer true.  
"Is marriage a failure?" Well, not with you."

The little one's mother stands near me the while,  
Regarding us both with a happy smile,  
And laughs at the oracle's wise reply;  
Then kisses her cherub lips. While I  
Gaze into the depths of those eyes of gray  
That look up at me in their lovely way,  
And see in their shining the answer true.  
"Is marriage a failure?" Well, not with you."

What more would you have? This is proof enough  
To me that your words are the merest stuff;  
For marriage is just what it's made, no more,  
And ever has been since the days of yore.  
So hence with your sceptical sophistry,  
For this is a truth that I always see  
In eyes like the dawn and in eyes of blue.  
"Is marriage a failure?" Well, not with you."

Liverpool Echo.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

**LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.**

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Did you every see a "nursery yacht?" Its other name is a "baby walker." The best one that I have seen is manufactured by a western firm, but there are a number in the market. They are moveable supports, I take it for granted you know, for toddling babies. This particular one is circular, about tall enough to reach to baby's shoulders, and rests upon four spreading feet arranged so it is impossible to upset the "walker." The feet are fitted with castors, and the slightest impulse moves it over the floor. Baby who has reached the up-climbing and down-tumbling stage can be stood inside this little contrivance, that has a horse or a lamb or a pig to amuse the infant explorer, and there he may push himself about, learning to use his little feet, and all without any danger of bumping his nose. There is a little seat at the proper distance below the upper railing that he can sit upon if he likes, from which he cannot tumble off, since all about there is the supporting frame. It is easily possible to improvise a nursery yacht from humble materials, and it is especially useful where the baby's nurse is housekeeper in-chief and must leave him much to his own devices. These, as every mother knows, are to climb up beside every available article, and tumble down almost as often. The "walker" not only holds him up, but supports him so that he can move about.

So you think I am dreaming dreams when I count upon there being one of these fine days a lessening of drudgery in housekeeping. Let me quote from *The Forum*. "The city of the future will not build houses in squares giving to every house an individual kitchen and prison-like back yard. It will rather build them all around an open square, and the part now disfigured with the kitchen will be given over for a household sitting room or nursery, opening into a great, green space, where children shall play in safety, and through which the free air of heaven shall blow into the houses surrounding it. In every square will be found a scientifically constructed building containing a laundry and a great kitchen, supplied with every appliance for skilled and scientific cookery, and also for sending into every dining-room any desired quantity or variety of food. The individuality of the home and the home table will be preserved, and the kitchen smells and waste and 'hired girl' will all be banished."

Hasten the day!

Fraulein Traubman, of the German Opera Company of New York, sang here in a concert a few nights ago, and besides singing beautifully she wore the sweetest dress. It was a white dotted muslin, the foundation being very fine and soft, and the spots as large as a silver quarter. The skirt was full and straight, and hung over a white twilled silk lining. The waist, cut V-shaped back and front, was gathered on the shoulders and again (being drawn into a point back and front) just below the waist-line. A wide sash of white surah outlined the waist, being pointed back and front, and was tied at the left side in loop and ends. Inch-wide silk ribbon was looped diagonally across the full skirt, apparently confining the fullness low down over the skirt, and holding a spray of leaves and small blossoms. The full sleeves ended at the elbow. Anything simpler for an evening frock 'twere hard to conjure up. Anything prettier I have not seen this season. With the dress went white slippers; long-wristed, undressed white kid gloves, a white feather aigrette for the hair, and a posy of blossoms to carry in the hands.

Hints of Christmas work are rife. Oh, the pity of it! That the lovely custom of gift making at the season of especial peace on earth and good will toward men should be dragged in the dust, as it so often is. Shall we never get back again to the ideal, not of giving to Margaret because Margaret gives to me, or because I know she "expects something," or because she knows I know she expects something, and not for any sordid, selfish or other pitifully weak motives, but because out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the hand giveth. Do you not always want to deliver a course of lectures upon the fitness of things and all manner of other