THE BETTER COUNTRY.

There is a better country. Our fathers in the early days of the promise understood this. They knew that the metes and bounds of Canaan did not measure the promise. So clear were they in their interpretation of the words of grace, so assured as to their higher meaning, that they counted themselves but pilgrims and strangers here, this world but a temporary abiding place, and life a preparation for, and a journey to a better country, that is, a heavenly. In this they were fully justified and are an example to us. There is a better country. The testimony of a great cloud of witnesses is of the same tenor; they lived in the hope of this better country and were not disappointed.

Commonly heaven is a shadowy hope; a hope of great and good things, but indefinite. It is beyond the range of our direct knowledge; it is spiritual, and therefore beyond our comprehension. No one has returned to tell us of the nature of the life there, and the Scriptures have not satisfied our curiosity as to many things concerning it. It is thought of as a better life, and faith and hope combine to give us comfort in the thought of it, but still it is indefined, because we think so little of it. But when we come to study what has been revealed, we see that it is in every way a better country, and that, so far as the comfort of life is concerned, we know more of it than we do of earth.

It is spiritual, and therefore cannot be discerned by our senses; we cannot trace its streams of living water, we cannot survey its provinces, we cannot take the altitude of its mountains, nor measure the light which fills it with glory, but it is none the less real. Spirit is as real as material substance, thought is as real as action, love is as real as real estate. The years yet future to us are real, for they exist in the lives of those older than we are. So heaven is just as real as if we could sail over the sea to it, and climb its mountains, and return to tell the wonderful story. We live in a materialistic age, in which it is difficult for us to grasp the spiritual, but as we rise to a higher and purer atmosphere, we find that the soul is coming into its proper element.

Because heaven is spiritual it is better. The spiritual is immortal, it is eternal, it is directly of God. It is without the limitations of the earth as to knowledge, and powers, and sources of enjoyment. As the intellect is cultivated, as taste is refined, as love takes possession, life becomes wider, higher and better, because it is rising out of the gross and material conditions which encompass it. Now when it passes by divine grace into that state in which all earthly limitations are removed, and in which we shall know even as we are known, life will in its nature be higher and therefore better.

In that life all the elements of decay will be removed; there will be such perfect harmony in all our environments that there will be no pain or discomfort. There being the fulness of life, death with its sorrow cannot enter. There will be such full knowledge of the ways of God, that the memory of the past will not detract from the blessedness of the perfect life. Not all this we know. We know it as certainly as we know the general conditions of life in parts of the earth we have not personally visited; we know it on reliable testimony. There is not any place for doubt when God gives his testimony as to the life, in which we shall be filled with all the fullness of himself.

Then again we know the character of the inhabitants of that country. Our comfort in life depends very much on our neighbors and companions, and we do not know in advance who or what these will be. There no broken friendships will ever mar life, no betrayal by trusted companions will ever break down confidence, no evil words will be the seed of sorrow. No, only the pure, the holy, the loving, the good will be there. We know this as certainly as we know that there are betrayals and falseness here. How blessed the hour in which we enter the company of the loved ones of earth, of the noble army of martyrs, of the saints of old, of the apostles and the vast multitude who have made earth better by their lives! Nor these alone. The holy ones who rejoiced in the creation, who ministered to Jesus, who have ministered to the saints, who, unseen at the time, but now known, ministered to us, wait to welcome us. It is impossible to measure the happiness of that fellowship, but we know that it will never be broken, and that no weariness of it will ever come to us. And over all, we know that we shall be like our Saviour. Even now, though we see him not, we love him; we delight to think of him, but how blessed when he receives us to himself and presents us to his Father as his loved and redeemed! Spiritual, we shall then see God. We will be in the presence of the infinite and the great flood of life will fill us to the limit of our nature to receive it.

Yes, indeed, a better country. Now that which is most removed from us is most certainly known, but that which affects us most directly is concealed from us. We know the moment at which the sun will rise, but we do not know whether we shall see it. We know that we will continue to come in contact with our fellow men, but who they are, and what they are, we do not know. We know that we live; we also know that we shall die. But of that better country that which is vital to life and happiness is certainly known, and is known to be higher and eternal, more worthy of us and more blessed to us.—United Presbyterian.

There are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by Elijah. The storm struggle must precede the still small voice. There are minds which must be convulsed with doubt before they can repose in faith. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. Blessed is the man who, when the tempest has spent its fury, recognizes his Father's voice in its undertone, and bares his head and bows his knees as Elijah did. To such spirits it seems as if God had said: "In the still sunshine and ordinary ways of life you cannot meet me; but, like Job, in the desolation of the tempest you shall see my form and hear my voice, and know that your redeemer liveth."—F. W. Robertson.

WHAT WILT THOU?

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A fond, ambitious mother came to our Lord one day with a large dream in her head. She had a vision of an enthroned Messiah surrounded by regal splendors, and her two beloved sons as the chief ministers of state beside the imperial throne. Jesus saith to her, "What wilt thou?" Her reply is, "Grant that these, my two sons, may sit, thei one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand in thy kingdom." So prays the short-sighted mother, and her prayer interprets her character. Her dream is of a crown and sceptre, but the Man of Sorrows soon disabuses her mind of any such foolish phantom; the only crown is to be one of thorns, and the only sceptre a "reed" of mockery. "Ye know not what ye ask," is our Lord's tender rebuke to her dream of ambition; "are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

There are plenty of Salomes yet in our world, some of them in the church of Christ. One of them has a dream of her beloved daughter as the reigning belle of society, with a crowd of fortune-hunters at her feet. Her foolish dream realised would mean a dizzy head and a giddy heart, with all the sweet simplicity of girlhood hardened into a selfish slavery to fashion and frivolity. She knows not what she asks. Another Salome is coveting for her son great wealth, at whatever risk to his immortal soul; still another covets a lofty station, with little idea of what fame costs, or what splendid worldly success may cost the boy she loves. The very worst thing that could befall many a son or daughter would be to have the vain glorious dreams of parental covetousness or ambition realized. To all such parents the Master addresses the solemn injunction, "Seek first for them the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Parental aims and prayers have much to do in determining the future career of sons and daughters. There are thousands of us who rejoice that our godly mothers had wiser aspirations for us than poor, short-sighted Salome had for her sons, or else we might not be where we are today.

It is a fact now, as it was in New Testament times, that the request we make of God interprets our character. They show us just as we are. A certain man came to Christ and asked that his brother might be compelled to give up a part of their father's property. That looks like a sharp money monger. Another man comes with tears in his eyes beseeching Jesus to hurry to his house before his sick boy dies. That bespeaks a big-hearted father, just as the Syro-Phœnician woman's petition bespeaks a loving mother. The young ruler's question revealed a desire for salvation, and the questions of Nicodemus reveals a hunger for spiritual knowledge, and the question of the terrified jailer showed what he wanted most. To our Lord's "What wilt thou?" the quick reply of Bartimeus was, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!"

God reads our character in our prayers. What we love best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts. "What wilt thou?" The answer to this is often seen in the anxious face bent over the ledger or the stock list, in the complete absorption of time and thought and toil in the single purpose to be rich. That is a sinful idolatry if the man's only trinity of worship is the gold eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent. Yet it is no sin to strive after money provided that we honestly get the money and the money does not get us. Would to God that more of our successful business men would learn that it is not what they take up for themselves, but what they give up for the good of others that makes them truly rich. Very few christians even can be trusted with great wealth. When Christ holds the purse strings, all right.

Young man, what wilt thou? Your answer may be books, mental culture, intellectual enjoyment. A higher ambition this than for lucre. Yet it may be no less selfish; for a devourer of books may be just as selfish as the devourer of fine dinners and of costly wines. Never has God opened wider doors for consecrated intellect than in our land in these days. Through all our schools, colleges and universities our Master seems to be walking now and saying, Give Me these brains and cultured tongues, and thou shalt have great treasures in heaven.

Fellow christian, what wilt thou? Don't let it be promotion of any kind, I beg you. Rather let it be a owly posture of humanity and a readiness to serve your Master in any place he may put you. He that humbleth himself shall be abased. I don't believe that any young minister ever went itching and manœuvering for a lofty pulpit and a large income that ever got what his vain ambition coveted. To overflow a small sphere is the only legitimate way to a large sphere.—The Evangelist.

THE GRACE OF KINDLY SPEECH.

One of Isaiah's prophetic pictures of the Saviour is this: "Thou hast given me the tongue of the learned, that I may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." In a world where such wisdom is so rare, yet so much needed, surely this gift of tongues is one to be coveted and cultivated by his disciples. This gentle grace which teaches men and women how to do deeds of kindness and to speak encouraging words when most needed is very often lacking, even when other fruits of the Spirit flourish. Many people show that they have genuine love, joy, peace, and faith, when they do not know at all how to help a poor fellow who is disheartened over a mistake or failure.

With the best intentions in the world, they are sure to do or say just the wrong thing. Coming across a fellow-pilgrim chafing under a disappointment, due very likely to carelessness or wrong-doing of some kind, but none the easier to bear for all that, instead of pouring in oil and wine, they, with sincere but mistaken ideas of "being faithful with the sinner," began to probe the wound in its most sensitive depths. There are times, indeed, when hearts need probing, but a very gentle, as well as skilful, hand should hold the knife. The keenest sting of failure often is the conviction that it comes through some fault of our own, and then, when the vim seems all gone out of life, so that we have half a mind to ignobly give up the effort, how like a breath of reviving air comes a cheerful word of encouragement from one who, following the Master, "knows how to speak a word in season to the weary," one who does not drag up all the mortifying reasons for defeat in the past, but rather spreads before us an inspiring outlook of future possibilities. St. Paul prays that Onesiphorus and his house may receive mercy of the Lord. No doubt his prayer was answered, for the Lord himself says: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and Paul's prayer was made because he had proved Onesiphorus to be a man of generous and kindly-disposed heart. Writing from the loneliness of his Roman prison, he says of him: "He oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." The suggestion which comes in reading the words as originally written is that of throwing open a window to refresh one with a draught of pure air. A gentle voice, a kind word, a bit of encouragement, a letter of sympathy, a word in season to the weary—how Christ-like they are, how little they cost us, how priceless their value to others! Hearts all around us need such refreshment far more than we suspect.—The Christian Advocate.

SENEX SMITH: HIS NOTES AND NOTIONS.

THINNING FRUIT.

This is the first week in May, but we are picking peaches in all our orchards. The peaches are not ripe yet. Nay, they are not half grown, and we do not gather them into baskets or boxes, but throw them on the ground. A stranger who knew nothing about fruit culture would think that we were crazy. But this thinning is the most necessary work of the year. Without it we would have plenty of peaches, but they would be so small that we could not sell them. Every thrifty tree sets from twice to four times as much fruit as it can mature, and we have to take off from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the prospective crop in order that what is left may be large enough to meet the views of the canner and the drier. Why the trees are trying thus to do more than they can do well is a mystery that I can not solve. I sometimes think that it is a result of the fall, like the springing up of briars and thorns. The trees sympathize with the perversity of demoralized humanity. But when I read that Adam was placed in the garden to dress it and keep it, it seems to me that pruning and thinning may have been necessary before the fall. The Creator said to the gardener; "I have made these trees for you, but you must now do your part. You must decide whether you want small and tasteless fruit, or that which is large and luscious." Both size and quality are improved by judicious thinning, and one pound of choice fruit will bring more in market than three pounds of that which is small and tasteless.

The Bible often speaks of man as a tree. He is planted on the earth as the tree is planted in it—to bear fruit. But, in both cases, quality is more desirable than quantity. The tendency in humanity, like that in the orchard, is rather to do a great deal than to do one thing or a few things well. We all need thinning, as the trees need it—a thinning of our desires, of our aspirations, of our ambitions. We must deny ourselves in many things if we would succeed in that which is best. Go into our modern school-rooms for an illustration. The idea there is to give the boys and girls a little knowledge of everything, in every department of physics, metaphysics, literature and ethics. When the young men and maidens graduate they think that they are learned and wise enough for any sphere of duty and responsibility. But some of them soon find that they have only tasted of the Pierian spring, and that they must begin a process of negation and concentration if they are going to accomplish anything. They must choose a profession. They must become specialists.

"Now, what is true in the material and the intellectual spheres is true also in the spiritual. Read the twelfth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians: "There are diversities of gifts." We are to "covet earnestly the best gifts." If we do this, we must give up trying to have all inferior ones. And, above all, we must cultivate that which is best of all—love. It is the most perfect fruitage of the Spirit. It is like the large and luscious peaches in our orchards—peaches for each of which we have sacrificed three or four inferior ones. Paul wrote, "One thing I do," and he did it so well that he could say when about to die: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Oh, let us deny ourselves even in regard to other graces of the Spirit in order to concentrate all the energies of the tree of righteousness upon the development of love, "which is the fulfilling of the law."—Journal and Messenger.

PURPOSE.

The two things are absolutely essential to every true life: one is to have an aim and the other is to have a high aim. Some purpose, some aim, usually fixes itself in a child's heart early in life. This aim may often be only a childish fancy which will again and again be changed and replaced; but whenever a worthy and high purpose fixes itself in the mind of a boy or a girl, when that purpose is cherished and followed, it almost invariably leads on to a high and useful career. Too many boys and young men look out into life with no aim or with a low and unworthy aim.

It is said that Saint Simon, the great social reformer, who did so much for the laboring classes in France, gave his valet orders to awake him every morning with the words, "Remember, monsieur le comte, that you have great things to do." Remember, my young friend, that you have great things to do. Great things will certainly be done in the next fifty years: why should you not have the honor of doing some of them? To be great and do great things will require, first, a high aim, and then diligence, earnestness, hard work, definite and unremitting toil; but you can do what others have done and are doing, and win the prize which is waiting for some one to come and take it.

It is said that Cicero's life maxim was, "Strive always to excell; be ever foremost in the race." What a splendid motto for everybody is this saying of the famous philosopher! Not that we should seek in a selfish way to outstrip others, but that we should never be satisfied to put into that which we do anything but the very best effort of which we are capable.

Do not ask, How can I make my life good, but how can I make it best? Do not ask, Will this profession or this work make me useful to my fellow-men, but will this course make me most useful to my fellow-men? Do not ask, Is this a high aim, is this a great thing to do? but is this the highest aim, is this the best, the very best thing on earth that it is possible for me to do?

No course in life will ever prove satisfactory either to ourselves or to God save that only which follows the loftiest ideals, and which induces us to throw into the attainment of those ideals our whole selves, the very best and truest powers of our whole being. Anything short of this will end only in the more or less complete failure which waits always upon half-heartedness.—The Christian Work.

THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

[London Spectator.]

Assassination is murder, and inexcusable, be the provocation what it may; but if ever a sovereign tempted fate it was Nasr-ed-Din, the late Persian King of Kings. Throughout his long reign of fifty years he governed like any Asiatic despot of the worst type, thinking only of his own autocracy and his own private fortune, and his own exemption from anything that could disturb his peace. All who resisted him, or whom he feared, or whom he suspected, he slaughtered out, often with circumstances of hideous cruelty. Throughout his reign he persecuted the remainder of the fire-worshippers, who still in secluded places of Persia keep up their old worship of the sun, and still maintain a secret correspondence with the emancipated members of their sect whom we all respect as Parsees; and when a Mohammedan sect, the Babis, who bear to ordinary Mussulmans the relation which the Covenanters bore to ordinary Protestants, threatened revolt he suppressed them by means which may be guessed from the fact that trays of human eyes were presented to him in proof that his orders had been executed. He must have had some ability, or he could not have maintained his despotic power so long, or have been so dreaded by his servants; but his efforts to establish an army never succeeded, his defence of his kingdom against the British invasion of 1856 was of the feeblest kind and though he played off the ambassadors of Europe against each other with a certain skill, as the Sultan also does, he distrusted all ambassadors alike, and never succeeded, though he had magnificent opportunities, in securing a trustworthy ally. England was always suspicious, and Russia always encroaching. In internal affairs he continued the evil policy of his Tartar house, which trusts no one but a prince with local powers; there was no appeal against his kinsfolk, and under their rule the population of the villages withered away until it seemed that Persia, by nature, one of the richest countries in the world, might become a desert, and until the true Persians, a lively, witty, vigorous race, often described as the French of Asia, were reduced, as Sir Henry Rawlinson said, to less than five millions. Persia, in fact, as we used to think of her, no longer exists. All this while, though he was master of the whole revenue of his kingdom and practically of all its resources, he was intent upon heaping up treasure for himself in a movable form, and when he died he was the owner of the greatest mass of precious stones collected together in the world. Where a wiser man, even in the East, would have had a banker's receipt which could not be stolen or taken by violence, he had, as a British Minister once testified, 'buckets' of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds deeper than a man's fore-arm could reach. He was in fact an Asiatic prince of a type impossible in Europe, and while we hold his murder, probably by an agent of the Babis, to have been utterly wicked, we cannot affect either to lament his fate or to feel any surprise that in spite of elaborate precautions it arrived.

HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE SABBATH EVENING SERVICE.

TUNE, "Aurelia."

And now ere homeward wending,
We stand, Thee Lord, to bless;
Our grateful praises blending
With all who Thee confess:
Around the earth Thy children,
Is girdle with Thy praise;
Till like a chain that's golden,
They're linked by holy rays.

For all the holy gladness,
To us this day has brought;
Its balm for care and sadness,
The sweet truths it has taught;
For sins Thou hast forgiven,
For hopes and hearts upraised,
For faith and love thus quickened,
Thy name, O God, be praised.

When night and sleep entomb us,
Thou, who dost need no sleep;
O Light of light illume us,
When nature's gloom is deep:
Darkness is not to Thee dark,
The night's as clear as day;
Watch o'er us, till Thy sunlight
Wakes us to praise and pray.

And when to toil returning,
May this day's light reshine;
To its own brightness, turning
Our dark path into Thine:
Be every soul made purer,
And every day made sweet;
By echoes from this sanctum,
In home and busy street.

A. M. MACKAY, in a tuneless metre of 7777. 8888. R. P. ADAMS, in above 7.6 double.

OUR LEADER.

He leads us on
By paths we do not know.
Upward he leads us, though our steps are slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin of sorrow, and of clouded days,
We know, His will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And He at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
And all the dreariness and aching pain,
The wayward struggles that have proved in vain,
When all our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

—The Colporter.

Mr. Gladstone has just written to a friend: "In my opinion the Turkish government is the greatest scourge of mankind and is the greatest scandal and disgrace to religion, including the religion of Mohammed, on the face of the earth." Yet this scourge of mankind is now under the practical protection of Russia, and the secrets of diplomacy which have been leaking out for months now show beyond question that there was an agreement between England, Austria and Italy to bring the Porte to submission by means of the navies; but that Russia put a stop to the intended demonstration; and the powers did not wish to bring on a general European war with Russia and France on the side of the Turk.

But, besides a still and silent place, it is important to have a stated place of prayer—"thy closet"—thy familiar and frequented place. Although places have not so much influence with us as persons, their influence is great. There are places where we would like to be when trial comes—places where we would like to be if we were to sicken and be laid aside, places where we would like to die, and places where we find it most congenial and delightful to pray.—Dr. Hamilton.

Both knees religion is the genuine article. There can be no compromise with God, no substitute for full surrender, no holding back of a part in His service.

Hard at Work Every Day.

Paine's Celery Compound Renewed His Life.

Farmer Smye Says: "I Am a Living Witness."

Mr. George J. Smye, farmer, of Sheffield, Ont., writes as follows:

"It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

The proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound have on file thousands of such strong and convincing testimonials from the best people in Canada.

No other medicine in the world could have met the requirements of Mr. Smye, as Paine's Celery Compound did. Sufferings such as Mr. Smye endured are not conquered by the common sarsaparilla nervines and pills that are presented to the public for all the ills of life. Mr. Smye had made a trial of the majority of these advertised remedies before he heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and they failed to cure him. The moral taught by Mr. Smye's experience, and the past testimony of thousands of other people is, that kidney and liver troubles and indigestion can only be cured effectually by Paine's Celery Compound.

The great medicine Paine's Celery Compound, is as far apart from the guesswork remedies advertised as black is from white. In the judgment of able physicians, the great medicine is the triumph of the century. They prescribe it for their patients and carry it home to their own families.

Paine's Celery Compound is an able medical scientist's prescription; it is a preparation that combines all the most approved ingredients that are so necessary for the making of pure and healthy blood and strong nerves. It keeps up perfect digestive action and vigor, thereby giving continued good health and strength of body.

If you are convinced that your condition of health demands the use of Paine's Celery Compound, avoid substitutes and the "something *just as good*" that many dealers recommend for the sake of profit.

To Whom It May Concern:

I wish to say that I have handled Dr. D. M. Bye's Cancer Cure for over a year, and every case has ended just as he said they would. Every case that had been tampered with before his remedies were tried, either by cutting or otherwise, and had reappeared, and were badly enlarged and deeply rooted, he said could not be cured; but that the patients would get the worth of their money in going easy to the grave, the oils being of a soothing nature would shake all pain as well as prevent any bad and offensive odor arising from the the sore. Such have been the facts in several cases. But where the cancer had not been meddled with, and was put under his treatment at an early stage of their growth he was always sanguine of a cure being effected; and such have been the results which following testimonials will substantiate. Dr. Bye's treatment requires no painful cutting nor burning plaster, and causes little or no pain. If any one wants to know anything more about this wonderful cure for Cancers, I will gladly furnish them with Dr. Bye's publications gratis. Please enclose stamps for answers to letters.

J. H. HUGHES.

St. John, West side, N. B.

DR. D. M. BYE COMBINATION OIL CURE CO. FOR CANCER:

I have no hesitation in stating that the Dr. Bye Combination Oil Cure is the best remedy known for Cancers. I hereby certify to the following statements:

In December, 1895, I became aware that I had a cancer on my chest, near my throat, and that the cancer germ or microbe had chosen me for its victim. It is hardly necessary to describe the thoughts I had, knowing that if I did not kill the germ it would kill me. Knowing these balmy Oils had drawn a Cancer from the lip of Mr Reece, one of my near neighbors, I tried the same remedies. I commenced treatment in the latter part of March, and in about a month's time I put the beast in a bottle in alcohol. If any one doubts my statement they can come and see it. No one need be discouraged with such a remedy that can be procured. The medicine should be used and is valued highly by all who have used it. This statement is true and can easily be proven.

MRS. GEORGE F. NEVINS.

Lower Jemseg, Cambridge, Q. C., N. B.

May 26th, 1896.

MR. HUGHES.—I have neglected writing you but will do so now. The Cancer is well. I will send you a certificate.

Dr. Bye's Balmy Oils has cured a cancer on my lip of a year and half standing. In five days after I commenced using the Oils the cancer dropped out. In seventeen days the place was healed with very little pain; nothing to hinder from getting about work and sleep. I never lost a day's work with it, and would recommend it to all afflicted as I was. If anyone doubts this statement it can be easy proved.

JAMES A. NEVINS.

Lower Jemseg, Queens Co., N. B.

You can use these certificates as you wish.

J. A. H.

Delicate Females who are suffering from General Debility, Anæmia, and all diseases of their sex, will derive great benefit from the use of

Puttner's Emulsion

It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Weary, Languid and Worn out feeling.

EDUCATIONAL.

Of Interest To Teachers:

A special six weeks course will be open at WHISTON & FRASER'S Commercial College, beginning Monday, July 6th. This will afford teachers an unequalled opportunity to obtain a practical knowledge of Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting.

For further particulars apply to

S. E. WHISTON, Principal.

95 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S.

Why Our Students Succeed.

From the day a student enters either our Business or Shorthand Departments to the day of graduating, every hour of time is put to the best possible use. Teachers and students work together with a definite purpose. Courses of study full and thorough, but no aimless work—no useless repetitions—no nonsense. Each step a preparation for the next one. Every step a preparation for practical business life.

Send for Catalogue. No vacations. Students enter at any time. Oddfellows' Hall.

THE St. JOHN Business COLLEGE. EARLE & FOX.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Cable Address—"King." Telephone No. 512.

KING & BARSS,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES.
HALIFAX, N. S.
EDWIN D. KING, Q. C. WILLIAM L. BARSS, LL.B
Money invested on Real Estate Security.
Collections made in all parts of Canada.

MONT. McDONALD,
BARRISTER, ETC.
PRINCESS ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOTELS.

HOTEL KENSINGTON,
ST. JAMES ST., - - ST. JOHN, N. B.
R. P. SAUNDERS, PROPRIETOR.
The above named Hotel, opened to the public May 1st, is strictly a temperance house, and is conducted with a view to meet all requirements of permanent and transient boarders. The rooms in this house are fitted with the latest modern improvements, are heated by steam and lighted by gas; bathrooms with hot and cold water. Situation unsurpassed; view superb. Steamboat landings and post-office in close proximity. Electric cars pass the door every five minutes.
TERMS MODERATE.

HOTEL CENTRAL,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
J. W. SELFRIDGE, - - PROPRIETOR.
Situated in the most central part of this most beautiful Town.
Repaired and newly refitted with all modern improvements.
Guests conveyed to and from Station free of charge.
Excellent Livery Stable (owned by W. J. Balcom) in connection.
First-class accommodation. Terms very moderate.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
HALIFAX, N. S.,
Corner of Granville and Prince Streets. Entrance—36 Granville Street.
This location is convenient and pleasant. Arrangements are for the comfort of guests.
MISS A. M. PAYSON, Proprietrix.