POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

GLAD EASTERTIDE.

SPRING'S APPEAL TO ALL TO HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

EFFECTIVE HOMELY SIMILE.

The Lily the Queen of Bible Flowers and Thus Appropriately the Chosen Emblem of the Resurrection Morn—The Flowers of the Spring and the Lessons They Teach Discouraged Mortals.

Washington, April 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text, Luke xii, 28, "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" He said:

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Caesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option—it is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology—but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says, "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies are the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak they thunder, when the whirlwinds speak them scream, when the cataracts speak they roar; but when the flowers speak they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject, What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water, but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appareled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you! How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman Emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightingales' tongues—but he has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Munge Park, the great traveller and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die; but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and travelled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the sky.

If you ask me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better, but the God who sees the 20, 40, 50 years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers in almost all cases are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully looked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there 40 or 50 years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the author, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises, "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd, but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone aslant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are conveys coming from heaven to earth, and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted goldenrod and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the childrens' mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed, to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborescence. The Bible says, "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher." I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of a garden.

If you asked me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I answer, "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the highest human life, you will quote from Job, "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist, "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah, "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle, "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism! All the cut flowers will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cuts them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changeth not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when he said, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell or folded like a chalet on the pulseless heart of the dead. O Christ, let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden and the earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. The flowers spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from these spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white orbed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother, they must come out. Husband and wife, they must come out. Brothers and sisters, they must come out. Our darling children, they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be retuned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues. It must come up. Oh, how long it seems for some of you! Waiting, waiting for the resurrection! How long, how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were 30 trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and, when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these 30 trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what 30 trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! some coming forth from the family vault, some from the city cemetery, some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies, and then reclothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads, and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of the chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1899 with the closing Easter of the world's history—resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of sheep, through the blood of the covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will.

Brought the Mule Back.

U. S. Senator Morgan was the witness of an interesting incident during his visit to Honolulu. One day a cargo of mules was being carried on a barge to a steamer lying off shore, when one of the mules jumped overboard. When he landed on the beach he took a survey, and saw his fellow-mules still on the barge, and started to join them. After he had swam some distance, a great wave came along and turned him over. When he righted himself he was wild with rage, and blindly headed out for mid-ocean. The captain of the barge gave a command to a Kanaka, who immediately sprang overboard, swam at a tangent to intercept the mule, and, reaching the animal, climbed upon his back, and by clever tactics rode the mule direct to the steamer.

Inventor Edison's Brightest Story.

One of the best examples of the great Inventor Edison's wit is recorded in an anecdotal biography of the great inventor: A gentleman representing the building committee of a city church called to see Mr. Edison. The committee had been unable to decide whether to equip the church with lightning rods or not, and had sent to secure Mr. Edison's opinion on the matter.

"By all means," said Edison, "put on the rods. You know Providence is sometimes absent-minded."

Printing in the Dark.

Sulphate of quinine has some very curious properties, one of them being its power to impress an image of itself on a sheet of sensitive paper in the dark. If a design be drawn on a sheet of paper with sulphate of quinine, exposed for a few minutes to the sun, then placed on a sheet of sensitive paper, put in a book, and left for a few hours, a perfect image of the drawing will be found impressed on the sheet of paper. Writing may be copied in sensitive paper in this way, but it must be reversed, or the writing will be reversed on the sensitive paper.

Newfoundland Caribou.

The caribou, or reindeer, of Newfoundland roam over an area of some 25,000 miles of unbroken wilderness. They are magnificent creatures, some of the larger stags weighing from 500 to 600 pounds. As might be expected, venison is pretty plentiful in St. John's market and has been sold for as little as five cents a pound.

Knew What Troubled Him.

A very little boy had, during his papa's severe illness, heard a great deal said about nervous prostration. Feeling ill one day, he threw himself upon the sofa, exclaiming: "Oh, dear, I'm 'fraid I'm going to have nervous prospects!"

Certainly Looks That Way.

Little Johnny thinks that school teachers are awfully social creatures. Miss Dash, he says, never stays after school without having one or two of the boys to keep her company.

EASTER ELECTION.

CHURCH WARDENS, VESTRYMEN AND DELEGATES APPOINTED.

The following election returns have been received:—

ST. GEORGE'S.

The following were returned at the parish election for St. George's church, Carleton:—

Church wardens—William Hamlyn, Charles Pidgeon.

Vestrymen—James Carleton, Joseph H Mosher, Isaac Amos, Martin Peterson, Joseph F Smith, A Rankin Bedell, Samuel L Sewell, John A Maxwell, Daniel B Lord, William Emerson, John Emerson, John Carrier.

Delegates to synod—William Hamlyn, Charles Pidgeon.

Substitutes—Martin Peterson, Samuel M Sewell.

Vestry clerk—James Carleton.

Treasurer—A Rankin Bedell.

Auditors—H Alfred Craft, Joseph F Smith.

ST. JOHN'S, OROMOCTO.

At a meeting of the parishioners of Burton, held in St John's church, Oromocto, on Easter Monday, the following were elected for the ensuing year as

Church Wardens—A Stanley Clowes, Henry Wilmot.

Vestrymen—R D Wilmot, F A Hubbard, G S Gilbert, R S Hughes, G H Clowes, Jas P Bliss, Chas H Gilmor, A B Wilmot, John W Gilmor, John E Stocker, Edwin Street, L H Bliss.

Representatives to the Synod were elected as follows: Henry Wilmot, John W Gilmor. Substitutes—A B Wilmot, L H Bliss.

James S White was appointed vestry clerk, and Allen B Wilmot solicitor for the corporation.

The Easter offerings, $57 49, were the largest for many years.

PARISH OF ROTHESAY.

Church Wardens—F W G Brock, Charles Prince.

Vestrymen—Samuel J Prince, Isaac W Saunders, William McMahon, Robert Matthew, George Henderson, jr, J Lee Flewelling, A C Fairweather, W Tyng Peters, James Henderson, jr, Henry Gilbert, Percy R L Fairweather, Anthony Dobbin.

Delegates to Synod—A C Fairweather, S Z Dickson.

Substitutes—W Tyng Peters, J Lee Flewelling.

CHRIST'S CHURCH, NORTON.

Wardens—C E Dixon, John Raymond.

Vestrymen—W H Baxter, W H Huggard, R H Warneford, James Hughson, O A Wetmore, William Hughson, James Gilchrist, Egerton Seely, Arthur Fairweather, James Hoyt, Albert Fairweather, J E Fairweather.

Vestry clerk—John Raymond.

Delegates to Synod—James Gilchrist, J E Fairweather.

Substitutes—W H Baxter, R H Warneford.

TRINITY, SUSSEX.

Wardens—T B Arnold, R W Arnold.

Vestrymen—W W Hubbard, E A Charters, R Sherwood, H S Parlee, W S Smith, Dr George N Pearson, Oliver Hallett, Geo H Wallace, Murray Heustis, E Hallett, Frand W Lansdowne, Albert Sears.

Vestry Clerk—T A Charters.

Auditor—Frank W Lansdowne.

Delegates to Synod—E B Beer and W W Hubbard; substitutes, T E Arnold and R H Arnold.

MUSQUASH.

Wardens—Joshua Knight, C Herbert Thomas.

Vestry—Charles Smith, Jos Smith, James Moody, John Hannigan, L D Carman, Wm Thompson, W H McGowan, A T Craft, Fred Thomson, Geo Caffrey, James Carscadden, David Mawhinney.

Vestry Clerk—Geo F Smith.

Delegates to Synod—D Mawhinney, G F Smith; substitutes, G H Thomas, J E W Smith.

TRINITY CHURCH, DORCHESTER.

DORCHESTER, April 3—At the annual meeting of Trinity church today, the finances of the parish were found to be in a most satisfactory condition, and the following officers were elected:—

Wardens—Hiram W Palmer and Mariner G Teed.

Vestrymen—David Chapman, J B Forster, A B Pipes, A J Chapman, J H Hickman, Chas Miller, B H Gilbert, A W D Stephen, W D Wilbur, J F Teed, M B Palmer and W B Meynell.

Vestry Clerk—S Edgar Wilson.

Organist—Mrs L A McGrath.

Delegates to Synod—Hon Mr Justice Hanington and John B Forster.

Substitutes—H W Palmer and M G Teed.

Resolved, that the church wardens be empowered with aid of the guild to paint the outside of the church edifice.

Resolved, that $100 bequeathed to the endowment fund of the church incorporation by the late Mrs Joseph Hickman shall be invested at interest not to exceed 6 per cent.

The meeting was well attended and the proceedings were most harmonious.

WEAK MEN

FREE TREATMENT

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FIGHTING NEAR MALOLOS.

General McArthur Makes a Reconnoissance.

One Thousand Rebels Armed With Mausers.

Water Supply Inadequate.

MANILA, April 4—4.45 p m—General MacArthur reconnoitered in force this morning with the Montana regiment, the fourth cavalry and two guns of the light artillery, as far as the river north of Malolos. The reconnoissance developed the fact that there are fully 1,000 rebels armed with Mauser rifles, preparing for defence. Shots were exchanged and two of the Montana men were wounded but there was no engagement.

Later in the day General MacArthur moved northward, as the water supply of Malolos is inadequate.

WASHINGTON, April 4—Only five of the members of the cabinet were present at today's meeting, the absentees being Secretaries Gaze, Alger and Long. The principal subject under discussion was a long cablegram from Mr Schurmann, chairman of the Philippine commission now at Manila, which was read by Secretary Hay. The part of the message which attracted most attention was that which indicated that Aguinaldos' power over his followers was largely based upon coercion and fear of violence in case they opposed him. This message, taken in connection with recent information received from Gen Otis, has led to the belief among members of the cabinet that the end of the trouble with the Filipinos is near at hand.

MANILA, April 4, 4.45 p m—The belief is spreading among the residents here that the effect of the capture of Malolos, the former rebel capital, followed by the proclamation of the United States Philippine commission, will be to convince the natives that Aguinaldo's bubble has burst. Dr Schurmann, president of the commiss on, said:—

"The Filipinos have been asking unceasingly: 'What do you propose to do for us?' The proclamation answers the question and it should satisfy them."

Col Charles Denby, member of the commission and former minister to China, remarked: "It is the most important proclamation since the declaration of independence. Spanish, Tagalman and English versions have been printed and it is proposed to circulate them about Malolos and at all the seaports. They will be sent to the lake towns by gunboats."

The committee of Spaniards, under the leadership of Senor Antonio Fuset, president of the Spanish club, has had little success with the expedition organized to deliver money and stores to the Spanish prisoners. The members of the expedition were obliged to give the goods to Filipino officers at Batangas. The boat had a letter from Aguinaldo directing the Filipino officials to aid the mission, but Gen Trias, commanding the Filipino forces in the southern provinces, and his subordinates, declined to recognize Aguinaldo's authority. The Spaniard's refused to accept the invitations to land, having been warned that they would be held for ransoms.

Major Rafael Morales, the former Spanish governor of the island of Mindero, was brought on board the ship for an interview. He was so weak that he fainted and at parting he said:

"I shall never see you again."

The Filipinos thought the red cross flag was the American battle flag.

A committee, whose members were of all nationalities in Manila, headed by Mr John McLeod, and Englishman, has been organized for the purpose of interviewing the Filipino leaders and petitioning for the release of the prisoners in the name of humanity.

HONG KONG, April 5—The Filipino junta here has issued another of the extraordinary statements which have been features of the newspaper campaign directed from here by the agents of Aguinaldo. In the present instance the rebel agents claim to have obtained their "information" from American sources at Manila. They assert the existence of "mysterious intrigues" between the vatican, Major-General Merritt, President McKinley, Major-General Elwell S Otis and Archbishop Ireland, leading to the latter's journey to Rome.

Continuing the Filipino statement says:—

"The Paulist fathers action prior to the fall of Manila were suspicious. Now, in conjunction with Archbishop Nozaleda, who is intimate with General Otis, they are endeavoring to procure the former ascendancy of the church in the Philippines, hence they are sustaining General Otis, who, as a Catholic, has refused to obey the Washington orders and transfer the command of his force to General Lawton, because he wishes to remain in power and assist the church to recover its real estate. The Paulists policy is more subtle than that of the Jesuits, and unless they are promptly recalled they will work further mischief. The Philippines are a valuable hunting ground for the church, hence the Titanic efforts to maintain its supremacy."

Rebels Burn Surveyors Sheds.

HONG KONG, April 4—Captain May reports that a number of surveyors sheds have been burned, and that the villagers were so aggressive that he was forced to concealment at night and had to return to Hong Kong in daylight. Troops are being held in readiness for an emergency.

Antarctic Expedition Arrives.

BUENOS AYRES, April 4—The steamer Belgica, having on board the De Gerlache Antarctic expedition, has arrived at Punta Arenas, Patagonia. She was icebound for two months.

SHARP'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED FOR ROUP WHOOPING COUGH COUGHS AND COLDS.

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Intercolonial Railway.

ON and after MONDAY, the 3rd October, 1898, trains will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST JOHN.

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou	13.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney	22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 16.50 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro.

Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Halifax	10.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal	19.20
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton	11.25
Accommodation from Moncton	23.45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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THE LOBSTER COMMISSION.

(On board the cruiser Curlew, Oct. 16.)

Between the jaws of Salmon Bay
The tempest howls and raves;
But we defy the deep today,
And battle with the waves.
The Curlew must complete her rounds,
Her sailors never flinch;
No storm can stay two hundred pounds
Of pressure to the inch!
As staunch as newly off the stocks,
And glossy as a whale,
Right merrily her whistle mocks
The roaring of the gale.
What plunging, as she hews a track
Through every foaming ridge—
A torrent o'er the turtle back,
A fountain o'er the bridge,
What rolling, when, in keeping off,
With yon bleak cliffs a-lee—
She wallows wildly in the trough
Of this confounded sea!
But let the weather life-boats dip,
And let the lee ones fill,
No Jonah burrows in this ship
To shirk his ruler's will,
And Captain Pratt will keep her trim
And guard against mishap,
No weather foul enough to dim
The gold braid round his cap.

WARREN F. LELAND DIES.

Proprietor of the Burned Windsor Hotel Has Passed Away.

NEW YORK, April 4—Warren F Leland, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, died at Hotel Grenoble at 3.33 p m, today, following an operation for appendicitis performed a few days ago. His son, Charles Leland, of Chicago, and Dr Filkin, the attending physician, were with him at the time of his death.

Mr Leland collapsed from nervous prostration about a week ago as the result of the tremendous amount of work he had done, the excitement and worry which he had undergone after the great fire in this hotel. Mr Leland's wife and daughter were among the victims of the fire.

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