THE MINISTERS' SABBATH NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And while upholding rig t encircle him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master. He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou
His minister to-night; draw very near
To all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
O speak to him! Thou know est how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones.
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overtraining throb, each pulsing pain,
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

BERT TOWNSEND'S CAREER.

Bert Townsend was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. All Mrs. Townsend's thoughts and hopes centered in her handsome boy, and she all but fell down and worshipped her tall, manly-looking son. From earliest childhood, Bert had been accustomed to hearing his bright sayings repeated and his praises sung, until a certain amount of adulation had become a necessary part of the boy's existence. He was amiable, but weak. He wanted to please his mother, whom he really loved, but he wished at the same time to carry out his own plans and to follow the bent of his own sweet will.

"Didn't I see your boy Bert smoking a cigarette the other day?" mildly inquired a kind but meddlesome neighbor of Mrs. Townsend.

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Mrs. Townsend, in horrified tones. "Bert has never learned to smoke; I trust he never will. His poor, dear father was bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco. You must have seen some one else."

The neighbor knew perfectly well that she had seen Bert in the act of smoking, but finding the fond mother thus firmly intrenched in her good opinion of her darling boy, she was discreetly silent.

"How long has Bert Townsend smoked?" asked the inquisitive Mrs. Amsden of her own promising young hopeful.

"Let me see," said Jack, meditatively; "it must be six or seven years. I know I was only ten years old when three or four of us shavers first got together and tried the weed, and I remember," continued Jack, with a smile, "how mad father was when he found it out, and what a whaling I got. It was rather rough treatment, for the horrid stuff made me desperately sick. I haven't tried it since, but Bert is quite a smoker."

"His mother doesn't know it," said Mrs. Amsden.

"Of course not," said Jack; "Bert is one of that kind. He does lots of things his mother doesn't know—things she wouldn't like one bit. He's bound to do as he pleases, and he says there's no use stirring her up and making her feel bad. It seems downright sneaky to me, but he thinks it's all right. He's awful sweet and good to his mother when he's at home, and I suppose he thinks this makes up for what he does outside. His mother thinks he's the pink of perfection. You couldn't make her believe he could do anything wrong."

"It's a wicked shame in Bert to deceive his mother so."

"The boy would get into a pretty tall row who charged Bert with deceiving his mother. He poses as a high-toned, straight-forward young man, and excuses his conduct as a mere matter of policy. He likes to have affairs nice and smooth, and he doesn't want to grieve his mother, so he just keeps shady about certain acts of his. He doesn't do anything dreadful bad, you know."

"I call it dreadful bad to practise deception. He's pretending to be what he is not. Give me an honest, straightforward faulty boy, rather than a whitted sepulchre, fair without and rotten within."

"Oh, you're away off, mother. Bert is very fair on the outside, and he isn't actually rotten within; he's only a little unsound at the core."

"It's so funny," laughed Mrs. Townsend, in her winning way; "Mrs. Amsden actually thought she saw you smoking. Have you a double among your mates? It's too bad if you are to be held responsible for the deeds of others."

"Mrs. Amsden is quite near-sighted, you know, mother," said Bert, carelessly; "perhaps she saw Paul Brooks, we are about of a height, and Paul smokes;" and the subject was dismissed.

"If your mother was very keen she'd find you out," said Jack to Bert one day when he had found him smoking. "I should think you'd carry the fragrance of the weed home with you."

"If I did, mother would think I was trying a new kind of perfumery," laughed Bert. "But seriously, I never go home directly after smoking; I treat myself to a thorough airing first. Have you seen the new play?"

"Mercy, no! All the boys were going, and I wanted to, but mother lifted up her hands in holy horror. She had read some of the criticisms; you know it's called immoral."

"And you stayed at home like a good little boy," said Bert, sneeringly; "I know a trick worth two of that. Women of a certain type are always puritanical. Mother never goes to the theatre. She's sweet and good, and that's all very well for her, but she can't expect me to view things from her standpoint. I went to the play, and a jolly good time we had of it, with a supper afterward. Of course mother would be shocked if she knew, but she needn't know, that's easy enough to manage."

"I wouldn't like to manage that way. It would give me a bad feeling in the region of the heart."

"Nonsense; you're more nice than wise. Of course I don't lie about it, but I have a way of getting 'round the truth, so that I pull the wool over mother's eyes."

"What did you think of the play?"

"Fine! It's all bosh about it's being immoral, but that criticism served the managers a good turn; it has given them full houses. Lots of people have gone out of mere curiosity!"

"Isn't there a thing wrong about the play?"

"Of course not, Mr. Over-Nice! I admit it's a trifle bold and free, and some features would trouble squeamish people, but 'evil to him who evil thinks,' I say. Go and see for yourself."

"No, thank you, I'm a wee bit squeamish myself, and I believe I've gotten over wanting to go."

"You're the biggest sissy!" cried Bert, with an air of great disgust. "Keep on a few years longer, and you'll be good for nothing but to hang 'round your mothers and sisters."

"If I keep pace with my mother and sisters I shall have plenty of manliness, never you fear," retorted Jack. "I don't care to bandy compliments, but I have been brought up to believe that manliness meant loyalty to truth, and judged by this standard your Imperial Highness has precious little of the article to spare."

"Go to thunder with your confounded moralizing!" cried Bert, his patience thoroughly exhausted; "you'd better set up for a preacher and be done with it, with your everlasting twaddle."

"I never see Jack with you now-a-days," said Mrs. Townsend one evening. "Why doesn't he come here as he used to? I always liked Jack so much! he seems such a true, good fellow."

"Oh, he's good enough, little mother," said Bert, "but he's awfully tiresome, and in popular parlance the relations between us are somewhat strained. I think he is a regular old fogy, and he knows it, and resents it."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Townsend, simply. "You are so bright and quick yourself you expect everybody else to be the same. You ought to have charity for dull, slow people like Jack and me."

"Now, mother mine, it's clearly evident that you are fishing for a compliment, for you know that I think you are the dearest and brightest mother in the whole world"; and Bert kissed his mother and retired to rest in a very placid frame of mind.

Time passed, and Jack and Bert grew steadily apart in thought and action until a wide chasm separated them. In the view of the world they were two fine promising young men, each occupying a responsible position with a fair future before them. This on the surface.

"Jack Amsden's been promoted again, and he deserves it, too; the next move and he'll be a member of the firm. It does one good to see a fellow like Amsden prosper; he's staunch and true, a thoroughly lovable character," said a former school mate of Jack's.

"Yes, everyone likes Jack," was the rejoinder; "although I must confess that I used to think him a trifle slow and just a bit priggish; he was always so afraid of being coarse or slangy, and made such a point of standing by principle."

"The very qualities that have given him such a firm, rounded, manly character. He wasn't as bright as Townsend, but he's coming out far ahead of that aspiring young man."

"I'm not so sure of it. Townsend has a good position, and he'll be a rich man one of these days."

"Perhaps so, but how? Townsend is tricky and unscrupulous. Don't you remember how he used to cheat his mother? He keeps that up to this day. She thinks he's a saint, but he's considerable of a sinner. What a humbug the fellow is with his suave manners! Ugh! He doesn't know how to spell the word 'honor,' but Amsden spells it and lives it."

"Pooh, you're cracked on Amsden! Nothing succeeds like success, and Townsend stands for success after all, if you examine his bank account."

"He doesn't stand for success if you examine his character," was the retort.

Bert Townsend was very well satisfied with his own worldly success thus far. Haunted by no lofty ideal, he considered himself a fairly good fellow, and never took the trouble to look down deep into his own heart to discover just what sort of a person he was. The fatal habit of concealment had slowly but surely undermined his character, and he now led a dual existence, and slid easily down from one phase of life to the other.

"Come, Bert, my love, it's time for church." It was his mother's sweet voice as she paused at the door of his room one Sunday morning.

With a smothered "Thunder!" Bert thrust the French novel he was reading into a private drawer, but replied pleasantly, "All right, mother, I'll be down in a second. Everything's gone wrong this morning, and I'm a trifle late."

"What a handsome fellow Bert is, and how kind and attentive he is to his mother. He's always at church, and how gracefully he escorts Aunt Mary down the aisle," said an adoring cousin.

"Yes, Bert is quite a pattern," said girl-cousin number two.

"Bert's a great fraud," declared their rollicking brother; "it's a lot you girls know about boys. I should think one might see through Bert with half an eye."

"You sha'n't talk so about Bert," said Edith Townsend; "it is simply disgraceful, and you know you do it out of pure jealousy."

Will Townsend called upon his cousin Bert that Sunday afternoon, and found him lying upon the lounge in his own room reading his trashy novel.

"Aunt Mary is down-stairs reading her Bible with a face of angelic sweetness," said Will, "and her darling son is up stairs reading—let me see, what," and Will tried to grasp the volume, but Bert placed it plumply underneath his manly form and looked up defiantly in his cousin's face.

"No matter," said Will; "I can judge of the contents from the cover. Good Sunday reading, hey, Bert?"

"Mind your own business," said Bert, disdainfully; "I read what I choose in my own room."

"Very properly," said Will; "although I must say it makes me smile when I hear different members of the family rave about you as a bright and shining light."

Bert winced a little.

"I don't set myself up for a bright and shining light," he said; "I am very broad and liberal in my ideas, but the great purpose of my life is to make my mother happy, and so, as far as it is possible, I conform outwardly to her standards. I do penance every Sunday as I sit and listen to dull, prosy old Dr. Griffin, so I treat myself to something a bit exciting in the afternoon by way of compensating for the irksome duty of the morning."

"And on the same principle, I suppose, you treat yourself to other questionable pleasures," said Will.

"What do you mean?" angrily demanded Bert.

"I know all about your taking Lou Harrington 'round. She isn't a nice girl, and it would break your mother's heart if she knew about it. You are spending too much money, too, and there'll be a sudden crash some day, if you don't take care. It's about time that you stop playing a part, and that you come out in your true character, either as villain or saint, for you can't be both."

"This is the most atrocious talk; how dare you arraign me in this diabolical way?" cried Bert, in a furious rage; "I'm acting no part, my course has been perfectly open. True, I go with Lou, and she's as good a girl as ever stepped, if she has been talked about. I've been to call again and again in broad daylight, that the whole prying neighborhood might see if they liked; and as for money matters, my money is my own, and who has a better right than I to spend it?"

"You are nothing, if not plausible," said Will; "you've been to see Lou Harrington in the day-time, because this has best suited your convenience, but you've done it in a very open way haven't you? You've looked up and down the street to make sure that no one you knew was near, and then you've 'scooted' in at a double quick; and you haven't taken the trouble to escort her to and from her own door when you've taken her to matinees. Your conduct has been straightforward, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it has. When we have planned to meet, or I have failed to escort her to her own door, it has been because I've had other business to attend to, and it's pure nonsense about my looking up and down the street before going in to call. Lou has the misfortune to live in an unpleasant neighborhood—a set of prying old maid busybodies, who watch people, and imagine all sorts of silly things. I don't care that for them, or for their cock and bull stories," and Bert snapped his fingers with spiteful energy.

"If your course is all so open and above board, why don't you tell your mother about Lou, and why don't you take her into your confidence about a thousand other matters? You know you have systematically deceived poor Aunt Mary, and you began it when you were a small kid. Hiding things as a matter of policy will be your ruin, Bert, if you don't stop short and begin life on a new basis!"

"You're a nice fellow to insult other people, Will, you've always been so good yourself. I miss my guess if I can't hold up my head as high as you any day. There's the door, and you'd better march home."

"I am sorry I've angered you, Bert," said Will, humbly; "I don't claim to be a saint, but the difference between us is that I appear to be just what I am, for I hate deception, while to many persons you have a reputation far in advance of your real character. For Aunt Mary's sweet sake I have warned you, Bert, and now you may go your own way;" and Will sorrowfully withdrew.

Bert was very angry, but he did not allow Will's statement of the case to cast too heavy a damper over his spirits. He found comfort in telling himself that he certainly had never done anything very bad, and took up his novel again to find that he had no longer any interest in the story. With an impatient "Pshaw!" he threw the book aside, and occupied himself until the tea-bell rang in thinking over all the very good people, of whom he had ever heard, who had turned out to be very wicked, and he astonished his gentle mother by giving her a list of the names of these knaves and their unsavory exploits. "All of them religious people too, mother," he reiterated.

"It would have been better had they been a little less religious, and a little more honorable," rejoined his mother; "a religion from which honor is divorced is unworthy of the name."

"Humph! honor! mother's watchword! Alas, I am a degenerate son!" Bert told himself with something like a pang, and he devoted himself to his mother with redoubled earnestness to ease the unwonted sensation of discomfort.

Retribution does not always follow swiftly on the heels of wrong, but there is a sense in which every wrong act has its Nemesis. What more terrible retribution than the hardening process which inevitably accompanies a persistent course of wrong-doing! Will's well-meant warning did not check Bert's course, it simply caused that worthy mentally to resolve to exercise greater prudence in the future. Bert was, however, nearer the end of his cowardly career than he imagined. He prided himself upon being very shrewd and wary; but success in his weak and wicked policy had made him confident and bold.

Like a sudden clap of thunder from an unclouded sky came the stern decree of the senior member of the firm, Townsend, after Saturday we shall have no further need of your services."

Bert felt "like death," as he owned afterward, but he assumed an air of injured innocence, and asked with dignified composure, "What is the cause of this most sudden and remarkable decision?"

"It is not sudden to us," was the polite but firm rejoinder, "and it is scarcely remarkable under the circumstances. You have been a marked man for some time, and you know as well as we what has occasioned our loss of confidence in you. It is useless to rehearse the evidence against you; our decision is irrevocable. We hope this result of your conduct may be a lesson which you will use to some purpose."

Bert blustered and raved, declared himself an abused and slandered man, the unhappy victim of an atrocious conspiracy, but in his heart of hearts he knew that he had met his just desert. It would be a comfort to add that Bert now looked down into the depths of his soul and loathed the image which he saw there; that he confessed everything to his mother, and determined with God's help henceforth to lead a truer and nobler life. He did nothing of the kind. He was a sneak clear to the close of this first chapter in his career.

"Mother," he said, "I own I have been imprudent, but I haven't meant the least harm. I have been perfectly open and straightforward, but the truth has been exaggerated, and lies have been told by the wholesale;" and then followed such an account of the free use of other people's money, and his relations with Lou Harrington as it best pleased his righteous soul to tell. As his mother only heard his version of the affair, she believed his story, and grieved deeply that her precious boy should meet with such unjust and unkind treatment.

"It's a pity Bert Townsend has lost his position! Clever young fellow as he is he'll not get another such place in a hurry. Scarcely more than on the threshold of business life, he'll find a tarnished reputation rather miserable freight with which to start afresh. Too bad! too bad!" cried Jack Amsden, mournfully, when he hears of Bert's misfortune. And many sincere friends of Bert Townsend's echoed this sad lament.—*Examiner.*

Something to Take Hold Of.

"It's such a bother!" and Jack Beldon tossed his Sunday-school quarterly across the room and stood drumming discontentedly upon the window-pane.

"Well, my son, had you learned your lesson last Sunday you would not have to stop for it now, and it grieves me to have you show so little respect and love for God's Word."

"Oh, I s'pose it's all good enough to read and for ministers to preach about, but what's the use of my learning it?"

"In the first place, my dear boy, God gave it to us because He loved us and knew how much we should need such a guide and help and comfort all our lives through; and if we made better use of it we could not go wrong so many times, while we could never be utterly discouraged with God's promises to lean upon. Again, there is no surer way of crowding out the wrong thoughts and feelings that are constantly coming to us than by filling our minds and hearts with better things; and what better can be found than God's own sacred truths? Now, if you will apply yourself, it will not take you fifteen minutes to learn those verses, and I suppose that you may expect Will along to stop for you at any moment."

Already half ashamed of his obstinacy, his mother's last remark hastened Jack's decision, and he went earnestly to work.

As a result, his verses were soon perfectly learned, and he had scarcely finished reciting them to his mother when his friend's warning whistle was heard as he approached the house.

A day in the woods with their guns, how eagerly the boys had been looking forward to it. "Don't let's stop to fire a shot," said Jack, "until we get to the cabin. Old Steve'll tell us the best way to go, and perhaps he'll go with us."

"That's so; he knows all the ins and outs of hunting around here; but that reminds me that it is a long time since he has been in town."

"Perhaps he has come some time when we were in school. What a lonely life he must lead with no one but his dog to speak to for days together."

"It might be so for you or me, but he seems contented enough. Some of the ladies went out there and tried to persuade him to come to church on Sundays, and then stay in town and take dinner with them. He thanked them, but just laughed and said that churches and ministers might be all well enough for those who haven't anything better, but the big trees and the birds were good enough for him."

Then the boys fell to talking of something else, and, hastening their steps, soon left the town behind them; after which, passing on through the woods for about a mile, they came to a roughly-made dwelling with but a small clearing around it.

"Maybe he isn't at home," said Will, "there doesn't seem to be any smoke coming out of the chimney; but I'll soon find out," and giving the door a resounding rap, he listened for the well-known summons to enter. But instead the boys heard something like a groan and a scarcely audible, "Come in," and lifting the latch they entered the poor little room that had been Stephen Barclay's only home for many years.

Poor old man! There upon the bed he lay gasping for breath and with great hollow eyes looking beseechingly at his visitors as they entered.

For a moment they were too awe struck to speak, and then tender-hearted Jack, with his eyes full of tears, went quickly to the bedside, and, taking hold of the wasted hand that was outstretched to him, asked tenderly: "Oh, Steve, what is the matter?"

"I'm so glad you're come," responded the old man feebly. "I'm dying, and I thought I'd got to go all alone!"

"Perhaps you'll get well if you can only have some medicine. Run quick for the doctor, Will, and stop and tell mother to come too. I'll do what I can for him while you're gone."

But as Will started out of the room and back towards town the sick man only shook his head, saying: "It's no use; it's too late! I'm going fast, and oh, my boy, I've got nothing to take hold of! When my old mother died she said that God was taking her through the dark waters; but I wouldn't have Him when I was well, and now I can't find Him! Tell me how, can't you?"

For the first time in his life Jack prayed with desperate earnestness: "O God, help him and help me!" and suddenly one of his lately learned lesson verses came to him, and he said slowly: "The Bible says, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Say it again!" and the withered hand clasped that of the boy more closely.

Again Jack repeated the precious words, and his listener asked eagerly: "Does it mean *me?*"

"Yes, mother says we've only to love and trust Him as little children do their mothers and fathers, and He'll take care of us through everything."

"That's what I want; that's what I want—in my mother's God and everlasting life? If *He* says so, I *do* believe! while tears stole down his cheeks as he added: "I wish I could do it all over again; I wish I'd listened to Him sooner. Now say it all over, and any more that you can remember;" and leaning forward on his pillow the old man eagerly drank in the words of life as Jack recalled one after another of the Bible verses, which never until now had seemed so much to him. As he began the twenty-third Psalm there was a visible brightening of his listener's face, and one or two times he nodded feebly, saying at its conclusion: "That's what she said,' 'I'll fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' Now the *whatsoever* again; that means *me*—something to get hold of!" So he lay, still clinging to Jack's hand, and in a few moments, as peacefully as a little child going to sleep, he had entered, we trust, upon the everlasting life.

When, a little later, Mrs. Belden and Will arrived, and Jack had told his mother all that had taken place, he said, solemnly: "Oh, mother, what if I hadn't learned the verses; what if I couldn't have helped him! If God will only let me, I'm going to spend all my life studying His Word and going about telling people about it; for just think how many, many people there are in the world who, if they meet trouble or death, would feel, like poor Steve, that they had nothing to take hold of."—*American Messenger.*

— John A. Johnson, Esq., ex-M. P., of Pictou, Nova Scotia, writes: "I was troubled with dyspepsia of the very worst kind for twenty years. K. D. C. cured me completely. It is worth its weight in gold. Hundreds have been cured by its use. I shall be pleased to furnish further information to any desiring it."

Short-sighted

—the woman who doesn't use *Pearline;* the woman who fails to have her servants use *Pearline.* She fails to see what is good for her; she fails to have what is best for her.

Without *Pearline,* washing and cleaning is drudgery and toil, and wear and tear, and rub, rub, rub. With it, there is no hard work, and no harm to the finest things; there is little or no rubbing. Use *Pearline,* and rest from your labor; the rest of your labor—the hardest part—is done by *Pearline.*

Fore-sight

The woman has fore-sight who refuses the imitations of Pearline offered by peddlers and unscrupulous grocers, which they claim to be "same as Pearline," or "as good as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—besides, Pearline is never peddled. 243 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Featherbone vs. Whalebone.

Scientists tell us Featherbone is practically the same substance as whalebone. Therefore Featherbone Corsets are better than whalebone, being more elastic and fitting closer. Ask for and see that you get "Featherbone Corsets." Sold generally throughout Canada.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Oakrups, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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COMMENCING FEB. 6th, the Steamers of this Company will leave SAINT JOHN

EVERY MONDAY and THURSDAY

at 7.35 a. m. standard, for

Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with Steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Through first and second-class tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all Booking stations of all railways, and on board steamer City of Monticello between St. John, Digby, and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1892. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	12.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for St. Pie. du Chene, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	16 55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex	8.35
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.35
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.35
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal and Halifax are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st October, 1892.

Western Counties Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Thursday, 5th January, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3.37 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 5 25 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John, every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston, for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston *Globe* on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

March 1.

*** THE matter which this page contai fully selected from various sources; and w tes that, to any intelligent farmer or hous contents of this single page, from week to ing the year, will be worth several time scription price of the paper.

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands that toiled so hard for m
At rest before me now I see them lying
They toiled so hard and yet we could not
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drudged the li
Still busy when the midnight oil was b
Of toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within the
And gaze with her across the twilight lan
Some whispered words repeating—

I think to-night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly
That e'en though tired, she would not wi
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown
That death came all unheeded o'er it c
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she is sleeping.

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heav
Of drudging household toil its highest
That laid aside its precious yearnings th
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so palseless, still
How peacefully and dreamlessly she's
The spotless shroud of rest about them fo
And leave me weeping.

—WORTHINGTON'S I

THE HOME

The Joyousness of Child

There is a chapter in the Charles Kingsley which eve ought to read. It treats of th phere of joyousness in the h very essential it is to the healt of children physically and He never allowed any of his b cloud his face or allow him to that weary, depressed tone which sends the thermometer hearts in the home circle dow The griefs of children to him piteous. He says: "A chi broken toy is a sight I cannot when nursery griefs and br were taken to the study, he was busy to mend the toy and dry

He held, with Jean Paul Ri children have their "days and rain," days when "the child's ver" falls rapidly before the s cold weather of circumstance rents should not consider or t notice, either for anxiety or lightly passing over the va temperature, except where symptoms of coming illness. it a rule not to take a child of a fault at unawares, by a tion or hasty accusation, th thus taking advantage of t and more defenceless creatu the mere confusion of the might be tempted to deny or "Do we not pray daily, 'Lor me not,'" and shall we dare our children by sudden accu suspicious anger, making evidence against themselves, do not allow a criminal to do court of law? He was care confuse or "confound" his c a multiplicity of small rules. brave man he was, Charle kept his feelings of depres own heart. He became a li boy in the presence of his ch wonder," he would say, "if much laughing in any oth England as in ours?"

"Perfect love casteth ou was the motto on which based his theory of bringi children, and this theory practise from their babyho left them as men and wo this, and from the interest h their pursuits, their pleas and even the petty detai every-day life, there sprang ship between father and chil creased in intensity and dept

Remarkable Ant

A cook was much annoye pastry shelves attacked b careful watching it was dis they came twice a day in s —at about seven in the four in the afternoon. H pies to be protected against The cook decided to m around the pie with molass the result. He did not wait, for at 6.30 he notice the left corner of the pantr of ants slowly making the direction of the pies. They a vast army coming forth t enemy. In front was a le ways kept a little ahead They were of the sort medium-sized red ant, whic as the most intelligent of it scientific name is *formica* forty ants out of five hu out and joined the leader. and his aids held a coun proceeded to examine molasses. Certain portio be assigned to the differ each selected unerringly the section under his cha stream of molasses was na the leader made his tour The order to march was g ants all made their way t wall, at which the plaster Here they broke rank carrying pieces of plaster in the molasses, which ha upon as narrowest. To went from the nail-hole to until at 11.20 o'clock, the bridge across. Then they selves in a line again and by 11.45 every ant w —*Toledo Blade.*

— Cranberries are am healthful of our fruit, and frequent place on our tab be bought quite cheaply, canned the same as any are acceptable in winter summer. Many object a strong taste to cranber this, cook with much m usual, and when done a starch smoothed in cold of proper consistency. Co to cook the cornstarch mold to cool. As eno may be added to increas about one-half, it will be to use it.