

WHEN "END" CAME.

The naked earth lay brown and bare,
And not a green thing anywhere;
The brooks were dumb; no song of bird
From leafy bough had long been heard;
The wailing winds of March alone
For winter's dirge made lifeless moan;
And no fresh thing the earth could claim
When "End" came.

But soon her presence here below
A charm o'er nature seemed to throw,
She laid aside her garments gray,
And decked herself in blossoms gay;
Warm winds came from the sunny south,
In haste to kiss the baby's mouth;
And birds flew forth to sing her name
When "End" came.

A shadow from the troubled past
Across our life its gloom had cast
A blinding mist of bitter tears,
Had dimmed the light of early years,
Though still we clasped our father's hand,
Our stumbling feet could scarcely stand;
Scarce could we see that way to bliss
Till "End" came.

This baby soul so fresh from heaven
Our faith a fragrant incense gave,
These little hands that clasp our breast
Our troubled moments soothe to rest;
So pure a love within us wakes
That life a holier meaning takes,
And gone is every selfish aim—
Since "End" came.

Dear Father, aid our trembling might
To guide these little feet aright;
These little hands to fold in thine,
And we will trust the love divine
Falls not below mother's love,
So shall she reach the home above,
A link 'twixt heaven and earth we claim
Since "End" came.

—Marie W. Tice, in the Watchman.

Struck His Sister.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

John Carret was thirteen years old, a sturdy build, fine looking boy. He had a frank, pleasant face, and was generally liked, but he had a very quick temper, and at the time this tragedy opened he was much ashamed and depressed. There was excellent reason for this mental condition. John had struck his sister. Several of his schoolmates had seen him do this, and the report had spread like wild fire, until everybody in the village knew all about it. Now John had what phenologists call a large organ of approbation, and was particularly sensitive to public opinion. He could not endure to be considered lacking in gentlemanly qualities, and so he suffered keenly. To be pointed at as "the boy who struck a girl," the chap who kicked his sister, made his cheeks burn. Most of his quarrels and their effects had blown over after a day or two, but this one seemed to have an enduring effect on him. The school where John had struck was ill for several days, and though the cause of her illness was a cold, the whole family persisted in declaring that the blow in the face was at the bottom of it. The family doctor, as he passed John on the street, would gruffly remark that "he ought to be ashamed of himself," and the very same day his Sunday school teacher told him that she "never would believe in him if he hadn't hurt his sister's heart."

All this time the boy's heart was all but bursting with mortification, sorrow and anger, and not a person came forward to lend him a helping hand. To go to school was torture, to go to church was quite as bad, for it seemed to John that every word he uttered, every action he did, was a reproach to him. At last there came a grand climax, when the boy went out of his father's house with the intention of never returning to it. As he walked down the road the great bunch in his throat, which had grown larger for days, seemed now about to choke him. The kind angels must have pitied the "poor lad as he trudged along with his terrible burden of sorrow. On and on he went, never knowing nor caring whither, until, when about four miles from home, he heard his name called by a man driving along the road. It was a young doctor, who had established himself in a neighboring town, and who sometimes visited patients in the place where John resided.

"Why, Cartaret, my boy, where are you bound?" the kindly voice inquired, as the horse came to a full stop.

"I dunno, sir," said the lad, without lifting his eyes.

"Then, if you're not particular, why not jump in with me and have a ride?" the doctor suggested, conscious that there was something unusual in the matter. For a moment there was a hard fight between pride and the longing for human contact and sympathy; but the latter feeling triumphed, and John, still keeping his cap well over his eyes, jumped into the carriage. For some minutes there was no word spoken. Then the doctor said without looking around, "It's my opinion, Cartaret, that you might as well tell me all about it."

"Well," said John, in a tone of desperation and with a catch of the breath which caused his companion to glance involuntarily at the abject figure beside him. "It's easily told, sir—I struck my sister."

"What did you do that for?" the doctor inquired.

"Because I am a bully and a coward," said John.

"Did you injure her?" was the next question.

"She was all right and cried great deal, I suppose I did."

"How is she now?"

"She is all right, sir."

"You say you struck your sister. How many times did you strike her, and how hard?"

"I slapped her face once, but, as I was very angry, I may have struck her very hard."

"Is your sister older or younger than you?"

"Two years older."

"What was the occasion of the quarrel?"

"My sister wanted to read a book that I was reading. I wouldn't let her have it, and she snatched it from my hands and threw it out into the mud. I picked it up, and then she tried to snatch it again, but I held on to it tight. When she found she couldn't get it she struck me a blow in the face, and then I gave her one."

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia

The doctor knew that the boy had told him the exact truth, and that no patient under his care had need of more delicate attention than this lad quivering under the smart of a great and humiliating sorrow.

"Did you apologize to your sister for your share of the proceeding?" was the next question.

"I tried to tell her that I was sorry, but she wouldn't listen to me, and father and mother are both down on me, and everybody in the village looks at me as if I had killed somebody, and so—" the boy's voice was now almost smothered by his tears—"I am going away—going for good."

"Don't you do it, Cartaret," said the doctor in a voice full of hearty sympathy. "Don't you do it. Stay right where you are, and live it down, and, my word to you, you will find that this experience, hard and bitter though it is, has been a means of grace to you. I'll wager my best hat that you will never strike a woman again, not even if she scratches your eyes out."

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said John, hopelessly. "If a fellow has a quick temper and is a coward to boot, there is no telling what he will do."

"Did it ever occur to you that you had some provocation for your conduct?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, yes, at first, sir," said John. "Well, now, John, I think you had unusual provocation for striking that blow, and I am not in the least afraid to tell you so, because you do not seem to have any disposition to excuse yourself. It was a cowardly act, but it was an act of gross selfishness and impoliteness for your sister to expect you to give up a book you were reading yourself. But if you could have sacrificed your personal comfort to your sister's desire to read, you would have been a splendid thing for you. Every time we give up something we want ourselves, for love's sake, or in the interest of peace and good conduct, we achieve a definite victory. From this moment you are going to begin a new, brave life. You are going to remember that repentance has its limits, and that to keep on in such sorrow as this is quite as unmanly and as cowardly as the original sinning. You must brace up and face the situation with courage. There's nothing like this, John, but I've had plenty of it to do, and its influence on one's spirit is like the effect on the body of a good swim in a rough sea. It makes a fellow praise God to think there is such grand work to do in the formation of his character."

"Oh, Dr. Rogers, do you think I can succeed?" the lad asked, with a new light in his face.

"I don't think I know," was the hearty answer. "And, if you find yourself getting into a leg, just come to me and I'll pull you out of it."

John walked straight home. His sister had some friends playing tennis on the lawn, and he stood for a moment quietly watching them. The difference which had taken the place of the silence and weeping—was instantly apparent; and in less time than it takes to tell he was surrounded by his acquaintances, all of them apparently much pleased to have him with them again. A sister who had been his playmate, his word and smile, and his father and mother seemed quite their old selves. This was a revelation to the lad. This change which had taken place in himself had instantly done up all who came in contact with him. The doctor, who had reached when that evening, just before retiring, his sister humbly begged his pardon for her behavior.

John Cartaret has now grown to man's estate, but he has never forgotten the lesson taught by his own experience. He knows that a sin repented of is forgiven, and that to grieve and fret afterward is weak and unmanly. He knows, too, that if he carries sunshine in his heart it will shine in his face and draw every one toward him, and that who subdues a quick temper is "greater than he that taketh a city."—*Congregationalist.*

An Exciting Experience.

For myself, I was "chopped down" once, and once only. It happened in this way. In the midwinter of 1879, I had occasion to visit the chief camp of the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all hands, I was not unnaturally regarded as a pronouncing member of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell anyone what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a frequenter of the camp from my boyhood.

Many and many a neat trap was laid for my apparently "tender" feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my climbing, and I was not in the least inclined to believe that I was an old stager, and, rather than sheepishly, they gave over their attempts to entrap me. Then I was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green.

At last the day came when I did wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of a corner of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding country. Its branches were phenomenally thick, its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land, and, of course, I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was much mistaken. No sooner was I two thirds of the way up the tree, than with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen rushed out of the surrounding woods, and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose.

I concealed my annoyance and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, and climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be safe one for me when the tree shall fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree. There, not ten feet above me, stretched a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

From the men below I heard a shout of "Concealed!"

seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what I was going on, and realized that he and I were fellow sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken back when that panther should come down among them. I decided that considering their numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself nimbly on the upper side, steady as a sickening sea breeze. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall comparatively slow one; but the tremendous sweep of the draught upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the final and thunderous crash, and in an instant I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unharmed, with the snow thrashed up all about me.

The next instant there was another roar, or rather a sort of screaming yell, and my disbelieving eyes saw the woodsman, and out of the confusion of pine boughs shot the tawny form of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and was bowled over like a clumsy nine-pin. The next moment the panther was on the back of a yoke of oxen, and his cruel claws severely scratched the oxen's necks. As the poor animals bellowed and fell on their knees, the panther paused, with some idea, apparently, of denoting the whole assembled party. But as the men, recovered from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the oxen, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with a snarl and a snarl, and bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurried an ax after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark. From "Chopping Him Down," by Charles G. D. Roberts, in September 1878, *Nicholas.*

The Telegraphs of the World.

Sixty-one per cent. of the telegraph lines of the world are owned and operated by the government. Of the sum total of lines, those in the United States constitute more than 30 per cent. Leaving this country out of consideration, about 85 per cent. of the remainder is under the control of the government, or, at least, of the postal authorities. In Canada, for instance, the postal authorities constitute more than 30 per cent. of the telegraph lines. There are at least 2,500,000 miles of wires in use in the world.

Tariffs vary greatly. In North America, the cost of the message only is charged for, in other countries the address, or, at least, the cost of the message, is charged. In the United States, the cost of a message for 10 words is 1 cent, and for 20 words, 2 cents. In the Cape colonies, one shilling for 10 words, and sixpence for each additional five words or part thereof; in Guatemala, 25 cents for 10 words, exclusive of the address; in Honduras, 25 cents for 10 Spanish words, and double that amount for English words; in Italy, 20 cents for 15 words, and one cent for each additional word; in Japan, four cents per word, including the address and signature; in Portugal, five cents for the first word, and one cent for each additional word; in Spain, 35 cents for \$3.65 per word; in Switzerland, one-half cent per word; in Turkey, two to four cents per word; and in Venezuela, 20 cents for 12 words. In New Zealand, messages are classified as urgent, ordinary, and deferred. Urgent messages cost two shillings, one shilling, and sixpence for 10 words, with a halfpenny for each additional word.

In mileage, relative number of offices, popular use of the telegraph, and cost of the message, we are not in advance of leading countries, and we are even behind some of the inferior ones. Within the years 1870-89 the increase in England has been 18 per cent., the increase of letters carried 70 per cent., and the increase in the number of telegrams 45 per cent. In the United States in the same time the increase in population has been 30 per cent., and the increase in the number of messages 380 per cent. In the ratio of increase of messages to increase of population the English have beaten us three to one.—*Brown & Keeler, in the Forum.*

A Feeling of Confidence.

W. B. Barber, 5 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal writes: Please send me two bottles of Nasal Balm. I have nearly finished the small bottle sent. It has done my catarrh more good than all the remedies I ever used, and I feel confident of a permanent cure.

"Where does that new dentist reside?" Policeman: "You mean the one who extracts teeth without pain?" Stranger: "Yes." Policeman: "Go round the corner. You will have no trouble in finding his place. You can hear his patients yell a mile away."

Inflammation of the Eyes cured.

Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, writes: I was troubled with inflammation of the eyes, so that during nearly the whole of the summer of 1887 I could not work. I took several bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you that it cured me of my affliction. It is an excellent medicine for Constipation."

A true life is at once interpreter and proof of the gospel.—Whittier.

Money Refunded.

Money Refunded.

Money Refunded.

Money Refunded.

Money Refunded.

Money Refunded.

Money Refunded.

Railroad Jack.

"Railroad Jack" is the most famous dog in all this section. He lives in and about the depot and railroad train, and is a great traveller. Nobody owns him; but it is safe to say that every railroad master, express agent and station hand is his friend, and he always finds cordial welcome and good care wherever he goes. The most common range of Jack's travels is from Montreal to Poughkeepsie, though he takes an occasional trip to the east of Pittsburgh, and to the west on the central.

A short time ago, after staying a day in Saratoga, he boarded a south-bound train, and took a trip to Rhinebeck. While Mr. Randolph, the baggage master was busy with the evening train, due from the north, the train baggage master said to him:

"Railroad Jack came down from Albany, and off here. Lookout for him."

As the train drew away from the station, the baggage master, who was in the baggage car, and took a seat among the trunks. Mr. Randolph said:

"Well, Jack, have you got any baggage, and where are you going?"

Jack wagged his stumpy tail and opened his intelligent eyes, as much as to say, "I'm all right." As they came to the crossing where the baggage is transferred to a wagon for Rondout and Kingston, Jack waited until the wagon was backed up against the car, and then leaped into the wagon. Saul Keider, the driver, said:

"Well, Jack, if you are going to Kingston, jump upon the seat, and out of the way."

The dog did as requested; went across the river, and spent the night at the Utter and Delaware roundhouse. The next morning Jack was at the ferry; went on board the boat, and, as soon as he landed on the Rhinebeck side, he went to the depot, and remained there until the 1:07 a. m. train for Albany came along. When the train stopped, Mr. Randolph said:

"Jack, that is the Albany train."

The dog gave a low whine, and in an instant was on the platform of the baggage-car, scratching at the door, which was opened by the baggage-master, and Jack was all right on his return trip to Albany.—*New York Sun.*

Housing the Poor.

A writer in *Lend a Hand* who has lived a long time in Germany calls attention to the different methods of housing the poor in Berlin and Dresden from those which obtain in our large American cities. The German system shows a superiority over our own, in certain respects, and is worthy the consideration of all who are interested in Christianizing the poor.

The working classes, the self-respecting poor, are not huddled together in special districts, among dirty streets, ill-ventilated houses, pitiful miserable surroundings, where their little children hear and see things worthy of a human being, created in the divine image, but, on the contrary, they are assimilated by the whole town, scattered everywhere, not in mere tenement houses, but having rooms for a moderate price on the top floor of almost all the houses here, except the aristocratic, have a chance to be, the same "front door," enjoy the same privileges of good air, pure water, respectable neighborhood, as the wealthy occupants of the lower floors. In Dresden and Berlin a poor man or woman, say a tailor, a shoemaker, a factory worker, is not driven to the wretchedness and squalor of our tenement-house districts, therefore, and the children, surrounded by decent, often refined, influences, develop the better qualities of citizenship, have a chance to become what our poor little ones often cannot, in spite of all the machinery of local visiting committees, refuges, homes, the truancy law, etc.

This ounce of prevention is worth more than a dozen pounds of cure—it is the difference between a pauper and a citizen. Germany to fill its army, commercial houses, professional and government offices with men and women who are remarkable for order, neatness, discipline, self-respect, industry. Of course, our home are differently built; still, couldn't we introduce something resembling this German plan, instead of having our very poor, our middle class, and our wealthy citizens all in separate quarters? The poor, left to themselves, separated from refining influences, forgotten by the street-cleaning committee, the summer watering-cart, and refreshing foliage! It does my heart good here to meet the bright-eyed little kinder of a young tailor on the stairs of this handsome apartment house, and know that they are as safe and as comfortable in their modest home on the top floor as I am down on the 1st étage, overlooking the fine avenue with its Linden trees.

—It restores the bloom of health to the pallid cheek. Burdock Blood Bitters acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Stomach and Bowels, purifies, regulates and strengthens.

—Nurse to young husband: "A beautiful ten pound baby, sir." Young husband (getting things mixed in his excitement): "Glorious! Am I a father or a mother?"

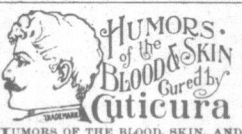
—Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

"Now," said the tramp, who had been labouring at the wood pile, "I'll go around to the kitchen and see if I can't cash a few of these chips."

For Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.

"I love this old horse," said the Colonel. "I feel that he saved my life." "How?" "He kicked me in the stomach before the battle, so that I couldn't go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck."

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood; only needing such a searching and powerful alternative to thoroughly eradicate it.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP. Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of all Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. CUTICURA Remedies are the only infallible blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; S.P. Box; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by J. C. CUTICURA, 100 N. Main St., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pruritus, blackheads, chapped and dry skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA AYE'S PILLS. 25c.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect food for the system. It is a perfect remedy for CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, WASTING, DIARRHOEA, CHRONIC COUGHS, and COLIC. It is a perfect food for the system. It is a perfect remedy for CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, WASTING, DIARRHOEA, CHRONIC COUGHS, and COLIC. It is a perfect food for the system. It is a perfect remedy for CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, WASTING, DIARRHOEA, CHRONIC COUGHS, and COLIC.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
FROM
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
AND
ANNAPOLIS, N. S.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ST. JOHN LINE.
Commencing MONDAY, MAY 6, one of the Palace Steamers of this Line leaves St. John for—
BOSTON,
Via EASTPORT & PORTLAND.

Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY morning, at 7:30, Eastern Standard time. Returning, leaves Boston same days. The Wednesday's Boat does not call at Portland.

DIRECT LINE.
Commencing MONDAY, MAY 6, a Steamer leaves ANNAPOLIS (calling at Digby).

FOR BOSTON DIRECT.
Every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of express train from Halifax. Returning, leaves Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning.

All Ticket Agents sell by these Popular Lines. For State Rooms and any information, apply to
C. E. LACROIX, Agent St. John, N. B.
H. B. SHORT, Agent Digby, N. S.
R. A. CARRIER, Agent Annapolis, N. S.

Assessment System.
THE
Mutual Relief Society
OF NOVA SCOTIA.

HOME OFFICE, YARMOUTH.
President—A. C. ROBERTS.
Secretary—W. W. BROWN.
Manager & Treasurer—THOS. B. CROSBY.

New Business for the half-year is double that of same period in 1889.
Amount paid Widows since Jan'y 1st, 1890 (six months), \$20,000.00.
Cost of Insurance (based on nine years' experience), only \$5.50 for each \$1,000 at age 40.

This Society has been steadily growing in favor, and stands higher to-day in the estimation of its policy-holders than at any time in its history.
It insures its members at a lower rate than any other society of company.
Write Home Office, or
WM. S. ROBBINS, General Agent for New Brunswick, 11 Broad Street, St. John.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS OF THE MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY OF NOVA SCOTIA: Gentlemen—I have this day received from WM. S. ROBBINS, your agent, \$100.00, the amount in full insured on my late husband's life. The protection afforded by your Society to the widow and orphan cannot be too highly appreciated. Thanking you for your promptness, I am, very truly yours,
SARAH JANE HICKS.

Best Family Foods made in Canada
J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Head Office, 100 N. Main St., Halifax, N. S.

DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion & cures Indigestion, but positively does cure the most serious and long standing cases of Chronic Dyspepsia.

DyspeptiCure will be sent by mail to those who cannot yet procure it in their own vicinity. Many letters have been received from distant parts of Canada and United States enquiring how DyspeptiCure can be obtained; many letters have come from all parts of the country that either have no handy store or where the remedy is not yet well known. To meet these demands and at the same time make DyspeptiCure quickly known in places where, under ordinary circumstances, it might not reach for some considerable time the large (\$1.00) size will be sent by mail without any extra expense to the user. The \$2.00 size is everywhere, so none who wish the remedy need be without it. A receipted \$2.00 by registered letter or Post Office order, a large bottle of DyspeptiCure (special mailing style) will be forwarded, postage prepaid, to any address.

CHARLES K. SHORR, 100 N. Main St., Halifax, N. S.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
'90. Summer Arrangement. '90.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 26th JUNE, 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John.
Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 11:00
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 12:00
Fast Express for Halifax, 12:30
Fast Express for Montreal & Montreal, 12:30
Express for Halifax, 12:30

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving Halifax & Campbellton and St. John at 7:00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 1:30, and take sleeping cars to Montreal. Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between Montreal and Halifax.

Trains will arrive at Saint John.
Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 6:10
Fast Express from Montreal & Quebec, 6:30
Monday excepted
Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12:30
Day Express from Campbellton & Montreal, 12:30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave, 12:30

Trains will leave Saint John at 8:30 Sunday, along with the express from Montreal and Quebec, but neither of these trains run on Monday & Tuesday. All Trains are run by Electric Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 6th June, 1890.

BAPTIST BOOK ROOM,
120 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
JUST ARRIVED FROM LONDON:
2 CASES BIBLES,
—INCLUDING—
BAGSTER'S, OXFORD, and Smaller Teachers' Bibles. Assorted and cheap, for B. S. teachers' use.

2 CASES LIBRARIES,
FANBY'S BOOKS, 30c. edit.
ARRIVED FROM UNITED STATES.
1 CASE
GATHERED JEWELS,
NO. 2.
A NEW SONG BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, selected especially for International S. S. Lessons for 1900. Sample copy, 35 cents.

4000 Sankey's Songs,
1, 2, 3 & 4,
MUSIC AND WORDS.
Order your 4th Quarter Lesson Helps Now.

Golden Gate Library,
60 VOLUMES.
Is the set for the Summer.
GEO. A. McDONALD, Secy-Treas.

WOOD'S & GERMAN BAKING POWDER

GATES' NERVE OINTMENT
Is a safe, reliable and efficacious compound for rheumatism, Nerve and Muscles.

IT CURES—
PILES, SORES, SALT RHEUM, SCALDS, ERYSIPELAS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, WOUNDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, and all INFLAMMATIONS Internal and external. Sold every where at 5c. a box.
C. GATES, SON & CO., Ltd., Montreal, N. S.

ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL
The Great Strain for RUPTURE

This Pad cures Hernia as if your extended hand was drawn together, closing the aperture. Truss is held tightly without friction day or night, and headed like a broken leg. There is no duty to pay, and, cheap Truss, is the most durable, more expensive than the true. The easiest, most durable, and most effective. CLUB FEET made natural in five 25-cent pieces, and all the appliances (above patented). Send stamp for illustrated book. Valuable information. Address: CHAS. CLUTHE, 1711, Patented and Made in England by Geo. A. McDONALD, Largest stock of Orthopedic, Abdominal Appliances, Suspenders, Shoulder Straps, etc., in the Dominion.

RECEIPT FOR CHILDREN, and list of songs. On the brewing of cheerfulness; strong; For not every method is good; And this one, you will find, what you need.

First, look to your heart; take care To wash all the selfishness there; An ounce of indulgence to your hand, And of patience, well-timed, you command, (For with these, note, not a dispensation), And stir them well with a good sense.

A dash of good humor (now); Add a touch of self-control; be sure To remember a little of the cure, An ounce of quietude, I would be best.

To add a good hand of Mix well, so that smoothness you gain, And then with a pure luster must drain; And should it still thrum, your hand is high, Glance upward, to be pleading eye.

Soon, soon you will find it will rise, And the world will be brightening eyes; Your tears will be dried, and you will smile, And others will see it while.