Miscellaneous.

The Cure of Consumption.

The *Medical Classics* records a most instructive story, which Dr. Henry J. Bowditch, of Boston, recently recited to the American Climatological Association, of the way in which his father, when apparently far advanced in consumption, overcame it by open-air travel and exercise, and, by a systematic training of his children in similar open-air habits of living, overcame in them strong hereditary tendencies to the same disease.

According to the story, in 1808 the elder Bowditch had a cough, spitting of blood, hectic fever, and great debility. In August of that year, though very ill, he started, with a friend for his companion and driver, in an open one-horse chaise, for a tour through New England. During the trip he traveled seven hundred and eighty-eight miles and passed through one hundred and thirteen towns and cities, the time occupied being thirty days. The first day, after a drive of twenty-five miles, he was so much exhausted, and spat blood to such an extent, that the landlord at the hotel at which they put up, advised his friend to take him back home to die. But the sick man was plucky; at the end of the next day's journey he felt somewhat better. He persevered in his journey, grew steadily better, and finally when he reached home again was in much better health than he had when starting. The journey, though benefitting him immensely, did not wholly cure; but it had proved to him the absolute need he had of regular, daily, physical, open-air exercise. Afterward, under walks of one and a half to two miles, taken three times daily during thirty years of life, all pulmonary troubles disappeared. He died in 1838 from carcinoma of the stomach, one lung presenting evidences of an ancient cicatrix at its apex, both being otherwise normal. He was sixty-five years old,—that is, thirty years after the journey.

Having thus experienced, in his own case, the vast benefits resulting from constant, regular exercise out-of-doors, he apparently determined that his children should be early instructed in the same course. As *soon* as we were old enough, says the young Bowditch, he required of us daily morning walks down to a certain well-known divine's meeting-house, about three-quarters of a mile, or a mile, from our home. I remember them very well, for the tricks played with my brothers on our way down, and for sundry twinges of conscience, felt even at this moment, at the thought that we sometimes decided that the sight of the "weather-cock on Dr. Bentley's steeple," though seen more than a quarter of a mile from our proper destination, was near enough to our father's directions.

If any of us, while attending school, were observed to be drooping, or made the least pretence even to being not "exactly well," he took us from school, and very often sent us to the country to have farm-life and out-of-door "play to our heart's content." Once he told me to go and play, and to "stay away from study as long as you choose." In fact, he believed heartily in the old Roman maxim of a "healthy mind in a healthy body." In consequence of this early instruction, all of his descendants have become thoroughly impressed with the advantages of daily walking, of summer vacations in the country, and of camping out, etc., among the mountains.

Dr. Bowditch adds that for his part he fully believes that many patients now die for want of this open-air treatment. For years, he says, I have directed every phthisical patient to walk daily from three to six miles; never to stay all day at home unless a violent storm be raging. When they are in doubt about going out, owing to "bad weather," I direct them to "solve the doubt, not by staying in the house, but by going out."

Ill-Fitting Clothes Made Him.

A group of well-dressed and prosperous looking business men sat about a table in a famous downtown restaurant after luncheon a few days ago, chatting on all sorts of topics and watching the smoke rings from their cigars float up to the frescoed ceiling.

The conversation drifted after a time into tales of business success, and the oldest and most imposing member of the party did his part by telling this story:

"I owe my present prosperity," he began, "to the fact that when I was a lanky youth of 17 my clothes did not fit me. To be more explicit, I was at that age in dreadfully hard luck. My people were dead, and I hadn't a friend that I could turn to. I was able to make but six dollars a week, and was half starved in consequence, and my one suit (a Cheap John rig) had shrunk until the lower edge of my vest and the band of my trousers were absolutely divorced.

"One Sunday morning in December I was trudging along Sixth avenue, principally because my room was even more comfortless than the streets, and I remember how I was railing and repining at everything and everybody. I was passionately fond of music, and I went into the first church I came to, attracted solely, I must confess, by the thought of the warmth and harmony I would find.

"I was too bashful, then, to sit still while the rest of the congregation rose, so I got up every time they did, and as my vest and trousers were, as I told you before, not on speaking terms, I was forced to lean forward in a most reverential manner to hide my zone of shirt front. As I turned to go out at the end of service an old gentleman behind me slipped a card into my hand and said: "I like to see reverence in a young man. You look as if you were having a hard time of it. Come and see me to-morrow. I may help you.'

"I went and got a good birth in his employ, and from that I worked myself to comparative wealth. Queer, isn't it?"—*New York Times.*

Death as Compensation.

The more intimately I enter into communion with myself—the more I consult my own intelligence—the more legibly do I find written in my soul these words, Be just and thou shalt be happy. But let us not base our expectations upon the present state of things. The wicked prosper and the just remain oppressed. At this conscience takes umbrage, and murmurs against its author; it murmurs, "Thou hast deceived me!" Who has proclaimed this to thee? Is thy soul annihilated? Hast thou ceased to exist? O Brutus! O my soul! Soil not thy noble life by turning thine own hand against it. Leave not thy hope and thy glory with thy mortal body on the field of Philippi! Why dost thou say virtue is nothing, when thou goest to enjoy the price of thine? Thou goest to die, thou thinkest; no, thou goest to live, and it is then that I shall fulfill all.

One would say, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God ought to requite their virtue in advance. Oh! let us first be good and afterward we shall be happy.

Let us not exact the prize before the victory, nor the wages before the labor. It is not on the course, says Plutarch, that the conquerors in our games are crowned; it is after they have gone over it.

If the soul is immaterial it can survive the body; and, in that survival, providence is justified. Though I were to have no other proof of the immateriality of the soul than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that spectacle alone would prevent my doubting the reality of the life after death. So shocking a dissonance in this universal harmony would make me seek to explain it. I should say: "All does not finish for me with this mortal life; what succeeds shall make concord of what went before."—*Rousseau.*

A Touch of Nature.

We started on the journey to Savannah in very good spirits, but before we had been more than a few hours on the road an incident occurred that sobered us and yet made us glad because of the good there is in human nature. An elderly lady in deep mourning entered the car with her little grandchild and took the seat nearly opposite us. She had evidently been very recently bereaved, for her tears flowed continually beneath her black veil, and her handkerchief was drenched. "Poor creature," whispered Anna to me, and "poor creature," my own heart echoed. And yet along with this pity there was a feeling of annoyance, which, roughly translated, would mean, "Why should this woman with her superabundant grief come into our car, and put our merriment out of countenance, and spoil our pleasure?" It is worth while to put one's most secret, selfish and contemptible thoughts on paper sometimes, just to see what a very queer look it has. The poor woman's tears were uncontrolable. She shook out a dry handkerchief from her pocket with a trembling hand. The little granddaughter looked at her inquiringly, and stroked her arm soothingly, but her attention was only momentary. She was soon attracted by something outside the window. The bereaved woman gave vent to long, tremulous sighs. "In a very few minutes," said Constantine, after a stealthy glance, "she will break either into sobbing or moans. Isn't it dreadful that not a soul in this car can do anything but sit and look at her, and wish that she wouldn't."

But at this moment a middle-aged man, a son of the suffering lady, though we hardly noticed him when he came in with her, left his place at the end of the car and came to her, standing beside her and hesitating for scarcely a perceptible moment. I was so afraid he would beg her in a whisper to try and control herself, or ask her if he shouldn't bring her a drink of water, or open the window, or some other useless remark; but he did nothing of the sort. Motioning the little girl to his own seat, he took her place and put his arm tenderly around his desolate, sorrow-stricken mother. I knew by the exhausted way in which she laid her cheek on his shoulder that the troubled soul had found peace for a little while at least. Her tears ceased and she lay in perfect quietness.

"It was such a kind thing to do," said Anna, "and such a courageous thing. Every eye in the car was on him."

"And such a sensible thing," I added. Not one son in a thousand would know that what his mother needed at such a time was not to be talked to or fussed over, but simply to be loved. Even if he did know he would be afraid or ashamed to act upon it."

The gentlemen made no comment. I suppose to the masculine intellect it must seem a little dreadful for a person to show a car load of people that he loves his mother. But I'm sure every woman in that car appreciated the middle-aged man.

Women Begin to Work.

WHAT THEY WILL DO FOR THE FAIR—THEIR EXHIBIT, THEY SAY, WILL BE THE GRANDEST EVER SEEN.

The women's auxiliary committee of the World's Exposition for 1892 has begun its labors in an earnest campaign. They have held their first meeting in Chicago this week, rejoicing first that the fair would be held in that city, and then, throwing off their seal skins, busying themselves about routine matters. They have already garnered $10,000 worth of stock subscriptions and have decided to raise another $10,000 worth of stock subscriptions for the general fund. Their headquarters will be open every day and a permanent organization will be formed. They propose to have a woman's exhibit, managed by women, in a structure designed by woman and built by woman's energy, where will be displayed the results of woman's inventive genius. There will not be as many crazy quilts as exhibited at the Buffalo Fair, nor as great a variety of worsted work, but all the arts, sciences and industries that womankind are interested in will be represented. A Congressional roll of honor is going to be kept in that department, but no Congressman or Senator who opposed the fair being held in Chicago need apply for enrollment. Preparations have already begun for an exhibit of silk culture from the raising of the cocoon to the wearing of the material. Pottery from the designing to the making will have an important place. Women in Ireland have already promised to send over large quantities of lace, and an opportunity will be given to see how this beautiful material, which is so dear to the woman's heart, is manufactured. During the summer the ladies in Ireland are going to occupy their leisure hours in preparing an exhibit. Woman's handiwork from the Sand wich Islands is also promised, so it would appear that the women of Chicago had been hustling long before the fair had been located. Mrs. Grover Cleveland will have a hand in the exhibit of the Empire State. The designs of the building will be in the hands of the committee in a few days, and, as has been said, will be designed by a woman, which also proves that somebody has taken a good deal for granted. A large working force of women will be organized by wards. Mrs. Emma B. Wallace is the leading spirit of the committee. Mrs. Calvin Brice is also one of the interested workers.

BREVITIES.—Virtare dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

Nature has given us two ears and but one tongue in order that we may repeat but one half of what we hear.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

If you have any faith, give me, for Heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself for I have plenty of my own.—*Goethe.*

A Seasonable Hint.

During the breaking up of winter, damp, chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common. Hagyard's Yellow Oil a truly valuable household remedy for all such complaints.

Plain Talk To Boys.

A boy's position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder. His duties are plain, his place is insignificant, and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place.

His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate, day by day, habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and dispatch, and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house, which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers and salesmen eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen; and this boy of 17 felt that amid such a crowd as this he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded.

Nevertheless, he did his duty; every morning at 8 o'clock he was promptly in his place and every power he possessed was brought to bear upon his work.

After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask for a week's leave of absence during the busy season.

"That," was the reponse, "is an unusual request, and one that is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant, but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary.

It must be so, sooner or latter, for there is nearly always a demand for excellent work.

A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

Therefore, boys, be honest in work as well as in word.

ANNA DICKINSON'S BRAVERY.—It was in one of the coal mining towns, and a crowd of rude, turbulent men had gathered to prevent Miss Dickinson from speaking. As she stepped upon the platform she was greeted with hisses and screams, and as she advanced to the front the tumult increased. She did not shrink nor show one sign of fear; her eyes burned with a new light and her face paled a little, not from fear, but from excitement. With an undaunted air she stood there, with her head thrown back, her eyes blazing, one hand behind her, in the attitude all her admirers knew to be her own characteristic, stood waiting for the tumult to cease. Suddenly one man more reckless or more inflamed with anger than the rest drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. The shot cut off a lock of her curly hair, but still she never flinched. The look of contempt deepened on her face, and the lips closed more tightly. For a moment there was a dead silence, then a voice cried out:

"Ah! but she's a brave lassie; let's hear what she has to say, boys."

In a second the tide was turned. There was a responsive cheer, that was given with as much heartiness as had characterized the hisses before.

She stood conqueror in this curious and dangerous conflict of wills. One who heard her says that she spoke as though she was inspired, and she carried that audience of men with her.—*Boston Herald.*

DYEING HAIR.—Hair dyeing is not entirely a feminine fad or vice, whichever you like to call it. It is exceptional for men to take the trouble and suffer the annoyance and pain which continual bleaching and dyeing entail. But some men are guilty of the weakness, and they are not all actors or men who live by their wits or personal appearance. Ladies generally prefer gold, but men who are dissatisfied with the colour of their hair invariably go in for black. To keep up the deception, two if not three applications a week are necessary, and one customer of mine had me visit him every alternate day for over three years. Dyeing the hair kills it in time and makes it brittle and thin during the process, while the number of scalp diseases sacrificed at the shrine of vanity is legion. Several barbers now decline all dyeing business, and I am one of the number. But in years gone by I did my share, and admit having made a quantity of money at it. The acids used are so strong that they positively make the fingers sore, and as the scalp is more sensitive than the fingers, the torture endured by those who subject their heads to constant irritation in this manner can be more easily imagined than described.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

EVENING THINGS UP.—Hair restorer is soluble; cherry pectoral gummy. When these compounds are substituted each for the other there are likely to be some queer results. A well-known elderly lady residing up town has been in the habit of using a hair restorer of a reddish color. It was kept in a closet near where her daughter had a bottle of cherry pectoral she was taking for a cold. By mistake one day the daughter took the hair restorer, and not only suffered great physical discomfort through her carelessness, but a scolding from her mother as well. Carelessness was pointed out to the daughter as something about like a crime. The daughter took the mental chastisement with the bodily pain and said nothing. The next day the mother thought it time to apply more restorer to her hair. She took what she supposed was her bottle, and before she was aware of it had her sparse locks matted together with cherry pectoral. She will either have to wait for the gummy substance to wear off or shave her head. The daughter, like a dutiful child, said nothing, but went to the attic and smiled.—*Albany Journal.*

Rheumatic Pains

Require no description, since, with rare exception, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerful penetrating remedies reach to its very foundation. The most successful treatment known, and it is now frequently resorted to by medical men, is the application of that now famous remedy for pain—Polson's Nerviline. It is safe to say that nothing yet discovered has afforded equal satisfaction to the suffering. A trial can be made at a small cost, as sample bottles of Nerviline can be had at the drug stores for 10 cents, large bottles 25 cents.

—When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in and the longer it is kept there the better.

WEST PUBNICO,
J. H. PULLEN, Esq.
Dear Sir:—The "OPELEKA" Cough Mixture sells well and "OPELEKA" Liniment for Rheumatism is particularly good; Egyptian Powder grand.
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The Quickest Time. Only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

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W. A. CHASE, Secretary and Treas. L. E. BAKER, Manager.

Yarmouth, March 20, 1890.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?

If you suffer from any of these symptoms

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This fine horse, owned by Thomas Doran Windsor, will make the season of 1889 between

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HE will stand at Glencrors' Stable on Saturday, 25th May, and remain until Monday, at 10 o'clock, and continue fortnightly through the season.

This horse weighs 1260 lbs.; is fine style and action. Has a record of 2.46.

Further particulars will be given later.

THOMAS DORAN.
May 14th. tf

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Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
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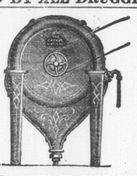

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Nova Scotia Central Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 1.

COMMENCING MONDAY, DEC. 23rd, 1889.

LUNENBURG to MIDDLETON.
Daily.—Passengers and Freight.

Miles	STATIONS.	1	3
		A.M.	P.M.
0	Lunenburg, depart	7 30	7 15
7	Mahone	7 52	7 00
9	§Blockhouse	....	....
18	Bridgewater, arrive	8 25	8 00
	Bridgewater, depart	8 40	
25	§Northfield	9 15	....
29	Riversdale	9 30	....
34	New Germany	9 30	....
41	§Cherryfield	....	....
45	Springfield	10 03	....
52	§Halloustc	....	....
62	Albany	10 54	....
64	Alpena	11 00	....
68	§Cleveland	....	....
70	Nictaux	11 18	....
74	Middleton, arrive	11 30	....

MIDDLETON to LUNENBURG.
Daily.—Passengers and Freight.

Miles	STATIONS.	2	4
		P.M.	A.M.
0	Middleton, depart	3 00	....
4	Nictaux	3 12	....
6	§Cleveland	....	....
10	Alpena	3 20	....
12	Albany	3 35	....
22	§Halloustc	....	....
29	Springfield	4 27	....
33	§Cherryfield	....	....
40	New Germany	5 00	....
45	Riversdale	5 15	....
49	§Northfield	....	....
56	Bridgewater, arrive	5 50	....
	Bridgewater, depart	6 05	6 30
65	§Blockhouse	....	....
67	Mahone	6 38	6 58
74	Lunenburg, arrive	7 00	7 15

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added gives Halifax time.

§ Indicates that trains only stop when signalled, or when there are passengers to be set down.

Trains connect with Windsor and Annapolis Railway at Middleton for Annapolis, Yarmouth and Halifax.

Steamer "Evangeline" makes daily connection each way between Annapolis and Digby, connecting with Western Counties Railway at Digby for Yarmouth.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St. John for Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a. m., returning same day.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth for Boston on arrival of trains every Saturday p.m.

Steamer "Bridgewater" makes two trips from Lunenburg to Halifax each week, returning the following day.

Through Tickets for sale at all principal Stations.

GEO. W. BEDFORD, General Manager.

Bridgewater, Dec. 21st, 1889. 49

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y

Time Table.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs., and Sat. only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
0	Annapolis—leave	1 40	6 00	.....
6	Round Hill	1 58	6 25	.....
14	Bridgetown	2 18	6 55	.....
19	Paradise	2 33	7 15	.....
22	Lawrencetown	2 43	7 30	.....
28	Middleton	2 58	7 55	.....
32	Wilmot	‡3 10	8 11	.....
35	Kingston	3 19	8 23	.....
42	Aylesford	3 37	9 00	.....
47	Berwick	3 55	9 20	.....
50	Waterville	4 05	9 35	.....
52	Cambridge	‡4 13	9 45	.....
54	Coldbrook	4 20	9 55	.....
59	Kentville—arrive	4 32	10 15	.....
	Do—leave	4 47	10 50	5 40
64	Port Williams	5 00	11 10	6 00
66	Wolfville	5 08	11 19	6 10
69	Grand Pre	5 18	11 32	6 25
70	Horton Landing	‡5 22	‡11 37	‡6 30
72	Avonport	‡5 29	‡11 45	‡6 40
			P.M.	
77	Hantsport	5 44	12 05	6 58
82	Falmouth	6 00	‡12 25	7 16
84	Windsor	6 07	12 35	7 25
90	Newport	6 25	1 18	8 10
93	Elderhouse	6 33	1 33	8 25
103	Mount Uniacke	6 58	2 13	9 15
113	Beaver Bank	7 21	2 43	9 43
116	Windsor Junct.	7 28	2 53	9 50
121	Bedford	‡7 41	3 39	10 15
126	Rockingham	‡7 52	‡3 52	10 28
129	Richmond	.....	4 03	‡10 42
130	Halifax—arrive	8 05	4 10	10 45

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., & Friday only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 00	.....	2 30
1	Richmond	.....	6 15	2 23
5	Rockingham	7 12	‡6 26	‡2 44
9	Bedford	7 24	6 37	2 55
14	Windsor Junc—leave	7 35	6 52	3 10
17	Beaver Bank	‡7 47	‡7 25	3 40
27	Mount Uniacke	8 10	8 00	4 15‡
37	Elderhouse	8 35	9 00	4 45
40	Newport	8 43	9 12	5 00
46	Windsor	8 57	9 35	5 20
48	Falmouth	‡9 07	‡10 15	5 45
53	Hantsport	9 22	10 37	6 08‡
58	Avonport	‡9 35	‡10 55	‡6 24
60	Horton Landing	‡9 41	‡11 05	‡6 30
61	Grand Pre	9 44	11 10	6 34
64	Wolfville	9 54	11 25	6 47
66	Port Williams	10 00	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
			P.M.	
	Do—leave	10 30	12 25	.....
76	Coldbrook	10 42	‡12 40	.....
78	Cambridge	‡10 49	‡12 51	.....
80	Waterville	10 57	1 02	.....
83	Berwick	11 05	1 17	.....
88	Aylesford	11 21	1 40	.....
95	Kingston	11 39	2 10	.....
98	Wilmot	‡11 48	2 23	.....
102	Middleton	12 00	2 38	.....
		P.M.		
108	Lawrencetown	12 17	3 18	.....
111	Paradise	12 27	3 33	.....
116	Bridgetown	12 42	3 55	.....
124	Roundhill	1 02	4 25	.....
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 20	4 50	.....

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, one hour added will give Halifax time. Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. (†) Indicates that Trains stop only when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a. m., for Digby and Annapolis. Returning from Annapolis same days.

Steamer "Evangeline" will make daily connection each way between Annapolis and Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 6.00 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.45 a. m., and 3.00 p. m.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday and Thursday, a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.40 a. m., and 7.00 a. m. and 8.45 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton daily at 3.00 p. m., and Lunenburg daily at 7.30 a. m.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

J. W. KING, General Manager,
Kentville, November 15th, 1889.

USE DEARBORN & COS' Absolutely Pure SPICES & CREAM TARTAR. See our guarantee on every package. (Best is Cheapest) Ask your Grocer for them

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine.

JOHN Z. BENT,
Bridgetown, Dec. 1888.

The Household.

Slighting Housework.

When the manifold duties that come to the housekeeper become more than she can carry, and still keep herself up with the current news of the day, as well as keep her bodily health good, it is her manifest duty to slight something.

As a woman she has no right to slight or neglect her reading, and she has no right to neglect her health. This last is not here to abuse. She may simply neglect her mind, and find herself at last in the position of the wicked and slothful servant, who hid the talent. The Lord demanded it with usury; so the mind should have some cultivation, but the health is a possession that must have constant care. No one has a right to destroy or undermine his own health any more than he has a right to ruin the health of his neighbor. God will hold us as fully responsible for care of bodily health as for care of children given us, or for special talents. Ignorance will be no excu