ROBERT AYLESWORTH'S TEMPTATION.

"Mary?"

"Well, Robert?"

"I have made up my mind positively. That sermon will not answer.

"O Robert Robert," cried the young wife reproachfully. How can you be so foolishly conscientious? It is the best you have ever written, and seems to me inspired."

"Inspired?" said the young minister bitterly, "Yes! inspired by human ambition—the ambition to make a display. Just think of it! The name of Christ does not appear in it three times. It might be read at a college commencement and would be considered sufficiently secular."

"O, but, Robert," said Mrs. Aylesworth, "I am sure the spirit of Christianity is in it. All sermons are not necessarily devotional. Surely it is permitted sometimes to discuss current events, or, at least, polemics?"

"There you have probed the sore to the quick, Mary," said her husband sadly. All sermons should be devotional. We should be the foil, as it were, to a careless, godless age. What right have we to preach affairs of this life to the exclusion of the noblest themes of all? What theme can compare with that of salvation of souls?"

"Well, Robert," said his wife regretfully, "if that is so, why did you not think of it before? Here it is Saturday, and this your trial sermon—and O, such a splendid parish! Everything to suit us, and the people are more than half-way inclined toward you already."

Rev. Robert Aylesworth looked upon the fair, blue-eyed girl-wife by his side with a strange mixture of tenderness and doubt. No husband anywhere was more firmly convinced of his wife's practical good sense and knowledge of the world as regards its whims and preferences. If the object had been merely to please—if he could admit that as the prime object—he felt very sure that her remonstrance was just the thing needed. And then this sermon—the trial sermon, remember—was one that he had been working upon ever since the opening of the correspondence with the West Plains congregation. West Plains prided itself upon being not only a university town but a center of literary influences in a wide outside circle of society. Lawyers, judges, and one or two writers of rank were numbered among the flock. It would be a great stepping-stone for a man not yet thirty, the incumbent of a hopelessly struggling charge like Marion, and Robert Aylesworth well knew that the correspondence with him was due almost entirely to the honors he had won at college and the seminary, and to certain very much lauded efforts of his in the magazines—his work at Marion had been rather of the character of mission work and exceedingly unpretentious.

But Robert Aylesworth's mind was made up. He remembered the favorite saying of his father of blessed memory, "When in doubt as to the proper course of conduct, remember it is better to make a mistake in the direction of self-gratification."

Mary Aylesworth knew his decision from the expression of her husband's face. With all of woman's natural ambition, she had a high ideal of what a Christian minister ought to be, and she knew when she accepted him that she might be prepared for very much of this sort of sacrifices. Still she was inclined to set him down as rather quixotic in his conception of duty at certain times and under certain circumstances, for she had seen many instances of it already. This, however, was a great disappointment to her, but her loyalty and admiration were unshaken.

There was a pause, during which Rev. Robert Aylesworth fidgited around in a manner which might have been slightly undignified in one so grave and quiet usually, but his wife knew well the struggle which was going on in his mind. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Mary," he cried, "I want you to tell me just what you think of me. I know you think me foolish, perhaps stubborn, and that I take some pride in this sort of thing."

Mary Aylesworth smiled. "No," said she, "I can't say that. I was only thinking, Robert, that if there was a pestilence in your town, and if every other minister of the gospel should find it convenient to leave, you would be found there till death or the end of it, tending their sick and burying their dead for them."

Robert Aylesworth's face was a fine study. It was all aglow with a pride which he could hardly express in words. At all events, he had his wife's lasting confidence and good opinion.

"Why, that, Mary, is a compliment indeed," he cried, as he gently brushed the waves of her golden hair with his grateful kiss. "I could not ask for a higher one. It seems too bad after that for me to oppose you—you, the dearest and sweetest of all—and to feel that in opposing you I may be, and probably am, taking bread out of your mouth, or, at any rate, clothes off your back."

"Oh, if you put it that way, Robert," said she, "you condemn my motive out of your own mouth. The vow of the Catholic priest is, first of all, poverty. We cannot afford to take a contrary vow—that is, to be 'on the make'—and when I say we I mean, of course, that the Protestant minister's wife provides the strongest argument in favor of celibacy if she is to be a stumbling-block in the way of her husband's spiritual aims."

And so the great battle in Robert Aylesworth's mind was fought and won. The lecture stand was one thing, but the pulpit was another. He was there to preach Christ crucified if anything. If he was there to deal in rhetoric or philosophy, or to show just how well he could do if spurred on to it, he was not doing the work laid out for him in the heavenly call.

The First church was crowded to suffocation. There were the learned dons of the university in their black gowns and with their graceful mortar-boards carefully deposited where there would be no danger of their being crushed. The ministers and elders of all the city churches of his denomination were there, and the rear pews were filled with the wealth and fashion of a very fashionable community.

And Mary Aylesworth, where was she? Tucked away as unobtrusively as possible in a far corner, where she could see him and he could see her—so she believed—for she felt sure that love's eye would find its way over some very brave bonnets and past rows of beautiful faces to draw its highest earthly inspiration from her knowledge of his grand mastery over his own ambition and over hers still more. She was a comparative stranger in the church, though occasionally she would be conscious of watchful eyes leveled in her direction, and more than once she caught the fugitive whisper, "That is the new minister's wife."

The new minister—yes, it seemed to be conceded; but there was still a graceful way for the session to back out. Nothing in the way of a direct call has as yet been breathed. It was simply an understanding all around that this was his trial sermon, with the odds strongly in his favor.

The prayers and hymns and Scripture were concluded, and the young minister ascended the high pulpit and took his text, "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

But even as he began the first extempore sentence, gazing almost as in a trance over that sea of heads, he realized for the first time in its fullness the extent of his rashness. It was one thing to trust himself without notes in his little country congregation where every one was his admiring and intimate friend, and quite another in this crowded and critical audience. His theme was the sinner lost and found, and the true aim and direction of Christian preaching as distinguished from theological subtleties.

As he proceeded in his arguments the opening terror of his situation seemed to have passed away, and instead he became the master of his audience. The words fairly flowed from his lips in the burning inspiration of the hour. The reporters in their unobtrusive corners under the shadow of the organ loft began to frown and manifest their impatience at his speed. The parchment-like face of the university dean—"a philosopher first," as some student had expressed it, "and a theologian afterwards"—was working itself into uneasy shapes. The dons in their silk gowns, riveted by the fascination of such unlooked for extempore eloquence, sat like statues. And still the stream of burning gospel eloquence proceeded. It was an appeal also for more faith and less analysis, for the spiritual discernment of spiritual truth, for the childlike spirit as distinguished from the scholastic and polemic. And it was remarked afterwards that few words comparatively were of more than two syllables.

As the young preacher warmed towards his peroration, there were suspicious signs in the congregation. Men who had read with scholarly delight his magazine essays, cold, polished, argumentative, seemed to behold the image of their thought suddenly clothed in ruddy flesh and incandescent with its own light. The air almost of an olden revival seemed to have breathed over an assembly which had gathered to hear a thesis. Eyes were growing reluctantly moist, and frames quivered under the fire and over-mastering magnetism of the preacher. At that moment he seemed transformed, now with hand outspread in earnest entreaty, now his head thrown back and his eyes fused in the tense gazes of those who hung upon his every syllable. The silence was almost painful. The barriers of reserve and professional and social pride were visibly broken. The scholar and orator was lost and forgotten in the man, pleading like a modern Philip or Boanerges for human souls. At last the tension was relaxed. The voice of the speaker died away as if naturally in the half-breathed benediction, and the choir, as if with the impulse of the moment, arose and sang "Rock of Ages."

It was a day and scene never to be forgotten in that parish.

"Of course I have killed myself with this university set, Mary," said Robert Aylesworth, as they sat together that afternoon discussing the events of the day. "But I would not recall it. I did what I thought right and the Lord seemed to give me utterance."

"Wait and see, Robert, what they say," said his wife, surveying him more proudly than ever. "I think the faces of the people showed that they felt. I never saw a congregation so still—they seemed positively rapt."

The next day there came a unanimous and urgent call from the session of the First church, and it was suggested that the new minister should "follow out his own line of gospel preaching without reference to the possible prejudices of theological or social critics."

"Didn't I tell you so, Robert?" said Mary Aylesworth, delightedly. And yet, as her husband smiled at her rather archly, she suddenly colored. "O, no," said she, "I remember I was the Eve who would have tempted you from the strict line of duty, and now I am rejoicing that you listened to your own promptings."

"Not my own promptings exactly, Mary," said her husband thoughtfully, "I believe there was a direct call to me from heaven to preach in that way and none other, and that I should have been unhappy in my new charge if I had not heeded it?"—New York Observer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruf.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

Be Up-To-Date

In Soap as well as in everything else. Old-fashioned Soaps and old-fashioned drudging wash-days are not good enough for up-to-date people. No, they are all using

Sunlight Soap

and are keeping their homes clean, bright and cheerful with very little labor. To all who see this world-famed Soap it means

LESS LABOR GREATER COMFORT

BOOKS FOR WRAPPERS { For every 3 Sunlight wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent, or a cloth-bound for 10 wrappers . . . .

A CONVERT TO HOME MISSIONS.

"Well—good sermon, wasn't it? Sound and strong and right to the point. I liked him immensely; didn't you, Margaret"?

"Like him! Why, look at his clothes! I remember my grandfather had a suit of the same kind."

"Well! well! I really don't know what kind of clothes he wore. I was so taken with what he said. Even if his clothes were old, he looked neat and clean and every inch a man, as well as a capital good preacher."

"I suppose he will just suit our missionary ladies. You said he was from away West somewhere, I believe, and had a small charge. He looked like it. But we don't want that kind here. He will do for a Western missionary. So let him alone there, and don't put the fancy of a big church and a large salary into his head, and make him discontented. But perhaps I will like him better this evening; at least, I will go and see."

"Talking of missions and missionary work, Margaret, I have often wished you would join the ladies in that work. It seems such a power, and is doing grand things for the church."

"No! no! that will do! I don't believe in it, and half they do is just folly. Let people work for what they get. And I do think that the vim and boldness with which some of our women ask us for donations would lead you to think that they, instead of God, were going to convert the heathen and clothe our home men. So, Mr. Ferris, don't mention afain to me our ladies' missionary society. I won't even join it, to speak nothing of working in it."

This conversation between Mr. Ferris and his wife took place in their beautiful dining-room, while they were eating a bountiful dinner from the best the market could provide, cooked to a nicety by an old Virginia cook. The minister in question was, as Mr. Ferris remarked, a missionary, and had been invited to fill the pulpit of a city congregation, they being without a pastor.

He had hesitated about accepting the invitation. Not that he could not preach Christ, for He was his inspiration, his strength, his sure foundation. And how he loved Him! How near he was to Him when he seemed most alone! How in sickness, and even when his heart was ready to die within him, as he stood with his patient, loving wife at the grave of their precious boy—the last of three beautiful children raken by that dread disease, diphtheria—he had heard the voice: "'Tis I; be not afraid.'. How desolate was their home! But for all the sunshine taken out had come three-fold and more, by the strong faith and deeper love He had bestowed on them.

No, it was not that; not that he could not tell the old, old story. But—must he confess it even to himself?—he knew his best suit was old, and, with the feeling we all have, he wanted to appear well. Not a false pride in any one, and less in a minister, who is God's representative, God's messenger, speaking to men of His fair robe of righteousness. If in worldly affairs a servant dresses to show his master's rank and position, should not Christ's servants be clothed outwardly in garments befitting their high calling? However, he would talk it over with his wife.

And womanlike—"Yes, a little binding would make the coat look better." She would do it, and sponge off the collar. "New buttons would do it a world of good, too." But where were the buttons to come from? She had it—off her winter coat! She did not need it, and they had to come off anyway, for she wanted to put a piece down the front to cover the worn places, and by the time she wanted it she could manage for buttons. For binding, she had a piece of black silk sent to her by a friend to make a shopping-bag, and this, cut bias, would just answer. She did want him to go, for, as she said to herself, "Who knows? they might want him to go there! Oh, what good he would be able to do then; and I could pay to the missionary society and to the church collections, like other women." And while she planned she dreamed of many, many things.

The evening discourse was more of a talk than a sermon, on account of the work and the many hardships endured by a home missionary. In pathetic tones he told of the great destroyer which had entered and robbed their home while they were powerless to give any medical aid, none being nearer than twenty miles, over rough roads at best, but then impassible by snow and slush. More than one eye in the congregation was dimmed by tears; as with fervent heart and burning words he prayed for more workers, and for those women who, hearing a brother's cry, had come to their relief, aiding through organized effort as only women could. And through it all sat Mrs. Ferris, listening intently, forgetting her sensitiveness and the speaker's old clothes.

What was he saying? "And, dear Master, if among this people there are any holding back for any cause, who as yet will not help missions, either here or abroad, who don't believe thy words, 'Go, teach all nations', convert them right now, that their souls may be saved, and through them the cause of missions honored".

"How were you pleased to-night, Margaret"? was Mr. Ferris's first question on arriving home. "A fine man; they were all well pleased with him. He spoke at the young people's meeting this afternoon".

"I believe I was a little tired this morning, and perhaps a little cross, as well. However, I think it a shame. His coat, even with mending, for it was mended beautifully, looked worn and shabby. And maybe I was too severe this morning, for during his prayer I felt condemned, just as if in some way I was to blame for his losing his sweet children. And, Edward, I thought of all the doctors we had for Winnie, and when we had to give her up I knew we had left nothing undone, nothing to regret, and my heart ached for that poor mother who could not have doctors and medicine to help keep her little ones. And when he prayed for any among us who did not believe in missions or missionary work, I felt like saying right out: 'That's me'. But I want to propose something which, if you agree, we will do, and that is to send him a new suit of clothes, and never mention from whom it came. I feel I want to do something. Only think, just the other day I refused to give anything towards a box the ladies sent away"!

. . . . . .

"Good mornin', Mrs. Berwick; this er box was at the station, and as I was a comin' to see the parson, I just said I'd bring it along up with me".

"Thank you very much. It was kind and considerate for you to do it. Mr. Berwick has just gone to see Mrs. Miles, who is much worse. They are all so anxious about her. But come in and wait until he returns".

"No, thank ye, I'll see him to-morrer at meetin'. Ye might jist say to him that, for the next quarter, I won't be able to pay anything toward his salary. The crops is everlastin' poor, and I can't make it, nohow. Good-day".

"Another that can do nothing," said Mrs. Berwick as she shut the door after him, "and that makes four with the same message this week. What will Henry do? How hard it is for him! I have prayed, oh, so much, for something to lift him out of this worry. Six years of this hard life has told on him, and if he could only live where the strain was not so great and the climate warmer, he would grow strong again. But our Master has need of him here. Yet he will not allow his saints to want for any good thing. He knows.

. . . . . .

"A box for me! I can not imagine what it is, or from whom it could come. He will open it, then our curiosity will be gratified. Why—a suit of clothes! What a surprise, and just the think I needed. If I only had it before I went to B——, it would have been such a comfort. From whom could it have come? Shipped from Philadelphia. I know no one there. And look, it is just the fit! I am bewildered. What a bright ray He has sent, when my cloud seemed dark, indeed. And, by the way, I have a letter from B——, asking me to consider a call. I am surprised, for I felt all the time I was there that I never could gain a place like that. Everything was so grand, the church and all, and my clothes seemed out of place. But now I could go and feel that the most critical eye could look me over.

. . . . . .

The good missionary work goes on in the church at B——. Mr. Berwick is loved and honored by all his people, and his wife has her heart's desire, giving to others and like others.

But the happiest member of that church and missionary society, and the best worker in all charitable and missionary enterprises is Mrs. Ferris. That suit was not the only surprise which was a success, but many other things through her efforts.

Mr. Berwick never knew that his prayer was answered that night and Mrs. Ferris converted to do missionary work, neither did he dream that it was she who sent the box.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

HOT WEATHER BLUES.

And Paine's Celery Compound

The hot, fiery weather of midsummer is extremely trying to those who are weak, nervous, sleepless and used up. Just at this time, half-well people suffer from what is termed "hot weather blues." This means tired, weary feelings, and an oppression that makes daily life a burden. When the "hot weather blues" overcome a person, there is always a great lack of nerve force and power, and bodily strength is at a low ebb.

Many will ask, "what can we do that we may be enabled to attend to business and enjoy life like others around us? Why, do just as thousands of others have done, banish the cause of the "blues" by using Paine's Celery Compound for a few weeks. This marvellous tonic medicine will restore your vitality; it will strengthen the nervous system; it will cleanse the blood and give you new feelings and aspirations.

Thousands have found Paine's Celery Compound to be an invaluable agent in the hot weather for keeping up activity, appetite, perfect digestion, and for promoting sweet and refreshing sleep. Paine's Celery Compound will banish the "blues," and put every weary and used up man and woman in such a condition, that work will be a pleasure, and life will be worth living.

The Most Costly Materials Used in the Manufacture of Diamond Dyes.

The best and most costly ingredients and materials are used in the manufacture of Diamond Dyes. No experiments are ever made with cheap colors with the view of increasing the manufacturer's profits.

Diamond Dyes are the world's standard's, and will be kept as such no matter what the cost may be. The cheap and imitation dyes sold by some dealers are never twice made from the same grade of materials, therefore, they vary and are not reliable. Diamond Dyes give as perfect results when used by a child as they do when handled by an individual of experience.

Bright, pure, rich, fast and unfading Diamond Dyes are the world's favorites.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.
French Village. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT, will cure Croup.
Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

I wonder, said the man who had been out for the evening, why some bright women marry such insignificant husbands? William, she said admiringly, you are really too modest; you really do yourself an injustice.

HOW A BOY MAY SUCCEED.

The boy that can be relied on to do his level best every time, whether any one is watching him or not, is on the high road to success. But the boy who is always resorting to some excuse for being late at school, for failure in his lessons, for leaving something undone, or for failure to do his best, will, unless he breaks away from this insidious habit, grow up to be unreliable, careless, and inefficient, and will never be able to hold a position of trust and honor in life.

The world never had so many places for capable, earnest, honest, and reliable men as now. And the surest and quickest way, boys, to attain these desirable positions, is to form the habit now of doing what you are expected to do, neatly, promptly, exactly, in so thorough and business-like a manner that no excuse will ever be necessary. Avoid smartness as you would sin. Always be gentlemanly and courteous. Never let a word pass your lips that your mother might not hear. Keep early hours and good books. Last, and chief of all, make the Saviour your friend, and your success in life is assured.—Selected.

In a Department Store—I want something nice in oil for a dining room. Yes, ma'am. A landscape or a box of sardines.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For Blind and Bleeding Piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35cts.

Is she really so poor? Poor! Why it's one of the most pitiful cases I ever heard of. She's too poor even to own a bicycle.

10cts Cures Constipation and Liver Ills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

When I lose any little thing like that I know where to look for it. You do? Yes; it's nearly always in the baby's mouth.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effect a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

She—Every time one of us girls gets married father plants a tree on his estate. He—A much better way would be for him to plant a house there.

Hay Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses the Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness.

Mamma, I think it is mean of you to be the only child. Why daughter? Isabel Bink has seven aunts and uncles to help her on her graduating essay.

Relief in 6 Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Mandy Ann—Say, 'Rastus, de Waydown furniture store is advertisin' mahogany ladies' rockers fur $1.57. Yo' got to git me one. Git you one nuffin. You ain't no mahogany lady; youse ebony.

Rheumatism Cured In a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents.

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and $1.00

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,
27 and 29 King Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY,
CARPETS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
CLOTHS AND TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

Rich Red

Blood is absolutely essential to health. It is secured easily and naturally by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but is impossible to get it from so-called "nerve tonics," and opiate compounds, absurdly advertised as "blood purifiers." They have temporary sleeping effect, but do not CURE. To have pure

Blood

And good health, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has first, last, and all the time, been advertised as just what it is—the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Its success in curing Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration and That Tired Feeling, have made

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial. 25c.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION ST. JOHN, N.B. EXHIBITION 1896

THE EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION
— WILL HOLD ITS —
FOURTH ANNUAL FAIR
ON ITS EXHIBITION GROUNDS,
Opening Sept. 22d and Closing Oct. 2d, 1896.

Exhibits of Machinery and Manufactures, Farm and Dairy Products, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, &c.
Products of the Forest, Mines and Waters, Paintings, Sculpture, &c., Fancy Work.

The Provincial Government herd of Live Stock, just purchased, will be exhibited and sold on the Grounds.

Large Prizes in all the Usual Departments.

Special Attractions.—Fireworks every suitable evening, Band Music, afternoons and evenings, Attractive Performances in the AMUSEMENT HALL. Varied Attractions on the PARADE GROUNDS.

SPECIAL PASSENGER RATES ON ALL LINES OF TRAVEL.
PRIZE LISTS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AFTER JULY 15th.
ENTRY FORMS AND ALL DESIRED INFORMATION WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO

W. C. PITFIELD, President. CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Sec'y.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 22nd June, 1896, 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	12.20
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	13.35
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Rothesay	20.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney	22.30

Buffet Sleeping cars for Montreal, Levis, St John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.30 o'clock and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)	6.05
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	6.55
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.35
Express from Halifax	16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Express from Rothesay	21.35

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 7th October, 1895.

GATES' INVIGORATING SYRUP. SUPERSEDES ALL PILLS. The Best Cathartic.

Home Testimony From Actual Experience Is Always The Same.

Read the following:—

"It is a pleasure as well as a duty to speak well of remedies that have done for us all that is claimed for them. I therefore take pleasure in recommending the excellent preparations of Dr Gates, and especially the INVIGORATING SYRUP. As a gentle laxative I regard it in every way superior to harsh and griping physics so commonly used, in that it performs the three-fold functions of a physic, an appetizer and a tonic.

E. E. LOCKE, Pastor Baptist Church.

Lower Middleton, April 12th, 1894.

UP TO DATE!

You are not unless you handle

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

MORE

Profit in it to grocers.

Satisfaction to consumers.

Than in any other.