

## THE RED SQUIRREL AND THE BARBED WIRE FENCE.

(John Paul Boocock, in Harper's Young People.)

A little red squirrel lived under a fence—  
An old rail fence at the edge of a wood;  
He took a deep interest in current events,  
And sat on the top rail and learned all he could.

The farmer was wide-awake, likewise, and go  
One day in the papers he read of barbed  
wire.  
And said to himself, "That old rail-fence  
must go.  
I'll have it chopped up into sticks for the  
fire."

The little red squirrel has moved to the wood;  
At being a hermit he makes great  
pretences.  
He wouldn't learn current events, if he could.  
He's down on newspapers and barbed-wire  
fences.

## FORGOTTEN.

There are few who have not heard or read of the great French revolution of the last century, when cruel men seized on the government of France, when human life was of no account, and when, as if fearful with its wickedness, God seemed to have hid His face from the sinful land.

No one may count on the tears that were shed, the moans that were made, the hearts that were broken in those dreadful times; but here and there out of the great mass of human misery, history has preserved a record of the trials and sufferings of some hapless ones, reading which we shudder and thank God that we live in happier days.

Some few years after the Reign of Terror—as this outbreak of sin and madness was well named—man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness—he was so strangely, ghastly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and, half curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Did he want again else for his comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily; "I have food and light and air; what could I want more?" and he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed aright?"

"Would you hear my tale?" he asked.

"For years I have kept silence, but today it seems as if I would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light-hearted youth in this quiet fatherland. Having no near relations, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place, where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and, in return, he would give me a good education. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children—I thank God for that now—but my aunt's kindness and her constant without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two house maids, children of some poor neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany from whence my aunt came, a pretty fancy of her own; it seemed quaint enough in a strange land.

"It was a happy household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it; but, alas! it was not to last. My uncle was afflicted with a strange ailment. For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we were all called away in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still we never dreamed of what fearful misery this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, either, the blow fell so suddenly. There had been a stir going on in the market place for the two days following the arrival of the new officials; but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which he had made in our trade, and we were less than usual in the streets.

"At noon, on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and her maidens arranged as usual the midday meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. It was usually so punctual that we wondered and waited, and at last we dined without him. At the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from our house when I met my baker's wife, her eyes staring out of her head."

"Go back," she cried, "go back!"

"It is too late. The monster—the wretch! He has executed the honest man, without even the form of a trial, on the accused guillotine yonder!"

"I was petrified with horror. Could she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was his first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth and had sheltered under his roof, some months since, a poor Swiss, I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls walked fearfully in the background. I burst into tears. I was young then, Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My aunt passed me by and rushed into the street, straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"Wild with agony at her husband's fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach for his murder. In these days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment, and before evening she had fared the same fate as my uncle.

"The Reign of Terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating

in a half stupefied way the same measure, when a knock came at the door, and two men, who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table, came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the state.

"In those days a man's foes were often those of his own household. I offered no resistance. The shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building, which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon, and left in total darkness till the morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met. But morning came, as I had guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily, I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came nigh me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death; for they wept and pleaded vainly, as it seemed to me.

"But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it; my senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror lest this should be my sentence, to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored at my prison door. I shouted as loudly as I could—all to no purpose. Then I burst into an agony of tears; my fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of my youth I pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

"They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon.

"How time passed I could not tell; day and night to me were alike in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough to understand what they told me.

"I had lain five days forgotten, the stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the revolution and the consequent decline of the party. In fear of his life, our terrorist mayor had fled, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison doors to be opened. I, in my solitary cell, had been forgotten, but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein. I might have perished most miserably, as I felt, I was carried out perfectly senseless and brought to life with some difficulty.

"I am safe now, as you see, comrades, in my own country, but the anguish of those ten days will never be forgotten. I bear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily I thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of His fall to me with a heart rejoicing. Still those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliance on His mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut and where there is no darkness."

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## TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

Past the Thousand Islands and Through Lachine Rapids.

An Ideal Trip for Those Weary with the Friction of Business Life.

(Written for the Sun.)

Have you ever seen the city of Toronto from the deck of a steamer, on a fair summer day, when the earth was smiling with the kiss of the sun, when the water gleamed with its glow, when tower and roof were bathed in lustre, and the great light-shed buildings, massed on the shore of the shining lake, took a deeper tint, and the foliage of myriad trees a more vivid green?

It is a scene of thrilling beauty, surpassed only by the magnificent interior of the Queen City, with its broad, white paved streets, with stately lines of sylvan sentinels hovering over superb villas veiled in vines, gay with flower-trimmed lawns, gemmed with the dew of playing fountains, and fragrant with the odor of the great masses of delicious bloom everywhere prevalent.

Then the peerless car service provides glorious drives to grand parks, along magnificent stretches of country, dressed in vivid green, with silvery bits of lake gleaming among the trees; past bright squares, fine buildings and bewildering gardens and sunny uplands away to the shore where the calm blue waters of the lake hold sway.

This panorama of beauty, and indescribably more, is disclosed to the hundreds of visitors who yearly revel in its beauty and enjoy the many delightful trips available from thence to the far-famed Niagara Falls, Long Branch and other centres of unrivalled summer beauty. Exclamations of delight were current among the passengers as we steamed from the harbor on board the magnificent, one of the handsome steamers owned by the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, a most agreeable medium of transit from Toronto to Montreal. The water view was exquisite, the bright afternoon. The harbor was brimming with life. A hurrying mass of humanity in gay summer costumes embarked for various points of interest. Amidst the bustle and the shouts of the floating pennons, the melody of bands and the mirth of pleasure-seekers, we drifted down the placid lake into the reposeful beauty of rural scenery.

Little villages loomed at intervals, a pretty pier juts out into the water, a little chapel sits on the sand, small red houses peep out from bowers of green, mountains wrapped in mist rise in the background.

Port Hope, nestling among an attractive variety of hills, is our first port of call. Mist-wreathed mountains towering above the little white town at their base, with their wealth of trees, form an idyllic picture from the deck of the steamer. We reach Coburg, an important town on the lake and a popular summer resort for Detroit and Buffalo Americans, as the setting sun, at intervals, spires in mellow evening light. It presents a magnificent vista of sylvan scenery, extending some distance down the lake. The evening tints of cloud-land overhanging the shining foliage, wrought pictures which will long hang in memory's hall. Superb stretches of American scenery glide into view, resting on a billow of trees in dazzling alternation with wooded peaks and verdant slopes, then the light of the moon and radiance of stars are supreme for hours. The excitement of the trip be- comes a Kingston about four o'clock next morning, and the steamer is crowded with passengers gathered on deck at the inconvenient hour to admire the quaint old town, renowned for its scenic and lake associations.

The harbor gives but vague impressions of the lovely homes and handsome public buildings which grace its interior, but the scene as we sailed away was one of beauty. The morning sun bathed the harbor, the hills in dazzling hues of green, touched the old Martello towers with rare lustre, lit the waters with a gleam, flashed o'er the noble proportions of the far-famed military college, brought out the verdant splendors of Barleywood, framing a picture that hushed the gazing groups on deck into the silence of profound admiration.

Fascinating reminiscences of bygone military grandeur lurk about this little city. Once a massive stone fort reared its state walls within its precincts. It was built by Count Frontenac, whose name it bears. It was alternately held by the French and Indians, and at last fell into the hands of the British, from whom it received its present name.

We received a brilliant accession to our passenger list at Kingston. The celebrated colonial delegation joined us there. They availed themselves of the captain's deck, which offers splendid views and the exclamations of delight and repeated expressions of admiration with which these distinguished visitors, many of whom had been world-wide travellers, greeted the exceedingly beautiful panorama of the St. Lawrence river, was indeed a high compliment to the Canadian scenery.

We call at Clayton, a town on the American side, which shares in the prevailing beauty, then glide on to Thousand Island Park, a great resort for pleasure-seekers, gay with well-filled hotels and reposing summer cottages; thence we peacefully sail into fairy land, or as much of it as nature can conscientiously permit to the Canadian side of the world. The Thousand Isles crowd in upon us, we glide into and among their bewildering beauty, a vision quite beyond the pencil of the artist or the pen of the poet. Shadowy shining bits of green, set in the serene blue of a misty river, rise in every form, size and aspect, adorned with rare gems of architecture, from unique dainty dwellings of exquisitely fashioned wood, to the massive magnificence of a full-blown Pullman mansion forms a striking example, rising majestically from a verdant isle. Alexander Bay, the Saratoga of Canada, affords a gratifying view of a large number of islands. The view from vine-clad verandahs of two large

hotels on the shore is said to be one of the finest on the continent of North America.

The bewildering marvels of sylvan beauty grouped along the bay! The enchanting islands strewn so lavishly on the fathomless bosom of this great river, beyond, crowned with elegant villas, gay with flags, we might with flowers; dainty pavilions peeping out from tree-dotted lawns; bits of barren rock frowningly rising above the granite, and here and there a tiny island, with a solitary tree proudly reflecting its midsummer glory in the gleaming expanse of the river—these are glimpses of the Thousand Isles from Alexandria Bay. The "Three Sisters," so called from their resemblance to each other, are the last of the seventeen hundred and fifty islands to be seen on the St. Lawrence.

Long vistas elevated land form the next scenic variety. Our next diversion is furnished by the Galop, which is a surging preamble leading to the Long Sault. Little whirlpools creep into the river, the sand bars and coasts fresh hues into the sombre woodlands, the turbulent waters of the Galop break around the steamer for a short time, then we enter the heaving, foaming magnificence of the Long Sault. Huge waves dash their mighty spray high in mid air, the dark blue, glittering with the touch of sunshine, breaks in snowy billows at the base of densely wooded hill crests on either side of the river.

The steam is shut off, and for the next nine miles the steamer is carried along by the force of the current alone. This rapid rushes along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Old Neptune relaxes his angry mood, the scenery softens, and we pass into the tranquil river adorned with fresh and enchanting scenic effects. We call at Cornwall, a lovely town at the foot of the Long Sault, then pass from the placid beauty of Lake St. Francis to Coteau Landing, and thence under the magnificent iron bridge across the river by the Canada Atlantic Railway, into the delightful Coteau Rapids, which impart the exhilaration of a delightfully rapid boat sail, without the fear which sometimes pertains to these rushing bodies of water. Great spurts of angry foam and a peculiar motion of the steamer mark the navigation of the Cedar Rapids, which scarcely subside until we enter Split Rock.

Two formidable boulders guard its entrance, a great ledge looms up, a sudden volume of sea seems to sweep us almost upon it, but the skillful hand of the helmsman subverts the impending crash, and we prepare for the white crested waves of the Cascade Rapids. Crest short waves pitch the steamer wildly. As it becomes calmer we notice that the dark purple waters of the Ottawa have blended with the blue of the St. Lawrence, and we sail on and the picturesque village of Lachine looms up. Then a new and striking scene opens before us. On one side lies the peaceful picturequeness of Lachine, on the other the rustic beauty of Caughnawaga, an Indian village; in front, the Canadian Pacific railway bridge, with its spires and towers, and the mighty St. Lawrence, and away beyond the glorious grandeur of Mt. Royal looms into view, and the spires and domes of the city of Montreal bask in the sun.

On the other side of the river, I do not think Canadians half appreciate their own country, said Sir Charles Mills, who, with other members of the colonial delegation and many well travelled Americans, were aboard the steamer. With a view to "shooting the Lachine Rapids," foaming and boiling ahead, I have been a world-wide traveller; I have seen the Rio Janeiro, which has made quite a name for itself in the world, and revelled in the beauty of the famed Bosphorus, but I consider them surpassed by the great St. Lawrence. A tribute to Canadian beauty which comes more and more distinct to me as I gaze upon the magnificent passage of the Grand Rapids, the surging billows' rise and roar, the fierce white spray dances on the dark throbbing under currents, too dark and deep for sportive play. The steamer is caught by billow after billow and carried recklessly forward; great rocks rise on either side. It is difficult to believe this imperial piece of marine magnificence will really be followed by the tranquillity of a haven. But tide with time, bring the same consummation to us: the termination of a brilliant voyage in the splendid security of Montreal harbor, basked with the beauty of a glowing sunset, filled with splendor of a glowing sunset, filled with splendor of a glowing sunset.

The city is to the tourist a vision of grandeur, with its great stone mansions, massive business houses, stately parks and stately mountain, and that glowing monument of culture, McGill University. The brief limits of a newspaper article consign all but the mere mention of its magnificence to oblivion. The beauties and marvels of this trip admit of no exaggeration.

For the toll-worn voyager, weary with the friction of business life, there is complete isolation from a busy past, the soothing influences of belated change of scene, unmarred by the exertion which attends the pleasure trips of land life. Those who had not contact with the gregarious achievements of humanity essential to enjoyment have the hamlet-dotted shore of the lake, the Thousand Isles and the bright dawn of the St. Lawrence, Brookville, Prescott and others, where the antiquary may revel in relics of a historic past, and bask in the prosperity of a well-earned civilization. The traveller to whom the sea is a paramount attraction is privileged to shoot eleven miles of seething rapids, with those of Lachine as a climax.

For every one there are delightful experiences, available only through the medium of a personal trip.

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## DOWN EAST.

The Visit of a Concord, N. H., Party to St. John and Halifax.

The Sight Seers Delighted with the Whole Country they Travelled Through.

(Concord, N. H., Patriot.)

No foreigner is more welcome in a strange land than the sojourner from America. He is looked upon as a type of the greatest race that inhabits the globe. No where is this deference to Yankee blood more universally marked than among the "Down Easters," who figure on the map as Nova Scotians.

A party of sixteen capital city tourists have just returned from an inspection of this romantic land of Evangeline and as one or two of them gave such an interesting sketch of the trip to the local common man he determined to reproduce some of the casual remarks upon the journey that were told the writer in a social way, but without the necessary injunction "don't print."

The members of the party were Adjutant Gen. A. D. Ayling and son, Charles Ayling, William H. Alexander, general purchasing agent of the C. & M. R. R., with his wife, son and daughter, H. J. Odell, treasurer and general manager of the Concord Land and Water Power Co., with his wife and two daughters, Maud and Agnes, Mrs. Fred. Virgin, son Arthur and daughter Lillian, Mrs. Fred. Pearson and son Walpole, and Miss Ellen E. Colby.

The tour was made in about ten days and every member of the party was well and in good spirits so that throughout the journey there was one constant stream of delight and merriment in vogue. As to comforts of travel nothing was left to be desired, and a half section of a parlor car, the most elegant marine quarters, where electricity almost vies with daylight in its wonderful illuminating power, were features that drew out the spontaneous admiration of all.

The hospitality of the people could not be excelled. All over the two cities mentioned the people seemed to be aware of the presence of their American guests and wherever the party went it was subject to closest scrutiny as the gauntlet, so to speak, was run. The natives seemed to exhibit a certain pride in having their Yankee friends with them, and so much of a general theme was the presence of the party that when Mr. O. and Mr. A. ventured astray from the rest a little urchin beside the tree was heard to remark, "them's two."

More or less information must necessarily be had through conversing with the open-hearted people of this land, and the responses to inquiry were uniformly kind and most interesting. The party to a point of interest sought, invariably the informant left all care and labor behind and escorted them to their destination. All points of interest that travellers seek and some where they are not always admitted, including entrance to the citadel, were visited before returning.

In a party of sixteen congenial souls, with such jokers as Messrs. Ayling and Messrs. Alexander and Odell, of course there are a great many little side issues that really furnish the brightest spots in the journey, and were to the benefit of the journey. The party were the party upon the briny deep on the outward journey before the general gave up his new hat to the breeze that quickly changed it from a derby to a miniature dory. With a silent farewell the hatless general watched the little black object go from sight and, turning to the party, which could scarce restrain its merriment, he said, "Oh, I don't want your sympathy."

"You're not getting any," was the quick reply from one of the ladies, but they kindly offered him all the hairpins needed to keep his tresses in subjection.

Before leaving Eastport, Maine, some of the party made slight purchases from an Indian colony that had wares of its own manufacturing. Mr. Alexander invested in two pairs of fur-trimmed slippers. Arriving at St. John, in his capacity of treasurer and general manager of the party, he stepped to the hotel deck, registered the party, and made arrangements for the trip. He had grown so confident of the honesty of this new people that he heeded not the gentle motions of a bystander, whose envious eyes could not longer allow those fine specimens of footware to protrude from the pockets on either side of his coat, and who fell into temptation. For two days the outraged American kept both hands on his pocketbook, while he sighed for the slippery slippers. They were found later in the journey among Mr. Odell's rare collection of souvenirs. Mr. A. forgave the misjudged foreigners, one of whom, not knowing him or anything about him,

sold him a souvenir, and because he could not change a bill said, "O, well, that's all right; bring me the money sometime." "Yes, but I'm going to skip the country tomorrow," said Mr. A. "Well, that's all right; I'll trust you," was the reply. Mr. A. thinks, after all, that the Americans are the greatest success as pickpockets.

Several musicians were given by the party, in which Mr. Odell figured as primo tenor, while the General was a close second; and the ladies added their instrumental tithes. Of course there was a kodak in the party and when the trip is illustrated there will be some fetching half-tones or double tones.

Someone in the party had a mysterious faculty for evading the company long enough to acquaint himself with a reporter. The Halifax Herald, St. John Daily Sun, and Morning Chronicle of Halifax were handed the party almost as soon as they reached these cities with scare head articles on the distinguished party, who appeared in their full titles. The two papers each declare it was the other, while the writers of the private opinion that the scribes were informed by a gentleman of the party whose name begins farther along in the alphabet.

Many other incidents might be told of the general's quest for hot water that never came; of his search for the missing vessel which all the time adorned his person; of the enjoyment of the younger members of the party, but these will be reserved for the souvenir of the trip soon to be issued. On the return the unanimous sentiment of all was if you want a trip of solid enjoyment, "Go to Halifax."

## THE BAPTIST CONVENTION.

Report of the Committee on Sep rate Convention Adopted.

Farewell Meeting to Three Missionaries Bound for the Foreign Field.

Bear River, N. S., Aug. 28.—Monday morning's session of the Baptist convention was devoted mainly to the discussion of the report of the foreign mission board.

In the afternoon the home mission report was discussed. The text of the report of the committee of seventeen on the matter of separate convention was as follows:

1. That a majority of the churches in the convention, through their associations, have expressed a wish that some missions should not be removed from the maritime convention (the New Brunswick associations, however, voting to the contrary);

2. That the report of the judgment of your committee the change of section 2 of the constitution as proposed in the notice of motion given by Judge Johnston last year is not advisable;

3. That we recommend the New Brunswick church be at liberty to unite with the New Brunswick convention, and to have the maritime convention as at present.

4. We recommend that the same board have full power to arrange with the New Brunswick churches in the work of home missions in New Brunswick.

The report of the committee was adopted today, after a long discussion, except clause three, for which substituted the following: That the home mission board of this convention arrange with the New Brunswick convention through twelve men to be appointed by the convention for carrying on home mission work in New Brunswick.

Monday evening a missionary meeting was held, the church being crowded. At this meeting farewell words were addressed to the three missionaries about to leave for the foreign field, Rev. H. Y. Corey and wife, and Miss Clarke.

Bear River, N. S., Aug. 29.—The Baptist convention closed tonight. Addresses were delivered on the condition of the educational institutions at Wolfville. One of the best was by Rev. J. A. Gordon, of St. John, on "How can we help the college?"

It was determined that next year the jubilee convention should be held with the German street Baptist church. The following committee was appointed to arrange for the jubilee services: Prof. Keirstead, B. H. Eaton, Rev. D. A. Steele, Thos. Todd, C. W. Corey, Rev. J. A. Gordon, and Rev. G. O. Gates.

The convention sermon next year will be preached by Prof. Keirstead. The following committee was appointed in accordance with the decision of the convention yesterday to act, in conference with the New Brunswick convention on home missions: Revs. J. A. Gordon, W. Camp, E. J. Grant, S. W. Keirstead, W. C. Goucher, A. H. Hayward, W. F. Vincent, Messrs. H. C. Creed, C. J. Bostwick, R. G. Haley, A. L. Wall, U. S. Sanders, (Woodstock).

The report of the governors of Acadia College, a lengthy document, was discussed and adopted.

MORE PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

The stately steamer plowed its way through the blue waves of Lake Michigan. "Oh, Horace," murmured the young bride who a moment before had passed the deck with smiling face and lovely eyes, the happiest of the happy. "I feel so queer! Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No dear, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace hastily. "Lean over the side of the steamer."

QUITE EVIDENT.

Mrs. Hicks—Are you sure that you married the right man?

Horace—Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine.

ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"Are you quite sure you love me just as devotedly as you did at first?"

She—I think so, but I wouldn't like to hear of you loving another fellow.