

# OUR BETTER HAIR.

**A Woman's Heart.**  
It's only a woman's heart, whereon  
You tread in your careless haste,  
A thing at best that is easily won,  
What matters the dreary waste,  
Her life may be in after years;  
What matter it! Do not start,  
It's only the sound of dropping tears  
As wrung from a woman's heart.

'Twas little worth, for it cost you  
naught  
But a honeyed word and a smile;  
Was the fault not hers if she blindly  
thought  
You true as true the while?  
What if the seeds of a lifelong woe  
From the broken shrine upstart,  
What does it matter to you, you  
know,  
It is only a woman's heart.

What does it matter, your life may  
be  
Complete without need of her,  
'Twas only to prove your power and  
see  
Her tenderest heart throbs stir.  
The sound of your voice had grown  
very dear  
Ah, me! but it changed so soon,  
And the cold hard tones that fell on  
her ear  
Stilled her heart's low moan.

Go and forget, it's an easy task,  
And nothing to cause regret,  
An every-day matter, none will ask  
Why did you so soon forget?  
A fairer face, a more graceful form,  
Were each of sufficient power  
To fully efface the promise made  
And the words of an idle hour.

## NEW FASHIONS.

**Some Natty Travelling Costumes Described and Illustrated.**

Many of our readers will no doubt be glad of some hints in regard to the latest traveling costumes. I have lately seen several of the newest which struck me as particularly chic. They combined at once comfort and elegance. Among the various kinds of light woolen materials in favor for such costumes the prettiest and most serviceable is, of course, the old-fashioned mohair or alpaca worn by our mothers. Its tints are beautifully soft and light cream and crape au lait, fawn and ecru, with all shades of bluish or russet gray, lavender and pearl. These are often trimmed with fancy plaids or checks, in which bright tints are considerably softened by a good deal of white.

A charming costume made of this material on a shade of dusky gray is just the thing to travel in on a dusty day.



The skirt in godet pleats reaching barely to the ankles. The bodice loose, but not pleated, was confined round the waist with a belt of blue moiré ribbon. The rounded yoke and collar were also of blue moiré; pads of the same can be worn on each side to the waist, and one concealed the fastening of the bodice. A short, wavy basque fell over the skirt from under the belt. The sleeves were balloon shaped, with cuffs of moiré.

Another novelty in materials is a new kind of covert coating; the outside is self-colored and the inside is plaided. The plaid shows vaguely through upon the outside, producing a strange effect, difficult to describe. Of course this kind of material requires no lining. A very stylish traveling costume of this covert coating was in a soft shade of cape au lait plaided inside with the same shade mixed with blue and gold. The skirt was of the shape of the one described above. These short skirts are very useful for traveling, as they may be worn for walking and climbing, and save the trouble of taking a dress especially for this purpose. Each seam of this skirt was marked by two rows of well-raised brown silk stitching. The bodice was a loose jacket, square cut, and opening on a vest of white mohair, finished with a turn-down collar, cut in square tabs. It was stitched with brown to match the skirt and was fastened with Burgess pearl buttons.

Another very pretty costume was of fancy material checked in shades of slate-blue-gray and beige streaked with slate-blue gray and beige streaked with red. The gored skirt was in the bicycle skirt shape, not so wide as the others and rather short. The plain bodice was trimmed with two long tabs of slate-blue silk; they began at the waist, crossed in front and reached to the shoulders. A small peaked cape, which had a Mary Stuart collar, was worn with this; it remained open in front, giving a little finish to the shoulders without extra warmth. The cape was lined with white silk.

has a short, full basque and no fastenings; small pockets on either side with a lay-down collar of the new shape, which reaches to the large, full sleeves; these are so diminished at the wrist they fit it closely, fastening with some four buttons on the side arm and two rows of white roulan.

Many travelling dresses have straps on the bodice, the waistband, and small pouch at the side of leather. Large travelling capes to wear over these dainty gowns are made in leather-colored cloth or alpaca arranged in godet pleats all around from the top. They are fastened with two buttons at the throat and are finished with Mary Stuart collars, lined with silk.

**ETIQUETTE OF THE BOW.**  
How the Well-Bred Woman is Known From the All-Bred.

The salutation has been called the touchstone of good society, and in social circles is recognized as such, for however spontaneous the act of bowing may appear it is governed by rules which every lady should recognize.



According to the general code of etiquette, any one who has been introduced to you, or any one to whom you have been introduced, is entitled to a bow, which should be accorded promptly, as soon as the eyes meet, whether on the street or in a room. If you know persons slightly, their recognition is slight; if friends are met, the bow is more or less cordial, according to the degree of intimacy; the salutations of tradespeople and servants are always returned in a kindly manner.

In this country the lady always bows first to the gentleman, thus indicating that it is her wish to recognize him; in other countries, France, for instance, the gentleman bows first, it being considered a deeper

**MARK OF RESPECT.**  
It is only necessary to bow once to the same person on a public drive or promenade, where people constantly pass and repass one another, although if the eyes meet it is but courteous that an "eye recognition" be given; even this might grow tedious, and care should be taken tactfully avoid unnecessary glancing about. Upon entering a crowded room a slight inclination should be made to all present, but no individual recognition should be given until the host and hostess are greeted. In bowing the head should remain motionless, not stiff, but in a natural position, easy and erect; all movement, all inclination should come from the waist alone. In the concert room, theatre, or carriage, in fact, when in a sitting posture, the same rule is to be observed, no jerking or nodding of one's feathers and ribbons, but the slow, graceful, wavelike movement. Always give a straight, honest glance into the eyes of the person you wish to greet; above all, endeavor to make your bow speaking; let it suggest something pleasant and cordial.

**GROSS ILL-BREEDING.**  
Another deplorable fashion is that of "not bowing," or "cutting," as it is called, a habit prevalent, even among the most fastidious in matters of taste. This cannot be too strongly condemned, considered either in the light of ill-breeding, or in the more serious aspect of uncharitableness. Should any one really wish to avoid a bowing acquaintance with a person who has been properly introduced, it may be done by looking aside, or dropping the eyes, but if the eyes meet, there is no alternative, a bow must be given. In fact it is considered courteous to return a salutation, although one may not in passing recognize the one who is bowing.

It must be remembered that cheerily, pure and undefiled, is the foundation of all polite usages, however they may become distorted by mannerisms. The bow is so closely allied to impulse, that it is the touchstone of the heart and character. One must seek in the fountain head of charity for its primal inspiration, and then, only then, be guided by those rules that render it graceful, dignified and becoming.—Form.

**Origin of the Honey-moon.**  
The Neu Blatt informs us that the term "honeymoon" was not suggested by the sweetness of that period of bliss, but originated through a custom of the Germans of old, which compelled the newly wedded to drink nothing but mead made of honey during the thirty days following the marriage.

**Why Women Dress.**  
It is often said that women dress for other women and not for men, but don't you believe it. Not one woman in one hundred would care a belittle ribbon whether she had a silk or calico gown, or whether it was made with leg-o-mutton or skin-tight sleeves, if there was no man assumed to be present, or, respectively, in the landscape to look with admiring eyes upon her

as she wore it. Love of admiration is inborn, and is, so far as we know, an attribute of all animate nature.



This being the case, the man or woman who is destitute of the feeling is not to be trusted. There is something lacking to complete the creature.

**The Gown Sachet.**  
Most waists require a little cotton in front of the arm hole and many women have a trifle of sachet powder mixed with the wadding. There is so great a danger that this odor may be too perceptible, and that a woman may be known, as some women are, by the overpowering perfume that they use, that it might far better be left alone, and one rely on the sweetness of perfectly clean, pure water and good soaps.

**Love.**  
Oh, what is love? Inquires the youth—  
Thou aged seer, oh, what is love?  
'Tis me, for I would know the truth,  
Is it an essence from above,  
Or does it come from far below?  
'Tis me, I pray thee, I would know.

Oh, ardent youth, you ask of me  
A baffling question deep and wide.  
Love is as deep as yonder sea,  
Is wide as lofty mountain side.  
Yet love is simple, love is true.  
The truest thing one ever knew.

For love is truth, and love is life.  
As true as faith, as strong as hope,  
Its presence banishes all strife,  
Converts the gloomy misanthrope.  
Love is a fetter light as air,  
Yet strong as anchor cable are.  
—Henry T. Gray, in Harper's Bazar.

**IN THE KITCHEN.**  
"Would You Retain Man's Regards Feed the Brute!"  
A dainty and excellent way in which to cook a cabbage is to stuff it. Cut out the heart stem, with the roots, of a medium-sized head of cabbage, and remove the outer green leaves. Plunge the head into an abundance of boiling water for ten minutes, and then take it up very carefully so as not to break it. Let it cool. Prepare a forcemeat, using a pound of sausage meat with a quarter of a pound of lean veal ground and pounded to a paste. Some cooks use the sausage meat alone; for instance, the ground meat can be used. Stuff the inside of the cabbage and tie it up carefully, so that the stuffing will not come out. Put the cabbage into a braising kettle with a small amount of onion and a cup of stock. Let the cabbage simmer in the oven or on top of the stove, well covered, for an hour, basting it occasionally. Serve it with a rich brown sauce.

**POTATO MUFFINS.**  
Two tin cups of mashed potatoes, one scant cup of lard, one cup of yeast or one cup of sugar, knead very stiff; if they are to be baked for breakfast they must be put in pans the night before; cut about one inch thick. In cool weather they can be left for several days by working them down each day, which improves them.

**APPLE DUMPLINGS.**  
Pare and half the apples and core them; allow one good handful of flour to a dumpling; rub in a little salt, some lard the size of a walnut and a good teaspoonful of baking powder; moisten with ice water; have water boiling hot; roll the dumplings after putting them together in the flour box so as to avoid them sticking together, then drop into the boiling water; boil moderately twenty minutes or half an hour. This will make four dumplings. Serve immediately.

**MOCK TURTLE.**  
One cup of gold meat, cut in small pieces, pepper and salt to taste, one small onion, two quarts of water; boil two hours; then a quarter of an hour before serving boil three potatoes, cut in dice; one pinch of cloves, a little allspice, one hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, sweet marjoram and parsley to taste, brown flour in butter, put in each. If you have green corn put a little in.

**WIT FOR WOMAN.**  
Some of it Has Evidently Been Produced by Sarcastic Man.

It is surprising how high the railway fares seem when a young man contemplates taking a bridal tour. With a new wife on hand and an old one drawing \$100 a week, Mr. Corbett has to win at Dallas in order to protect his gold reserve.—St. Louis Republic.

Kate (spitefully)—The men are all alike.  
Laura (demurely)—But some have more money than others.—Boston Transcript.

If you want to give pleasure to the pretty woman, do not talk to her of her own beauty, but of the ugliness of other women.—Texas Sittings.

It is said that Sarah Bernhardt is dieting to decrease her weight. The divine Sarah evidently intends to assume the role of the serpent in some new version of Cleopatra. John thought he'd take his fair young bride Out for an early morning ride. Said he, "Shall I procure a steed, Or shall we try our cycles' speed?" She answered, "As you like. You know I'm yours for either wheel or whoa."

which to keep their purses.—West End Echo.

Tom—Why, Bessie, I could kiss you right under your mother's nose. Bessie (with dignity)—I should very much prefer, sir, that you'd kiss me under my own nose.

Old lady—That parrot I bought of you uses dreadful language. Bird dealer—Ah, mum, you should be very careful what you see about it; it's astonishing how quick them birds pick up anything.

**SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.**  
How the Day is Observed in the Highlands at This Time.

In the course of an article on "The Sabbath" in the London Queen Mrs. Alice Tweedie gives a pleasant description of "The Highland Free Kirk, with its square pews as big as rooms, containing a table in the middle, and the walls so high that no one outside the pew can be seen except the preacher, tuning fork in hand, in his box, or the 'meenster' in the box above. In the finer churches of Edinburgh and Glasgow," she says, "there are organs; but in many parts there are not even harmoniums."

"At the Highland kirk the collie dogs attend the service, going under the seat and sleeping peacefully until the benediction, when they rise, shake themselves, and calmly make for the door. Their masters, after the service is over, enjoy their chat at the porch, for half the pleasure of coming to church is to discuss the sermon with friends, and have a bit of gossip before wending their way over the hills—perhaps ten miles—to their humble crofts. It is very amusing sometimes to see these shepherds dressed in top hats, and they, as well as their women folk, invariably wear black if they can afford it, and carry a small library of Bibles and psalm-books under their arms. Their books are very rarely left in the church, this being the position of minor curates. The Gaelic service is generally from eleven to one, and the English from one to three. Many of the good people stay for both, and on their way home discuss whether the minister gave 'better in the Gaelic or the English the de.' The minister has a bad time on the Sabbath; not only has he these two services right on end, but he has to preach extemporarily, great numbers of the people, and the minister from the Bible and the prayers by himself, as well as giving his sermon, a little singing being the only interlude. In the remote parts of Scotland the congregation still stand up to pray and sit down to sing.

"In some places they do not draw up the blinds, and there is no sign of life in the streets, until just before the service. For instance, a certain house in Sutherlandshire is let every year, and in the agreement is a clause that the piano shall not be opened for any reason whatever on the Sabbath; and there are hundreds of houses where no cooking is done, and the fires are raked out on Saturday night and laid ready for Sunday, and the doorstep washed over-night."

**PITIES THE SEAMEN.**  
Ironclads and Sailors and Sunday School War Training.

The great white iron-clads have been visiting Boston, and their officers have been feasted and feted, and quite a number of their seamen have deserted. Well—we do pity the poor fellows, for if anything can be found more disgusting than to be penned up on a great piece of steel and iron machinery (which in case of a severe storm is quite likely to go to the bottom of the sea) with a lot of wives or children, go prowling around over the ocean—carrying no cargo but cannon, bound to no port in particular, and having no particular mission except to fight somebody or something, and to sink or get sunk—if anything can be found more disgusting to an intelligent human being than this, we fall to comprehend it.

At the present stage of civilization it is probably necessary for somebody to do this business, but we do pity the poor fellows who have to do it. We would rather live in the humblest cottage on shore than in a certain kind of floating shop of destruction that ever floated or ever will float (until it sinks) on the ocean.

"The Pickwick Papers," the older Weller tells Samuel that when he was married he will find out a good deal that he don't know now.

If any of the ten thousand (or perhaps a hundred thousand) boys who are being taught in some of our Sunday-schools—to fight—should take a fancy to run away and ship on one of these great pieces of machinery, we suspect that at the end of their enlistment they will be willing to work nine hours a day or even ten, for as we did when a boy twelve and fifteen, and give up half their holidays, if necessary, for the privilege of stopping on shore and joining a "Band of Mercy."

We think it almost as bad business for boys as going out on recommendation of our yellow dime literature to fight Indians, who are a hundred times better and more peaceable than the white ruffians that live around them.—Geo. T. Angell in "Our Dumb Animals."

**A PLEA FOR HOME AFFECTION.**  
Let us take time for the good-bye kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it. Let us take time to speak kind words to those we love. By and bye, when they can no longer hear us our foolishness will seem more wise than our wisdom. Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small will some day look larger to us than the wealth we have coveted or the fame for which we have struggled. Let us take time to get acquainted with our families.

The wealth you are accumulating may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter, whom you have no time to cherish.—Roseleaf.



**"WHITER THAN SNOW."**  
Blackened and burdened I came unto Thee,  
Saviour of sinners! have mercy on me:  
Helpless, polluted—Redeemer from woe,  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Fountain of purity, opened for sin,  
Pity the penitent, welcome me in!  
Save me, embrace me, and neer let me go—  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I implore,  
May I Thy holiness share more and more,  
Daily in loving obedience to grow,  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Glorified spirits surrounding the throne,  
Thee as the source of their purity own;  
Cleanse me, and perfect me, Saviour from woe,  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Glorified spirits surrounding the throne,  
White all their robes by the blood of the Lamb,  
This is the only assurance I know,  
The promise that I shall be whiter than snow.

**A LESSON IN ALLEGORY.**  
An effective allegory is that of a stranger in a country who asked of a husbandman as to the locality, and was told that it would be good enough if it were not for the river which rolled dark and deep and turbulent near by, and to hide the sight of which the inhabitants have planted trees. "And what is beyond that?" "Oh, a beautiful country, free from all sickness and care, the Lord of which extends a free invitation for all to occupy, and there is the dreadful river." Questioning another who stood at a distance he was told by him: "I am an ambassador of the Lord of the fair country, sent to urge these people to take up their lot there-in." "But they say there is great danger in crossing it, and that they do not know that anyone has done so in safety." "They deceive you," said the ambassador, "as they walked toward the river bank—up there a bridge over which Whosoever Will may come; but even those who would essay to cross from the place on the side where the river is, they would construct rafts for themselves on the shore, at great peril in endeavoring to cross, while firm and sure stands the bridge, 'Whosoever believeth in the Lord of the fair country' should not pass, but have everlasting life. Too many Christians are building rafts, thus ignoring the bridge.

**RAYS OF LIGHT.**  
"Everlasting life"—very few attempt to grasp the idea, or if they do, finite vision must necessarily halt of its realization. If a bird were to come to a thousand years and carry away in its bill one grain of sand from this globe, in a thousand years Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion on the First and Third Sundays of the month at noon, on all other Sundays at 8 a. m. Public Catechizing every third Sunday of the month at 3.15 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Women's Bible Class on Friday at 4 p. m. Young Men's Bible Class on Sunday at 3 p. m.

First Presbyterian—Rev. John Robbins, Pastor—Divine Service at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.30 p. m. Young People's Meeting, Friday, 7.30 p. m. Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting, 10 a. m. Monthly Meeting of Women's Foreign Missionary Society, second Tuesday of March, June, September and December. The Light Bearers' Mission Band meets at stated times. Applications for pews should be made to Mr. Henry Zupper.

St. Paul's—Rev. Mr. Gergie, Pastor—Hours of Service—Public Worship 11 a. m. every Sabbath, Sabbath School at 3 p. m. every Sabbath, Friday at 7.30 p. m. every Wednesday; Meeting of Bible Class, 7.30 p. m. every Friday.

St. Andrew's—Rev. T. Cumming, Pastor—Hours of Service—11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 3 p. m. every Sabbath, Friday at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Friday at 7.30 p. m. Teachers' Meeting at close of Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting, Strangers are welcome.

Methodist Church—Pastors, Revs. Dr. Heartz, Dominion street; and Mr. Jost, Brunswick street—Pleasant Street Services—Sunday, Prayer Meeting at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered the first Sunday of each month. Class Meetings Monday at 7.30 p. m. Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Thursday at 8.00 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7.30 p. m. Epworth League, Friday at 7.30 p. m. Woman's Missionary Society Meeting the first of each month at 4 p. m.

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Christian Science Service—27 Walker street, Truro—Sunday at 7 p. m. Monday at 8 p. m. reading from "Science and Health" and talks on "Christian Science Mind Healing." All are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

Immanuel Baptist Church, Prince street—Pastor Rev. W. F. Parker, residence Pleasant street—Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered the first Sunday of each month. Class Meetings Monday at 7.30 p. m. Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Thursday at 8.00 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7.30 p. m. Epworth League, Friday at 7.30 p. m. Woman's Missionary Society Meeting the first of each month at 4 p. m.

Rev. Dr. PATON'S WORK.  
Rev. Dr. John G. Paton has arrived safely at Anewa, New Hebrides. In a letter just received by Rev. W. C. McGarvey, of Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Paton writes: "On my return to Anewa I find that the work has gone on successfully in my absence. This year we are organizing an hospital and medical mission for the north end of our group, some 300 miles from this, under Dr. Lamb and his assistants, from which much good is expected. Last year our mission started

a training institution for native teachers, and they have now fourteen students, and are making accommodations for more as fast as they can. \* \* \* Our new mission ship is now being built in Scotland, and we hope will be out to us by the end of this year. \* \* \* With all this news a letter comes to me with a cheque for a thousand pounds for the mission from an anonymous donor, to be entirely at my disposal with a preference for it to be used for Tanna, and another cheque for six pounds for a teacher.

**DR. M. G. ATKINSON,**  
SPECIALIST  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat,  
Has removed his OFFICE to his residence, next door east of the Truro Dispensary, Prince street, Truro, Nov. 7, '91.

**HOTEL AMERICAN.**  
(Formerly the Bigelow House.)  
TRURO, N. S.  
Has undergone a thorough renovation, and is now open for the reception of guests.  
CASSON & CHISHOLM,  
Proprietors.

**WM. BROWN,**  
(Successor to J. C. Mahon.)  
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant.  
Direct Importer of  
Ales, Wines and Spirits of all kinds. Guinness Stout and Base Ale in stock.  
Railway Esplanade, TRURO, N. S.

**J. F. COLWELL.**  
Manufacturer of Pure Fruit Syrup and Confectionary, also Clarifier and bottler of Lime Juice, and dealer in Fruit, Nuts, Wilmet Spa Waters, etc. Try Colwell's Cough Tablets.

**BRICK BUILDING,**  
Ingis Street, Truro.  
**STANLEY HOUSE**  
INGIS STREET, TRURO, N. S.

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**A. S. MURPHY,** Proprietor.  
TERMS—\$1.50 PER DAY.  
Electric light, Telephone. Hot and cold baths.

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**GEO. B. FAULKNER,**  
Manufacturers Agent and Importer of  
Pianos and Organs.  
Dealer in  
BAND INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC,  
MUSIC BOOKS, ETC.

27 INGLES STREET, TRURO, N. S.  
**Truro Church Directory.**  
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