LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest;
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture o' a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art;
But what meant this legend, pray,
"Homer drew this yesterday?"

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide—
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lieth in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

—EUGENE FIELD.

THE HELPING HAND.

"How do you do, Mr. Grandis?"

"I'm sorry to say that I don't do very well this morning; I'm just on the verge of despair."

"What has gone wrong?"

"You need not ask me that, Mr. Dinsworth. You can see for yourself that I've been drinking again, and words can't describe how miserable and degraded I feel."

"Yes, I know you must feel very wretched, but your penitence, it seems to me, ought to last a good deal longer than it usually does, and not only while you are sobering up. I wish you could feel just as conscience-smitten when the next time of temptation comes as you do now, and then would resist it manfully."

"It is all well enough to talk in that way," replied the poor inebriate, disconsolately; "it is easy to give advice, but not so easy to carry it out. When I get a taste of liquor it sets my brain wild, and I become so desperate that my power to resist is all gone."

"But why doesn't you withstand the temptation to take the first drop?" asked Mr. Dinsworth, a little severely. "That is the point at which the battle ought to be fought. Do you have an intense craving for liquor before you get a taste of it?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"Why don't you stay away from it, then?"

"Well, you see, parson, I come down town and happen to meet some good, jolly associates, and they want to stand a treat, and I—I am too weak to say no, for fear they will poke fun at me."

"Pshaw! Mr. Grandis, I wouldn't be guilty of such weakness," said the parson, rather impatiently. "The idea of disgracing your family and bringing remorse and ruin upon yourself, just to please a set of drunken beer-guzzlers—why, it's absurd, Mr. Grandis, utterly absurd! And right here I wish to say something to you that I've wanted to say before. You ought to seek different society. Mingle with people who don't drink and won't drink, who hate the very name of rum, instead of with those who are loose in their morals and lead you astray. You are an intelligent, well-read man, and might go into respectable company if you would. There is my church only about five blocks from where you live; why do you never come to our services on Sunday and learn that there is a better way of living? The people of the church are not perfect, but one thing I am sure of—they would never tempt you into a grogshop, but would, on the contrary, steer you as far away from it as possible. You ought to hedge yourself about with good spiritual and social influences, and these you would find among the people of the church."

"Wait a moment, parson," interrupted Mr. Grandis, who had been attempting to speak for several moments. "I don't want to find fault with you church people, because I suppose you're a great deal better than the common run of us, but I do think if such men as you would extend the helping hand to poor fellows like me a little more than you do, you'd be able to save many a man who's on the down-grade."

The minister's face flushed slightly. He felt the sting of the inebriate's rebuke, and for a moment had no reply ready. Had he done his duty by the poor fellow before him, who lived in his own neighborhood?

"Haven't I been to see you several times?" he said at length. "And didn't I invite you as heartily as I could to come to church?"

"Yes, yes, I know," was the reply; "but then you stopped coming, and treated me a little coolly, I thought—begging your pardon for saying so—as if you had given me up and thought me a hopeless case. If—if you had shown that you would stand by me, that you wouldn't give me up if I stumbled and fell, I—I might"—the speaker hesitated, and tears gleamed in his bloodshot eyes.

"You shall never have occasion to reprimand me again for neglect, my brother," said the minister. "I shall show you hereafter that I am always willing to extend to you the helping hand. Whenever you need comfort or encouragement, I want you to feel that I am your friend and come to me without fear. Good day, sir."

With a warm pressure of the hands the two men parted.

Mr. Dinsworth had gone a few steps, when he turned and said: "Mr. Grandis, our church is going to take an excursion to Upland Park day after to-morrow. Will you begin changing your associations by going with us?"

Grandis hesitated. "You are very kind," he said, "but just after my late debauch I'd be ashamed to go into the society of church people."

The minister almost lost his patience.

"Mr. Grandis, how can we help you if you wont let us?" Then he checked himself and changed his tone: "Dismiss the thought at once that Christian people despise anyone. If they once see that you want to do right, they will be glad to help you, sir. Try it. I'll see that you get acquainted. The people wouldn't slight any man whom I introduced as my friend."

"Well, sir, I'll—I'll go."

The clergyman hurried home, his heart swelling with pity for his poor, weak brother. The next day he had a conference with several of the most kind-hearted members of his church in regard to their treatment of Mr. Grandis at the excursion.

On Thursday morning, bright and early, the minister called for his friend, and overcame all his scruples about "imposing his company upon church people." At the depot the introductions of the day began, and on the train Mr. Grandis found himself actually invited to share a seat with Mr. Sears, one of the most prominent business men of the city, and an influential member of Mr. Dinsworth's church.

"Who would have thought Mr. Sears would be so clever toward a poor sot like me?" Grandis thought, as the train steamed along. "These church people seem to be more sociable than I supposed."

When the grounds were reached, the minister took his charge, as he mentally called Mr. Grandis, by the arm, and led him up to an elegant looking woman with a benevolent face.

"Mr. Grandis, this is my wife," the clergyman said.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Grandis," said the woman, kindly but not effusively. "I hope you will have a very pleasant day."

Grandis could scarcely believe his ears. Could it be that this dignified, refined lady was talking so courteously to him, a poor, weak drunkard? He stammered his acknowledgments as best he could.

"By the way, Mr. Grandis," the lady continued, "do you play croquet?"

"Why, yes, that is—I used to," faltered Grandis.

"Come and join us in a game, then, please. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Sears—I know they will help us."

"Of course we will," they replied.

In a short time the game was in progress. Poor Grandis scarcely knew himself; he almost lost his indentity. To think of him—John Grandis, the besotted weakling—associating with such people as Mr. and Mrs. Sears and the minister's wife! His emotions became so overpowering that he had to turn away to hide his tears. What did all this warm cordiality mean? Ah! these people were extending him "the helping hand" in solid earnest.

"Mr. Grandis, it is your turn to play," called his partner, Mrs. Sears. "Excellent!" she exclaimed in delight, as Grandis put his ball through two arches at once from the other end of the ground. "Still better!" she cried presently, for Grandis had sent Mrs. Sears' ball spinning away from its position. "That's the advantage of having a partner that can play," she said, turning in triumph to her opponents.

Two hours later when the game began to lag a little, Mr. Bancroft, a successful lawyer of the city, came along in an apparently careless manner, and said:

"How do you do, Grandis? Glad to see you. Aren't you almost tired of croquet? We should like to have you come over and help us in a game of tennis."

"I should enjoy it, I'm sure, if the ladies here would excuse me," Grandis said, gallantly.

"We don't like to excuse you," said Mrs. Dinsworth, "but we won't be selfish. I think you would like a little variety."

How the rackets swung and the ball leaped and plunged and whirled almost like a live thing in the exciting tennis game that followed! And what a clever, sociable man Lawyer Bancroft was! A member of Mr. Dinsworth's church, too. At noon he said:

"You will take dinner with us, Mr. Grandis. My wife wants to make acquaintance with you."

And thus the glad day passed. No one slighted him or sneered at him, but all treated him as if he were a man. Could he ever so far forget himself as to drink again after mingling with such people? No, no, never! It would be too deep a plunge into degradation.

"You will come to church won't you?" his new-made friends said, as they took his hand that evening at the depot to bid him good-by.

Need I say that he accepted their invitation, and that in less than two months afterward he had been on his knees before God and had received Divine grace to tide him over the time of temptation.

"I've learned that Christian people are more ready to give the helping hand than I supposed," he said one day to his pastor, Mr. Dinsworth. "The trouble was I avoided them too much."

"And you've taught us how much may be accomplished by a little unselfish effort," was the minister's reply.—*Zion's Herald.*

— Little Dick C. got into trouble with a school-fellow the other day, and agreed with him to "have it out" before school next morning. That evening when Dick knelt by his mother's side to say his prayers before going to bed, he delivered himself as follows after the usual "Now I lay me": "And, O God, please make me strong as lions an' things, 'cause I got to lick a boy in the morning. Amen."

— No good blood is made by the dyspeptic. K. D. C. makes good blood by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Ask your druggist for it.

— Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic is a perfect blood and flesh builder, and nerve and brain invigorator, as well as a valuable aid to digestion. Price 50 cents a bottle, six bottles $2.50. For sale by all druggists and dealers. If you are weak and run down, try this great health restorer.

— "It's like a bag of flour in a poor man's family," says Mr. John Maunder, of Yorkville, Ont., referring to B. B. B., "the oftener you take it the better."

— The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Puttner's Emulsion.

— Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve remedy.

Minard's Liniment for rheumatism.

Dolly's Jumbles.

Dolly was fond of jumbles; and next to eating them was the pleasure of seeing Sarah make them.

Her mamma left her one morning, while she went to call on a sick neighbor. Dolly did not know what to do with herself. She would like to watch Sarah in the kitchen. She knew she was always welcome when Sarah was good-natured; but sometimes Sarah was cross, and then Dolly had to keep out of her way.

She went quietly to the kitchen door and looked in, but no Sarah was to be seen. There was a hot fire in the range, and on the cooking table were boxes and packages. Dolly knew what it meant. She caught sight of a basin and mixing spoon; and standing on tip-toes she saw a mixture that made her blue eyes sparkle.

"Sarah's making jumbles, I do believe. She never puts in sugar enough, and I am just going to," she said, climbing into a chair and tugging at the cover of a large wooden box. There were two boxes just alike, standing side by side, with black letters on the outside; but Dolly was only five, and could not read.

She dipped up a cupful, and turned it into the basin. It made her little arm ache to stir it all in, but she kept at it till all the sugar was hidden in the dough. Then she sat down to wait for Sarah. She came in in a moment with a pan of green peas. Seeing Dolly quietly seated, she praised her for not touching anything, and promised her one of the first jumbles she cooked. Dolly did not feel very comfortable, but she said nothing. She watched Sarah's quick fingers mix and mould and cut the dough.

"Now, Dolly, this is yours," she said, cutting out a prettily shaped leaf, and sprinkling it freely with sugar.

Dolly soon had her jumble in a napkin waiting for it to cool. As soon as she could she took a large bite. Oh, dear! what was the matter?

She spit, and sputtered, and made such a face that Sarah thought she must have burned her mouth.

"You foolish child! Why didn't you wait till it had cooled?"

"It didn't burn, Sarah; but oh, it tastes just awful! I guess I put in too much sugar;" and Dolly began to cry.

Sarah took the jumble, broke off a piece, and tasted it. It was her turn now to make a wry face; and it was a very cross Sarah who sent Dolly out of the room.

Dolly had used a cup of salt to sweeten her jumbles.—*Lizzie May Sherwood, in Our Little Ones.*

"Just Like Her Mother."

"Yonder comes Hilda Hall. I can tell her just as far as I can see her, and I can see pretty well for an old man, too."

The old gentleman with whom I was walking along the streets of N—— said this, and as I was a stranger in town, just having come to it for a visit among friends, I of course did not know Hilda Hall. But as I am always interested in children, I began to make inquiries concerning her.

"How can you know her so far off, Uncle Lyman?" I began.

"Well, there is something about her that is not so apparent in other children. She is *always* cheerful and happy, and has a sweet smile for every one. She always goes skipping along just about as she is coming toward us now, and generally she is singing to herself or looking for some one to bestow a smile upon. She never forgets to smile up into your face, even though you may be a stranger. She is just like her mother in this respect, and just as her mother was when she was a little girl herself. It is strange how this trait of a sweet, happy spirit is given to Hilda also."

"Perhaps the mother has been careful to always exhibit the same spirit to her daughter. Example, I think, goes a great way," I said.

"Yes, Mrs. Hall has been careful in all her teachings to her child. She always practices just as she teaches, too. She is a grand Christian woman, if there ever was one," was the earnest answer.

"That accounts for it all," I said in reply: and just then the little girl drew near to us.

"Here she comes. Now judge for yourself," Uncle Lyman said in a low voice.

"Yes, she was a very happy-looking child and as sweet as a June rose. She passed by us with a familiar nod to Uncle Lyman and a pleasant smile to me. As soon as she was fairly past us, we heard a gay little song come back to us upon the morning air, and as we looked around we saw Hilda half dancing to her own pretty music, her long, wavy hair floating in the breeze. I thought it a picture pretty enough to go upon canvas, or to adorn the first page of a book.

"Just as her mother used to trip along when she was a child. She is not a bit prettier or any more graceful than little Hilda Moore was in the years I knew her as a child. It seems like yesterday, yet it was nearly forty years ago. How the years do slip away!" and a sigh came from the lips of the white-haired man by my side.

I did not answer him, and he went on: "But I think it is the result of faithful teaching, after all, that makes this little child so much like her mother; for I know some other children not a bit like their mothers before them. Mrs. Hall began very early to train her child, and mold and fix the blessed principles of a sweet, happy spirit. Oh, if all mothers would only do the same thing, what a beautiful world this would be! Scowls and frowns would be rarely seen, I can tell you. If *one* can succeed so nicely, I think others might, and half of the fret and worry in this world might be driven out of it."

"That is true, and I wish that every mother might know the story of little Hilda Hall, if it is a story. I think some poor, disheartened mothers would try harder, and work more hopefully, in trying to make their children sweet-spirited and happy," I answered.—*Zion's Herald.*

— Palpitation is one form of indigestion. K. D. C. cures indigestion and the long train of ills attending it. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., or 127 State St., Boston Mass.

An Evening "Set Apart."

Margaret Miller's home was one of great beauty, as was Elizabeth Stone's. The comforts and luxuries of life had come about equally to both of them. There was quite a difference, however, in the daughters of the respective households. Margaret, when she decided a question, knew her own mind. Elizabeth apparently did not; at least, a looker-on often detected little inconsistencies in theory and practice which obscured the light that should have shone from her character. Both of the girls were professed Christians, both attended service on Sundays and the weekly prayer meetings, but only one—and that, of course, was Margaret—attended the meetings with regularity. She was always present, unless unavoidably detained. Often she was invited out evenings to concerts, musicales, or receptions, but if any of these entertainments conflicted with the prayer meeting, which they frequently did, she always declined acceptance. Her answer was invariably:

"Thank you, but I have a previous engagement."

Not so with Elizabeth.

"Come over this evening," a friend would say on prayer meeting evening; "we're going to make candy and have a jolly time."

"All right; I'll be there," was the prompt answer.

Or some one else would say at another time, "Bring over your violin. Ned and Harry are coming over with their banjos, and Will with his cornet. We'll have a delightful evening."

Now Margaret enjoyed music, candy making, and fun as well as any one did, but these things, excellent as they are in their place, were not intended to intrude upon the hour "set apart," and they did not in her case.

One beautiful evening one of the young ladies of C—— gave an informal party for some young guests visiting her. One of the guests was a bright and promising young man who had been specially drawn toward Margaret Miller. Supper was served out-of-doors on a beautiful lawn, under grand old oaks. The grounds were sweet with the scent of June roses and jubilant with the songs of birds. The supper, served at half-past seven, was abundant and delicious. The company assembled was bright and merry, yet notwithstanding all this, there was something lacking, it seemed to Robert Ellsworth; some one was missing whom he had expected to see.

"Jessie," he said to his cousin the next morning at breakfast, "I did not see Miss Miller here last evening."

"No," was the smiling reply. "Margaret always has an engagement on Thursday evenings."

"An engagement?"

"Yes," and Jessie's cheeks flushed; "it's prayer meeting night, and Margaret always goes to that."

"Too bad that you did not postpone your company until this evening," said Jessie's mother; "then Margaret could have been here."

"I did not think of it until it was too late," acknowledged the young girl. "I do not know of any other girl that I would have missed as much as I did Margaret. She is the life of every company where she chooses to go. Somehow I am forever forgetting not to conflict with prayer meeting."

"And Miss Miller always remembers it, you say?" questioned Rob.

"Yes, always; with Margaret it is an hour set apart and specially enjoyed."

Many times during that day those last words of his cousin Jessie's rang in his ears, sang in his heart, "an hour set apart." Robert Ellsworth was not a Christian, but all through that summer day Christ was knocking at the door of his soul. He had been carefully and prayerfully taught. As he thought of the brave girl who would not turn aside from the evening "set apart" for her Saviour, there came to his mind a scene in the garden of Gethsemane:

"Bring the thrilling scene
Home to my inmost soul: the Sufferer's cry,
'Father, if it be possible, this cup
Take Thou away. Yet not My will, but Thine.'
The sleeping friends who could not watch one hour."

Robert Ellsworth went home in a few days without having seen Margaret Miller, and a few days later Jessie received a letter from him which caused the tears to roll down her cheeks like rain.

"DEAR COUSIN JESSIE," he wrote; "my wandering feet have found rest upon the Rock Christ Jesus at last, thank God! Please tell that dear young girl, Miss Margaret Miller, that I am a star in her crown. Perhaps you will not comprehend, so I will explain. When you told me why she was not at your little lawn party, a great wave seemed to pass over me, a wave of admiration for her, that she could stand so firm on the Lord's side when there were so many temptations on every side. Please don't be vexed at me, dear Jessie, for you know you are the very dearest cousin I have in the world, and I do not intend to cast any reflections on you. Then following my admiration for Miss Miller there came a great love in my soul for my Saviour. An evening 'set apart,' an hour 'set apart,'—over and over these suggestive words rang in my soul until I opened the door of my soul and let Him in. I'm to unite with the church to-morrow, and I have already 'set apart' one evening of the week to meet with God's people. I feel sure you will rejoice with me. Good-by. God bless you! Yours faithfully,

ROB."

Jessie sobbed aloud.

"I'm so sorry that I did not let my light shine," she said to herself, "so sorry! While I was trying to have a jolly time for Rob and the others, I forgot to meet my Saviour in the little chapel where dear Margaret was."

Then she fell upon her knees and begged forgiveness. When she arose there was a new light in her eyes and a smile upon her lips. She, too, had "set apart" an evening, resolving that, like her friend Margaret, she would be loyal and unswerving. Elizabeth Stone heard of the influence emanating from Margaret Miller's "light," and she, also, set hers burning. And so the good work goes on.—*American Messenger.*

— Ward off diseases by taking K. D. C. It restores the stomach to healthy action; a healthy stomach tones the system. Try K. D. C.

General Sherman and the Lost Boy.

Last summer, when the G. A. R. had their great reunion in Boston, a Connecticut boy enjoyed a rare experience. Excursion trains were run from all points, furnishing transportation at greatly reduced rates; so our boy determined to go and "see the sights." He was fifteen years old, a bright, independent young fellow, and his parents were not of the "worrying kind;" so he started off with a party of his city people, though none of them were special friends. I am not as familiar with the details of his trip as I should like to be, having heard the story from his mother, and not wishing to interrupt her at the time with questions. But since Gen. Sherman's death, I feel that the little known will be learned with pleasure, as another instance of the kindly character of one so beloved by his friends, and admired by those who knew him only by repute.

Our boy lost his friends, I think, soon after reaching Boston, and in passing through a train of vestibuled cars, he was accosted by a gentleman, to whom he told his situation. The gentleman said:

"You cannot find any one now, once lost in Boston. You had better stay with us, and we will take care of you."

But the boy said he would get along all right. Meantime other members of the party began to talk to him and with each other, and he heard some strange names—strange, at least, to be addressed to persons in *his* hearing. His first questioner they called Gen. Sherman. Finally they quite insisted that he should remain with them, and they took him to the "Vendome." They called him the "lost boy," and adopted him *pro tempore*. President Harrison was one of the number, and gave the "lost boy" some memento of the occasion when they parted. But Gen. Sherman took the most interest in him. He told him all about his famous march to the sea—what a treat for a boy!—rehearsed many incidents of army life, and showed him how they made whisk brooms to brush their clothes with. He took a stick and splintered it, and the "lost boy" brought it home with him.

The general wanted him to ride in the carriage with him in the procession; but our boy, who had a keen sense of humor, said, in relating the story, that "he must draw the line somewhere, and so refused to ride in the procession."

After two days, I think it was, at the Vendome, the "lost boy" began to talk about going home. Gen. Sherman said:

"Oh, I know what is the trouble—you think the money is playing out; but there is enough left to keep you another day."

The boy realized he was having a fine time, but not until he reached home and told his friends his experience had he any true conception of his great privilege.

One gentleman said:

"I would give a thousand dollars to have been in your shoes."

Before finishing this story I want to tell the boys who read this that our "lost boy" was a little gentleman. If he had not been, of course it is not likely that he would have had such interest taken in him, or such attention shown him. He was a boy who had read and studied, and could talk about the civil war even with Gen. Sherman. He knew how to appear to advantage in whatever situation he was placed. His parents had given him wise instruction, and what was better, he had heeded it.

It always pays for "little men and women" to make the most of their advantages, for no one knows into whose presence their next step may lead them. One boy, among his happiest recollections, will ever cherish that story of "the march to the sea," as told him by the brave, grand man and soldier whose soul is now "marching on."—*J. W. A., in Country Gentleman.*

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"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with

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breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

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Intercolonial Railway.

1892. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Picton and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.20
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Pt. du Chene, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex	8.35
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.35
Express from Halifax, Picton & Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.50

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX—

Express for St. John and Sydney, C. B.	7.00
Through Express for St. John, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	12.20
Accommodation for Truro and Pictou	13.05
Accommodation for Pictou	16.00
Express for Bedford	17.30
Express for Dartmouth	18.35

The train leaving Halifax for Montreal on Saturday at 12.20 o'clock, via Quebec, will run to destination on Sunday.

The St. John, Quebec and Montreal Express leaving Halifax at 12.20 o'clock, has Buffet Sleeping Cars attached for St. John and Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Express from Dartmouth	6.40
Express from Bedford	8.00
Accommodation from Pictou	13.12
Through Express from Montreal, Quebec and Chicago (Monday excepted)	13.30
Express from St. John and Sydney, C. B.	18.15
Through Express from Montreal and St. John	23.00

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
21st October, 1892.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Thursday, 1st June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 6.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Weymouth at 4 32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 6.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.58 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Express daily at 10.07 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4.32 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7 p. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John as follows: June, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; July and August, daily (except Sunday). At Yarmouth with steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. for Boston as follows: June, Wednesday and Saturday evenings; July, August and September, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) from Yarmouth for Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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Nova Scotia Stamps

for which I will pay the following prices:

One penny	$ 1.50	2 cents	$0.06
Threepence	.40	5 cents	.08
Sixpence	1.50	8½ cents	.75
One shilling	15.00	10 cents	.15
1 cent	.06	12½ cents	.10

The Stamps must be in good condition. If on the envelope ten per cent. more.

Stamps now in use not wanted.

ADDRESS—

F. BURT SAUNDERS,
P. O. Box 309, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SPRING 1893.

Our Travellers are now showing complete lines of Samples of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS for the Spring Trade.

DANIEL & BOYD, Ltd.

NEW GOODS
—IN—
Gentlemen's Department,
27 King Street.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK:

English All-Linen Collars in the latest styles; and the "Doris" (Paper, Turn-down) and "The Swell" (Paper, Standing) Collars.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

VENETIAN
AND
SHUTTER BLINDS!

Finished in the natural color, stained to represent any wood, or painted any shade.

Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, &c.

A. Christie Wood-Working Co.

City Road, St. John, N. B.

June 21.

*** The matter which this page contai
fully selected from various sources; and w
too that, to any intelligent farmer or hous
contents of this single page, from week to
ing the year, will be worth several time
scription price of the paper.

AT THE GATES.

O Thou, the Dispenser of life and breat
Who hast willed that throughout Thy
The mother must challenge the gates of
To undo the gates of birth,
I am ready. The curse and the chrism
Hold Thou to my lips the rue;
Before they may taste life's rarest wine
They must drink pain's bitterest bre
Yet for love of these little lives so frail,
Each bought with a part of mine,
For the sake of these baby-souls that ha
Their being from breath of Thine,
As the body, the spirit travaileth
In anguish of fear I sue,
Though my feet go down to the gates of
Grant Thou that they pass not throug
Yet, O my Father, help me to pray,
"If it be possible."
O Thou of Gethsemane, help me say,
"Thy will be done," as well.
Forgive the frailty that questioneth
Thy power to protect Thine own.
From the gates of birth to the gates of
Thou hast left them never alone.

THE HOME

Silent Husbands.

Wives often regret that their h
do not talk to them. This is
place to discuss the shortcom
man, but sometimes when
listened to the fault-findings, t
lous repetitions, frivolous det
childish exactions of sympa
attention with which some wo
their husbands when they are
dened and anxious with care a
we have not wondered that s
grow taciturn in their homes.
a great loss if a man is silent a
wife and children. The hust
wife live so much of the time i
ent world that a free intercour
a great help and pleasure to
them. You will not be likely
a man talk by telling him that
to talk, or scolding him becaus
not do so. Make it a pleasur
to talk with you. Exercise go
good temper and tact in draw
out on topics of interest to hi
patient under his moods of
He deserving the companion
sensible man. Avoid talking
or insignificant details concern
self or your work. Have some
teresting or valuable to say.
of your child's prattle may be
terest. The number of pies
made, or the rooms you have s
not be worth repeating. Cul
graces of character, speech an
voice, and you may find that
who was glad to escape from th
ous, complaining, exacting wo
reluctantly from her who kn
to talk and when to be sile
openeth her mouth with wisdo
whose tongue is the law of kin
Christian at Work.

Stains and Spots.

The careful housekeeper
her laundry for the general w
cover stains of coffee, tea, fru
and paint, which are so frequ
and so often "set" by being
cold water before they are
stains of coffee and tea so ofte
tablecloths may be easily an
fully treated if taken in tim
neglected leave a permanent
mark. The treatment of th
should always be kept in min
are diametrically opposite to
For coffee stains, soak the spo
cold water for at least twel
adding a little borax to soften
and the subsequent washing w
ally remove the stain. A te
the contrary, must be taken o
is fresh with boiling wate
through the fabric.

Fruit stains, so common in
mer time, may be removed b
boiling water over them,
gradually disappear. Where
been "washed into" the g
may be removed if the fabr
white by soaking them in sou
several days and then rubb
with the hands in this liqu
fabric is colored, especially if
the greatest care should be
using the sour milk, or the
certainly be removed as w
stain. As this is due to the a
milk, it may sometimes be re
an application of weak ammo

Alkali stains caused by lin
may often be removed or
stored by an application of
lemon juice. A grass stain is
most difficult to get out of all
that bother the patience of
ress. A correspondent recom
this purpose a solution of
tin, used warm and immediat
out with clear cold water.
powerful remedy and shoul
chased from a druggist, who
to furnish the solution
strength. Machine oil is ve
to remove if it is not treated
set. Each spot of oil shou
soaked and then washed o
cold water. Ink is one of
troublesome of stains if it is
in the fabric. If it is wa
clear cold water or in milk
fresh, it may often be entirel
Stylographic or strained ink,
assess no heavy particles to b
fabric of the cloth, may alwa
out in this way. Where i
come dried in the cloth, it
moved by soaking in the
until the milk becomes sour
leaving it in the sour milk
three days.

A treatment of sour milk
ally remove mildew stains,
are obstinate, a tablespoonfu
acid and a tablespoonful of
dissolved in half a pint of
will usually remove them,
are thoroughly rubbed in th
and then rinsed in clear cold
rust stains may be easily re
white goods, even if they
standing. They should be sp
a board or plate, wet with a
made of salt and lemon juice
out in the strong summer's
will draw out the spot in a
short time. Tar spots mu
rubbed with lard or some o
and then washed out with soa
or treated with benzine. F
are always removed with tur