## SERMON.

In This Subject Dr. Talmage Puts a Glow of Gladness and Triumph Upon Passages of Life That are Usually Thought to be Some what Gloomy.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—In this subject Dr. Talmage puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon passages of life that are usually thought to be some-what gloomy; text, Zechariah xiv., 7, "At evening time it shall be light

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath murky, hurtling portensious, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on vast prairie, and the belated traveller by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and sher herds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves Flashing night and arctic severities Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night amid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which I hope we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories, to guide us, we cannot find our way into

My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows, of old age, of the world's history, of the Christian life. "At even-time it shall be light."

### WHEN THE SUN SETS

This prophecy will be fulfilled it the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent. and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and owed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so

many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold of victory all over the heavens. and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company exploded! "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano? How much for this library? How much for this family picture How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going going gone!"
Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? Did they when they were afflicted like Job curse God and want to die? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a resurrec-

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, drak and howling smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventide it was light. The swift promises overtook them. eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite lustre. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged Joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted!" cried David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away!" exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgush-ing, everlasting light!

## THE GLORY OF OLD AGE.

Again the text shall find fulfilmen in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young, to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout Midlife and old age will be de-

know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow; that snow was not always on your that brawny muscle did not alway bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside or threw off you hat for the race or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth wil not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and cross tremb-ling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover wrnkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all

be old unless you are older than the How men and women will lie! They say they are forty, but they are sixty. They say they are twenty, but they are thirty. They say they are sixty, but they are eighty. Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousne How heautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on: of Washington Irvine, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation, devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of

universe are old, old mountains,

rivers, old seas, old stars and an

eternity. Then do not be ashamed to

God. At eventide it was light! See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passersby: "You will be an old man; you will be an old man. You will be an old woman." People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for mother's feet; they may have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart: it will soon cease to "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat The bright morning and hot noonday of life have pased with many. It is 4 o'clock, 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock! shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock. 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon: the warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock, 10 o'clock! The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock, 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's mes-sengers of light have kindled bonfires eventide it is light, Light.

LATTER DAY OF THE CHURCH.

Again, my text shall find falfilment in the latter day of the church. Only a few misionaries, a few churches, a harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfew good men, compared with the in- fall's dash and ocean's doxology-bu stitutions leprous and putrified. It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes, flashing up and down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under ten thousand broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending charities and China worshipping Dr. Abeel's Saviour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming of heaven. A great multitude come up back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Frey's Redeemer; the moun-says, "The password." They say tains coming down; the valleys going up; "holiness" inscribed on bell, and silkworm's thread, and brown thrasher's wing, and shell's tinge, and manufacturer's shuttle, and chemist's laboratory, and king's sceptre, and nations Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no crphans; not a prison, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of earth's lamentations has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping t on vine strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills. the ocean giving it forth with its or gans, trade winds touching the keys and Euroclydon's foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nighingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pillestial city above all. I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne and has begun to sing his tri-

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field: the heavens are glowing with an inde-scribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water heaven above and heaven beneath Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence among the hills. nied many of us, but youth-we all Thus bright and beautiful shall be the

evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cool; the glory of heaven has all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventime it, is light—

Manager was some adv FULFILLMENT AT THE END.

Finally, my text shall find fulfillmen know how short a winter's day is and low little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. Th birth angel and the death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other she touches a grave.

I went into the house of one of my parishoners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was brigh and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'

But I hurl away the darkness. annot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle who does not love to bathe? though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open be-fore us and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces there dashes upon us the shutters and let the sun in." said dying Scoville McCallum, one of my abbath school boys. "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in." You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith!" Hugh McKail went to one side of the caffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Fare-well all earthly delights!" then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried: 'Welcome, God and Father! Welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in hisolast mo ments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and, fearing and shivering, but their battle-cry rang through all the caverns of the sepul cher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" Sing my soul of joys to come. I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young; she touched the poor and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again, when the blind Ohristian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no mor to hunger, thirsty men no more to

them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment! mount up toward the throne of God shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gaze upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen it; you and indiscribable—caught them from ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it-the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms' wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon chap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your sceptres you you cannot express it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus!"

thirst, weeping men no more to weep,

dying men no more to die. Gather up

sions, all rapturous exclamations; bring

all sweet words, all jubilant expres

THE LIGHT OF EVENTIDE. There will be a password at the gate and knock at the gate. The gate-keeqe "We have no password, we were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come to the gate of heaven and knock. The gate keeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed college and took care of the poor." The voic from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gate keeper says, "The password." They answer we were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus"-"Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and le these people in." They go in and sur-round the throne, jubilant forever! ours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sherp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of the night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and fiver and sea so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing f the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I feer?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one: earth would seem tame to its enchant ed vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been

Mr. Toplandy in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment he exclaimed with illuminated

transfigured.

untenace, "Light!" In the last instance of his breathing he lifted u hands and cried: "Light! Light!" Thank God for light in the evening

## SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived

Feb 11—Str St Croix, Pike, from Boston, V G Lee, muse and pass.
Sch Clifford G, 96, Pedersen, from Boston, A Secord, scrap from.
Coastwise—Schs Aurelia, 21, Watt, from orth Head; Alph B Parker, 46, Outhouse, or Ti-erion 12—Sch Adeline, 192, Williams, from York, R C Elkin, coal. Nellie Watters, 96, Bishop, from Bosnapolis.

Feb 13—Str Concordia, 1,617, Webb, from Glasgow, S Schofield and Co. gen cargo.

Sch Bessie A, 86, Conlon, from Portland, J W Smith, oak.

Coastwise—Schs Bess, 24, Phinney, from St George; E M Olive, 13, Harkins, from fishing; barge No 5, 443, Warnock, from Parrsbno.

Feb 11-Ship Creedmoor, Kennedy, for Monteviceo f o.

Sch Romeo, Williams, for Plymouth.
Coastwise-Schs Annie Harper, Black, for Quago; Alph B Parker, Outhouse, for Tiverton; Yarmouth Packet, Denton, for Yarmouth; str Aurora, Ingersoll, for Campobello.

Sch Mercury, Scott, for City Island fo.
Coastwise—Schs Effort, Milner, for Anna
olis; E M Oliver, Harkins, for fishin
Pythian Knight, Dakin, for North Head;
B Gladstone, Cheney, for Grand Harbor.

DOMESTIC PORTS

Arrived. HALIFAX, Feb 9-Ard, str Briardene rom Manchester.

HALIFAX, Feb 10—Ard, strs Numidian, from St John, and sailed for Liverpool: Bonavista, from Boston; Duncan, from North Sydney. Sid, strs Oruro, for Bermuda, West Indies and Demerara; McKay-Bennett (cable), for HALIFAX, NS, Feb 11—Ard, strs Manches ter City, from Manchester for St John; Prepatria, from St Pierre, Miq; Glencoe, from St Johns, NF (and sailed to return; sch Carrie Easler, from New York; Gold Seeker from de. St John: Pro

rom North Head.

Cleared.

At Quaco, Feb 13, schs Agnes May, Kerigan, for St John; Rex, Sweet, for do.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived. ASCENSION, Feb 10—Passed, str Platea, rom St John via Norfolk for Cape Town. BERMUDA, Feb 9—Sid, str Benedick, for t John. EAST LONDON, Feb 10-Ard, str Maninea, Pearce, from St John via Cape Town.
VANCOUVER, BC, Feb 10—Str Tartar left
Yokohama for Vancouver on afternoon of Sth inst.

LIVERPOOL, Feb 11—Ard, str Dalton Hall, from Hallfax.

Sid, str Lake Superior, for St John.

BROW HEAD, Feb 11—Passed str Oceanic, from New York for Queenstown and Livergood.

At Queenstown, Feb 9, ship Wm Law, Hurlburt, from San Francisco.
At Port Spain, Jan 27, schs G 8 Troop, Pentz, from La Have; Roma, Himmelman, from Lunenburg, NS.

EOREIGN PORTS. Arrived. PORTLAND, Feb 9-Std, str Roman, Ard, str Ottoman, from Diverpool. BOSTON, Feb 8—SId, sch Unique, BOSTON, Feb 8—Sid, Sur Usada, Liverpool, NS.

e.VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Feb 8—Ard, schs Harry P, from Barren Island for St Andrews; Bessie Parker, from do for St John; Avalon, from New York for do.

NEW HAVEN, Conn, Feb 8—Ard, tug Gypsum King with three barges, from Southwest Harbor, Me.

CITY ISLAND, Feb 9—Bound south, tug Gypsum King, from Southwest Harbor, Me, for New York, towing three schooners from Windsor, NS—

NEW LONDON, Conn, Feb 9—Ard, Sch LONDON, Conn, Feb 9-Ard, NEW BOSTON, Feb 9-Ard, str Boston from Yarmouth, NS.
VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Feb 9—Ard, schs Abbie Keast, from Providence for St John; F C Pendleton, from Stonington, Me, for New York.

Sch Silas McLoon, from New York for Hurricane Island, lost anchor while anchored here yesterday. It will be recovered.

HYANNIS, Mass, Feb 9—Anchored at Bass River, sch L A Ballard, from Perth Amboy for an eastern port. for an eastern port.
VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass, Feb 10—S1 BUENOS AYRES, Jan 27—Ard, bark Reynard, from Hantsport, NS.
NEWCASTLE, Del, Feb 10—In port, sch
Manuel R Cuza, from Philadelphia for Ston-BOSTON, Feb 10-Ard, strs Pocasset, from editerranean ports; Mystic, from Louis-Sld, strs Sylvania, for Liverpool; St Croix, for Portland, Eastport and St John.
PORTLAND, Feb 10—Ard, str Cape Breton, from Louisburg, CB.
Sld, sch Sarah Potter, for New York.
NEW YORK, Feb 10—Cld, sch Nimrod, for

PERNAMBUCO, Feb 8—Sld, str Sellasia PERNAMBUCO, Feb 8—Sld, str Sellasia, Purdy, for Philadelphia.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb 10—Sld, sch Josephilay; for Halifax, NS.

At Portiand, Feb 8, sch Arctic, from Boston, is lead for Guadaloupe.

NEW YORK, Feb 11—Ard, sch L A Plummer, from City Point, Va, for Boston.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass, Feb 11—Ard, schs Sebago, from Elizabethport for St John; Hattle C, from New London for do; Mary Pike, from New York for Eastport; Senator Grimes, from do for Bar Harbor.

BOSTON, Feb 11—Sld, strs Mystic, for Louisburg, CB; Boston, for Yarmouth, NS. CITY ISLAND, Feb 11—Bound south, str Silvia, from St Johns, NF, and Halifax, NS. BUENOS AYRES, Jan 14—Sld, bark Argentins, for Boston. BUENOS AYRES, Jan 14—Sid, bark Argentina, for Boston.

At New York. Feb 10, sch Hunter, Kelson, from Greenwich.

At Jacksonville, Fla, Feb 10, sch Charlevoix, Taylor, from Port Spain, BWI.

At San Francisco, Cal, Feb 9, bark Samaritan, Dexter, from Tyne.

At Wilmington, 4NC, Feb 10, sch W R. Huntley, Howard, from Brunswick.

At Havana, Jan 27, bark Reynard, Berteaux, from Hantsport, NS.

At Las Palmas, Jan 20, sch Fred M Gibson, Publicover, from Carrabelle.

At Santa Cruz, Feb 10, bark Baldwin, Dalling, from Lisbon. Dalling, from Lisbon.
At Havana, Jan 31, schs Evolution, Bo

from Canning, NS; Omega, Le from Pensacola.
At Santa Cruz, Feb 13, bark Wildwood, Fitzgerald, from St John.
At Salem, Feb 11, sch Sarah Potter, from At Havans, Feb 4, sch St Bernard, Morrison, for Moss Point.
At Jacksonville, Feb 10, sch Lewanika, Williams, for St Pierre, Mart.
At New York, Feb 10, bark Ensenada, Morris, for Rio Janeiro.

Sailed. From City Island, Feb 9, sch Melba, fo From Mobile, Feb 18, sch Iolanthe, Milton, for Jucaro.

From Buenos Ayres, Jan 1, bark Nora Wiggins, McKinnon, for Port Elizabeth.

From Brunswick, Feb 9, brigt Gabrielle, Mundy, for Coal Island, PR.

From Havana, Feb 5, schs St Bernard, Morison, for Moss Point; Doris M Pickup, Roop, for Ship Island; D J Melanson, Blanc, for Moss Point; 7th, sch Benefit, Faulkner, for Wilmington, NC.

From Buenos Ayres, Jan 14, bark Argentina, Ottersen, for Boston.

From City Island, Feb 11, sch Nimrod, Haley, for St John. What is

# CASTORIA

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Castoria.

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DR. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. ?

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to chi'dren

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Passed Sydney Light, Feb 11, atr Tiber, Boulanger, from Savannah for Sydney. In port at Bermuda, Feb 5, schs Arthur M Gibson, Milberry, and Sainte Marie, McNally, discharging.

Passed Sydney Light, Feb 12, str Priestfield, Curtis, from Rotterdam, for Sydney. In port at Port Spain, Jan 29, bark Gienatton, Mundy, from Fernandina.

In port at Kingston, Jan 21, sch Leonard Parker, Hogan, for Mobile.

In port at Newcastle, Del, Feb 10, sch In port at Newcastle, Del, Feb 10, sch Manuel R Cuza, from Philadelphia for Ston-

REPORTS. ATLANTIC CITY, NJ. Feb 10-Tatham's life saving station this evening reports a big fire at sea about ten miles south of that suation.

Tatham's life saving station is 25 miles south of Atlantic City and eleven miles north of Cape May.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass, Feb 10—Sid, sch. Susie F Hooper, with a case of smallpox on board, by order of the board of health of Boston. CHATHAM, Mass, Feb 11—Light westerly wind; clear at sunset.

LONDON, Feb 11—The Britsh steamer Knight Companion, from Portland Oregon,

SPOKEN. Ship Timandra, Kierstad, from Singapore for Boston, Feb 2, lat 39.10 N, lon 69 W.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

PORTLAND, Me, Feb 3—From White Head, through Herring Gut, Davis Straits and Ram Island Passage: Sisters buoy, spar, black, No 5, has gone adrift. It will be replaced as don as practicable.

Through Cross Island Narrows to Machias Bay: Seal Cove Ledge buoy, spar, black, No 1, has gone adrift. It will be replaced as soon as practicable.

Kennebunkport, Me: Little Fishing buoy, spar, black, No 3, has gone adrift. It will be replaced as soon as practicable.

PORTLAND, Me, Feb 8—The Lighthouse Inspector reports the following spar buoys aspector reports the following spar buoys one adrift from their positions, and will be replaced as soon as practicable: Sisters buoy, No 5, from White Head to Ram Island Passage; Seal Cove Ledge, No 1, from Cross Island Narrows to Machias Bay, and No 3 from Kennebunkport.

Why Catarrh is Fatal. ecause it pours a flood of poisons into the circulation that saps strength and digestion so materially as to render the body incapable of resisting disease, and consumption is the result. Catarrh is quickly cured by Catarrhozone, a fragrant germ destroying vapor that goes to the root of the disease. It sooths and heals the inflamed mucous surfaces, clears the head and throat, and positively never fails to perfectly cure Bronchitis, Asthma or Catarrh. Nothing is so good for diseases of the respiratory organs as Catarrhozone. Large outfit \$1. Druggists or by mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

HILLSBORO NOTES.

Rev. J. B. Ganong commenced his pastoral labors with the First Hillsboro Baptist church on the 9th inst. with good congregations morning and evening. Rev. M. Addison of Valley Baptist church baptised twelve candidates on Sunday, 9th, and five on the 2nd of the month.

BIRTHS.

ROGERS—At 11 Elliott row, St. John, N. B. Feb. 13th, to the wife of H. G. Rogers, a daughter.

DEATHS.

HUBBARD—At Burton, Sunbury Co., N. B. Feb. 9th, Benjamina Anna Clarke Hubbard in the 95th year of her age, seve ter of the late Wm. Hubbard. McCOSKERY—At the New Victoria Hote on Feb. 9th, Elizabeth Teresa, secon daughter of the late John McCoskery. daughter of the late John McCoskery.

McMURTRY—In this city, on Thursday, Feb.
13, 1902, John McMurtry, aged 40 years,
leaving a mother and two sisters to mourn
their loss. (Boston papers please copy).

TAYLOR—At Columbia Falls, Montans, Jan.
29th, David R., youngest child of John M.
and Helen Taylor, aged 10 months and 20days. KINGS CAMPAIGN.

Grand Meeting Addressed by Fred M. Sproul at Penobsquis.

The opposition candidate, Fred M. Sproul, held a public meeting at Penobsquis on Wednesday evening. A representative gathering of the electors greeted Mr. Sproul and paid marked attention to his presentation of facts and figures. G. Talbott Morton, who was chosen chairman, made

a brief introductory address. In the course of his speech Mr. Sproul paid his respects to the latest effusion of the honorable attorney general, of whom he remarked that however short that honorable gentle man might be of facts, he was sure to be long on telegrams and manifestos Mr. Sproul has made a personal canvass of the parish of Cardwell, and is much encouraged at the outlook. Cardwell, so long a stronghold of the liberals, bids fair to surprise the government heelers by a large vote for

the opposition candidate. SUSSEX NEWS

SUSSEX, Feb. 13.-Application will be made at the coming session of the local legislature for the incorporation of the Sussex Curling Club, Limited, with a capital stock of \$2,000, in shares of \$5 each, for the object and purpose of acquiring land and of erecting buildings at Sussex, suitable for curling and other public uses. The stock list is now being circulated with much success. The new rink will be built as soon as the weather in the spring permits. At the organization of the Sussex Curling Club held recently, the following officers were elected: Jas. R. McLean, president; Murray Huestis, secretary-treasurer.

H. H. Dryden of this town has received the contract of putting in the hot water heating apparatus in the new armory building on the military

grounds. J. Everett Keith, who has been acting as night operator in the I. C. R. station at Petitcodiac, has been transferred to Sussex. Mr. Keith and wife while here will make their home at Thos. King's.

SPANGLER-STRINGER.

Dr. H. L. Spangler of St. John, New Brunswick, and Miss Caroline Lee Stringer were married at the home of Missouri, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at high noon. Mrs. Spangler has conducted a class in instrumental music in our city for a number of years, and many of our finest musicians owe their ability to her instruction. She is universally loved and admired. Dr. Spangler graduated with the February class of '97 of the A. S. O. He is a young man of brilliant mind and sterling worth and has many warm friends in this place. The couple spent several hours Wednesday evening at the home of B. F. Heiny on N. Franklin street, where they received a number of friends informally. They left at midnight for Kansas, where they will visit Dr. Spangler's mother. En route for their home in St. John they will spend a few days in Pittsburg and New York city.-Kirksville, Miss., Journal, Feb. 6.

DIED OF ENTERIC FEVER.

OTTAWA, Feb. 13.-Herald B. Wilston of the S. A. Constabulary, died of enterio fever at Pretoria, 9th February. His father is Chas. Williston of 284 Robie street, Halifax.

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