KINDS THAT ARE WANTED.

Wanted—a boy that is manly and just,
One that you feel you may honor and trust,
Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him brings,
Its sunshine and pleasure, or troublesome things;
Whose eye meets your own with no shadow of fear;
No wile on the face that is open and clear;
Straightforward in purpose, and ready to push—
For "a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush;"
Who scornfully refuses a something to gain,
If it bring to another a sorrow or pain;
Willing to hold the right ever dear;
Patient, unheeding the scoff or the jeer;
Doing his all with heart elate;—
Wanted, that boy, whatever his state.

Wanted—a girl, not a butterfly gay;
Gentle and sweet in a womanly way.
No beautiful picture, languid and fair,
That always seems labeled "Please handle with care;"
But one in whose heart is hidden true worth,
And faithfully follows its mission on earth.
Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving,
Finds plenty to do in the life she is living,
Filling its duties with quiet content,
Whether adverse or pleasant, just as they're sent;
In the garb of a queen, or in homespun arrayed,
Whatever her station—is needed that maid.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

How LaFayette was Changed; or, John Bingham's Work.

BY THE REV. FRANK H. KASSON.

"This is the worst community I ever lived in. There isn't anybody as cares a snap about anybody else. Every 'one on 'em is after the almighty dollar, and bound ter get it if he has to break every one of the commandments, to do it." And Jim Farley, who was perhaps as unscrupulous as any man in LaFayette, looked at Mr. Bingham through his half shut eyes in a lazy, quizzical way.

"Of course," he continued, "I don't mean to say nothin' ter run down the town. Fayette isn't the worst town in Iowa. There's more drinkin' and thievin' in some o' the river towns. And tramps don't bother us the way they do in some places. But, I tell ye, sir, there's a lot o' cussedness out here. Lots o' the people 'bout here don't go to meetin' at all. LaFayette isn't just what you'd call a model town, mister."

"No, I see you are not quite perfect," quietly answered M. Bingham.

"Well, ye don't mean to buy 'round here, do ye?"

"Yes, I'm thinking of it. In fact, I've about done so already. Do you know much about the Jonas Hatch place?"

"Guess I do. Ye ain't agoin' to buy that, are ye? One forty of its mighty poor land and the house ain't worth shucks."

"Yes, I think of buying it."

"Well, 'taint worth more nor six dollars an acre. But I s'pose Hatch wants ten for it."

"No. He's quite reasonable in his figures."

"If it ain't asking too much, 'bout what do ye get it for? Course, ye needn't tell if ye don't want ter. But I would like ter know."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you. I get it a little inside of five dollars an acre."

"Phew! ye don't say so. Why, mister, ye've made a bargain sure."

"Why, yes, I guess it's a good trade."

"Good! I guess it is. Why, mister, I was lying low to get that hundred and sixty myself. But Jonas never'd tell what he'd take for it. Look here! I'll buy you out. I'll give you eight hundred and fifty dollars cash down for it."

"No, thank you, I guess I'll keep it. But I'm much obliged to you for setting so good a price on my bargain. But good by; I must be going."

"What do ye think," said Farley to his wife that night, "Jonas Hatch has just done and gone and sold his place to a man named John Bingham, for seven hundred and fifty dollars. And when I offered the man a square hundred dollars for his bargain he just said he guessed he'd hang on ter it."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Mrs. Farley.

"Oh, nice sort o' man, I guess. He seemed real quiet and civil spoken. A down East Yankee, I guess. For he was inquiring 'bout schools and churches and sich like."

"Well, I'm real glad they're coming. How much of a family has he got?"

"Four or five children, I b'lieve he said. But I didn't take much notice."

The new family moved into their new home a few weeks later, and soon became a pattern for their neighbors in almost everything. There were Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and two strong young men, two lovely young ladies, and a little boy, the baby of the family. They seemed to think so much of each other and were such a happy family that everybody remarked on it.

"Why," said Mrs. Parsons, "I never saw anything like it. It just beats all how happy they are among themselves. And they're good; real good. When my little Benny was sick they did every thing to help us. Mr. Bingham watched two nights, and Mrs. Bingham came over most every day. And they sent in lots of nice things to eat. I dunno how we'd a got along but fur them.

"And then, when the doctor said He was out of danger, Mr. Bingham just got down on his knees and prayed such a good prayer. It did me good, 'cos I knew he worked just as he prayed. And then one evening Lucy and Bessie came in and sang for us. It did my heart good again to hear 'em, and the words was so sweet. There was 'Jesus loves me,' and 'I love to tell the story,' and 'Rescue the perishing,' and a lot more. I jest set there and cried."

It wasn't long before the Binghams were recognized as the kindest and best people in the whole neighborhood. They soon started a Sunday-school. Everybody took kindly to the idea because they liked the Binghams. It wasn't many weeks before the attendance had risen from seventeen the first Sunday, to about eighty. And such interested Bible students, it was a pleasure to teach them. Mr. Bingham took the older ones in his Bible class, while Mrs. Bingham took a class of young ladies, Lucy the little children, and Henry a class of boys. There were several others to help them, and the school soon became a decided success and a beneficent influence in all that community.

It was wonderful what changes began to take place in the lives and actions of these people. They began to dress better; numberless little changes in speech and dress showed the refining influence of a good Christian family.

"Them Binghams have done us lots of good," said blunt Mrs. Billings. "Why, afore they cum amongst us there was lots of swearin' and fightin', stealin' chickens, turning cattle inter the crops, and all sorts of deviltry, but see how different things is now. Boys as used ter do nothin' but go huntin' or fishin' of a Sunday are gettin' just as steady now as anybody could wish: Fightin' and swearin's almost forgotten. And jest see how them as used ter spite each other all they could sve gettin ter be as friendly as yer please.

"Why," she continued, "you could a knocked me down with a feather the other day ter see Jim Farley a carrying a basket o' eggs and a big loaf of bread inter the Jones's, as are down wi' typhoid fever. Why, a year ago, he couldn't a said anything too mean of the Joneses or they o' him. But it all comes of the Binghams and that Sunday-school. The Lord bless 'em!"

A few weeks later one of the brightest young girls in the Sunday school lay dying. Her name was Jessie Bond, and her malady was quick consumption. She lay gasping for breath. Mr. Bingham came in and stood beside her. He took her thin little hand in his and spoke words of Christian encouragement. She looked up in his face with a bright smile, but a tear quivered in her eye, as she gasped:

"Mr. Bingham—I'm dying—but I'm—not afraid. I love—Jesus, and—and He—loves me. But—if it hadn't—been for you—I wouldn't—know Him—at all. Please—tell everybody—to love—Jesus."

A fit of coughing prevented her saying more, and a few hours later her freed spirit winged its way to Jesus.

The next Sunday Mr. Bingham, in a voice all broken by sobs, told of Jessie's faith in Jesus, and tenderly gave her message to all the school to love Him too. Many were deeply affected.

From that time a revival began—this was midwinter—which lasted till the next May. LaFayette, which was a straggling farming community, was revolutionized by it. Whole families came to Christ. In four months' time fully fifty persons accepted Christ as their Saviour and were rejoicing in His love. A church was organized in May, and sixty persons were received into its fellowship in one day; eleven coming by letter and forty-nine on profession of their faith.

Before winter a comfortable house of worship was built, *and paid for.* A minister was secured to preach once each Sabbath. The Sabbath attendance soon reached one hundred and fifty. The Sunday-school was actively pushed, and its membership during the fall almost equalled the later winter attendance on the preaching service. Hearts grew warm. Neighborhood prayer-meetings were often held. Old feuds were healed. The spirit of Christ warmed many hearts. Again the Spirit was poured out in large measure. And although meetings were not continued so long, fully forty more were received into the church, and the hearts of all God's people were made glad. Among the number where James Farley and his wife. She had accepted Christ the preceding winter, but had been waiting for her husband to come with her. And now with tears of gratitude she stood by his side and entered into covenant with God's people.

About a year later Mr. Bingham sickened and died. His death was a triumphant one. Scores of people cried when the news spread swiftly through the community that he was dying. The family rejoiced even in the midst of their grief at the assurance of his faith. The end was peace, joy, victory.

LaFayette never had had such a funeral: everybody was there. People drove ten miles to attend it. The service was very tender and impressive. As they were leaving the cemetery Jones grasped Farley's hand. (The old enemies were warm friends now.) "Jim Farley, you and me have lost our best friend." The latter answered with a choked voice, "Tom Jones, it's four years to day since I first met Mr. Bingham. I told him this was the worst community I'd ever lived in. And now it's the best. Jest four years! And under God it's all due to him and his. He made a new man of me. And all I ask the Lord is to jest let me do a little more now in His service, and then take me home to see Him and to be near John Bingham in glory."—*Morning Star.*

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves.
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "narves")
The poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.—
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;
She grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON 30 St. John St., Montreal.

Tired of Play.

BY KARL WINSHIP.

"Have you watered Prince this evening, Roswell?" asked Mr. Hofford, as his sixteen-year-old son came into the room at supper time and dropped into his seat at the table.

"Yes, sir," answered Roswell, sullkily.

"And brought in the wood and coal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may go to the village tonight."

"I don't want to go to the village."

For the first time Mr. Hofford appeared to notice his son's air of discontent, and he said, kindly:

"What's the matter, Roswell? Are you sick?"

"No; I'm just tired out, that's all," replied the boy, giving the table-leg a little kick.

"Tired, are you?"

"Yes, I am. I am worked to death." Mr. Hofford laughed pleasantly.

"You don't look as if you were in danger of dying. And I don't think you do more work than other boys of your age."

"I don't know about that," rejoined Roswell, in a discontented voice; "but I know I'm working from morning to night. I have to attend to everything in the way of chores, until I'm so tired that I can't read or study. And I never have any time to play."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Hofford, gravely, because all boys ought to have time for play. I thought I saw you playing foot ball yesterday?"

"Oh, I play *some,*" admitted Roswell, "but nothing like I want to. I wish I had nothing to do but play, like Rollo there."

"You'd soon get tired of living a dog's life," said Mrs. Hofford, with an amused look.

"No, I wouldn't," said Roswell, confidently. "I never had enough play."

"Very well," said Mr. Hofford, with a queer smile. "To-morrow will be Tuesday; suppose you start in and play."

"And not do any work?"

"Certainly not; no work for yourself or anybody else."

Roswell looked at his father, as if disbelieving his ears.

"I mean it," continued Mr. Hofford. "I will tend to the horse and cow, Jennie will do the house chores and run the errands, and your mother will do the rest. You will have nothing to do but play, and I hope you will enjoy yourself."

"I'm sure I shall" declared Roswell, joyfully.

When he opened his eyes the next morning it was bright daylight, and he sprang out of bed very hurriedly, forgetting the changed condition of affairs. Then, as a recollection dawned upon him, he dressed slowly and went down stairs to breakfast.

There was no one there but his mother, who said "Good morning!" pleasantly.

"My!" he exclaimied, glancing at the clock; "If it isn't ten minutes to nine! I'll be late for school."

"You are not to go to school," said his mother, quietly. "Going to school is not play."

"But I'll miss my promotion if I don't go," pleaded Roswell, aghast at the thought.

"Can't help it. You must not do anything but play."

Roswell laughed.

"Very well," he said lightly.

Then he finished his breakfast in silence and strolled out.

He walked around the yard for five or ten minutes, whistling shrilly; took a look in the barn at Prince, and then set off to the village. It was almost deserted, the boys being at school—all but a few loaferish fellows, with whom Roswell did not care to associate.

About ten o'clock he returned home, got a book and read until dinner-time.

Somehow he did not have much of an appetite, and after dinner he took his fishing tackle and went off to the creek.

When he returned at dusk, he had a string of perch.

"Where's my fish-knife, Jennie?" he asked, as he laid the fish on the bench in the wash-house.

"Jennie will clean the fish, Roswell," called out his mother. "Catching fish is play; cleaning them is work."

"Pshaw!" said Roswell, impatiently.

He was rather proud of his ability to prepare fish for the pan.

At supper Mr. Hofford asked him how he was enjoying himself, and Roswell answered that he was doing very well. After supper, when the table was cleared, he got out a lot of traps and set to work on an electrical machine he was trying to make, but his father promptly checked him.

"That won't do, Roswell. Work is strictly forbidden."

"But this is for myself."

"No matter. It is not play. You had better go to the village and play."

Roswell got up angrily, put away the machine, and went out. In an hour he came back, saying he had had a quarrel with Perry Gantley, and had a headache. So he went to bed.

The next morning he rigged up a swing in the woods back of the house, and amused himself for an hour, and then went fishing, but as he had no luck, he hardly spoke a word at dinner-time.

During the afternoon he read for a few minutes, and then took a walk through the woods, returning so tired that he was glad to go to bed right after supper.

Thursday was simply dreadful. It rained all day, and Roswell read until his eyes ached. Then he tried to sleep, romped with Rollo awhile, and at last went to the barn.

Mrs. Hofford followed him presently, and found him currying Prince.

"Come, Roswell, this won't do," she said, quickly. "No work."

Roswell threw down the currycomb with an impatient exclamation, and returned to the house.

He did not make his appearance at all at supper, and Jennie reported that he was lying in bed, asleep, she supposed. Mr. Hofford smiled, but made no remark.

Friday morning Roswell came down very early and Mr. Hofford met him coming in with an armful of wood.

"Here! What does this mean?" he asked, sterdly.

"I'm going back to work," replied Roswell, flushing up, but laughing at the same time.

"It is not possible you are tired of play?"

"No, not tired; but—"

"But you think it is more fun when sandwiched between work?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am so glad you have made the discovery for yourself," said Mr. Hofford, with a smile. "Fun or play is never thoroughly enjoyable unless we have earned the right to it by hard work. A perfectly idle boy or man is never happy, and no person knows the absolute pleasure in work until they are deprived of it. It is a good lesson to learn, my son, and I am glad you have learned it so early."—*Golden Days.*

A Talk With a Lion Tamer.

The lion tamer is a highly intelligent young man who, born in the United States, went to Germany in his youth. In Hamburg he associated with a leading firm, the Jamrach of Germany, and so, having animals in his charge, became familiar with handling them. Travelling for the business, he made frequent visits to Africa and Asia, collecting animals. In a commercial sense, considering lions and tigers as cattle to be bought and sold, he became thoroughly acquainted with their ways and instincts. Certainly it was the only school where such quiet mastery over savage animals could be acquired.

"It is a very long business," said Mr. Darling; "all my animals have been two years in training. Why, it takes all of two months to make a lion sit in a chair and stay there. I cannot vaunt general intelligence in lions: it is rather individual. I have had some fine young lions, superb in body, that had no brains. Not wicked or cross, but simply stupid. It was a tendency to forget to-morrow all that had been acquired for months before. But I can't always tell. Leo is my best pupil. He never was ugly, but once I gave him up, and sent him off, he was so dull; then took him to school again; and I know no lion second to him now in intelligence and docility. This is the point. A lion doesn't want to do things. He just doesn't want to. Now you must make him. Punish him and you make him your enemy, afraid of you; and he gets worse, not better. I coax him, and talk to him in English, for English is the best language for command. The see saw and the velocipede are difficult tricks. Not one lion in a thousand can be taught to keep his balance. They mostly tumbled off. Perhaps in their performance their highest intelligence is called into play. The velocipede requires a careful lion, and I have just the right one. It is nice work to get the exact pose and to keep it; but what gave me the most trouble is the chariot performance. A lion must have had an original contempt for that kind of business. You see I am busy harnessing up one lion while the others are perfectly free. The art has been to make the rest of them come up of their own accord. For months I had one lion tearing round alone, and the rest scattered about. Now they all come up to time. They don't want to, but they must. It is patience, kindness, making them not afraid of me, for I am not afraid of them, that has done the business. I have rehearsals all the time, for the animals must be constantly at work, so as not to forget. The whelps are coming on fast; one I think, shows great intelligence. I feed eight pounds of beef a day for the big ones and six for the smaller ones, and they take their supper after the performance."

"You cannot reward your lions for good behavior as you would a horse, with a lump of sugar or carrot!"

"No; they despise sugar, but love beef tea. But if they behave very well, I give them during the performance a little tidbit of meat, and Nero would think I was not doing the right thing with him if he didn't get his morsel. My whips indicate the positions for the animals. You could not hurt a lion, who has a tough hide, with a lash, but a whip acts as a protection. You might belabor a lion with a big stick, and he would not feel it. But he does not fancy a stick, the point of which, like a spear, is held in his direction; so if one threatened me, I could keep him off. An act I had to give up was where a lion rose and put his fore-paws on my shoulders. The claws are very sharp, and any display of endearment would cut through my coat and wound my shoulders, and a new coat every night was too expensive. All the lions are fond of me, and we respectone another."—*Harper's Weekly.*

With Rule and Plummet.

Harry came running in with great glee to show his new writing-book, the first he had ever had.

"It doesn't look much like the first one I had," said grandma.

"Why, isn't it as good?" asked Harry.

"Yes, it is much nicer, though it doesn't make you any happier than mine did me," said grandma, looking at Harry's bright face. "And then, my boy, you haven't any plummet."

"Plummet! What is that?" cried Harry. "I shouldn't know what to do with it if I had one."

Grandma laughed. "You don't need it, my dear, but when I went to school every child had a rule and plummet, for the books were not lined like yours, and we had no lead pencils. My plummet was a flat piece of pewter, pointed at one end and with a hole in the other end, through which a string was put and tied to the rule. I can remember that my father made it, the night before school began, melting the pewter in the open fireplace. At the same time my older sister made my writing-book. She took large sheets of unruled white paper, folded them to the right size, and sewed them together with dark covers. The next morning when I started for school with my new book, my rule and plummet, my quill and a bottle of ink, I was as happy as a queen. Then came a great event—the setting of my first copy by the teacher; for in those days the teacher always set the copies and made the pens. O, the times were very different then," said grandma, as she handed Harry's book back to him.

"I should say so," said Harry. "And I'm glad I live now, for I'm afraid I should never learn to write if I had to use a quill and a plummet."—*Selected.*

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HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND Scalp, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of all Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Boston.

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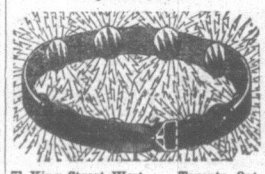

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TWO TRIPS per WEEK.

AFTER MONDAY, March 9th, 1891, and until further notice, one of the Steamers of this Company will leave

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Every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.25, Eastern Standard Time. Returning, leaves Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 8.30.

Through first and second class Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all Nova Scotia railways, and on board steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'90. Winter Arrangement. '91.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John,

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton,	7.15
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	16.40
Fast express for Halifax,	18.30
Express for Sussex	16.55
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal,	16.55

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55, and take sleeping cars at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John,

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast express from Quebec & Montreal (Monday excepted)	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Day express from Halifax	19.20
Fast express from Halifax,	22.30

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

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D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
26th November, 1890.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.
Arrive at Digby, 10 00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m.
LEAVE Digby at 5.20 a. m. and 2. 46 p. m.
Arrive at Yarmouth 9.20 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

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