The Father's Promise.

"Certainly I will be with thee."

I come to Thee my Father,
With many prayers and strong,
For safety on my journey,
For gladness, light, and song;
For blessings on dear friends of mine,
For peace, and joy, and rest;
And Thou dost promise me one thing—
To make me fully blest.

Thou hast not said, my Father,
That I shall find my way
Along the smooth and flowery paths,
Or through the sunlit day,
There may be wild and rocky steeps,
And the night may gather near,
Yet hast Thou said enough to me
To quiet all my fear.

For Thou hast said, my Father,
"That Thou will be with me,
Then I may lift, at any time,
My eyes Thy face to see;
That there shall be no day nor night
When I am left alone,
For the Lord of hosts, the mighty One,
Is mindful of His own.

I thank Thee, O my Father,
For this good word of Thine,
I need not anything beside,
For I make the promise mine.
And what of stress awaiteth me,
I will go forth to meet,
For Thou will hold my feeble hands,
And Thou will guide my feet.

I rest in Thee, my Father,
And in the darkest night,
I find that in Thy presence,
There is abundant light.
The knowledge of Thy tender love
Has made me brave and strong,
And all my heart goes out to Thee
In a glad and grateful song.

Thy will be done, my Father,
With me whether for aye:
Lead where Thou will, my Father,
O'er rough or pleasant way
And I shall know Thou loveest me,
Be joy or sorrow given,
For the path of earth I tread with Thee
Is the path that ends in Heaven.

MARIANNE PARMINGHAM.

Selected Serial.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

BY PANEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

SILKEN COILS.

It was John Hartzell, and a curious thing had happened to him. He was sober. He looked from one to the other of them, then glanced quickly about the room. How much of its changes he took in they did not know, but he only said:

"Got anything to eat?"

"Yes," said Kate, for she knew that her sister could not speak. "We have something nice to eat; and we were afraid it would spoil before you came."

Her voice was pleasant to hear, and she made haste to set before him a potato stew, whose appetizing odor filled the room. Ten cents from this wonderful dollar of Holly's had bought a soup bone, which had been skilfully simmering for half the afternoon, with several potatoes, and certain other ingredients, which for a few cents had been gathered. The food was speedily dished, and they sat down together, those three, to their evening meal. The atmosphere was so new as to be intensely embarrassing. John Hartzell had not been as sober in weeks as he was to-night; and he had not sat down to a really decent meal, at a decently clean table before, in his own house, in years. Yet you will remember that he had been used in his boyhood, to the best. And the sister who sat near him now had sat opposite him then—a sweet, childish face which he distinctly remembered. And the woman who sat opposite him now, had, on the rare occasions when she made one of their family group, in her delicate laces and ribbons, set all his pulses to quivering with hint of a rose-colored future, when sitting opposite each other at a family table would be their right. Here they sat tonight, and between them and that sunny past stretched an almost infinite gulf!

Now, as to the influences which had been brought to bear upon him to send him home in a comparatively sober state. Had those two known the story, one of them, at least, would have received an added proof to her belief that God reigns. When John Hartzell stumbled away from his home in the early morning, the uppermost desire of his heart had been brandy. But John Hartzell's credit was gone. He must, then, in some way, earn a little money before he could hope to quench his thirst. He had been too much under the influence of liquor the night before to know that his sister had come home to remain, and so not therefore aware that there was any thing in the house that might be sold. There was no help for it but to find some work.

But what could the college-bred man, who had no trade, and had fallen before he had a profession, find to do? Saw wood? Oh, yes: and split it, and pile it, and carry water. These and like lucrative employments were all the avenues open to such as he. He had for a few days been employed in one of the cellar rumholes, to measure out liquid death to other victims; but the temptation to drink it made him an unprofitable clerk, and there came a day when he was unceremoniously kicked out. Now when one falls so low that he has not mental or moral worth enough to sell rum, what can he do?

John Hartzell stumbled on through the town, hunting his morning drink, and came at last past the neat home where the Copelands lived. At the gate, waiting for a slow-moving schoolboy to join him, stood Holly. He knew John Hartzell instantly. Trust a fourteen-year-old boy for knowing by sight all the people in the town. The minister may not know them, nor the busy citizens with their eyes fixed on business, but the schoolboys will. This wreck of a man was Kate Hartzell's brother—the one she had gone to save. He was pledged to help. How should he do it? How hungry the man looked! Holly had just risen from a good breakfast; his instincts were true; what was the way to help a hungry man?

"Hallo!" he said, "have you had your breakfast?"

"No, I haven't," the reply was growled out; but John Hartzell paused wondering. The question was strange to him. Holly thought rapidly; his mother did not approve of treating; she did not at this time approve of anybody by the name of Hartzell; but it was not ten minutes ago that she had said in a discontented tone to the busy doctor:

"I do wish that we could get that fish I ordered away from the back door to-day. Why, no; Holly can't do it very well. He has no clothes suitable for such a job as that."

And the doctor had replied, taking hurried swallows of hot coffee between the sentences:

"Watch for some fellow to come along, my dear, and set him at work. I wish I had time to attend to it; but I must be off for a ten-miles ride; that Davis boy is down again, worse than ever, I hear."

Now, John Hartzell's clothes were not in a condition to be injured by the rubbish in the back shed.

"See here," Holly said, "if you will come in and cart that pile of all sorts of things down to the heap below here, that they are getting ready to burn, my mother will give you a good breakfast—hot buckwheat cakes, and coffee, you know. Will you do it?"

The words had an appetizing sound, although John Hartzell muttered that he'd rather have the money. But he was hungry as well as thirsty; so he shambled in without more ado, and did the work; and Holly ran with breathless haste to tell his mother that he had engaged a man, and promised him buckwheat cakes and coffee. It was true she told him he was a foolish boy; that bread and butter and a bone to pick were good enough for such workmen; but she baked the cakes, and sugared the coffee. And Holly hovered near, and made one single remark to the man as he was eagerly swallowing his third cup of steaming coffee:

"Wasn't it nice when you had such breakfasts as this every morning?"

A thrust made squarely at John Hatzell's past! What did Holly Copeland know about it? Why, Fannie had told bits of the picnic talk, and he had questioned and cross-questioned until he learned the fact that the Hartzells were not once what they were now; and his mother had said that accounted for Kate's refined ways; it was strange that people would allow themselves to become beasts through love of drink. Not another word said Holly; and he dashed off at last to school, feeling sorrowful that he could not have thought of some way to help Kate; but the word that he had dropped rankled in John Hartzell's mind all the morning. There had been nothing in years to recall to him his past.

He went out from the warm room, rested and refreshed by the hot coffee and the buckwheat cakes. The burning thirst which had tormented him all the morning was a trifle less intense. Still with money in his pocket he would have known just how to spend it. How should he earn some?

Humanly speaking, it was strange that Miss Wainwright should be the next to accost him. He had reached the main business street by this time; and she was making haste down the busy side of it, a basket on her arm. She gave searching looks at the man shambling along with irresolution, and a vague feeling of regret written on every lineament of his face. Then she addressed him in quick, business-like tones:

"Are you looking for work?"

"Ye-yes'm," said John Hartzell, hesitating at first; he had forgotten that such was his errand.

"Then I am looking for you," she said promptly, "my man is suddenly called away, and there are apples to gather, and several other things before any harder frost comes. If you will take this basket and come right along with me, I will set you to work in less than no time."

"What do you pay?" John asked, taking the offered basket, and feeling himself moved in her direction by the very force of her energy.

"Good wages if the workman suits me. Better wages than you have been getting lately."

The marks of sin were so apparent on him that she could not resist this thrust. Miss Wainwright knew he was a drunkard; and while she was an earnest and uncompromising temperance woman, she had hitherto shunned drunkards as she would the plague. She had been heard to declare that no man who made a brandy flask of himself should work for her; but in the light of some new ideas, which the day of the memorable picnic had given her, she had determined to hire the first drunkard she met, and try to set him at work at something. What if that should be the first step toward reaching him? As they tramped along toward her handsome home, Miss Wainwright asked several pointed questions, not in the line of rebuke, unless the man's conscience was very wide awake. Miss Wainwright was wise in many things; she was very well aware that she must kidnap her man, before even wholesome reproof would be of any avail. But among others came the question:

"What shall I call you?"

"My name is Hartzell," he said, "John Hartzel."

And then for almost a block Miss Wainwright did not speak. The name startled her so. This, then, was the "Brother John" who had been the college acquaintance of Mr. Durant, the temperance lecturer, and who was the brother of that neat little Kate, whom she had resolved to befriend, if for no other reason than to show Josie Fleming what a goose she was. What a strange thing that the first intemperate man she ever attempted to help should be this one, in whom she had felt an unaccountable interest ever since she heard his name, and for whom she had prayed, by name, ever since! What was she to do for him to-day? Had God a special message to him from her? She must guard her words carefully, lest other than those which he meant her to speak should drop out unawares and do harm.

They were at the great gate now, and she pointed out his work with few words, then went in to watch and think.

It was long since John Hartzell had passed such a morning. Not that he had not many a time made spasmodic efforts to find employment, but his rags and his breath and his entire forlorn appearance had been always against him. Miss Wainwright herself may have passed him a dozen times with nothing but a shudder of disgust.

He worked steadily for an hour or more, then the terrible faintness began to overwhelm him. Could he slip away, he wondered, unobserved? But then, he had no money, and where could he get anything to drink? The last time he had offered to clean the alley for old Jock for a glass of brandy, that worthy had kicked him out of the back door for an answer. What was the use? Yet what should he do?

"Miss Wainwright says drink this; she says gathering apples is powerful thirsty work."

It was Keziah's voice right at his elbow, and it was coffee she held up to him. A great steaming bowl full, black with strength. Miss Wainwright watching him from her window, saw the feverish haste with which he drained the bowl. She had been just in time. Do you wonder that she chanced to be in time? I'll tell you part of the secret: A dozen times during that hour, while she went about her room dusting, arranging, planning, she had said:

"O Lord, show me how to get hold of him! Let me help save him."

All the forenoon the fight went on. Twice Miss Wainwright herself appeared and gathered her big white apron full of apples while she talked. Careful talk. How long had he lived in the place? Where did he come from? Oh, indeed! Utica was a very pretty place; she used to visit there years ago. Did you ever take a ride on Genesee Street? Yes, he had. He spoke the words with a short, sharp sound; and Miss Wainwright, listening, thanked God and took courage. She did not know, it is true, what memories she was stirring by her random questions, if questions can be random, after one has coined them in prayer. She did not know that he had dashed through Genesee Street behind his own gay pony, with Annie by his side; the pretty girl in rose-colored ribbons, who chose him in preference to a dozen others who would have been glad to take her to ride. That was before his father failed. But Annie had not cared about the failure. She had laid her two soft, small hands on his arm, and looked up into his eyes with her own bright ones, and told him that she did not mind being poor with him to take care of her. That was once when they were walking on Genesee Street, away out in the upper part of the city where it is quiet. Miss Wainwright knew nothing of this; but God did. What was the matter with everybody this day, that they continually brought before John Hartzell the face of his past, in which he had supposed himself to be a man?

By and by he was called in to the shining kitchen. Dinner was ready. John Hartzell had not been seated at such a table for a long time. Miss Wainwright was experimenting. Her faithful Keziah, who always unquestioningly did her bidding, had, for all that, her own thoughts; and she thought her mistress was losing her mind!

"Set out the little table, Keziah, in the middle of the room, and put up the leaves, and put on one of the small, square table-cloths. Bring a china soup plate, and one of the large silver spoons. No, no; not those knives, Keziah, bring silver ones, and one of those large napkins. Keziah, I want you to set the table exactly as you would if Doctor Brandon were going to be here to dinner."

And Keziah obeyed, though much inclined to sniff. It was at this table that John Hartzell presently sat down. Quite alone. Keziah had orders to serve the soup, and then to vanish, until he was ready for his next course. What soup it was! Rich with the juice of meats and appetizing vegetables. And the spoon was solid silver. Yes, Miss Wainwright was right. John Hartzell, the gay young student, had sat often at a table as fine in all its appointments as this. The very odor of rose leaves about the damask napkin brought a memory of his mother not only but of the time when Annie used to come to their house to tea; but this again Miss Wainwright did not know.

It would take too long to tell you the story of the devices of that day. Miss Wainwright was not for a moment unfaithful to what she was beginning to believe was in some way her trust. There were callers during the afternoon, but the mistress took a seat at the end window, which commanded a view of the orchard, and once excused herself abruptly while she went to speak to her man. She had seen him throw down the empty basket and seize his ragged coat in a desperate air.

The callers smiled and said to each other that she always had an eye to business whatever was going on. Yes, she had; did not her Master say: "I must be about my Father's business?"

Over the question of how John Hartzell was to be paid, Miss Wainwright thought and prayed much. Money would certainly be dangerous; and would not meat and vegetables be equally so? She had not been studying the question of reform all these years not to know that potatoes and poultry and butter were easily exchanged for rum. How should the food that she meant to serve John Hartzell's family for days be gotten safely through the snares of Satan in the shape of saloon and restaurant which lined his homeward way?

At last there came to her a bright thought. She went out at once to the orchard to see if her mode of reasoning could be brought to bear on John Hartzell.

CHAPTER XIV.

"LABORERS TOGETHER."

Did you go to housekeeping as soon as you were married, John?"

Yes he had. John remembered the little house on Whitesboro Street. It had been a wonderful descent from the large and handsome one on Genesee Street. But it was costly furnished and Annie was its mistress, and he had been proud of it; and had meant to reform all his wild ways and to make her happy in it. None of this did he say to Miss Wainwright; he merely answered her briefly, even gruffly.

"Yes," she said, "I know the street well. And I dare say you traded at Parker's, and were as proud as anything when the delivery wagon brought home your first stock of groceries and vegetables."

Yes, John remembered that. Was there nothing connected with his past that was not to be photographed for him that day?

"Well, now, John, I wonder if you wouldn't like to play up old times? You have worked faithfully to-day, and I was thinking of paying you in vegetables and poultry and milk and eggs and butter. I have heats of those things, you know, and I like to exchange them for labor; but it would be too much for you to think of carrying. I see my man who takes care of the horses has just got around, and, if you like, I will have him harness and deliver the goods at your door, just as it used to be done, and that will give your wife a happy surprise. Come, now, John Hartzell, am I mistaken in you, do you suppose? Don't you want to be a man again? You have been nothing but a street loafer for so long, that I thought maybe you had forgotten you were ever anything else; but I have seen several times to-day that you haven't. Make a big effort now, and come back to manhood."

John Hartzell returned Miss Wainwright's steady gaze and spoke gravely:

"You think, maybe, that I haven't tried. I can tell you that I have made fifty thousand promises, and broken them all. I can not let the stuff alone which has been my ruin. The taste for it was born with me."

"Exactly so," said Miss Wainwright, promptly, "and the love of sin in some form, was born with me; what you and I have to do is to assert our rights and say that we will not be slaves to sin. Come, I don't want to argue with you; you don't need it. You are smart enough to think of a hundred things that I might say. What I want you to do now is to start again. Make that wife of yours happy tonight. I don't suppose you have really done anything to make her happy in a long time; and yet I dare say you meant to be all the world to her when you promised you would."

She did not say much more. It did not seem to her wise to talk. She wished with all her heart that there was some way to shield John Hartzell from his enemy on his homeward way. If it would only do for her to walk down town with him, she would be more than willing. He had agreed to the being paid in farm produce, and she had seen a flash of something like what, if she had known it, was the old fire in his eyes, when he heard her direction to the man:

"Peter you are to harness doll to the market-wagon and deliver whatever is in it to the third house from the corner on Varley Street; Hartzell is the name. You are to tell whoever comes to the door that Mr. John Hartzell ordered them brought there. Do you understand?"

Why, yes, Peter understood; but his eyes were as wide open as Keziah's, and he took off his hat and ran all his fingers through his hair in astonishment. And here Miss Wainwright felt that her power must end. She could see no way to safely shield the poor tempted man during his homeward walk. Whether he would reach home a sober man or a beast, she had no means of knowing. She could think of no excuse for being his companion that would not be too apparent to cover her design. She must ask the Lord to go with him and be his shield. And yet none knew better than she that John Hartzell could limit the power even of the Lord, if he chose not to be shielded.

(To be continued.)

The Cathedral of Milan.

Italy is a land of wonders. It contains a great many cities, and every city has some object of special interest, something worth seeing, and that attracts many visitors. One of the most remarkable buildings in Italy or any other country is called the Cathedral of Milan.

Milan is one of the chief cities in Italy, rich and prosperous, has a population of 250,000, and is growing rapidly. The great cathedral was built in the very centre of the city, and it is generally understood that it must remain in the centre, and hence one part of the city cannot be enlarged or improved to the neglect and damage of the other. The people of Milan are proud of their cathedral, and call it the eighth wonder of the world. It is a blessing to the city, if for nothing else, because it attracts many thousand visitors every year. We sometimes think that Noah was a long time building the ark, but the Cathedral of Milan was founded more than five hundred years ago, and is not finished yet. It is built of beautiful white marble, brought from a quarry about twenty miles distant. It is in the form of a great cross 477 feet in length and 186 feet in breadth. The ceiling is 158 feet high, and the tower or cupola, 360 feet, twice as high, I suppose, as the highest church steeple of you ever saw. The image you see on the top of the tower is an immense brazen statue of the Virgin Mary. Sometimes a very courageous visitor will climb to the very top, and touch the feet of the Virgin, but it is a dangerous thing to do. A stairway extends from the floor to within thirty feet of the statue, but those who wish to go higher, and be able to say they have touched the image, must take the rest of the distance on a perpendicular ladder. This is so dangerous that no one is allowed to undertake it without permission from the Mayor of the city. Just before I was there an Englishman and his wife had gotten permission to perform this daring deed. When I reached the top of the stairway I was satisfied, and had no desire to go farther. The view from this point is beautiful. You seem to be in the midst of a richly cultivated garden, level as a floor, and at the proper season abounding with all kinds of vegetables, and many fruits.

Standing on the roof of the cathedral, one seems to be in a very forest of steeples, most of them adorned with beautiful marble statues. There are 4,500 of these statues, and many of them two or three times life size. The facade, or front part, of the cathedral contains a number of Old Testament scenes, all beautifully carved in marble, *e. g.* Jacob Killing Abalsom, David Killing Goliath, Jael Killing Sisera, Elijah Fed by the Ravens, Moses Smiting the Rock, and many others.

The inside is a marvel of beauty. The great windows are made of beautiful stained glass, and some of them are about one hundred feet high. At a distance they appear to be simply a mass of innumerable colors, but, on closer inspection, you find that they are really a pictorial history of the Bible by a skillful arrangement of small pieces of colored glass. Several of these windows are yet unfinished, for they are very costly. Now what do you suppose this great building has cost up to the present time? The enormous sum of one hundred and ten million dollars, exclusive of the marble, which was all the gift of the founder.

But to appreciate such a building, you must come and see it, for no words of mine could do it justice.—*Kind Words.*

—A Brooklyn woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase, but cannot afford to wear. She calls her book her ought to buy-ography.

—The longevity of anecdotes is well known. Here is an instance: "Few jests, I dare say, are more familiar than that of the gentleman who was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and, being annoyed by an Irishman looking over his shoulder while he wrote, concluded his letter thus: 'I have other things to tell you of, but an ill-bred fellow is reading every word I write.' Upon which, the Irishman said, 'By my soul, sir, I haven't read a word.' This is a story of very respectable antiquity, being found in the *Bubscriptum* of the Persian post, Jamil, fifteenth century; and it was, doubtless, not quite new in his time."

—"A man never loses anything by politeness." At all events there are some men who never do and never intend to.

—"The independent mile of an editor of the last generation, who refused to publish accounts of the trial and deposition of misfortune, saying, 'I don't skin skunks in public.'"

A Clock of Clocks.

The famous clock of Strasburg is pronounced completely into the shade by "the great World Clock," or the 10,000 year time-indicator. "It was constructed in Germany, during many years' labor, by Mr. Christian Martin, clock-maker." The clock marks the years and leap years, and will run for a hundred centuries, when, as the bill frankly admits, its "mechanic works" will have to be changed. The face of the clock is about ten feet square, and has a large number of dials and little niches where 122 little figures have their abiding place. These latter, as the ever-ready bill explains are "to allegorise human life." Every minute a sorrowful-looking angel hits a bell with a sledge-hammer. When he has done this fifteen times another angel in a red robe strikes the first quarter. "The Genius," dressed in a Louis XIV. costume, turns a dial so that the figure is shown. At the same time the figure of a child appears at a lower door. At the second quarter a youth appears; at the third a middle-aged man with spectacles and a high hat, and at the fourth, a decrepit old wreck with a white wig. While all this is going on below, Death, in the shape of a Comanche Indian with wings, has been vainly endeavouring to hammer a bell in an upper niche, but an angel has handed him off in every case and protected the human family "by raising the right hand in an allegorical Relation," as per programme, until the fourth quarter. Then Death gets the better of the struggle, strikes the hour and transfers the old man off into eternity. The twelve apostles pace trotted out each hour. Above them is a figure of Christ, "who blesses with both hands each apostle in passing," as the bill states with mathematical exactness. At morning, noon, and night, a number of bell-ringers ring their respective bells with vindictive energy, and an old man drops upon his knees as if some one had kicked his legs out from under him. All these and many other wonders, exposing the family secrets of the Zodiac, the heathen gods, the seasons, the moon, and the globe all run regularly. The whole structure is surmounted by a cock, which crows at six and twelve o'clock.

—Some American ladies found in Hanover a German who prided himself particularly on his knowledge of English, but who answered an enquiry as to his wife's health by saying that she was quite sick in her bed-stead!

—"Some folks say I'm conceited," remarked young Popinjay the other day, "but I'm not. I don't believe in hiding what talent I've got under a bushel, that's all." "That's where you're right, young man," exclaimed a bystander, approvingly; "I wouldn't waste a bushel on it if I were you. A small-sized pint measure would be amply sufficient."

—A few years ago a hungry couple sat down at a well-spread supper table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious looking individual drew the dish toward him, saying, apologetically, "This is fast-day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose no body has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

What Disease Is Coming Upon Me.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and some times in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Hurtbill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Strake-Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

R. Dirrell, Chem. Schop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it. ! !

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DAVID A. SINCLAIR, Esq., M. D.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold Securities, at reasonable rates.

Mortgages, City and Water Debentures purchased.

Money received on deposit at 4 per cent. per annum. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from one to five years, Interest 5 per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years, Interest six per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

FOR SALE, Central Stock, and four years Stock, Dividends on 5th payable half yearly. Dividends on the Central Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1885, was four per cent., on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REID,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1885. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886.

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Mixed. Ex. Sun. dy.	Acc. Ex. M.W.F. dy	Acc. Ex. dy
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
	Halifax—leave,	7 00		3 30
1	Richmond,		9 15	3 33
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	9 18	3 38
40	Newport,	8 43	9 52	4 35
46	Windsor,	9 00	10 05	4 55
53	Hantsport,	9 18	10 22	5 12
64	Wolfville,	9 37	10 38	5 30
67	Port Williams,	9 46	10 55	5 42
71	Kentville—Arrive	10 10	11 15	6 10
	Do—Depart.	10 20	11 25	
82	Berwick,	11 03		
88	Aylesford,	11 19	1 40	
95	Kingston,	11 34	1 54	
102	Middleton,	11 57	2 05	
116	Bridgetown,	12 40	2 50	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 20	3 25	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Acc. Ex. dy.	Acc. Ex. wk. dy.	Exp wk. dy.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
	Annapolis—leave		6 35	1 20
14	Bridgetown,		7 10	2 13
28	Middleton,		8 10	2 56
35	Middleton,		8 35	3 20
42	Lawrencetown,		8 55	3 37
48	Aylesford,		9 15	3 57
47	Berwick,		9 25	4 03
59	Kentville—arrive	A.M.	10 10	4 35
	Do—Depart.	5 40	11 15	4 40
64	Port Williams	6 00	12 05	4 55
67	Wolfville,	6 10	12 44	5 03
72	Hantsport,	6 26	12 59	5 20
83	Windsor,	7 00	1 20	6 05
89	Windsor Junction,	7 10	1 44	6 33
104	Junction Junction,	10 00	3 42	7 28
120	Richmond,	10 40	4 27	
130	Halifax—arrive,	10 45	4 30	8 05

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer 'Secret' leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Monday, a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis the same day.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p. m. for Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer 'Dominion' leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

Through tickets by various routes on sale at all stations

Kentville, 13th Nov, 1885. General Manager.

UNDERTAKING.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I am now prepared to furnish at the shortest possible notice all kinds of work in this line by day or night. Having been engaged for the past seven years as assistant foreman, and having a complete knowledge of this business in all branches, I would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in general, and will guarantee complete satisfaction. All orders entrusted to me will receive careful and prompt attention with neatness and dispatch. Furniture and wringers repaired on reasonable terms.

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Cedar and Casket Warerooms,
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ALL WOOL 3 CORD CARPETS.

ALL WOOL 2 PLY CARPETS.

All Wool Dutch Carpets, Union Carpets, Jute and Hemp Carpets, Hall Carpets with Stair Carpets to Match.

A. O. SKINNER,

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