The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other deleterious drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over [illegible] years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

1887.—APRIL.—1887.

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Intercolonial Railway.

86. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '87.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.30 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec,	6 10 p. m.

A Sleeping Car run on the 6.10 p. m. train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec,	1.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p m
Day Express,	7.20 p. m

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX.

Day Express,	7.15 a. m
Picton Accommodation,	11 50 p. m
Express for St. John and Quebec,	1.50 p m
Truro Accommodation,	4 00 p. m

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 1.50 p.m. train to St. John.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Truro Accommodation,	8.30 a. m.
Express from St. John and Quebec,	12 05 p. m.
Picton Accommodation,	1.40 p. m.
Day Express,	7.50 p. m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
November 17th, 1886.

HOW PRINTING PAYS

The Story of the Painter, "Ben Franklin," and his Partner, "Poor Richard," in their joint partnership, from the 18,000 people who have Model Presses, Business cards, Chromos, Teachers, Boys, Girls, Ministers, and all sorts—nearly 100 pages, from the 18,000 people who have Model Presses, Business cards, Chromos, Teachers, Boys, Girls, Ministers, and all sorts—nearly 100 pages, from 50c. up. Sent, with 25 specimens, 2 stamps. The World Press Co., Meriden, Conn., 705 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MODEL IMPROVED.

What is Heaven?

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child:
"All joy?" and in her innocence smiled.

I asked the aged, with her cares oppressed,
"All suffering o'er. Oh! Heaven, at least is rest."

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed:
"It must be love?" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art:
"Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire:
"Tis glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the christian, waiting her release:
A halo round her, low she murmured:
"Peace?"

So all may look with hopeful eyes above.
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love!

"Tate, Agoin' By!"

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

"Why, here's Tate!" observed old Farwell from the tavern platform. His remark served a double purpose, it accosted Tate Sykes, and also let the other frequenters know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of maudlin sympathy, "How do you find yourself, after yesterday?"

"Middlin' well," said Tate, gravely, but walking on.

"Why, look ahere, ye ain't *agoin' by, be ye? Why boys, here's Tate agoin' by!*"

Farwell's tone had changed from sentiment to intense astonishment, as if it couldn't be that Tate was passing their mutual haunt—Tate Sykes, whose nostrils loved the scent of liquor that floated through the open door, and who always turned in for one glass. It oftener became more.

But two days before a sad-eyed, tattered woman burst in upon their revels, her face full of agony.

"Where's my man? Where's Tate Sykes?" Then imperatively, "Come home, Tate Bess wants you; she's dying."

Tate had some manhood left, for he set his glass down with a groan, and followed his wife out, bare-headed, in an unwonted stillness.

That was the last they saw of Tate at the tavern until then, and he was going by. Farwell felt that it was unnatural. What had gone wrong? Farwell scratched his slightly muddled head for the clew, then slapped his knee emphatically when he thought he found it.

"Hold on, Tate. Mebbe ye thought we'd ought to been there, us boys, bein' as we was, old friends?"

"We felt for ye, Tate. If we'd had money we'd done the handsome thing with flowers and sich. I wouldn't begrudged comin' down with a hack'n' span o' horses; fact Tate; but I hadn't the needful, you know that, old boy. There ain't a man in the country I'd help out sooner, but I couldn't. Ye hadn't orter lay it up agsin' us, Tate."

"Boys," said Tate hoarsely, with frequent pauses to conquer emotion. "I didn't—expect—ye—to folly my little gal—to—to the grave. And yer posies would—a been—too late—too late. Ye see, it had been—all thorns for her—alluz—them her father planted."

A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and wept like a child.

The "boys" were silent. Old Farwell laid his pipe aside, and rose with the majesty of a purpose.

"There, there, Tate, don't ye take on so, man. She's gone, an' parting's hard; but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop o' something. It'll tone ye up. Come, ali, I'll stand treat."

They started eagerly towards the bar-room, except Tate. There was a fierce longing in his bloodshot eyes, and every breath he drew of the impregnated air increased his thirst; but, to the surprise of all, Tate Sykes declined the drink,—even implored Farwell not to urge him.

Farwell paused, angrily, the faces of the others darkened, also. Their murmurs would have been less gentle, only they remembered Tate's child was dead, and most of these men, alas! were fathers, too! They meant sometime to turn about, but their good resolutions decayed with the old tavern; by-and-by they would drop into drunkard's graves, their souls going—*where?*

"Don't never ask me to drink!" cried Tate, "for I can't! Don't ever call me in here again, for if I do I'll shoot myself. I wouldn't be fit to live if I forgot the vows I made by that little grave. Sit down a bit; I'll tell ye how I come to this."

Then Tate began, in a strange, hoarse voice:

"Ye all knew why Meg came after me that night. She said Bess was dyin'. I thought she had—left us—when I got home, she was so white and still. 'She wanted you, Tate,' says Meg. 'She couldn't be easy 'thout ye. She telled me to go fetch father; she'd wait. Oh, Tate, how I ran, and now it's too late! She's gone; without her dying wish!' Meg cried softly, whisperin' this bit by bit, betwixt the tears. I can't tell ye what I felt, boys, settin' there beside my leetle gal. There wa'n't nothing comfortable for such as she, in that poor room. It goes without sayin' there couldn't be, an' I me spendin' what I did here.

"Well, boys, whilst I was lookin' at her, all of a suddent, the color flashed into her sweet face, and them dear"—Tate's voice shook—"darlin' eyes flied open—but not to see me, boys; they looked straight for'ard; bryant and up'ards, and says she, startled like, 'I can't go alone—it's dark—*go part way with me, father, dear!*"

Tate groaned as he had the night he was summoned from the bar-room. When he could speak he said:

"Them was her last words. She give a great sig'h, and left us. There wa'n't no backin' out for her, boys, even if her father couldn't go part way with cheerin' words an' scriptur'. She had to go alone, in the dark, my poor little gal. It come over me then, what I was and what I might a been. There's one other left me; please God *I'll go part o' the way with her!*"

Tate had arisen. He stood erect as he uttered his vow, in a clear, distinct voice that reached even the man behind the bar. The fierce appetite had gone from Tate's eyes, they glowed with his new-born purpose. None of his old comrades detained him as he turned and left the old tavern forever.—*New York Observer.*

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book

mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

True Politeness.

One warm day last summer at a picnic a group of warm and tired children rushed to the platform in great delight at the call, "This way for lemonade."

A beautiful little girl, whose winning face would make it a marked one anywhere, had just accepted a glass of the refreshing beverage and was about to raise it to her lips when she noticed a pale-faced child pleadingly regarding her. Another moment and the child had drained the glass, and passing it back said gratefully, "I am very much obliged; you are very kind."

"Not so very kind," muttered a spiteful girl to her companion, "probably Edna Brooks expects she'll get another glass of lemonade for herself."

But Edna had no such anticipation. She had heard the gentleman who was dipping the lemonade say, "Only one glass around." She returned the empty glass and went off with a young friend, wiping the perspiration from her sweet face. As they walked off these remarks in low voices were distinctly heard:

"You're a queer girl, Edna Brooks; very queer."

"Why?"

"To go without your lemonade for a girl who had no right to any. She doesn't belong to our school and never did; besides, you had just said you were so thirsty you could hardly wait for a drink."

"I *was* thirsty and still am," answered the sweet-voiced girl with a bright smile; but you don't take into consideration that the poor little girl was thirsty too, and though as you say she didn't have any right to the lemonade because she didn't belong to our school, I'm sure she had a right because she belongs to Him. You know the 'cup of cold water,' Bertha. Oh, look there, Bertha! Professor Drew is swinging the girls; who'll get there first?"

She ran off, closely followed by Bertha, and I thought what a happy, useful life hers must prove to be, and wondering how soon that seed she had dropped so kindly and gently into her little friend's heart would spring forth and bud and blossom.—*Christian at Work.*

A Knowing Dog.

The following story of a remarkably sagacious dog is from the Middlesex County *Record*. A dog owned by Colonel Newton, of Cromwell, goes twice a day to the railroad station for the morning and evening paper. He goes of his own accord, is always on time and waits about where the baggage car is to stop, in the morning at one place and in the afternoon at another. There he waits until the bundle is thrown off and opened by the station master, when he takes his paper in his mouth and immediately starts for home. If the weather is rainy he has a piece of oil-skin which is kept in a place where he can get it himself, and of his own accord he carries this with him, and the station master wraps it around the paper before giving it to him in order that it may not get wet. On his return home he puts the oil-skin away in its place against the next rainy day.

He knows the papers and insists on having the right one. Once, says the *Record*, he was fooled. In opening the bundle the station master slipped one that was two days old out of his pocket and handed it to the dog. Demo took it in his mouth and started for home. Arriving there he took it to his master and was rewarded by a pat on the head and a kind word. Col. Newton adjusted his spectacles and began to read. Of course he at once discovered the trick, although he thought at the time it was only an error. Calling Demo to him, he told him to take the paper back and reprimanded him for making the mistake. I don't know what it was he said to him, but the dog seemed to understand it, for he hung his head and really looked ashamed. In a short time he was at the station with the old paper in his mouth, and going to the agent laid the paper at his feet, and, looking in his face, gave a short and very decided bark, as much as to say, "Give me the right paper and do it now." He was offered one that was a day old, but after sniffing at it for a moment refused to take it, and not until he was given a paper of that date would he have anything to do with it. Since then, although an attempt has been made several times to fool him again in the same way, he cannot be deceived, and so, as I said before, it seems as though the dog must be able to read.

Familiar Sayings,

AND AUTHORS TO WHOM MANY ARE TRACED.

Many of our common sayings, so true and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives "The almighty dollar."

Thomas Murgan queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles Pinckney gives "Millions for defence, but not a cent, for tribute."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, by Gen. Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

"When Greek joined Greek then was the tug of war," came from Nathaniel Lee.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

Johnson tells us of "a good hater," and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety is the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark;" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love," while Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

Little Foxes.

There are a thousand foxes to one lion, and it is hard work to watch them all the time, but eternal vigilance is the price of a good character, and

Evil is caused by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

It would be easier to be a martyr, and go down to the block or to the stake, and have one's head cut off or be burned to a crisp at once and be done with it, than it is to endure eight or ten years of rheumatism. So much the more honor to the patient victims of rheumatism than to the martyrs. I know it is easier to be President of the United States, and be a good president, too, than it is to go to sleep with the earache, or with three small mosquitoes in the room that have made up their minds to a horrible repast of human blood. I know—out of the breadth and depth of my own experience I know whereof I affirm—I know it is an easier matter to edit a newspaper than it is to put the baby to sleep when the baby isn't feeling particularly sleepy just then. I know little trials are the hardest; the little temptations are the strongest. The man who would scorn to steal a horse will swear a little sometimes. The man who could not be hired to forge a note will sometimes help to circulate a campaign lie; the man who will not commit murder will occasionally scold his wife; and the man who would scorn to lie under any other circumstances can't be trusted in a horse trade. It is easy for an honest man to refuse a bribe; it is hard for the same man to tell the truth about the size and number of the trout he caught. It is comparatively easy to obey the big commandments; it's the finer meshes of the little net that will entangle so many of us.

Dearly beloved, don't try to be heroes, then. Don't aim to be wingless saints. Don't aspire to the distinction of martyrdom. Try to be good, every day, honest, Christian men and women, and see if you have not your hands full. Don't waste your time lion-hunting, the lions never hurt anybody; but "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.—*Robert Burdette, in Examiner.*

Native Russian Baptists.

BY REV. A. R. SCHIEWE.

In Russia there are German, Lithouanian, Swedish, and Esthonian Baptists, corresponding to a few of the constituent parts of our many-membered and many-tongued Russian colossus. We are at liberty to work among all these nationalities. Among native Russians, on the other hand, religious propaganda is forbidden under very heavy penalties. And yet we have quite a number of Russian Baptists who were actually members of the orthodox Greek Catholic Church. How did Baptist faith and practice gain a hold among them in spite of the legal restrictions? Perhaps it will be of interest if I briefly state the facts.

The people of the German colony of Altdanzig, in Southern Russia, a few years ago were so given over to drunkenness and other vices that their settlement had become notorious in all the country round about. But some time ago a great revival began in the place. The people were tremendously in earnest. One old woman travelled a long distance to see her pastor, the Lutheran minister. She exhorted him to be converted, because otherwise he would go to hell. This rather irritated the man, and his visits to that colony grew even more rare than they had been. When finally several persons were baptized, a year passed away without bringing the pastor once. But at the end of the year it was announced that the superintendent (or bishop) would come and preach a sermon to justify infant baptism. The day arrived, and all hands, opponents and defenders of infant baptism together, turned out to church. The bishop began his sermon as follows: "Although infant baptism was not instituted by Christ, nor practised by the Apostles, yet it has been introduced by the church fathers and retained by the Reformers, and therefore," etc. But that was sufficient. They hardly listened to the rest. When they came pouring out of the church, the people said, "Well, now we know what we are to do; if infant baptism was not instituted by Christ, and not practised by the Apostles, it is part of the traditions of men." The result was that shortly afterwards fifty persons were baptized in this German settlement.

Now, the change in the morals of this community had been the astonishment of all the district. The inhabitants of the Russian villages near by began to inquire about it. They said: "Formerly, when we came to your village we heard profanity and the sounds of drunken revelry; now we cannot pass through your place without hearing from some house strains of hymns and the accents of prayer. What is the cause of all this? They were told of Jesus. New Testaments were given them. They began to pray and to study God's word, and a revival began among them, which has continued to spread.

When the fifty persons mentioned above were baptized—they were baptized in broad daylight, while previously baptism had been performed under cover of night for fear of men—a multitude came to see it. One of the newly-converted Russians, watching the baptism, exclaimed: "Way, the Lord Jesus was baptized just like that!" He pulled off his upper garments, stepped into the river, advanced toward the officiating minister, and was baptized with the others. The minister was a stranger from a distance. He did not know the individuals to be baptized. He would have trembled had he known that he was baptizing an orthodox Russian, and he certainly trembled when the brethren who had noticed the man told him what he had done.

However, it was past recalling now, and things went on their course. That newly-baptized Russian shortly afterwards baptized six other persons of his own nationality. The truth began to spread among the native Russians, and at present from the Caucasus to Volhynia there is quite a number of Russian Baptist churches who are one with us in faith and practice.

These Russian churches have had their share of suffering for the sake of the Master and his dear gospel, but they have remained true to their faith. Imprisonment and bitter persecutions have come upon them. But the progress of the gospel cannot be checked. Back of it stands a power greater than the princes of the earth, the power of him who said: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of *all* the nations, baptising them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." This little incident, so trifling in appearance, and yet fraught with such consequences, is another proof of what the venerable Oncken used to say, "Russia is the richest and most promising mission field for our denomination on the continent of Europe."—*Examiner.*

Wit and Wisdom of John Plowman.

Old foxes are caught at last.

A good friend is better than a near relation.

Boast not your wisdom; Satan knows more than you.

If the love of God sets us at work, the God of love will find us wages.

Fretting cares create gray hairs.

Keep your hand out of the fire, and yourself out of a quarrel.

When an old dog barks, there's a reason for it.

Open doors invite thieves.

The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

Make your pudding according to your plums.

Be not all rake nor all fork, all screw nor all cork.

If you say nothing, nobody will repeat it.

Do not blow hot and cold with the same breath.

A STORY FOR PREACHERS.—In the Syracuse *Courier's* "Church Column," edited by Bishop Huntington, the following is told:

The Journal has a story of a legislator from a sheep-raising county, who said of a rambling pointless speech of an opponent that it reminded him of a buck in the pasture, that in a fight kept backing to get a fair start, and backed himself so out of breath that he had none left to butt with. It is somewhat so with preachers who use up their time and the attention of the audience in abatements and qualifications, and telling what their doctrine is not; like a certain English bishop, who elaborated an argument in the pulpit to prove the existence of God. Riding home, he asked his coachman what he thought of the sermon: "Foine, my Lord, very foine; but somehow I can't help thinkin' as there be's a God after all!"

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that *Green's August Flower*, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower* will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

—Shall we revert to the old practice of reading verse by verse hymns used in divine worship? is a question which has lately provoked no little interest among Wesleyans. A correspondent sends us the following story as illustrating possible difficulties:—"Some years ago, when the custom of giving out the hymns 'two lines at a time' prevailed, an old Methodist preacher was supplying one evening in a village chapel, and having preached longer than usual found, on giving out the number of the closing hymn, that it was too dark to read. Somewhat embarrassed, he announced: 'My sight is bad, the light is dim, I cannot see to read this hymn,' but to his horror the precentor and congregation struck up the note and sang the words through to the tune of Old Hundredth. Anxious to correct the mistake, he called out quickly: 'I did not mean that for a hymn, I only meant the light is dim.' This had the effect of making confusion worse confounded, and the congregation solemnly sang the words as the remaining part of the verse. Driven almost to desperation, the old preacher once more vociferated: 'I tell you it isn't a hymn at all; I think the devil is among you all!' This appears to have had the desired effect, and the congregation dispersed without further benediction."

—A young sprig of the English nobility went out to Dakota to learn farming. He had great difficulty in mastering the terms used in the management of cattle. One day he was driving his oxen when a neighbor who was passing heard him say: "Haw, there, haw! Beg pardon! I meant gee!"

—Two Irishmen, before retiring, were told not to blow out the gas. They left it burning, and were attacked by mosquitoes. The landlord being called furnished off the gas, and told them they would be all right now. Presently a lightning bug flew into the room, and Pat exclaimed: "Faith, Mike, it's no use; here comes one with a lantern."

—A little three-year-old boy was asked what his kitty did in a fight between her and a dog. "Well," said he, "she humped her back as high as she could, she made her tail as big as she could, and then she blowed her nose in his face."

BRAIN WORK requires for its successful and pleasurable pursuit a full, uniform and continuous supply of full, rich blood to the brain. If, through the torpidity of the liver, the blood becomes foul with bile, the brain is poisoned and over-stimulated with the excess of blood which the irritated heart sends to it with frantic impulses. Dizziness, heaviness, loss of memory, impossibility of application to any kind of work, reveal the truth. To relieve this, and preserve not only the brain but the whole system in the best working order, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will be found invaluable.

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THE subscriber being the only authorized Agent of the WALTHAM WATCH CO. in this City, can sell ALL GRADES AND STYLES, at the lowest possible prices.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, Etc., Etc.

I get the BEST MAKERS. For sale at as low prices as at any establishment in the City.

New Goods Received Monthly.

New Hair Restorative always in Stock on hand.

D. O. L. WARLOCK.

Encourage Home Manufacture!

BY USING

—BEARDSLEY'S—

Celebrated Oil Paste Blacking.

The best Leather Preservative known for Harnesses, Boots and Shoes, and leather generally. This Blacking is peculiarly adapted for keeping all articles of Leather to which it is applied soft and Pliable.

Why this Blacking is the best: 1st, It is thoroughly waterproof. 2nd, It will perfectly preserve the leather; 3rd, It keeps the leather soft and pliable; 4th, Because all who have used it testify that it is just as recommended.

W. W. BEARDSLEY,
Manufacturer of Boots, Shoes, and Harnesses
BERWICK, N. S.

Hy. Horton & Son, Wholesale Agents for St. John

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1886 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M	Acc. M.W.F. dy A.M.	Acc dy P.M.
	Halifax,—leave,	7 00		2 30
1	Richmond,		6 15	2 33
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	6 35	3 00
40	Newport,	8 43	9 12	4 55
46	Windsor,	9 00	10 05	5 35
53	Hantsport,	9 22	10 37	6 04
60	Horton Landing	9 41	11 05	6 30
64	Wolfville,	9 54	11 25	6 47
69	Port Williams,	10 00	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—Arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
	Do—Depart,	10 30	12 25	
83	Berwick,	11 05	1 17	
88	Aylesford,	11 23	1 40	
95	Kingston,	11 41	2 10	
102	Middleton,	12 02	2 35	
116	Bridgetown,	12 45	3 55	
120	Annapolis—arrive	1 25	4 50	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Acc. dy. T.T.S. A.M.	Acc. dy. P.M
	Annapolis leave	6 00	1 35
14	Bridgetown,	6 05	2 15
26	Middleton,	7 55	2 55
35	Kingston,	8 25	3 16
43	Aylesford,	8 00	3 34
47	Berwick,	9 20	3 52
59	Kentville—arrive	A.M. 10 15	4 30
	Do—Depart,	5 40 10 25	4 45
54	Port Williams	6 00 11 10	5 00
60	Wolfville,	6 10 11 19	5 08
70	Horton Landing	6 30 11 37	5 22
77	Hantsport	6 58 12 05	5 44
84	Windsor,	7 50 12 55	6 10
90	Newport,	8 10 1 18	6 28
108	Windsor Junction,	10 00 3 25	7 35
120	Richmond,	10 42 4 03	
128	Halifax—arrive,	10 45 4 10	8 10

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 Saturday a.m. for Digby and Annapolis; returning from Annapolis same days.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Digby for Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, a. m. returning from Annapolis same days.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 5.30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

The Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday, and Thursday a. m., for Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All-Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 8.40 a. m. and 8.20 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets by various routes on sale at all stations

P. INNES,
Kentville, Nov 22, 1886 General Manager

Mitchell's Belladonna Plasters

This is the oldest and most reliable Belladonna Plaster made, and contains an extra quantity of Belladonna. Especially valuable for Pain or Weakness in the Breast, Side, Back or Limbs; also for Liver Complaint, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Cold Spot between the Shoulders, Asthma, Difficulty in Breathing, Pleurisy, &c., in all which cases they give immediate and permanent relief.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
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