RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

SIZES 1/- 2/- 3/6

Wholesale of Messrs. Thomas Ridge, Plumstead, London, S.E. Sole Agents for Canada, Messrs. Lamontagne, Montreal.

If your child is lacking in the elements of perfect childhood, try Ridge's Food. It is the claim of the Mfgs., indorsed by hundreds that it is the best food for the growing child, we believe more children have been successfully reared upon Ridge's Food than upon all the other foods combined. Try it mothers and be convinced of its worth. Send to WOOLRICH & Co. Palmer, Mass., for pamphlet, sent free to any address. Its perusal will save much anxiety.

GATES'

INVIGORATING SYRUP

This preparation is well known throughout the country as a safe and reliable cathartic and family medicine, superceding all pills, and should be in every house.

For Coughs and Colds,
a little night and morning will soon break them up.

For Irregularities of the Bowels,
nothing can be found to excel, as it causes no griping or pain.

For Asthma and Palpitation of the Heart,
one swallow gives instant relief.

Sick Headache, Stomach and Pin-worms yield at once.

It is an invigorator of the whole system, whereby a regular and healthy circulation is maintained; has been well tested already, and will do all that we say of it.

Only 50c. a bottle, $5.50 per Doz.

Intercolonial Railway.

86. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '87.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, 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 runs daily 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,	7.00 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,	1.00 p m
Truro Accommodation,	4.00 p. m

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 1.00 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.

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		3 30
1	Richmond,		7 15	3 30
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	7 35	3 50
16	Newport,	8 43	9 12	4 58
26	Windsor,	9 00	10 05	5 35
32	Hantsport,	9 22	10 31	6 06
36	Horton Landing	9 41	11 05	6 38
42	Wolfville,	9 54	11 20	6 47
46	Port Williams,	10 02	11 29	6 55
51	Kentville—Arrive.	10 15	11 40	7 10
	Do—Depart.	10 20	12 25	
62	Berwick,	11 05	1 11	
70	Aylesford,	11 32	1 40	
76	Kingston,	11 41	1 10	
82	Middleton,	12	1 55	
91	Bridgetown,		2 05	
115	Annapolis—arrive		4 10	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Exp. dy. A.M.	Acc. T.T.S. dy. A.M.	Exp. dy. P.M.
	Annapolis leave	6 00		1 00
14	Bridgetown,	6 35		1 35
29	Middleton,	7 55		2 55
35	Kingston,	8 25		3 16
42	Aylesford,	8 50		3 40
51	Berwick,	9 20		7 52
59	Kentville—arrive	9.45	10 15	4 53
	Do—depart.	9 50	10 20	5 00
64	Port Williams,	9 59	11 10	5 10
68	Wolfville,	10	11 19	5 20
72	Horton Landing		11 27	5 32
76	Hantsport		11 45	5 41
86	Windsor,	10 35	12 05	6 10
90	Newport,	10 50	1 15	6 28
102	Windsor Junction,	10 55	1 30	7 00
120	Richmond,	10 42	4 03	
120	Halifax—arrive,	10 55	4 15	7 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, p. m. returning from Annapolis same days.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.30 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 7.40 a. m and 7.30 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

HOW PRINTING PAYS

MODERN IMPROVED.

Sisters.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Oh! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder might,
To startle the silken dreamers of English women in ease,
Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth and light
Are shining fair as the stars and free as the western breeze!

Oh! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their rest,
With the story of Sisters' woes, gathering day by day
Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),
Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll the stone away.

Sisters! Scorn not the name, for ye cannot alter the fact:
Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing South shall be
Valid excuse above for the Priests and Levites' act,
It ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did not see.

Sisters! Yea and they lie not by the side of the road,
But hidden in loathsome caves, in crushed and quivering throngs,
Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the invisible load
Of centuries, echoing groans, black with inherited wrongs.

Made like our own strange selves with memory, mind, and will,
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live for ever;
Sisters! Is there no chord vibrating in musical thrill,
At the fall of the gentle word to issue in bright endeavour?

Sisters! Ye who have known the Elder Brother's love,
Ye who have set at His feet, and leant on His gracious breast,
Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His own blest home above,
Will ye not seek them out, and lead them to Him for rest?

Is it too great a thing. Will not *one* rise and go,
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid them down?
Seeking His lone and lost in the veiled abodes of woe,
Winning His Indian Gems to shine in His glorious crown!

A Change.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

Mrs. Benton was tired, and she was nervous. She was also, in consequence, somewhat depressed and discouraged. She was, in addition, very busy, for the short December days seemed overrunning with inevitable recurring tasks. Not only were the meals to get, the house to set in order, the dishes to wash (and it sometimes seemed to her weary brain that it must be that the crockery on her shelves danced a dizzy, perpetual jig towards the kitchen table, just that she might transfer each utensil, after it passed through cleansing waters, again to its place,—for on no other ground could she account for the confusing piles she thrice each day polished and put away), not only did these duties fill her hands and claim her attention continually, but the winter at hand imposed upon her burdens of needed sewing,—making and altering and repairing. And she was, moreover, one of those necessarily economical people, of whom it is true at any season that

"Always between her and idleness
The mending basket lies."

"The days are pretty much alike!" she sigh ed, on this particular gray and chilly morning. There was dinner to get for husband and children and work-folks. The house, at half-past eight, bore traces of the hasty departure school-ward of two or three impatient young people. She had been up at six, but her kitchen was not yet in order; for she had left her work to help the youngest, the household darling, find her mislaid mittens. A little baking must be done before noon, and the afternoon must be free of kitchen interruptions, for several needed garments waited her needle and her finishing touches. One, in particular, must be done that day. And when you add that there were various other demands on her time, in the form of solicitations for church and benevolent enterprises, you will not wonder that our sister felt driven, hurried and worried.

"But I wouldn't mind it so much," she thought, "if there was only a little change or variety once in a while. I've no time to go out,—John won't say, 'Take time;' but I've not the time to take. And besides, I can't, or won't tell him that I haven't anything suitable to wear out making calls, or to a church sociable, or hardly to church, though I do go to meeting. And I'm mostly too tired to go, if I had."

In her work basket lay a letter received the night before from her sister, who lived on the "home-place," in their native town, in a neighboring State. The sister had taken occasion to urge a long-promised visit from Mrs. Benton. "A change would do you good," she had written. And earlier in the letter she had told of a cousin, about to accompany her husband on a Western trip, for the change it afforded.

From the window Mrs. Benton saw the expressman bear from her neighbor's door a huge trunk and satchels. The mistress of that house was going on the train that morning to her brother's for the holidays. Another neighbor was absorbed in preparations for holiday visitors. "Every one does have some change but me," repeated our friend.

How she longed to be able to accept her sister's invitation. "I shouldn't need any new clothes there. I could just stay in the house. It's the rest I want, and the change." It looked very tempting, this little journey, despite—or because of—the innumerable almost unconquerable obstacles.

At 4 o'clock Mrs. Benton found she could snatch a few minutes for her sewing. But, taking up her work, she soon discovered that she must have a yard or two more of the material. "How provoking! This dress must be done to day; and the children just gone, too. I could have sent a note by John, with the sample, to Mr. Johnson. And I remember now there was only a little over a dress pattern left. I can't do without it, and I'm afraid its all sold now. Perhaps I can manage to hurry down to the store myself and get it, and get back in time for my biscuit baking. I'll put on a veil, it's so cold, and I can't stop to talk with anyone."

So, in a very few minutes, she was hurrying from the street. Just ahead were two ladies whom she recognized, but, as she had said, she had no time to talk, herself, with anyone. They were conversing very earnestly. Snatches of their conversation were caught by the biting wind, and hurled, with the eddying flakes beginning now to fall, back into her face.

"I am so sorry for them! It must be such a change! I meant call, but I dread to go there, the house will seem so different, with no little child in it."

"And he was such a bright little thing! A singularly winning child, yet a very busy little fellow. He quite filled his mother's hands, I used to think."

"And it came so suddenly! I hear she is quite broken-hearted."

They turned a corner here, and Mrs. Benton hurried on. She knew well the afflicted mother of whom they had been speaking. As she lifted her veil just before entering the store, a friend met her and held out welcoming hands. She, too, was tired and pale as Mrs. Benton herself.

"I've been watching with Miss Colburn. Poor thing! she suffers so, and the family are quite worn out. She can't last much longer, I am afraid. But she wants so to live, and they can not bear to tell her. Indeed, they hardly realize themselves how near a change may be. But I mustn't detain you, or stop myself—good-bye!"

But before Mrs. Benton could enter the store, another acquaintance saluted her. She had made a call this morning.

"On an errand, it was. My niece is coming to Riverton to be a bookkeeper at *Lym's*, and she wants me to get her a boarding place. So I went to Mrs. Emery's. You know, since her husband went away and came home crippled, she has to maintain herself that way, and support the family. I pity her; she isn't used to hard work, or to providing. Few women are. And it's a hard change for her."

Would people never be done talking of changes? Mrs. Benton asked herself the question impatiently, yet not without remorseful recollections of her own bitterly repining thoughts. "No, no!" she whispered, earnestly. "I *don't* want a change. I'll never say I do again."

But one other reproving reminder awaited her. As she waited the movements of the leisurely clerk, she heard, brokenly, a conversation going on behind her, between the proprietor and another gentleman.

"There couldn' be any other verdict, nor a lighter sentence. These defalcations are getting so common, I believe, for any reason, isn't to be thought of. He owned up, and helped them straighten things round, and took his sentence like a man. Pity his manliness hadn't come to the front a little earlier! None suspected it, the family had always stood so high. Never had a stain on the name before! Well, their heads have come down now. I'm sorry for 'em, though. It's pretty hard, sir!"

"Yes, it would be hard, anyway; but, as you say, it will be such a change for them to be in disgrace and looked down on, 'twill be doubly hard."

These people, too, she knew—their dire misfortune and dishonor. Why had she not remembered what sad, sad changes were all about her, nay, might even threaten her home? What were care, poverty, work, monotonous, irksome, grinding though it seemed, to *such* change as this? How good it was to have husband, children, friends, for whom to toil. What better thing could life hold, she wondered, than such dear service?

"Oh! if things may be unchanged, if we may but have each other, if the Father but lets us be together to work for each other and for him,—if the dear God but keep us still, and so, I will never murmur again!"

These thoughts, and others like them, were ringing in her heart as she hurried homeward. And, there again, the heaviest tasks and most exacting cares seemed very sweet and precious. And, for a long time afterward, Mrs. Benton could hardly hear without a shudder, those two significant words—"a change."

Two Loads of Brick.

Passing down Market Street to-day, I saw a load of brick standing in the street just ready to be dumped before the unfinished building. I went on to Montgomery Street and there, in front of the Nevada Bank, I saw another load of brick. These were not red like those on Market Street, but white. They were larger too, and heavier. There were a thousand bricks in the load on Market street, and only 200 in the load on Montgomery street. The first load was worth about $10; the second was worth about $200,000. I need not say that the bricks on Montgomery street were silver. Each of the 200 would buy 20,000 loads of ordinary red bricks. Such is the difference between silver and clay.

As I watched the porters unloading those silver bricks, while two men stood guard over the drop, I thought how much more valuable they would be if they were yellow instead of white—bricks of gold instead of silver. Then that dray load would be worth at least $4,000,000, and would buy 400,000 loads of ordinary brick. But if I had the Kohinoor diamond, which is not larger than a walnut, I could buy with it a dray load of gold. Hence, that single diamond is worth as much as 400,000 loads of ordinary brick, and yet in bulk it is less than a hundredth part of any one of the bricks in one of those loads. The diamond, comparing bulk and value, is worth 400,000,000,000 times as much as an ordinary brick. When we can get such results in material things, can we wonder at the preciousness of the blood of Christ, and that by it myriads of souls have been, and will be, redeemed? We have no arithmetic by which to compute the worth of our Redeemer's tears and his blood. Enough for us that God accepts them.—*Exch.*

I don't believe in the commercial idea of the atonement—that God computed just the amount of suffering which our sins deserved, then counted the sufferings of Christ until the specific amount had been endured, and thereupon declared the debt paid. I regard that great transaction as a wondrous and glorious manifestation of God's hatred of sin and love for his law—as a vindication of his justice and holiness, so that he can be just and yet justify the ungodly. I have no patience with any attempt to explain a mystery so sacred—to philosophize upon a theme that so manifestly transcends our finite powers—to sound with our human plummet-lines the depths of a fathomless ocean. But if any one insists upon trying to work out his problem as a mathematical or financial one, I would suggest to him, first of all, to determine the value of the blood, which is the life (see Leviticus xvii. 11), of the Son of God. If even in comparing the relative value of material things we reach such results as in the case of the brick and the diamond, what figures can express the difference between the finite and infinite? I, for one, accept reverently and gratefully the divine declaration that "ye have redemption through his blood"—that Christ purchased the church "with his own blood" (Acts xx. 28)—that we are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ (1 Peter i. 19). Just how that blood could pay our debt to the uttermost farthing, just how it rescued so many myriads of souls from the curse of the violated law, I do not expect to understand until I have studied the great mystery for centuries to known.—*Journal and Messenger.*

Prayer Answered.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On the summit of Washington mountain overlooking the Housatonic Valley, stood a hut, the home of John Barry, a poor charcoal-burner, whose family consisted of his wife and himself. His occupation brought him in but few dollars, and when cold weather came he had managed to get together only a small provision for the winter. This fall, after a summer of hard work, he fell sick, and was unable to keep his fires going. So, when the snow of December, 1874, fell, and the drifts had shut off communication with the village at the foot of the mountain, John and his wife were in great straits. There entire stock of food consisted of only a few pounds of salt pork and a bushel of potatoes; sugar, flour, coffee and tea had, early in December, given out, and the chances for replenishing the larder were slim indeed.

The snowstorms came again, and the drifts deepened. All the roads, even in the valley, were impassible, and no one thought of trying to open the mountain highways, which even in summer were only occasionally travelled, and none save the old man and his wife a thought. December 18th came, and with it the heaviest fall of snow experienced in Berkshire county in many years. The food of the old couple on the mountain was now reduced to a day's supply, but John did not yet despair. He was a Christian and a God-fearing man, and his promises were remembered; and so, when evening came, and the Northeast gale was blowing and the fierce snowstorm was raging, John and his wife were praying and asking for help.

In Sheffield village, ten miles away, lived Deacon Brown, a well-to-do farmer of fifty years old, who was noted for his piety and consistent deportment, both as a man and a Christian. The deacon and his wife had gone to bed early, and, in spite of the storm raging without, were sleeping soundly, when with a start, the deacon awoke, and said to his wife: "Who spoke? Who's there?"

"Why," said his wife, no one is here but you and me, what is the matter with you?"

"I heard a voice," said the deacon, "saying, 'Send food to John.'"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Brown; "go to sleep," you've been dreaming."

The deacon laid his head on his pillow and was asleep in a minute. Soon he started up again, and waking his wife exclaimed: "There, I heard that voice again, 'Send food to John.'"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Brown; "Deacon, you are not well, your supper has not agreed with you. Lie down and try to sleep."

Again the deacon closed his eyes, and again came the voice, "Send food to John." This time the deacon was thoroughly awake. "Wife," said he, "who do we know named John who needs food?"

"No one, I remember," replied Mrs. Brown, "unless it be John Barry, the old charcoal-burner on the mountain."

"That's it!" exclaimed the deacon. "Now I remember when I was at the store in Sheffield the other day, Clark, the merchant, speaking of John Barry, said: 'I wonder if the old man is alive, for it is six weeks since I saw him, and he has not yet filled in his winter stock of groceries.' It must be old John is sick and wanting food." So saying, the good deacon arose and proceeded to dress himself. "Come wife," said he, "waken our boy Willie, and tell him to feed the horses and get ready to go with me, and do you pack up in the two largest baskets you have a good stock of food, and get us an early breakfast, for I am going up the mountain to carry the food I know John Barry needs."

Mrs. Brown, accustomed to the sudden impulses of her good husband, and believing him to be always in the right, cheerfully complied, and after a hot breakfast, Deacon Brown and his son Willie, a boy of nineteen, hitched up the horses to the double sleigh, and then with a month's supply of food, and a good-by, mother, started at five o'clock on that cold December morning for a journey that almost any other than Deacon Brown and his son would not have dared to undertake. The Northeast storm was still raging and the snow falling and drifting fast, but on, on went the stout, well fed team on its errand of mercy, while the occupants of the sleigh, wrapped up in blankets and extra buffalo robes, urged the horses through the drifts and in the face of the storm. That ten miles, ride, which required in the summer hardly an hour or two, was not finished until the deacon's watch showed that five hours had passed. At last they drew up in front of the hut where the poor, trusting Christian man and woman were on their knees praying for help to Him who is always the hearer and answerer of prayer, and as the deacon reached the door he heard the voice of supplication, and then he knew that the voice which awakened him from sleep was sent from heaven. He knocked at the door; it was opened, and we can imagine the joy of the old couple when the generous supply of food was carried in and the thanksgivings that were uttered by the starving tenants of that mountain hut.—*Ch. Intelligencer.*

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieved the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents on dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have, perhaps, the largest sales of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

—A church member replied to his pastor's admonition that "he did not like the sincere milk of the Word," thus: "Oh yes I do! but I like condensed milk."

The Boy Martyrs.

At Uganda on the shore of Lake Nyanza, in Central Africa, there has been for several years a flourishing mission station, and some of the children, as well as the older people have learned to trust in Christ. Mwanga, the former king of the country, was sometimes friendly and sometimes hostile to the missionaries; and his son, Mwanga, who succeeds him, is not always to be trusted. Last year, some of the chiefs, who did not like the ways and teachings of the missionaries, told the king that they made a great deal of trouble in the country, and advised that they should be driven away. These hostile chiefs had so much influence with the king, that the missionaries were obliged to exercise a great deal of caution to retain their position. While things were in this condition, three lads, who had been baptized, were seized and brought to shaine to the capital. As soon as the missionaries knew it, they went at once to the prime minister, but could not effect their release. The boys were carried outside the city, their arms cut off, and then they were bound to a scaffold, and burned to death by a slow fire. In this awful suffering their executioners mocked them, and bade them pray to their Jesus, and see if he could deliver them. The boys were animated, either by the taunts or the suffering, and in the flames sang one of their Christian hymns. Though unseen by mortal eyes, Jesus was with them, strengthening their hearts.

Strange as it may seem, such persecutions never deter people from becoming Christians. It was said of old, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and so it proved in this instance. Many felt that it must be a good religion, since it could sustain in such trial. One of those who helped entrap the boys, soon came to the missionaries for instructions. Another said, he, too, must learn to pray. Others, who had been thinking upon the subject, became decided, and asked for baptism. The king seems to be ashamed of having suffered such a cruel deed to be done. He now takes a friendly tone, and says he will never be without a European in his country. Let us pray that his heart may be renewed by the Spirit of God.—*The Little Helper.*

Sincere but Wrong.

"If he is sincere in his belief, he has as good a chance of going to heaven as you or I have," said a church member to us the other day, when speaking of a certain person who held and taught all kinds of strange doctrines, contrary to God's word.

This idea, that provided a man is sincere in his belief, no matter what it may be, God will safely admit him to the eternal city, is one of Satan's delusions eminently prevalent at the present day. Men seem to forget that Saul was sincere in his belief when he shut up the saints in prison; yes, not only sincere, but "exceedingly zealous" also. So were those who killed the Prince of Life; and though through ignorance they did it, God holds them responsible for their lack of knowledge, and that notwithstanding they were perfectly sincere in their convictions.

Had a bitten Israelite sincerely believed that he knew of a better way than a simple glance at the brazen serpent, he would have died where he lay; and in like manner will the sinner go down to eternal death, if trusting in a self-appointed way, rather than in the one so plainly revealed in God's written word.

Man says, though I believe not, I shall be saved, provided I am sincere in my belief. God says, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." From all this we learn that it is of the utmost importance what we believe, or rather in whom we believe. And as the One who offers us eternal life is no other than God's dear Son, how can we escape if we neglect his great salvation?—*Evangelist.*

Nellie's Daily Bread.

"Mamma," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you that gives it to me—isn't it?"

"Let us think a moment about that Nellie," replied her mother.

"Where do I get the bread I give you?"

"From the baker, mamma."

"And where do the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of which he makes the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?"

"Why, out of the ground," said Nellie.

"Don't you remember Uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?"

"Well, now, suppose that Uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would Uncle George have any harvest?"

"Why, No," said little Nellie, looking sober.

"Then you see, it is God, after all, who gives me each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven, who never forgets to give us what we need."

—An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's yesterday, and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What for?" inquired the dude. "To keep my hands warm," exclaimed the madame, crushing him like a thunderstorm.—*Washington Critic.*

—Captious Deacon: "Our people desire extempore sermons, and yet you persist in using notes." Vanishing pastor: "My dear brother, as I never have any notes in my pocket-book to use, you should not object to my using notes in the pulpit."

—"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be onk-riches."

—Here, too, is a sample of a boy's composition on girls, which, I must say, I rather like: "Girls are very thick up and digusted in their manner and behaveyour. They make fun of boys, and then run round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They cut every nice and say, 'Oh, a'nt the cat lovely!' This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always now their lessons betters boys!

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR IMPAIRED VITALITY

Dr. F. Stillem, Pulaski, Tenn., says: "I think it is a reliable medicine for impaired vitality."

Colorado Medical Discovery

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