

A CRISIS IN OUR LIVES.

The hour of any striking and peculiar providence in your life may be reckoned as a special time when, according to the text, God calls on you to bestir yourself.

Your life may go on for months at a smooth jog trot. Nothing startling may occur; all things move evenly, monotonously, without a jar. You become, in Scriptural language, settled on your lees, or to change the figure, at ease in Zion. Smooth sailing, quiet sea, no storm, "all quiet along the Potomac" of your life—when suddenly you are roused by the storm. Financial loss or entanglements embarrass you; one of your mental faculties, or some of your physical powers, which you fancied were cast-iron, threaten to give way; sickness lays you low, and gives you a chance to see how empty and hollow some of the things you thought were worth so much; one that you loved better than life is smitten down at your side, and like a bird with broken wing you flutter, bleeding, crippled, praying for death, on the earth by the edge of a new-made grave—a blow of some kind comes upon you that is grievous to bear, under whose weight you stagger to and fro; an arrow from the Almighty transfixes you, and the hurt takes hold of your very soul. An alliance is formed or planned, in which your interests and your very life are interwoven. A friendship is made that binds you in sympathy to a kindred spirit, or bonds are broken that almost wrench your soul in twain in the agony of separation. A child is born into your home, or one is transplanted to the heavenly home. These are some of the occasions when you hear the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees; some of the times when God, by his providence, commands you to bestir yourself.

Such events are exigent and opportune moments. Each one of them is a crisis in your history. Brood not over your losses; despond not at your adversities; rebel not in view of your bereavements; lose not courage in the hour of danger and trial, but rather bestir yourself into new activity. God knows just what you need, how much you can bear, and what path to lead you through. His providence is no hit or miss, random, chaotic operation. He can make all things work together for your good, if you trust him. In these critical hours of your life realize that it is God who is guiding, overruling, interposing, governing, in your soul. By these startling, revolutionizing, overturning operations he is sounding an alarm, making signals of danger which you are to heed.—Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, from "The Hungry Christ."

WHERE IS YOUR TREASURE?

God wants us all to get rich. He tells us the safest bank in which to make our deposits—one where thieves never break in, where no robbers steal, where no moth can corrupt nor destroy the notes or bonds representing our heavenly wealth. People want to make safe investments. Here is the chance—"lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." This kind of riches is available for us all. No one can secure a monopoly on goodness; neither is it dependent on wealth, social position or the recognition of men. It is available for all.

A young lady was one day visiting an aged man, a friend of her father, who had been associated with him in early life. The man had been one of those who run after the world and overtaken it. All it could give he had obtained. Pretty soon he inquired the state of his friend, whom he knew to be in circumstances of far less external comfort than himself. As he listened to the story of his less favored friend's patience in suffering, of the cheerfulness with which he could look forward to either life or death, the rich man's conscience applied the unexpressed reproach, and he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, you wonder why I cannot be as happy and quiet, too; but think of the difference. He is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine."

Whether we have or have not earthly treasures, let us lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. This we can do by faith in Christ and faithfulness in his service.—G. B. F. Hallock.

THE HUMAN CHRIST.

Therefore it behooved him in all things to be made like unto His brethren.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.
—Tennyson.

If I lose Him as a Brother, we cannot feel Him as a Saviour.—F. W. Robertson.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—R. W. Emerson.

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work.—Phillips Brooks.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

He Cured Himself of Serious Stomach Troubles, by Getting Down to First Principles.

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities by too close attention to business, too little exercise and too many club dinners, finally began to pay nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about nervous irritability making it impossible to apply himself to his daily business and finally deranging the kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another. I gave up smoking. I quit coffee and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, without any marked improvement."

"Friends had often advised me to try a well known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and I had often perused the newspaper advertisements of the remedy but never took any stock in advertised medicines nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drug store and took two or three tablets after each meal and occasionally a tablet between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note a marked improvement in my appetite and general health and before the two packages were gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets was going to cure completely and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy asking for information as to what the tablets contained and they replied that the principal ingredients were aseptic pepsin (government test), malt diastase and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this, the digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate and the nerves and whole system to receive the nourishment which can only come from food. Stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength, they give fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can insure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of so good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and san-

The Surest Remedy is
Allen's
Lung Balsam

It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c.
Small or Trial Size 25c.
Endorsed by all who have tried it.



We Tell Our Friends
there isn't any soap made, as good as
"SURPRISE," which is "A Pure Hard
Soap" that washes well and wears well.
THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N.B.

EVERY 1

Likes good PASTRY. Its quality depends upon the material used. The result with

Woodill's
German
Baking
Powder

Will always be satisfactory.

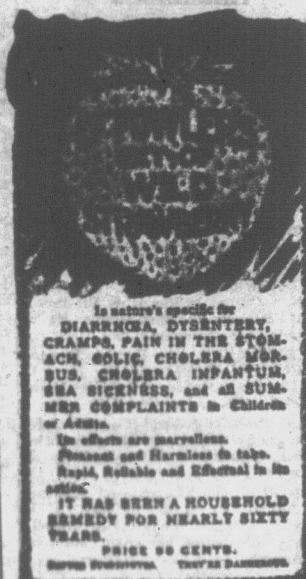
itariums.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years, probably every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain now sells them and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach trouble.

EMANCIPATION.

By Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

Why be afraid of death,
As though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes
With clay—oh glad surprise!
Why should you be forlorn?
Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet
The Threshers of the wheat?
Is sleep a thing to dread?
Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise—
Here, or beyond the skies.
Why should it be a wrenth
To leave your wooden bench?
Why not, with happy shout,
Run home when school is out?
The dear ones left behind—
O foolish one, and blind!
A day, and you will meet—
A night, and you will greet.
This is the time of death—
To breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife,
And taste the deathless life.
And joy without a fear,
And smile without a tear,
And work, nor care to rest,
And find the last the best.

INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, Sept. 17th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.	
No. 6.—Mixed for Moncton	7 45
No. 2.—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax Sydney and Campbellton	6 00
No. 26.—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11 45
No. 136.—Suburban for Hampton	13 15
No. 8.—Express for Sussex	17 15
No. 138.—Suburban for Hampton	18 15
No. 134.—Express for Quebec and Montreal	19 00
No. 10.—Express for Halifax and the Sydneys	23 25
TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.	
No. 9.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, and the Sydneys	6 25
No. 135.—Suburban from Hampton	7 45
No. 7.—Express from Sussex	9 00
No. 133.—Express from Montreal and Quebec	2 50
No. 137.—Suburban from Hampton	15 30
No. 5.—Mixed from Moncton	16 30
No. 25.—Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	17 15
No. 1.—Express from Moncton	21 20
No. 81.—Express from the Sydneys, Halifax, Pictou and Moncton (Sunday only)	1 35

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., Sept. 16th, 1906.

GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,
City Ticket Office—3 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Aberdeen Hotel

18-20-22 Queen St., near corner of Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

Home-like and attractive. A temperance house. Newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. Centrally located. Electric cars pass the door to and from all parts of the city. Coach in attendance at all trains and boats. Rates \$1 and \$1.50 per day. Tel. 241
A. C. NORTHROP Proprietor.

No Better Time
For Entering
Than Just Now



Our classes are filling up for the fall term. Students can enter at any time, and those beginning early stand the best chance for being prepared for situations that will be filled next spring.

Send for Catalogue.

S. KERR & SON,

Odd Fellows' Hall.

Perh
noticed
leaves
holes
the l
insect
honey
legs
about
lated
for wh
dom s
carpete
hides
heart of
hole is
lative,
and ins
right an
trates di
When t
isfaction,
penter w
est rose
fect leaf
pieces, w
and form
tube at i
filled with
a tiny eg
taken to
perfectly c
than the
cut. These
to the up
a tightly
tions are
filled with
The lowest
each young
yond to go
ner as the
ter bee.

THE T

It is fooli
ing men of
from their c
change is th
lage are no
but there is
of Christiani
army as ther
of Julius C
Many people
always find
even the wom
for war to av

A

A Blunt old

A clergyman
use the choic
his earnest d
man in the mo
beautiful langu
the hearts of
man, having lit
grace of speech
his message in
vornacular he
simple faith th
carries quick
Such a man wri
peaks of Colora
tum:

"I had drank
it about killed
to try Postum,
got relief from
suffered from coff
"When I drank
so that I could
my nerves were s
not hold myself
"But thanks to
well now and can
remain so.
"I was very mu
the first time I
made stronger and
it tasted as good
No amount of
literary polish go
vincing power of
mony. Name give
Co., Battle Creek,
There's a reason
Look in each pa
ous little book,
ville."