

AN 'OWER TRUE' TALE.

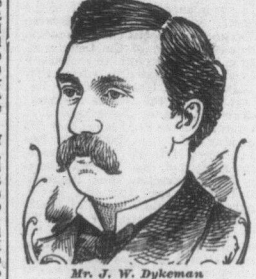
The people of Verdale were going to have a pastor of their own. The church had been organized under the labors of the pastor of a neighboring church, and a tasteful little edifice had been erected in which to worship. And now the day, to which they had looked forward so eagerly, was at hand. Sabbath after Sabbath found a new candidate in the pulpit, but first, one could not preach a good sermon, another did not have an engaging manner; but at last one came, who must surely suit them. He was a tall, well built man with a face shining with an inward peace, and a kind and friendly manner. One felt after half an hour's chat with him, as if he sympathized with all one's griefs, and rejoiced in one's pleasures. And his sermon was full of strong meat, elegantly served. They could not do better than accept him, so he was soon the pastor of Verdale church. "Yes, Mrs. Newcomb," said Mrs. Fancies, as she sat in her neighbor's parlor on Monday afternoon, "we have got the right man at last. "His name? Mr. Ellingwood—and if ever there was a born preacher, here is one. He is a young man, so, of course, he will draw in the young folks. And dear knows! they need some one to draw them! And such a sermon as he preached yesterday! He is certainly a man sent from the Lord. "Yes, Mr. Ellingwood was a man sent from the Lord. Every day his heart was thrilled with an all-absorbing desire to do just the work the Master would have him do, at the Master's own time. "Lord what wouldst thou have me to do?" was his daily question, as he went out after the errand one, or tried to strengthen the weak ones. He was not long in discovering that, though there were many good people in the place, they were afflicted with that dread disease, gossip and backbiting. So, with a conscience ever ready to trouble him if he did not rebuke evil, his sermons were plain and searching for those who would hear; but many thought of their neighbors' shortcomings, and were pleased with their pastor. Under his ministrations the church awakened to new life. The Sunday-school grew more interesting, and one class, which many had tried, but few cared to keep very long, was given to the pastor. And how the pastor's heart yearned over those boys! They were rude fellows, full of animal spirits, who could not, or would not, keep still five minutes at a time; they were carried in prayer to God, and Sabbath after Sabbath were taught faithfully from God's Word. Dare we who look on and still see their restlessness, say that no good is being done? If so, many good things might fall from their hands; and say, "It is of no use—I can see no result of my work." But no—"God's Word will return unto Him void,"—for in due season ye shall reap; if ye faint not! Time passed on. Mourning hearts were made to see their sorrow in a new and better light, young people and old, were drawn nearer to the Father of all, and God seemed with them. The people were filled with joy, and all felt that their pastor was doing his duty as well as his life as a burden and hope; that like the "way-worn traveler"—"Deliverance will come" in some way. At last it did come in this way. A brother suddenly discovered that brother Ellingwood was communicating with a church which he would accept as a parastate if he was only freed from the one at Verdale. So a meeting was called at which they decided to release him and to send him a letter to that effect. The pastor was overwhelmed when he got the letter. "What made them think I wanted to leave," he wondered. But Satan knew that a brother had only heard the pastor say that W— desired to depart, and the right man would find a good field. So he went to seek a new home, and ere long found a field where the people were full of spiritual life and ready to water the seed which the pastor planted. But Verdale church did not have a pleasant or prosperous time. Satan had put so much of his leaves in the place, that the people were always at the first or last end of a quarrel; and the next pastor, who was to suit every body, found he could not please anybody, so he left them, praying that the one which took his place might have better success; and the people, loosed from Satan's bondage, might live in the sunshine of God's love. Pertinent inquiries. Do you find it an effort to get out of bed in the morning? Does your back sometimes feel as if it would break? Are the veins in your neck or face throbbing with all-gone feeling as though you might break down at any minute? If so you are suffering from nervous exhaustion, and need a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach pills. These pills, the greatest restorer, health giving and regulating remedies before the public. TOOTHACHE that bans of humanity, is instantly relieved, by rubbing freely on the gum around the diseased tooth, some of Dr. Manning's German remedy, the universal pain cure. Sold by all druggists. PURELY VEGETABLE—Hawker's liver pills—a sure cure for biliousness. The two most absent minded men on record are the fellow who thought he had left his watch at home, and then took it out to see if he had time to go back and get it, and the man who put on his coffee doer a case saying, "Oh, it will be back soon," and on his return sat down on the door step to wait for himself.—Detroit Free Press. Putner's Emulsion has a delightful flavor, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. It is free from sugar, minerals and narcotics, and works wonders in restoring the sick to health. "There is one thing," said the new boarder, emphatically, "that will have to be settled before I make up my mind to remain with you." "And what is that?" inquired the landlady anxiously; the new boarder paid a high price and paid it promptly. "The coffee," was his response. The Clergy have used K. D. C. and pronounce it the best. Sour Tempers sweetened by the use of K.D.C.

From Life. I see a shabby room in a squat, white cottage, situated in the outskirts of a great, spreading village. It is a lonely street. Close to the cottage stands another house, but beyond that the road stretches away into the country, relieved only at long intervals by a habitation. The cottage slopes off low at the back and ends just at the edge of a vegetable garden. There is a board fence in front and a high bank where tall milkweed stalks stand shaking in the wind. There is a lattice to the little front porch, but there is no hand painted enough to train roses over it; so there are no roses, but there is a snow-drop bush which requires no training, and year after year its berries peep forth from their green foliage, and every season they are used to decorate the skirts and encircle the heads of the children in both houses on "theatrical days." On a haircloth sofa, before a window which commands the way to the village, three children are crouching, directly in the ray of moonlight which pours straight down on the floor. The remainder of the room is in shadow. Now and then the little girls, aged five and six, cast apprehensive glances into the far corners, and the third, a boy of two, cuddles close to his unwilling "bigger man" in his terror of the "bigger man." There is fear on their little faces, as betrayed by the moonlight, and fear in their thoughts, but the little girls try bravely to cheer each other, and reassure the baby. "God won't let anything hurt us, will He, Anna?" It is the second one who speaks. "No," answers Anna, confidently, "cause you know we say 'Our Father, and Now day me,' every night." "Is 'Dad up in a moon?' asks the baby, anxiously pointing his chubby finger at the great, shining face. "I shouldn't wonder. I almost think the moon is God, don't you, Fanny?" "Yes, I guess so, says Fanny, "and that's what makes it so nice and light and warm, aint it?" "Yes, and we needn't be afraid at all, because God's looking right down here to see that anything don't hurt us." So they try to rouse their courage, but they are weak babies, and the fearful looks into the corners are not discontinued, even though the moonlight fold them all in a tender embrace. "I wish mamma would come!" says Fanny, who speaks with a sigh which tells the strength of her longing. "We 'ah so too!" echoes the baby. Poor little one! He has never thought of crying, but there is a world of eagerness in his tone. And where is mamma? Out in the November air with a skating party. She has not meant to stay so long, but the ice is magnificent, and the merziment grows apace, and she forgets for the time the three little skulls huddled together on the sofa, with wistful faces looking out over the moonlighted common for mamma. She says to herself, if chance brings them momentarily to mind, that they'll be all right, because they are sensible little things, and she feels as though they could take care of themselves. She must have something to relieve the dullness of life, and this skating club is her favorite diversion. Since that dark day in 1892, when she read over that list killed in battle, and saw the names of her children's father, existence has been but a repetition of struggles to make her small income cover expenses, and such a life is but a dreary treadmill for one who has found that the world is not a holiday. So she is not to be blamed though she flies gall down the glistening river, while three little forms cower in the moonlight on the haircloth sofa, and wait longingly for mamma. They have had no supper, but then, she did not mean to stay so long, and when she finally comes they run with a sob of welcome; little hands tremblingly undo the fastenings of the door, and mamma is clasped about the waist, the knee, and three happy little souls revel in her presence, and she is lighted, and she is refreshed, and their simple supper prepared. Then mamma tells them in glowing phrases how the ice glittered, now the steel rung and the ice skating, and in her contentment and enthusiasm they forget how they were cold, hungry and lonely. Mamma! what a mine of wisdom is in that word for them! what enduring love; what satisfaction; what protection. How they fondle her hand, lay their faces against her dress, and vie with each other for the nearest place as they cluster about her on their little stools, and beg for yet another description of the brilliant scene on the moonlight river. Ab, if that mother had understood then what she was to these little ones; if she could have known that in less than two years the baby would stretch out his chubby arms for her in vain, she would have stayed away from the skating party that night. She would have said, "There is only a little while, we will spend it together," for she was a loving mother, though fond of gay company. Could she have seen the near separation and the scattering of that helpless group; could she have heard the sighing of the winds of fate and of error that would bear them higher and higher, she would have gathered them close that night instead of flying over the glittering ice. June winds were soft when a black cloud procession passed out of the cottage and along the dismal road to a grass-grown country cemetery. And Fanny were in new mourning, but they hardly understood what it meant, or that they should come back to the little home no more. The baby knew only that there were strangers, of whom he was afraid, then walked loudly for "mamma." But strangers took him by the hand and said: "Sh! Don't cry, little boy," and gave him candy. He is a man now, but Fanny thinks of him often as a bright baby, asking eagerly, "Is 'Dad up in a moon?" and the memory of this comes between Fanny and that other memory of the happy hours at her mother's feet, fraught with stories of the merry skaters, and with songs sung in the clear, sweet soprano the three were never tired of hearing; and there comes a regret that the mother was not all their while she lived. It was such a little while, and the intervening years have been so tempestuous—have swept them wide apart. There is little of their history to look back upon pleasurably. If they only had a perfect memory of those early days, if there had been no unatisfied longings for mother love, no reaching out of eager hands to grasp nothing but moonbeams! Very often when the harsh world rises to Fanny's lip, when she is tempted to put her children off with little tenderesses, she recalls her early years, and thinks, with a throbbing pain, "Better now, some day they will remember." Housekeeper.

Why Does It Not Blossom? REV. C. H. FAIRBANKS. An only daughter spent in her home a few months ago, a lily, caring for it day by day and enjoying its growth until it reached the height of herself. As Easter approached she anxiously waited for it to open and display its wonderful beauty within. Easter day itself came, greeting us with the sound of many bells from the adjoining city. Many hands were busily carrying flowers to the churches with which to greet the Saviour on His resurrection day. "Why does it not blossom so that it, too, may be carried to the house of worship to take its place in the grand Christ celebration?" All day long we anxiously repeated the question, but at nightfall still remained tightly closed in the old home window. Why did it not blossom? We have been learning since. From a sick and dying bed, our Jessie has daily watched it. King's Daughters and other kind friends have kept her supplied with choice varieties of other flowers with which she communed while on the border land as with messengers from heaven, but from them all she turned to the one that she loved and feasted upon it with untold delight. "Why does it not blossom?" we continue to ask for a month. It is the Lord's day, and it proves to be the lily's day of opening, and the sick one's day of opening and blossoming also. In the morning she opened her eyes, and there it, enraptured with the sight. She takes pleasure in the singing of birds, and calls it her Easter and theirs; but she finishes the day in the enjoyment of the flowers and music of Paradise. And then we know why the lily did not blossom before. It blossomed for her, typifying and brightening her triumphant death, that she who went away and who linger might know more of the Christ blossoming in a human soul. And we buried it with her body on the banks of the Winocski, that they unitedly might express the union of her spirit with Christ in heaven, according to her dying prayer: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Why does it not blossom—that profusion of that young convert? Why is there not more of the beautiful in the presence of the God of purity and judgment and perfection? Why so much delay in the bursting of the ignorance and the limitations of self-dependence of early experiences? Why not more of the full flower, showing off in every public place? I think that the lily has told us why. It was growing when we thought it ought to be blossoming; and but it blossomed when the lily did not blossom before. It was for a special purpose; then for a home; and later, one by one, for the whole circle of her friends and acquaintances. Converted thirteen years ago in the ordinary meetings of a quiet Vermont town, she has since been a constant and significant testimony, and very reserved in expressing her feelings for the dead or the living, the past or the future, joys or sorrows, we were often-times impatiently asking: "Why does she not express her feelings in any way, and let us know all that is in her mind and heart?" But when the death messenger came and lingered for days, and she fearlessly received his message and calmly prepared for departure, bidding us everything in her power for seven-teen days we thought she was dying, and not a murmur escaped her lips, we no longer asked why she had not blossomed earlier. She had, like her lily, been preparing for her blooming; she had been growing in the directness, and let us know all that is in her mind and heart." For the rest of life these blossoming experiences will be worth more to us than the best theological book ever written, or the highest boasting experiences we ever heard spoken. The midnight singing by this dear one of her own selected rejoicing funeral songs, and her request that everything on that day be white and pleasant, suggest that in her modest growth she had already entered upon an advanced volume of "Beyond the Grave."—(Zion's Herald.) A soft, fair skin is the result of pure blood and a healthy liver, to secure which, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine. Ladies who rely upon cosmetics to beautify their complexions, should make a note of this, bearing in mind that they can't improve upon nature.

O, that we, that have to do with the young, could always remember that each page of life is new to them, and as we felt in sorrow, in trouble, and disappointment, so they feel, and give them sympathy and all the comforts and aids of our wide experience, never turning cruelly away because it is a child's, much less a boy's sorrow.—The Experiment. J. B. THOMSON, Esq., of the firm of Thomson Bros., Builders, 34 Bolyat St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I have had Dyspepsia for 12 years, very bad at times; have tried a number of doctors and patent medicines, but could get no permanent relief. I purchased a package of K.D.C., and before I had finished it, the symptoms were all gone, and I now enjoy better health than I have had for years. I can recommend it to any one." I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. DALLHOUSIE, CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS. I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT. ST. PETERS, C. B. EDWARD LINLIE. I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. BATHURST, N. B. THOS. W. PRYNE. The Superiority Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to the tremendous amount of brain work and constant care used in its preparation. Try one bottle and you will be convinced of its superiority. It purifies the blood which, the source of health, cures dyspepsia, overcomes sick headaches and biliousness. It is just the medicine for you. HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. "Why Does It Not Blossom?" REV. C. H. FAIRBANKS. An only daughter spent in her home a few months ago, a lily, caring for it day by day and enjoying its growth until it reached the height of herself. As Easter approached she anxiously waited for it to open and display its wonderful beauty within. Easter day itself came, greeting us with the sound of many bells from the adjoining city. 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Mr. J. W. Dykeman, St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them." J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

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R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. The most certain and safe Pain Remedy in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great CONQUEROR OF PAIN and has done more good than any known remedy. FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic causing the pain to instantly stop. CURES AND PREVENTS Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Swelling of the Joints, Pains in the Neck, Chest or Limbs.

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza. The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort. ALL INTERNAL PAINS, PAINS IN BOWELS OR STOMACH, CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, FLATULENCE, FADING SPELLS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water.

MALARIA, Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all diseases not to be treated with opium. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. RADWA & CO., 419 St. James St., MONTREAL. Be sure to ask for RADWAY'S PILLS.

Principal of the Commercial Department of Kent's Hill Seminary. A well-known PHYSICIAN RECOMMENDED Skoda's Discovery for my wife, which she has taken with the most satisfactory results. This led me to try Skoda's German Soap, as I was troubled with a great deal with a sensitive face which shaving would irritate. Skoda's German Soap has entirely rid me of this trouble. For softening and clearing up the skin one has only to try to appreciate its superiority over all others. Skoda's Discovery makes you soft, it makes you sleep, it makes you well. Medical advice free. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N.S.

When Economy Is Wealth 'Tis Well To Be Extravagant. OUR 1894 CATALOGUE, (just issued) shows how you may SAVE MONEY ON Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and Silverware. You get best goods and lowest prices. Catalogue free. L. L. SHARPE, 42 Dook Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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Intercolonial Railway. 1894 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1894 ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 25th June, 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sundays excepted).

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ON and after MONDAY, 19th June, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m., arrive at Annapolis at 11.30 a.m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11.55 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 1.10 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLES—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.15 p.m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 1.10 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.15 p.m.

What Can Be Done. The best of fruits in the east tropical fruits. Lions of bunches into the New York it is almost as applicable as a banana. Excellent fruiters slices about half sprinkled with a juice and then dipped in banana and larger growth of banana, are served roasted in the tin or roasted they dipped in butter, vegetable, or white sweet fritter. When fried they are in the tropics, ed in our market amount, for the families who have it in the tropics, ally as a vegetable and ripe state. It is in cold the banana is a na ice-cream is cious cream in mix half a pun with four yolk usually a pint of the mixture all ture heat over minutes, stirring not let it boil. salt and a pint four large red der or fine sieve only if they them gradually ready served. ly delicious fruit. Banana mouss is a culinary us serving banana Peel and slice two oranges. lfully from the they are out divided into lo them become the refrigerator, red cream over at once. Bananas are popularly their an hour to cool a lemon, acid half a lemon, are baking, any other, dried each time. The and a tablespoon, when the entree with some

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