

Messenger and Visitor.

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VOLUME LIII.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1889.

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Bro. Cooper has been on a visit to the Newcastle and Campbellton fields, and reports the outlook hopeful. A blatant infidel, in a lecture in London, "hoped that all the churches and every thing connected with them would be swept out of existence." One present asked, "which one of you will be responsible for Spurgeon's orphanage?" The lecturer collapsed. Infidelity ever robs the world of what is tested, valuable and precious, and never offers anything to make good the loss. An exchange tells of a "Christian scientist" who has discarded her false teeth, asserting that she can grow a new set by faith. If there is any way to reduce absurdity to a science, surely this is it. Bro. J. W. Tingley has begun his pastorate at Freeport, N. S. The local paper of West Middleboro speaks in high terms of his labors there. In Switzerland, the land of heroes, seventy per cent. of the young men are enlisted for military service through strong drink. A foe more insidious and baneful than the Austrians has shorn the people of their simplicity and strength. The papers are taking the *Independent* to task for stating that no teacher in a state school has a right to teach that any state law is wrong. Yes; but it must be remembered, in the case to which the *Independent* refers, that the teacher taught free trade, while the *Independent* is protectionist. Protestantism is making some progress in priest-ridden Spain. Protestant congregations aggregate 10,000. It seems strange that the Spanish at home are so hard to reach, while the Spanish race in Cuba and Mexico are so eager for the gospel. The drink bill of Great Britain, last year, was \$623,000,000. This is the tax to support the publican—the only one who received any good from the enormous gusling. The Jesuits have entered an action against the Toronto *Mail* for libel, placing the damage at \$50,000, because of its statement about the kind of oath they had to take. If the case comes to trial, there will be interesting revelations of the true insincerity of modern Jesuitism. In a Washington paper, we see a very complimentary notice of a lecture by Rev. W. H. Young, D. D., pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church of that city. It was on the Koran, its Beauties and its Boasts. The lecturer is the son of Dr. Edward Young, United States consul at Windsor, N. S. Our readers will be interested in the sprightly and racy Berlin correspondence, this week. We are glad to be able to announce that Miss Bishop will be a regular correspondent for the *Messenger and Visitor*. Read the account of the Missionary conference at Bimlipatam, and the notes furnished by Bro. Stewart. Seventeen have been baptized recently at Rana Manteko, on the Congo. Dr. Dix, of New York, declares that "to come together after a denial of the fact and the doctrine of apostolic succession would amount to a rejection of historic Christianity." Whatever may be said of historic Christianity, we have only to remember that there are none but High Churchmen and Romanists who hold to the signment of apostolic succession, to understand that the purest, the truest, and the most earnest Christianity of to-day rejects this belief. According to a letter to the Pope from Cardinal Gibbons, on behalf of the American hierarchy, his Holiness is in a terrible case. It declares that the wicked Italians have embittered his life "with indignity and disgrace, grief and sorrow, gall and wormwood, cruelly assaulting and putting the cross upon him." All this, because they have given him one of the finest palaces in Europe for a residence and a princely income; but would not allow him to rule Rome and continue to keep it the darkest, most ignorant and most intolerant place in Europe. Imagine St. Peter allowing any one to set up such a wall for him, because he was not permitted to lord it over a part of God's heritage. M. Donnelly, one who was born a Catholic and had been a priest of that body, was ordained to the Baptist ministry in Pittsburg, Penn., Feb. 21. He was first awakened to see the errors of Rome while listening to the piteous appeal of a woman he was confessing, for forgiveness of her sins. Rev. J. H. Beat has resigned the position of Superintendent of Baptist Missions in Manitoba and the Northwest, and Rev. J. H. Doolittle, of Emerson, has been appointed to succeed him. Rev. A. A. Cameron, of Winnipeg accepts a call to Denver. Grand Ligne Mission has received \$9,483 this last year. It deserves all it gets and much more. Phillips Brooks says, "If we could sweep intemperance out of the country, there would be hardly poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses."

— WHICH IS THE BEST?—Reference has before been made to the different methods pursued by Baptist missionaries from those followed by those of the most of the other denominations. Our missionaries begin by preaching the gospel to the heathen, and confine their educational work, for the most part, to the converts and their families. The Congregationalists, on the other hand, expend their chief strength in educating the heathen, hoping, in this way, to make them dissatisfied with the absurdities of their religion and more inclined to Christianity. The superiority of the former method receives fresh illustration from the results of missionary work in these two bodies during the last year. The Northern Baptists of the United States expended \$390,586 and added 10,602 to their mission churches by baptism. The Congregationalists spent \$666,399 and added but 4,888.

— UNBELIEVERS DEBAUCHER.—Frederick Harrison, the chief apostle of Positivism in England, has written an article to the *Fortnightly Review* on the "Future of Agnosticism." He declares with all emphasis that "not a rational argument has ever been put forward to show that religion of some kind is less necessary than before, less inevitable, less imperative," and that "the net result of the whole negative attack upon the gospel has perhaps been to deepen the moral hold of Christianity on society." "The Agnostic," he tells us, "is willing to trust to science as an adequate answer to the intellect, to ethics as a sufficient basis of conduct. He might as well trust in the rule of three and the maxims in a copy book to deal with the storms and trials of life." To this article Prof. Huxley replies. It is evident that he feels the force of Mr. Harrison's remarks by the violence of the language he uses in characterizing the claims of Positivism. It is likely they both are correct in what each says of the belief of his opponent. The believers in the teaching of the grand old book which has towered aloft while the storms of controversy have so often exhausted themselves, can rest at ease while different forms of unbiblical faith are destroying each other.

— THE RICH.—It seems that our Lord's words, "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven" still hold good. Dr. McArthur declares that but few men with hundreds of thousands of dollars are converted in the churches in New York. He adds, "If one were to ask our foremost pastors how many such men they had baptized during their ministry, the answer would be either 'few' or 'none.'" The wealthy men now in the churches were almost invariably converted before they became rich. Here is another argument for labor for the salvation of the young. It should also help the less wealthy to rejoice rather than murmur at their worldly circumstances. It is just possible that one reason why more of the wealthy are not converted is because they are not as faithfully dealt with as the poor. There is a shrinking on the part of Christian workers from pressing home the plain truth upon them. The rich are often more neglected than the poor. At the same time, the chief reason no doubt is the absorption in worldly things, which the acquisition and possession of wealth bring with it. It is still true that "those that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

— TERRIBLE.—One cannot read without a shudder Baxter's catalogue of the terrible calamities which would follow immersion: "Apoplexies, lethargies, palsies, and all other comatose diseases would be promoted by it. So would cephalalgias, hemioranias, phthises, debility of the stomach, eructations, and almost all fevers, dysenteries, diarrhoeas, colics, iliac passions, convulsions, spasms, tremors, and so on. All hepatic, splenic and pulmonary persons, and hyperchloridics, would soon have enough of it. In a word, it is good for nothing, but to despatch men out of the world that are burdensome, and to rattle churchyards. I conclude, if murder be a sin, then dipping ordinarily over-head in our land is a sin; and if those who would make it men's religion to murder themselves, and urge it upon their consciences as their duty, are not to be suffered in a commonwealth, more than highway murderers, then judge how these Anabaptists, that teach the necessity of such dipping, are to be suffered. If the minister must go into the water with the party, it will certainly tend to his death, though they may escape that to go in but once. I am still more convinced that a visible punishment of God doth still follow Anabaptizing wherever it comes." One

wonders whether people then ever took a bath. The dear old saint need not have troubled himself, for on his own showing immersion would soon have made a full end of the Baptists. We hear a faint echo of Baxter still in the descriptions of the dangers of immersing people in cold climates, and in apocryphal cases sometimes mentioned by controversial Pedobaptists.

— GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, Germany, Feb. 20, 1889.

On the 27th of January last the Emperor of all the Germans rose early from his bed and calmly rose to celebrate his birthday. A gleam of light from his windows shot across the *Schloss* Plaza and fell on the yellow sides of a post wagon crossing the square. Quick as thought the postilion stopped his horse, seized his post-horn, and the notes of a well-known song—"Schnee, dreissig Jahre bist alt!"—rang through the chill morning air. In spite of the early hour a crowd collected, loyal voices hurrahed lustily, and the long-headed postilion became the recipient of a present from the Emperor. That was the beginning of "Kaiserfetter." A pity the old Hohenzollern tradition could not repeat itself for every day in the year! A Berlin paper, devoting five long columns to an account of the day's festivities, said, "After a long season of gloomy weather, the early rays of the morning sun greeted the first birthday which the grandson of William I. celebrated in the capital city of his Empire; this act of courtesy on the part of the solar monarch, in spite of the fact that he, too, recognized the importance of the occasion and came out of the sulks for the nonce without waiting to be grumbled at."

Kaiserfetter! The sun shone, the river and canals sparkled merrily, flags waved and fluttered in every street, and all the world of Berlin looked itself to the open air to see what was to be seen. At ten o'clock the whole length of *Unter den Linden* was thronged with people waiting for a glimpse of the State carriages of princes, ambassadors, officers and others on their way to present congratulations to the Emperor. Such gorgeous turnout! of prancing horses and the stiffest of coachmen and footmen; of purple and scarlet and gold; of feathers, lace, falshs, kick-shaws, and gew-gaws innumerable. Inside rode brave men gilt about with sashes, pinked out with rosettes, glittering with crosses and stars, and beside them fair ladies in all the grandeur of court feathers and trains. All at once a tremendous shouting broke from the crowd, as two small plain carriages came driving rapidly toward the Palace. "Bismarck!" "Moltke!" and the sight of their faces at the carriage windows was as magic to the hearts of thousands. Next came a grand display of infantry, cavalry, and the body guard of Hussars, marching across the square to the sound of music, and presenting a most splendid appearance as the sunshine fell on glittering helmets and armor, on waving plumes and rainbow-hued uniforms. Later in the day the royal pair drove to a matinee in the Opera House, and then the enthusiasm of the multitude reached its height. They pressed upon the carriage so closely and in such numbers that its progress was almost stopped. The Emperor bowed laughingly towards every side and the Empress charmed all hearts with her graciousness. The ovations filled the air like a storm. Enthusiasm engendered out of six solid hours waiting in a cold wind—that ought to be worth more than ordinary manifestations. In fact it became extraordinary that until the very last of the illuminations that changed the city at night into fairyland, flickered and went out, the cheering ceased not to break forth at the appearance of every carriage whose coachman bore on his arm the magic silver cord which is the sign of royalty. The sun went down, the city lights flamed through the darkness of the night, and morning brought back the accustomed gray clouds and falling rain. Kaiserfetter was over. One day in the year he as much as the elements may be expected to furnish for the express benefit of even a monarch. In person, William II. is of medium height, rather thin, and though carrying an arm a little stiffly, owing to a lameness received when a child, has a fine soldierly bearing. He is fair, wears a blond moustache, possesses well-shaped features, and with the exception of a somewhat doubtful intentioned upper lip, looks a not unworthy successor of his father "the good," and his grandfather "the great." The Empress, Augusta Victoria of Schleswig, Holstein, is also fair, not pretty, but of an exceedingly pleasant expression, and is much beloved for her sweetness of disposition and exemplary quali-

ties as a wife and mother. The Emperor, too, if certain anecdotes are to be believed, knows how to exercise the duties of a father as well as those of a monarch. It is related that one day this winter he found the Crown Prince, a lad of some seven years old, in the act of beating one of his younger brothers.

"What does this mean?" asked the father, sternly.

"I'm the Crown Prince, and can beat little brother if I like," stoutly asserted the young aristocratic despot.

"Well, I'm the Kaiser, and can beat the Crown Prince if I like," answered the Emperor and proceeded to administer justice after the most approved plebeian method. He then gave orders in the palace that the little fellow should not be addressed as Crown Prince for the rest of the winter.

A short distance from the *Schloss* is the guard-house, where the soldiers must come out and present arms every time one of the Royal family passes. What fine fun that must be for the little prince! The Crown Prince, at any rate, had a mind one day to get all the fun he could out of it, and in some way or other managed to leave the palace unseen. A few minutes later a great crowd was assembled in *Unter den Linden*, watching with delight a tiny boyish form running up and down at full speed upon the sidewalk in front of the guard-house. His flaxen hair streamed out on the wind, his blue eyes sparkled with mischief as the guards went through their salutes at the rate hitherto unknown in military movements. The fun was at its height, as a man in officer's uniform made his appearance on the scene, snatched up the young scamp, and then, there, gave him a good sound whipping.

The loyalty of the Germans knows no bounds—at least as far as gauging upon the features of their rulers is concerned. If it becomes known that the Kaiser or Kaiserin is to pass along a certain street, at such an hour, all the people within walking distance get on their hats and lie them forth for the sight. The young couple are very gracious to their subjects, and many a bow and smile are treasured up in the hearts of the individuals who happened to be in the direct line of the favors as they fell. As for Prince Bismarck, I know a young German lady who went home one day in a perfect ecstasy of rapture because she had seen the tip end of his coat tails as he got into his carriage at the door of the Reichstag. In this sort of sight seeing, foreigners, and especially Americans, are not by any means the least indifferent. On New Year's day, as the Kaiser left the *Dorm* after service, thousands of people were collected about the door of the church from which, however, they were kept back by the police at a respectful distance of twenty or thirty yards. But even the German police are not omnipotent when Yankee curiosity is fully aroused. In the very centre of the foot of the steps which the Kaiser was descending, stood a single female figure in a green ulster with a *Baudecker* under her arm. All the efforts of the police, in the way of moral suasion, proved unavailing to dislodge her from her position. She had come to see the Kaiser and see him as she would to the very pattern on his coat buttons. There she stood, gazing critically upon the poor man through her eyeglasses until the alarming to of the carriage door hid him from sight and precluded further scrutiny. Then she turned, threw a triumphant glance upon the astounded policeman, and walked down the street with the self-asserting step brought only to perfection upon the soil of the "crown land." A laugh went up from the crowd and the whisper of "Amerikaner! Amerikaner! No one but an Amerikaner could have done that!" And they were right.

— LITERARY NOTES.

The Century for March (The Century Publishing Co., New York) appeals even more than usual to the aesthetic nature. Many of its illustrations are of remarkable beauty and interest. The paper on Christian Ireland, by Charles de Kay, may be instanced in confirmation of this, and is of as great interest historically as pictorially. The Lincoln chapter is a notable one, dealing as it does with the *Relics of Freedom*, but giving details and facts such as few historians are so fortunate to have at their disposal.

St. Nicholas for March (Century Co., New York) is inimitable. There is not quite so much in the line of instruction as usual, and more of pure delight and fun. This is well, as the long winter of study brings the need of more recreation toward its close. It is unnecessary to particularize for all the children, and nearly all the mothers, read every word of St. Nicholas; but the lovely Lappish Fairy tale by Boyesen, can hardly be passed by without special mention.

W. B. M. U.

"Ariste, shine: for thy light is come."

SPECIAL DAY OF PRAYER.

In connection with the third Wednesday of March, the day set apart for special prayer by the W. B. M. U., we would urge upon the Aid Societies that wherever possible, two societies or more should unite their services on that day, and that the following subjects among others be presented at the throne of grace: For more laborers ready to go out at once (Matt. 9: 38). For a spirit of deeper earnestness among the workers at home in this cause (John 9: 4). That the hearts of the people may be stirred to the money needed to send the laborers (Ex. 25: 2; 2 Cor. 8: 11). "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God" (Matt. 9: 29). That the health of our missionaries be very precious in His sight.

The societies in and about St. John will meet at German Street Church on that day. Notices as to the hour of meeting will be sent in due time.

The most vital questions for every Christian woman to-day are, What would He have me do? Am I doing it?

As to the first, we have a distinct answer in the first chapter of Acts. At the Ascension, as the group of disciples gathered around Jesus, with longings inexpressible, they must have desired to show their love to Him. The Saviour knew it, and in the solemn moment of parting He confided His one great desire to those he deems worthy to fulfill the sacred trust. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Before the clouds received Him out of their sight, His last words were "utmost parts of the earth." What greater legacy could He have left? Such a trust shows His confidence in our love and faithfulness. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." As these first missionaries walked back to Jerusalem, did they discuss what constituted a will? Is each of us included? or where is the money to come from? Ah, no! these hearts were intent on their Master's orders. Obedience was simply a question of supreme love to Jesus.

When Garibaldi had been defeated at Rome, he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but cold, and hunger, and rags, and hardships. Let him who loves his country follow me." Thousands of the youth of Italy sprang to their feet. Dear friend, if you see your work laid upon you with all the emphasis of a Saviour's last wish; if you are honestly asking, shall I carry the message of salvation to heathen women? let the answer be prompted by pure love and gratitude to Jesus. He knew us when he gave this as our motive for work. Nothing short of it will keep us faithful and strong. Do you say, I want the assurance that I am personally called? The Bible has it for you: "Let him that heareth say come." Instead of asking, have I a call to tell of Jesus to those who know him not, should not the question rather be: am I exempt? Should the government in dire need call for recruits between the ages of 25 and 50. What would you say of a man who, refusing to go, would give the excuse that he had not received a personal call?

As Satan oftentimes baffles the struggling sinners by saying: you are not included in the Gospel invitation, so too, he attacks Christians.

"You are too busy a woman to go into Christ's work. There are plenty of others to do it. 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me,' was said to the Apostles."

Quiet your conscience, for if God wanted you he would put you into the work. Is Satan to be conquerer here? If he cannot keep us out of the kingdom, shall he quiet and cripple us so we will be worthless in it? Many of us living face to face with the fact that 800,000,000 are without a knowledge of Christ, are still vaguely asking, what shall I do?

Off the coast of Southern America, a United States steamer heard the cannon of a vessel in distress. On drawing alongside the captain called out, "What is the trouble?" "Water—we are dying for water." Quickly was returned the answer, "Do you not know you are in the mouth of the Amazon. Let down your bucket and drink." All around us has a sea of perishing souls and we cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" One writes, "Can you tell me of an opening for work for China?" Dear friend, it is all open. Launch out into the deep and let down your net. But one says, "I have not a missionary spirit." God forbid that we should undertake this work without the true spirit. Let us not

lower the standard, but remember that the preparation of the heart is from the Lord." Jesus emphasizes the essential requirement and commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father. Of the disciples it is written: "These all continue with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and His brethren."

"Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be acquired by the house of Israel to do it for them." Seek the missionary spirit with all your heart. It is your badge of discipleship. If ye love me, keep my commandments. Ye are my friends if ye do what I command you.

(To be continued.)

Given Without Reserve.

When the heart is given to Christ, and given without reserve or compromise, all other things will be quite sure to follow. "Holiness to the Lord" will be stamped on them as a merchant stamps his trademark on his wares. Such practical questions as, "What work shall I engage in?" "How much time shall I devote?" and "How much money shall I give?" will be settled by a conscience of which Christ is king. Christ will get the best. The first-fruit will not be locked up in the granary, or the fattest sheep killed for the table of selfishness. The whole week will not be monopolized for business or household duties, and a hurried ten minutes be snatched for private prayer, or a sleepy hour be grudgingly given to a devotional meeting. If there is a bright, intellectual son in the family, the first thought will not be to enter him into the race for wealth or fame or splendid station; but this other thought, May not Jesus Christ have a use for his brain and tongue in preaching His glorious Gospel?

There are some of us ministers who in heaven will thank a godly mother for having made this very choice for us, and for having consecrated us from infancy to this "high calling." There are very many other ways in which a man may serve God outside a pulpit; but Jesus Christ ought to have the "pick" in our schools and colleges, and back of that in our homes and households. No young man or woman ever consecrates himself or herself to the work of saving souls and helping their fellow-creatures Godward and was sorry for it. The question, "Where shall I find a field of labor for Christ?" must be settled by the other considerations: "What am I best fitted for and where am I most needed?" Mary Lyons' injunction to her pupils at Mt. Holyoke was worthy of Paul himself. "Young ladies, in choosing your place of labor, go where nobody else is willing to go."

The amount of our property to be consecrated to purposes of benevolence should be left to a prayer-enlightened conscience. If Christ keeps the check-books and the key of the purse, then he will get his due share; but not a dollar should be given to charity which is demanded by honest indebtedness. "Owe no man anything, but to love one another," is a divine rule whose claim is as binding as the claim of God's treasury. The Bible rule is that everyone should give "as God hath prospered him;" in other words, according to his means. This puts the poor widow's mite on a par with the millions of a Morley, a Lenox, or a Win. E. Dodge. The most effective way of consecrating money is to bestow it sympathetically—just as the River Nile gives so much soil and rice crop every year. But, good friends, after you and I consecrate our whole selves and all our possessions, we shall still meet our Lord in heaven as poor debtors.

— T. L. Cuyler.

Scriven's Magazine for March (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). The opening article by ex-Postmaster-General James, on the Railway Mail Service, is without doubt the one which will be most widely read, and which ought to be. Few people who enjoy its benefits, realize the demands of the mail service, not so much for money, as for integrity, ability, devotion, and self-sacrifice on the part of those who perform this service, from the highest to the lowest. Mr. James endorses the remarks of General Superintendent Bancroft on the subject of insurance, but recommends that it be carried still farther. He points out that the first great need of the Railway Mail Service, is an adequate appropriation by Congress to extend its usefulness.

— The different kinds of laughs they have:—Dudes: Ha! ha! Farmers: Ho! ho! Teamsters: Haw! haw! Ballroomists: Hi! hi! Food-dealers: Hway! hway! Women: He! he!

gleans are few and cannot refrain from looking across the seas for help.

Papers were read—Miss Hatch reading one entitled "The worker's model," Mrs. Churchill, "God's promises our encouragements," Mr. Sanford, "The beginnings of the Mission," Mr. Craig, "On the uses of a knowledge of Hinduism."

The papers were excellent and have been requested for publication. Some questions, as usual, came up for discussion, but I have room for the mention of one only—a question of vital importance. It ran as follows:—What plan of campaign would this conference recommend for the speedy evangelization of our share of the Telugu people?

Mr. Craig opened the discussion, and as his views met with general concurrence, he was requested to write them out, and send them to the denominational papers for publication. Further discussion followed, a committee was appointed, a resolution brought in, adopted, and the secretary requested to send copies of the resolution to the secretaries of our Boards and denominational papers, at the same time emphasizing and elucidating the positions taken.

We refrain, therefore, in this brief sketch, from giving the resolution now. It will follow in due time, and we beg everyone to be on the lookout for it, and that not one will refuse it a place in his heart, for it concerns the extension of the Master's kingdom, something to which every heart loyal to our kingly Redeemer should respond. We bespeak therefore a first place for it in our denominational papers, and in every Baptist heart in the Dominion.

This conference was one of the best and merited more than passing notice, for we represent 3,000,000 of Telugu, a larger constituency than any denomination in the Dominion represents. We ask every one interested to pray with us that much may result from this conference, and that in the next future.

J. R. STILLWELL, Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

NEW GLASGOW.—Last Sabbath was a grand day with us. Three joined by letter. Bro. J. P. Morrow, a valuable member of the church, was ordained deacon; I think the first in the history of the church at New Glasgow.

BEAVER RIVER.—Thirteen were baptized at Brookville on Sunday, the 3rd inst., into the fellowship of the Beaver River Church. This makes twenty-seven baptized into this church since this year began.

THORNTON, QUEENS CO.—Two more were baptized into the fellowship of this church last Sunday. Baptism expected next Sabbath.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—Rev. J. A. Gordon has resigned his position in connection with the Seminary at St. Martins, to accept a hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate of the Charlottetown Baptist Church.

WINDSOR.—I baptized one yesterday. There are others inquiring the way, and the outlook is hopeful. Our extra services did not result in that rich blessing which we hoped for, but the church has been quickened and convictions deepened. We trust seed has been sown which shall be gathered another day.

WOOLSTOCK.—Since I last wrote you, we have been making some material improvements. About the beginning of the year we put in the incandescent electric light, which is a very great improvement on the lamp light.

POST LORNE, N. S.—In June last, the Rev. Josiah Webb, of New Brunswick, made us a visit. Being deprived of permanent ministerial labor, and realizing the necessity of having a pastor, we felt that God had directed him here.

DEATHS.—At Springfield, Kings Co., Feb. 23, of heart disease, I. B. Northrup, aged 23 years, leaving a wife and three children. Our deceased brother was baptized by the Rev. W. T. Corey and joined the church at Collins, January 1882.

At New Glasgow, N. S., on the 27th inst., of cholera, the Rev. S. H. Cain, Albert Windsor, of South Cove, to Elizabeth Wolf, of Western Head, Queens Co.

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KINGSTON, N. S.—Once more take my pen to inform the readers of the Messenger and Visitor of the glorious work that is now going on in this field, and the faithful labors of our pastor, Rev. E. Howe.

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he is very much endeared to the people of his charge, especially the young. There is very little excitement, but a quietness and peace pervade the meetings. The services are still being continued with a good interest manifested. We hope to see many more gathered into the fold of Christ before the revival closes. To God be all the glory.

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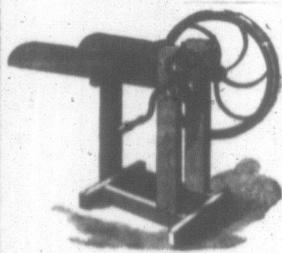
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WILL WASH THOROUGHLY A VERY

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That it will wash any article from a suit of

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break a button. That WITH ONE-HALF THE

QUANTITY OF SOAP it will, in two hours, do a

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any part of the house without mess or odor, and that the entire washing, rinsing and bluing

can be done without putting the hands in water, or soiling the dress. That we will send

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IN CASH

Will be paid for the first five (\$5.00 each) correct answers to the bonus side solution of the person sending it received until 24th inst. from Young Ladies in the Province of New Brunswick and P. E. Island under 18 years of age, to the following:

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17 & 18 SOUTH WHARF.

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IN GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT,

27 King Street.

NEW Long Scarfs, fine Handkerchiefs, Marcelling Scarfs, Neckties, Bracons, French Gloves, Ring Stamps, Cuffs, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Hosiery and Drawers.

IN STOCK:

ENGINEER ALL-LINEN COLLARS in the latest styles; and the "Dove" (Paper, Turb. Doves) and "The Swell" (Paper, Standing COLLARS).

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON.

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In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct Irrregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Bile Headaches. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results.

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For myself and family.—J. T. Hess, Leominster, Pa. "Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and are always perfectly verified, all that is claimed for them."—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of indigestion, or when I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely if ever have to call a physician. —H. Voulton, Hotel Voulton, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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When I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return as before. I mean to cure them for ever. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY & FALLING SICKNESS.

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THOMAS L. HAY, HIDES and CALF SKINS, and SHEEP SKINS.

DRUNKENNESS

THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil and tender, Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown, Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking for her spirits seemed to hover. Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bed-time cares of this, And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her, Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow; But her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures.

Long ago: And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old summer weather, "Where is little Charley, father? Frank and Robert, have they come?" "They are safe," the old man faltered—"all the children are together, safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothing, but his grief grew stronger and stronger, Till it choked and stifled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand, For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies, and broken verses, "Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving words, While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter meries, Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely— Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast; For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only, Lay at rest.

"Face you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me, 'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide, And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and heaven will restore me To your side."

It was even so. The springtime in the steps of winter treading, Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes; And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding" in the skies.

Selected Serial. ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER IX. A HOMEY DAY.

"I've got to go down to town to-day," Mr. Dame hurried in to say; "and, you've been wanting to go so long, now's your chance, Almira."

"Just like a man," his wife exclaimed, with such force that she turned a stream of coffee quite beyond the cup she was filling for Mirabel, onto the snowy tablecloth. "You do best everything, Miron Dame! How do you suppose I'm going to start up at this time of day, most seven o'clock, nothing done but breakfast, and go down to town with you?"

"You must always manage any thing," her husband returned, adroitly. "Humph! well, I can't say that."

"I didn't know till just now," resumed Mr. Dame. "Cy Jones came along with his wagon, and said the car was going this afternoon, and it had all got to be in to-day. She, now, can't you go, Almira?"

"Quick as I can get off. Got some other business, too."

"Spring wagon, Almira," "I can't, that's all. Always the way with women; as her husband turned back to the yard. "The d just took the trouble to find out."

"I don't know, I don't know, I don't know," she said, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."

"Why, Mrs. Dame," broke in Mirabel, suddenly, "you go, and I'll be housekeeper and give those men something to eat, enough to keep them alive."

"You," "Yes, Paula, can help me some."

"You couldn't both do it." "Two of us not as smart as you alone, Mrs. Dame?"

"They'll be up to dinner at half-past eleven sharp as the clock." "Of course. Well, equal Delmonico," said Mirabel, who was becoming interested.

To do Mrs. Dame justice, she had not the slightest idea how ignorant these girls really were of every thing domestic, nor, indeed, had the girls themselves. They pressed her going, and her husband, coming in, added his persuasions, until at last they prevailed. Going "down to town" with a few dollars in her pocket to spend and look up "bargains" was the good woman's one dissipation and temptation.

The bread was moulded with expedition: "I've concluded not to give it another rinse," she said, patting the loaf softly; "it's all ready in the tins now; just let it set here in this north pantry till it rises, and then bake an hour. Prick it first. Now, I'll take my clothes I had folded down to the shed-chamber, and shake 'em out loose."

"I'm dreffal glad I ironed part yesterday. Now," appearing again, "send Teddy down cellar for a pan of potatoes, and he'll take 'em out to the spout and wash 'em clear. Do you hear, Teddy? Go right along, then. Nothing like taking time by the forelock in work. I'll bring you something, Teddy. I wouldn't think of such a thing as leaving you," she exclaimed to Mirabel, "if it wasn't for a cap on my head, I'd have been with you."

"I've set my heart on my having one of those blue-ones with a long tassel down behind. I saw it in the fashion-book up to Almiry Bent's, but I can't get it up here. And I see Hudson, down to Berwick, is sellin' off good calico, fast colors, for one on a yard, and want some for a couple of comfortable. make a couple every year. If I am ever tuck away sudden, I don't want my boys to have to sleep under comfortable of their step-mother's makin', not bit of it."

"She had made remarks and giving instructions while doing here and there on household thoughts intent, or with hair-pins held in teeth while making hasty toilet.

The spring wagon, with its load of oily wool, waited at the door, the fat sorrels kicking and switching, not with impatience to go, but their natural enemies the flies. Mr. Dame gave occasional vent to his feelings by a snap of the whip, while his wife tied her bonnet strings with eyes half on the glass and half in the kitchen.

"I've put some corn beef in for the men, and there's some chicken in the pantry cupboard to warm over for you. Oh, and a pan of peas down cellar; Teddy will get them and help shell 'em. And, Teddy, you may carry your dinner to-day; there's a saucer pie you may have if you wash those potatoes clean for baking. And, Miss Vane, there's a mop for the dishes; my hands chap so in cold weather, I had to have one."

"I don't mind the dinner-dishes," as she climbed into the high wagon to her husband's side; "I'll be home to tend to those. And there's doughnuts and cake in those two jars," she called back as the sorrels started off under a sudden touch of the whip.

"Well, I've said everything I could, and now it's got to go. Oh, Myron, stop! Stop this minute, twisting in her seat, and beginning to call back.

"What in the world now!" and the horses, who had gathered themselves up for a pull over the gentle incline, were halted "a little while," she called back.

"Teddy, Teddy," called his mother back, "tell Miss Vane there's some cucumbers cut up in the shed cupboard; you get them for her, and you sweep out the shed and sweep the walk outside for the potatoes."

"Get up," called Mr. Dame to his horses, with unnecessary vehemence. "All, I hope that boy will live through all you gave him to do."

"I would love to see you," he called back to the lot, so's to tell the men to be sure and cut the grass close down, and to look out for the "skates," with withering sarcasm.

"I'll get you a pair of shoes for you men to get into any time you want to," and Mrs. Dame calmly "attended her outer gloves. "All you have to do is to get up in the morning and say you are going, and then be off."

"It's going to be a hot one, but then he helped his horses "hold back," as they armed, down the mountain, and that calmed his ruffled feelings.

"It's going to be a hot one, now, I tell you, I was his way back to peace and quiet."

"Well, Paula!" and the two girls left behind looked at one another with a smile, that grew into a grin as they said, "You know what we are to do first?"

"Dishes, I guess; Mrs. Dame always clears off the table, and then puts down the shades so that the flies will not get in. She has put the eatables away now."

The rest was soon accomplished and the room left in darkness, while the girls turned to their duties in the shed room, and bare as that was, it seemed charming to them, with its outer door and window, with women, and soft morning air drifting through, bringing faint smells of new mown hay or blossoming clover into the sweet cleanliness.

"I've left everything spick-and-pan clean, my way," Mrs. Dame said once to her husband, "and with no ironing off, and then I shall send you away to rest while I go on—go on forever," she quoted, merrily.

"Why, Mirabel! what else is there to do?" "I don't know, I am sure, but something, I suppose, for housekeepers are always doing it. Woman's work is never done."

"There's the peas, Mirabel." "Oh, yes; the peas." "And I can help with those. That's easy work, and I don't believe Teddy will have time."

"I guess so, with a whole pie," chuckled the youngster. "I'm glad ma ain't here."

With Teddy gone, their last interruption was out of the way. The other children were in their arbor, and the house settled into quiet. Things were "handy" in Mrs. Dame's shed-room. Plenty of hot water in the reservoir on the cook stove, and just outside the door a stream of clear mountain-water ran from a wooden spout into a white-pine trough and then gurgled away in a little stream to the barn. Several fruit-trees beyond made a nesting-place for robins and bluebirds, where they were trilling and piping now, not as in the earlier morning, but just enough to give a sense of cheer and song.

The housewife's instincts woke in strength in Paula. "I don't see how any one can ever get tired doing house-work," she exclaimed, holding up to the light the glass she had spent some three minutes in "polishing."

"Mirabel, do you suppose when I am older papa will send Mrs. Bent away and let me be housekeeper?"

"Time will tell." The sister was enjoying the unusual work just as well, but she knew that Mrs. Bent's office at home was more desirable.

So they chatted on, paying no attention to the clock, but doing things "to suit"; until the dishes were finished; to then they sat down in the door-way with the pan of peas on the floor, an empty dish in each lap, and two pails on the stone outside for the potatoes.

"Paula," said Mirabel, suddenly, "I am going to finish that ironing for Mrs. Dame while she is gone."

"Will she like it?" "Of course, she will be tired enough."

"Did you ever iron peas?" "I've ironed out lace, and I don't fancy there's anything more difficult. It seems such pretty work. I wonder that more of the girls that have such hard times sewing don't do ironing. I should!"

"Perhaps they don't know how," ventured Paula. "It must be easy enough to learn, by bringing up the last full pot. Mrs. Dame didn't say how long to boil these, did she, Paula? But, if I put them on at once, they will be sure to be done, and I detest a hard pea. It is almost half past nine now," and Mirabel carried her send a merrily "game dancing among the light ping ticks. A low whistle, which was nearly filled with water and set over and the peas turned in. When Mirabel came back from attending to her own room, a little later, she found the shallow kettle sending out a cloud of steam, and the peas dancing around in the abundant water like so many green sprites. But when she looked into the stove the glory of her fire had departed, the pine sticks leaving only a heap of shimmering red cinders, that moved with every breath of air.

"However, the life is left," she said to Paula, and then, as that was deeper than her word, and there was soon fire again. The irons were found and put on, the clothes brought down from the "shed-chamber," and a new line of work entered upon.

Had Mrs. Dame, jogging along on her sandy way, only known that she would have ridden more ungraciously even than at present.

"Think my stars," was her thought when she did know, "that I'd done off the coarse things and most of the colored."

But there were a good many left, and Paula begged so hard to help that a place was found for her and work began. Mirabel chose to commence with the only calico left, Mrs. Dame's dark dress. But the starch had not proved as good as usual, and she found trials from the beginning. Only, at first, they were laughed over. "Who could be getting fretted, with the soft breeze blowing through the theory bubble of the kettle, and the gentle bird-trills outside?"

She was ironing the dress on the starched side, and the flat stuck fast frequently. In the gathers it really behaved "abominably."

"I should think Mrs. Dame would wear flannel all the time, and never wash it, if calico always behaves like this," Mirabel exclaimed, when called on for the fifth time to sponge off the "full-size impression" left by her iron.

The fire, now of hardwood, began to send out fever heat, and the sun, rising higher, proved the truth of Mr. Dame's prediction. The shed-room had become contracted. Conversation languished. The girls looked wilted. But the dress was finished at last, and plain white clothes were restful after that.

"Do you mind, Paula, if we don't have the chicken for dinner?" Mirabel asked. "No indeed; not at all."

"I think corn-beef will content me," Mirabel went on; "I could be satisfied even with bread and milk, and eaten out under the trees."

"If it were not for the men." "Yes, Mrs. Dame was right; men can not take care of themselves."

"How long do you bake the potatoes, Mirabel?" "I don't know; half an hour I presume."

"The clock has just struck eleven." "I will put them in, then. Teddy managed to find mammoth ones at least. I wonder if they ought to go up on this slide or down below. It must be too hot above. Now, Paula, you rest from ironing and I will go and lay the table; or, if you like, you might arrange a bouquet for it."

"Yes. Past tense; it is in the present now, rising." "Perhaps pricking would stop it. She said prick it."

"They always went bread to rise, Paula. And the more the better, I suppose. I wonder what she pricks it with; if there is anything on purpose. Here come the men! Leave your flowers, please, and turn vinegar on the cucumber while I take up the peas and beef, believe I am hungry myself, Paula."

"So are we," echoed a voice at the door. "You didn't send us any lunch, as ma does," in a grievous tone, as two children presented themselves in sight.

"I'm hungry too," whined Nina. Mirabel hastened out to the stove. "I'll soon stop all clamoring mouths," she said gaily, lifting the shallow kettle from its place, and then raising the covers to look within. But the longer she looked, the more mystified grew her face.

"Paula, come here, she called. "Where are our peas?" she asked then, in a half-whisper.

"Get a spoon, Paula, quick, and see if you can find them. But no spoon of the most thorough search could bring any peas to light. A thin green soup, with a few skins from the toughest peas floating about in it, was all they could make of it."

"Hold the kettle out in the wood," whispered Mirabel; "I will get the other things on."

The piece of beef was large, and it felt the loss of its earlier boiling, and was refused to yield very easily to her fork, but it smoked with steam and made a substantial centre-piece for the men's table. But the "mammoth" potatoes were more obdurate still, and as hard as the heart of a millstone.

"They must have eggs," thought Mirabel. At least, she could boil those. But there was neither tea-kettle or boiling water, and the men were already washing out at the spout.

"I should think a housekeeper would wait a dozen heads," Mirabel exclaimed, as she flew around, finding the tea-kettle, and setting on the fire with a little water to heat for tea; then, filling another utensil with water from the reservoir, she dropped in about a dozen eggs and covered them over to boil, thinking—"Now, if the hens have done their part well, there will be some thing to eat any way."

The girls proved "all right," the tea was not lacking in strength, and there was plenty of pie. A few potatoes softened on the outside, and after the men had hesitatingly asked if they "could have some bread," and hinted at a "little butter," and had been seen looking in the water pail for milk, they professed themselves to "have had enough," and went away with faces that were sober—until out of sight in the barn.

How a Monkey Took Medicine.

It is an understood fact that not only does a happy disposition conduce to health, but that laughter itself has proved in some cases one of the best medicines. Here is an instance: A patient being very low with fever, his doctor ordered a dose of rhubarb. A pet monkey belonging to the sick man was present while the nurse prepared the medicine. When she left the room, the animal not knowing that his master was watching him, slipped slyly to the table, took up the goblet containing the liquid, and put it to his lips. The doctor, probably struck by the monkey's comical stance, but he disliked to give it up. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His grotesque visage brightened. He cast a furtive glance around, and then sat down with the goblet firmly grasped, and pretty soon he was actually stamping his foot as he had been his master do when angry. At last his excitement reached a climax. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stock with all his might, shut his teeth, and then, with a spiteful, vengeful snap, he hurled it with mud fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the thousand glittering pieces flying about. Never before had the sick man seen anything to equal it. The whole scene and all the circumstances, every thing about it, appeared to him so suddenly and comically ridiculous that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again more heartily, if possible, than before—laughed until he sank back exhausted and in profuse perspiration. The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his skin; he perspired and laughed again until he slept; and when he awoke a reaction had taken place, the fever had been broken, and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day, And winking tapers show the sun his way; For what my senses can perceive, I need no revelation to believe."

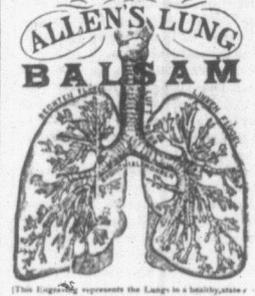
Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the sensations they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anæsthesia, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic constipation, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

"Best cure for colds, cough, consumption is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam." Outer Bro. & Co., Boston. For \$1 a large bottle sent prepaid.



How to Cure Skin Diseases. CUTICURA. THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF skin and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANT-PAIN-PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.



ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. THE REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP, ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

It contains no OPIUM in any form. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), General Agents, MONTREAL.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound (Liquid). Cures Chronic Constipation, Costiveness, and all Complaints arising from a disordered state of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious Affections, Headache, Heartburn, Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Gravel, Nervous Debility, Nausea, or Vomiting, &c., &c.

W. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S. VIRGINIA FARMS and MILLS SOLD by J. CHAMBERLAIN & SON, Undertakers.

DR. DANIELS' Veterinary Colic Cure. Has never been known to fail in a single instance.

LAMP GOODS. Chandlers, Bracket, Library, Student, Table and Hand Lamps; Burners, Chimneys, Wicks, Shades, Globes, Lanterns, Oil and Spirit Lamps, &c.

R. J. CAMERON, 94 Prince Wm. Street.

FOREVER.

They sat together in the sun And Youth and Hope stood hovering near...

Youth spread his wings of rainbow light, "Forever!" he whispered as he went...

Hope stayed, her steadfast smile was sweet, Until the even time she staid...

And then—where sat the two, sat one! No voice spoke back, no glance replied...

O, sweet, sweet Youth! O, fading Hope! O, eyes by tearful mists made blind!

—Susan Coolidge, in Independent.

THE HOME.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys...

She never said, "I can't," and "I don't want to" to her mother, when asked to leave her play and run up stairs...

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden, and saw the dew on the grass...

tenth of the grown-up women do now-a-days.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer,"

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the art of cooking and housekeeping.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight.

And fathers be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless and help her, and raise up others like her.—Selected.

A Dozen Good Rules.

We were struck lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table.

1. Shut every door after you and without slamming it.

2. Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping, or running in the house.

3. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.

THE FARM.

Farm Life.

Life on the farm is not such drudgery as it is represented to be. Too often, we think, much farm life is little else than hard tiring work.

There is a list, which is a very good one, of flowers to plant about a country home. Many can be obtained from slips; others grow from seed, which can be got from friends or bought cheap from any good seedsmen.

Then, if we would keep the boys on the farm, we must arouse their interest and love in the work.

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Fighting Poultry Vermin in Summer.

Frequently the most difficult work of the poultry man is that of ridding the premises of vermin.

These can be easily destroyed by using proper methods. The great scourge of poultry is not the mites, but the large body louse that hides at the base of the feathers, on the head and neck.

To prevent lice on fowls, the best thing is the dust-bath, which must consist of fine dry soil or coal ashes.

Use it warm, so it will spread well. Then dust the hens well with Californian or

Persian Insect Powder. Repeat this every third day, and dust every portion of the body, but do not grease the body—only the head, neck and vent—American Agriculturist.

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TEMPERANCE.

The Case of Mr. Brown.

He came of good old revolutionary New England stock. His father, hale and hearty, still living at a very advanced age.

He was a very bright boy, and easily carried off the honors of his class at the academy and toward at college and in the school where he studied his profession.

As the years passed on, incessant work, incessant smoking, and heavy dinners, which could not be digested easily without the aid of wine, began to tell on him.

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which, after much pain, he rose and continued as before to burn his candle at both ends. The tobacco habit was confirmed and could not be broken, though physicians warned him that nicotine was slowly but surely killing him.

And so the vitality that had seemed inexhaustible was gradually expended, until, after repeated illnesses, recoveries, and relapses, it seemed nearly all gone.

And now in the prime of life, in the zenith of his days, with his life-work but half-done, he has fallen a victim, not to hard work, for many men work as hard as has he, but to over-stimulation by high living and tobacco.

Miss Besie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it.

One of the professors in Harvard University was a great bugologist. He had all sorts of bugs the world ever saw, in frames, and he studied bugology until he knew all about it and had thousands of specimens of different sorts of bugs.

He was a very bright boy, and easily carried off the honors of his class at the academy and toward at college and in the school where he studied his profession.

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FREE Sewing-Machine. We will send you a complete outfit for only \$1.00. Includes a sewing-machine, thread, and needles.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'88. Winter Arrangement, '89.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1888, the following Railways will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Halifax and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Saint John: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Halifax and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Halifax: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Halifax: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Montreal: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Montreal: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Toronto: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Toronto: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Philadelphia: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Philadelphia: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave New York: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at New York: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Boston: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Boston: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Washington: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Washington: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Baltimore: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Baltimore: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave Philadelphia: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at Philadelphia: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express from Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

Trains will leave New York: Daily Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Saint John and Quebec, 10:30 a.m.

THE REASONS WHY

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL,

WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA,

HAS BEEN UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND UNANIMOUSLY PROCLAIMED AS THE PREPARATION MOST

RATIONAL, PERFECT AND EFFICACIOUS,

THAT UP TO THIS DAY HAS BEEN PRESENTED FOR THE CURE OF

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC COUGHS, BRONCHITIS,

Colds, Affection of the Chest, Throat and Lungs,

BECAUSE Its scientifically proportioned composition is not a secret and is based on scrupulously pure materials.

BECAUSE Its appearance and pleasant taste (sweet as milk) facilitates its administration to the most delicate stomachs.

BECAUSE Being, so to say, mechanically digested, these stomachs refractory to oily or greasy substances support and assimilate it.

BECAUSE By the association of Hypophosphites, Pure Cod Liver Oil and Chemically Pure Glycerine, scientifically proportioned, its

POWERFUL, STRENGTHENING AND FLESH GIVING PROPERTIES,

MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN AN ADMIRABLE AND RAPID WAY IN CASES OF

Rickets, Marasmus, Scrofula, Wasting Diseases of Children, Anaemia, Emaciation, GENERAL DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM AND SKIN DISEASES,

BECAUSE By virtue of the immense advantages it offers over the best plain Cod Liver Oil or other similar preparations, as demonstrated by the experiments made in Hospitals and Foundling Asylums, and confirmed by thousands of Physicians, it is with the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION that therapeutical results are obtained in proportion to THREE TIMES LARGER THAN WITH THE PLAIN COD LIVER OIL.

BECAUSE Being perfectly digested and assimilated, the patient can continue its use during the Summer without any inconvenience.

BECAUSE Its use does not offer any of the great inconveniences and gastrical disturbances, intestinal irritation, and the repulsive taste, peculiar to the plain Cod Liver

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN TWO SIZES. 50 CENTS and \$1.00.

News Summary.

DOMINION. — Wheat seeding has commenced in several parts of Manitoba.

— The Manitoba Legislature has made a grant of \$5,000 for the education of the deaf and dumb of that Province.

— Large quantities of pulp and cordwood are being got out of the Adirondack County, for shipment to Rockland and Boston.

— Mr. Alex. Gibson has donated the handsome sum of \$500.00 to the Conservatory of Music at the Ladies' College, Sackville, N. B.

— The Canadian Pacific Railway reports net profits in January of \$150,962 as against net profits of only \$22,256 in January of last year.

— Mrs. Lapointe, of Montreal, has obtained \$4,000—she having sued the Grand Trunk Railway for \$10,000, a locomotive of that road having killed her husband some months ago.

— The government has decided to construct a telegraph line from St. Peter, Cape Breton, to Louisburg, with an extension to Spatarie Island. The estimated cost will be \$13,000.

— The Flying Yankee will resume her trips between St. John and Boston on April 29th, at which time the spring arrangement of trains go into effect. The summer time table begins on 24th June.

— The proceeds of the provincial gold mines in the first month of this year were close upon \$20,000. Altogether about 900 ounces were extracted. The best yield was 92 ounces from 23 tons of quartz.

— A contract with the Marine Transport Railway for \$100,000 worth of sleepers, and for 200,000 logs into the line of the Ship Railway, has just been awarded to Rhodes, Curry & Co., of Amherst.

— On Friday, March 1st, there was cut on the property of Jacob Steeves, Folly Hill, Hillsboro, a tree which made eleven logs 12 feet in length, the top of smallest log measuring 10 inches. The tree contained 1,379 feet.

— The wholesale saddlery firm of Henry & Lacroix, St. Paul street, Montreal, have assigned, with direct liabilities in the vicinity of \$110,000. The indirect will bring the total up to \$200,000. The principal creditors are in England and the States.

— The position on the Western mail route held by the late James Campbell, of St. John, who was killed on the Maine Central Railroad over a week ago, has been assigned to A. S. Gross, formerly on the route between Moncton and Campbellton.

— The discovery of three gold bearing leads at Beaver Harbor, near the Salmon River, N. S., Archibald mine, is reported. The discovery was made by Capt. Curry; and also the discovery of gold at Ardoise Hill, Hants County, has created quite an excitement among the miners.

— James Goodwin, who has had his rotary mill near Round Lake, N. B., has cut this winter some 13,000 logs into deals and lumber for the Marine Railway, besides getting out a large number to saw near his own place, where he expects to move the mill in a few days.

— It is rumored that Walter Fullerton, of Westbrook, N. S., will enter an action against the Cumin, Hildner and Railway Company, because the train did not stop to permit him to get on at Lewis's Crossroad. The damages are fixed at the neat little sum of \$10,000.

— In an editorial on the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, of St. John, N. B., the Budget, of Toronto, a regular insurance journal of high standing, says: "It is enrolled as a regular company by the department, and offers the public an excellent method of life insurance, equitable and reliable."

— Mr. Charles McLaughlin, of Pleasant Hills, Economy, N. S., has captured four bears since the beginning of 1889. In January a she bear and two cubs, and February 23rd a large bear weighing 500 pounds. He sold the hides, etc., to advantage and got the bounty money, \$5.00 on each, and sent the carcasses to Halifax.

— The Allans have submitted a tender to the government for providing rapid service steamers on the Atlantic, to run in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the proposed line of fast steamers on the Pacific. It is stated by a member of the firm that the question involves the expenditure of a million pounds sterling.

— J. T. Wait, chemist, of Amport, Ont., and a leading church member, worth \$40,000, has been charged with forgery, applying forged trade marks and having for sale goods bearing forged trade marks. He has been counterfeiting the trade mark of Carter's Little Liver Pills Co., protected in Canada at a large outlay by the owners.

— One day recently Capt. Christie, of the Legion, Charlotte Co., saw a vicious looking animal in the yard which sprang at the cat and tore it into pieces. A loaded gun was immediately brought into requisition, but the intruder bounded away. That night a trap was set and the animal captured. He was over three feet long and striped like a tiger.

— In the Manitoba Legislature, on Friday night, the four and a half million guarantee act to the Hudson Bay Railway was repealed, and an act granting a cash bonus of \$2,000 per mile under certain conditions passed. The grant equals six hundred thousand dollars, which is practically useless to the promoters of the scheme. The Free Press says the project is killed for the present by the very men who got into power by means of it.

— According to the eighteenth report of the Halifax School for the Blind, now ready, there have been 32 persons under instruction during the year, 20 of whom are males and 12 females—5 of these have since graduated and left the school, making the actual attendance, Dec. 31st, 1889, 27, of whom 17 are males and 10 females. Of these 16 are from the Province of Nova Scotia, 8 from New Brunswick, 1 from Prince Edward Island, and 3 from Newfoundland.

— I have used Potter's Liniment for a severe cold and cough that prevented me from sleeping at night. One application relieved me, and in three days I was made well. Try it, sold by all druggists. A. R. FULTON, Truro, N. S.

— On a recent trip from Georgetown to Pictou, the steamer Stanley cut through fields of ice three to three-and-a-half feet thick without difficulty.

— A deputation has gone to Ottawa to look after the project of constructing a bridge across the St. Lawrence. The proposed bridge will stretch from Longueuil to St. Helen's Island, with nine spans, and from the Island to Point St. Charles with four spans. Provision will be made for a double track of rails for freight cars, as well as narrow gauge vehicles and foot passengers. The estimated cost is \$2,000,000. A Scotch bridge company have offered to construct it.

— Mr. and Mrs. Keene, two highly respected and aged residents of Nashua, N. H., have passed to their long home, leaving six weeks. Mrs. Keene, much the older of the two, was well known in the community, and was always a warm friend of the poor, assisting the distressed as a privilege and duty. She was a Scotch woman and delighted to talk her native land, but nobody knew anything of her means, although it was supposed she had money in a stocking somewhere. Just before dying she informed her son and daughter, who live about six miles distant, that they would find some money hidden in an old collar her husband had. After a tedious search her son found a package of gold in an aperture in the stone wall. Some say the sum was \$1,000, others say it was more.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN. — There is a rumor current in England that the Marquis of Lorne will succeed Sir Arthur Gordon as Governor of Ceylon.

— Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, has been declared bankrupt. His liabilities, it is said, are officially placed at \$600,000.

— King Milan will remain commander in chief of the army during his son's minority. A rumor is current that ex-Queen Natalie will return to Serbia to take up her residence at Kragujevat.

— At an auction sale of California trotting stock, at the American Institute building, New York, March 2nd, two year olds of Standardbred, who has a record of 2:14, was knocked down to D. S. Quinn, of Trenton, N. S., for \$25,000, the highest price ever brought by a two-year-old.

— The British man-of-war Sultan has been wrecked on the island of Comino in the Mediterranean. The captain and crew were saved. The Sultan was an iron armor plated vessel of 9,220 tons and carried 19 guns. She was temporarily attached to the Mediterranean squadron.

— A deputation of gentlemen interested in the shipping trade have waited upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, president of the Board of Trade, and have pointed out to him that under the regulations at present in force at Irish ports steamers pay smaller dues than those imposed on sailing vessels. Sir Michael promised to modify regulations in the interest of sailing vessels.

— In the House of Commons Lord George Hamilton, first Lord of the Admiralty, stated, recently, that the delay in supplying the navy with guns was due to the failure of the system of limbo. All ships, he said, would be supplied by the end of the present year. He stated that a government proposal to build eight first-class men-of-war of 14,000 tons each, two of 9,000 tons, nine first-class cruisers, 29 smaller cruisers, forty of the Pandora type of cruisers and 18 of the Sharpshooter type of torpedo vessels at a total cost of \$21,500,000.

UNITED STATES. — Harrison is the twenty-third President of the United States.

— The Reading Pa. iron works company have suspended with liabilities of a million dollars.

— Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazaar, died at her residence, 101 East 59th street, New York, on the 5th inst.

— The British schooner Gleaner, Henderson master, from St. John, New York, has been seized at Booth Bay, Me., by the customs officers, for non-entry, and is now in charge of the revenue cutter Woodburn. The fine for this offence is fifteen hundred dollars.

— Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British minister to the United States, will start for Washington about the end of this month, and after a short stay will return to London for the summer. In the autumn he will take his family to Washington for permanent residence.

— A plot has been discovered in Cashmere against the life of the British resident. The discovery was made through letters left by the late premier of Cashmere, which revealed a design on the part of the Maharajah to poison the British resident, besides other treacherable plottings. The Maharajah has offered to abdicate.

— In consequence of an order issued by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, notifying all the steamboat employees of the company of a reduction of 10 cents in their pay, the captains, engineers and crews of all the company's boats have stopped work. The tie-up is complete and the men are firm in their determination not to accept a reduction.

— The four greatest railways in the world in respect to mileage, an American paper says, are: The Atchafalpa, Topeka & Santa Fe system, 7,530 miles; the Pennsylvania railroad system, 7,530 miles; the Missouri Pacific system, 7,115 miles; the Chicago and Northwestern system, 7,082 miles. The Canadian Pacific system comes only eighth in the list, with 4,960 miles.

— On the morning of April 30, at nine o'clock, it has been arranged that the church bells over the United States shall ring to celebrate the event of 100 years ago, when the church bells throughout the thirteen States rang out to call the people together to pray for the success and prosperity of the country under Gen. Washington, that day inaugurated President of the United States.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it gratis to any Person who applies to NICHOLS, 177 McDougall Street, New York.

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