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The annual report of the Indian Department of the Dominion has just appeared. It shows that the aboriginal population of the country stands at about 108,000 and that it is neither increasing nor diminishing in any marked degree. The deputy superintendent general, in his report to the minister, says that the country has no little reason to congratulate itself upon a policy which has transferred its aboriginal population into a law respecting, prosperous and contested section of the community, which, so far as being a menace to or burden upon the commonwealth, contributes in many ways to its welfare. The report points out that it is a fallacy to suppose that the Indians are a dying race, doomed to extinction before the advance of civilization. Facts and statistics fail to support this view. In every Province excepting British Columbia the birth exceeds the death rate. Of the 109 deaths in excess of births in the excepted Province 84 occurred in the West Coast Agency, and the majority are directly attributable to the determined obstinacy with which these particular Indians cling to their potlashes, and in connection therewith, congregate and crowd together in a manner which produces the most insanitary conditions. In regard to the marriage bond and other sexual relations, while the report says that the law, with the laudable desire for the enforcement of nuptial obligations, recognizes the validity of marriages contracted in accordance with tribal customs, in furtherance of the same object it refuses to recognize kindred divorces among them; but as the Indians, are unable to appreciate such distinctions, it comes to pass that men and women are not infrequently to be found living on the reserve in relations which are condemned as illegal and immoral, although regarded by those immediately concerned as quite correct, and would in other communities be remediable by recourse to the divorce courts. Over and above this, it cannot be denied that considerable looseness exists in the relations between the sexes, which is by no means confined to the younger Provinces or outlying bands in the older Provinces, but on the whole the morality of the Indians up to their light is as good as that of their neighbors, and improvement is going on in this as in other directions. The distribution of the Indian population of the Dominion is as follows: Ontario, 21,191, an increase of 98 over the preceding year; Quebec, 11,149, an increase of 83; Nova Scotia, 1,998 an increase of 68; New Brunswick 1,694, a decrease of 5; Prince Edward Island, 292, a decrease of 9; British Columbia, 25,234 a decrease of 348; Manitoba, 6,775, a decrease of 54; North-West Territories, 17,561, a decrease of 88, and outside treaty limits, 22,084. The large apparent decrease in British Columbia is caused by the fact that the new agent for the north-west coast has deducted 231 from the population of his agency as a result of more accurate census than was taken by his predecessor for some time past.

The Outbreak

In Russia.

The trouble which for some time past had been brewing in St. Petersburg came to a head on Sunday, January 22nd, when in order to suppress a great popular demonstration, the Imperial troops fired upon the people massed in the city streets and squares killing nearly a hundred and wounding hundreds of others. The popular agitation began in the form of a strike in which the workmen of many factories were represented, aggregating, it is said, some 50,000 men. As the employers refused compliance with the demands of the strikers, the latter became more bitter in their insistence upon justice, and revolutionary elements mingled in the agitation. The agitators were led by a priest, Father Gopon, who persuaded the people that if they would present their grievances before the Emperor he would give them sympathetic consideration. A petition was accordingly drawn up by Father Gopon, formulating the grievances of the workmen and their demands, along with other demands, it is said, of a political character. A great meeting was called for Sunday, on Palace Square, in order to submit the petition to the Emperor. But the Czar, acting no doubt on the counsel of his advisors, had determined not to receive the petition of the workmen, and accordingly no audience was granted. On the contrary the assembling workmen found the Nevsky bridges and other strategic points in the city occupied by the military. The agitators, incensed by the

Emperor's refusal to listen to their grievances and still more by the presence of the troops, continued to crowd the streets and squares in an angry humor, refusing to disperse when ordered and at points assaulting the police and the soldiery. This led up to the tragedy of the day, when the soldiers of the Czar fired on the crowds, first with blank cartridges and then with bullets, wounding and killing men, women and children. There are conflicting reports as to the number of killed and wounded, some of them no doubt greatly exaggerated. One report says that at one point where the mob and the troops came into conflict there were a thousand killed and fifteen hundred wounded. Another report, which purports to be exact, gives the total number of the killed at less than a hundred. As a result of the action of the military the streets of the city were cleared and external quiet was restored. But it is known that the feeling of the people against the ruling classes is intensely bitter. The revolutionary fires have for the moment been smothered but not put out, and for days the people of St. Petersburg have lived in a state of suspense bordering on terror.

The Ontario Elections.

In the general Provincial election in Ontario on Wednesday last, the Ross Government suffered a decisive defeat. In the new House the Conservative party, led by Mr. J. P. Whitney, will have a majority of more than forty. The result not only disappoints the hopes of Mr. Ross and his followers, who apparently believed that the Government would be sustained, but it probably more than fulfils the most sanguine expectations of the Opposition. Among the defeated Liberals are four members of the Government—Messrs. Latchford, Dryden, Graham and Ewanturel, while Mr. Ross and his other colleagues in the administration were returned by comparatively small majorities. It is quite evident that popular opinion in the Province has turned strongly against the Government. The reasons for the change are various. It was not because of its failures in administrations that the Ross Government became unpopular. Few Governments probably have done better in that respect. Mr. Whitney will have the advantage of entering upon his administration with a full treasury and with the affairs of the Province generally in a very satisfactory condition. But the Liberal party had been in power in Ontario for thirty-two years, and the cry that it was time for a change doubtless had some effect. But there were more substantial reasons. The party's long lease of power had attached to its fortunes a corrupt element which was ready to employ the most unscrupulous means in order to hold on to power. Hence many charges—some of them proven of corrupt procedures in connection with elections. The Government, if not guilty of collusion with this corrupt element, was at any rate discredited because of its connection therewith. Then the Government's attitude on the temperance question was without doubt a cause of weakness. Its failure to take the advanced position which prohibitionist demanded forfeited the good-will and support of a considerable temperance element throughout the Province, while the comparatively advanced ground actually taken by Mr. Ross and his colleagues on this subject won for them the hostility of the liquor interest. The attempt to avoid both Scylla and Charybdis by a moderate middle course was not successful.

China Defends her Neutrality.

Probably the world in general has not credited the Russian Government with a large measure of sincerity in making formal charges against China of the violation of her neutrality in connection with the present war, since it is pretty well understood that Russia has been at least as ready as Japan to take advantage of China's inability to enforce under all circumstances her professed neutrality. However such charges were formulated and the United States Government was requested to call China's attention to these alleged violations of her duties as a neutral power. This was accordingly done, and the United States Government has now received China's answer. It is understood that the following gives a correct summary of China's reply to Russia's allegations:—Regarding the charge that the Chinese bandits were enlisted in the Japanese army, the Chinese government says that they were enlisted first by the Russians, as frontier guards, and fought against the Japanese. Besides

the subjects of a neutral power have the right as private citizens to enlist in a foreign war. No Japanese officers are in China's northern army at all. Russian and other foreigners are in educational institutions throughout the empire, and in the maritime houses, but this is a matter of internal administration. Regarding the iron ore said to have been furnished the Japanese army, the answer says this ore is from mines owned by Chinese merchants, separate from the government mines at Hanyang. International law does not include this article under the head of contraband of war. The Matao Islands are said to have been used by the Japanese as a base for their navy. This is denied. Regarding the articles of contraband alleged to have been sent to Dalny, ships have run the blockade, that is the belligerents' lookout. China is doing all she can to maintain it. Regarding the Ryeshitelni incident, it is stated that the seizure was as unexpected by the Chinese as by the Russians. The Chinese government did everything it could against such a seizure. The Chinese government considers that Russia has violated neutrality in a number of instances. Bridges have been built by the Russians over the Liao river, and Russian troops have encamped on the west side of the river, which is supposed to mark the boundary line of the neutral zone. The captain of the Ryeshitelni, while going to Shanghai under military escort, made his escape from the authorities in whose charge he was. The answer, in conclusion, says the Chinese government has not swayed one iota from her neutrality, and the general attitude of her people is peaceful, and has been appreciated as such by the powers.

Stoessel Criticised.

After all, it appears that there are those who strenuously deny the right of General Stoessel to be regarded as a hero for his stubborn defence of Port Arthur. Before the surrender of Port Arthur, Balfour the London Times who has just returned from a visit to Port Arthur describes the impressions received there, and says:

Without witnessing them, nobody could form any idea of the stupendous strength of the fort or the incredible heroism displayed in their capture. No foreign officer is able to find the reason for the surrender of Port Arthur. Those who have seen the condition of the fortress believe that no more discreditable surrender is recorded in history. There were 25,000 able bodied men capable of making a sortie, hundreds of officers, all well nourished, and plenty of ammunition, the largest magazine being untouched and full to the roof with all kinds of ammunition for naval guns. There was further ample food for three months, even if no fresh supplies could be received, besides the waters are teeming with fish. There was abundance of wine and medical comforts, and large quantities of fuel of all kinds. The stories that the red cross buildings were wrecked by the Japanese fire are admitted by reputable residents to have been pure fabrications to excite sympathy. All accounts agree in commending the majority of the officers, who feared the failure of comforts more than of ammunition and agree that no man ever held a responsible command who less deserved the title of hero than General Stoessel.

Famine in Ireland.

In parts of Ireland there is much suffering resulting from a cause which has given rise repeatedly to similar conditions in the past—the failure of the potato crop. It is in the western part of the Island that the scarcity prevails and in some districts the sufferings of the people are reported to be extreme. Mr. Jeremiah O'Donohue, a merchant of Dublin, who passed through Montreal the other day on his way west, was interrogated in reference to the subject, and is reported to have said: "Potato blight has once more ruined crops in the west, and death and disease are now stalking among the famished natives. I have seen whole families on the verge of starvation, not knowing where their next meal is to come from, and scarcely remembering what their last one tasted like. People of this country have never been troubled by famine, I understand, so they may scarcely credit the stories that are coming across the Atlantic from Ireland concerning the absolute want which the people of the greater portion of the western coast are facing. I've seen fathers of families walk between twenty and thirty miles in search of food, and many an Irish mother has denied herself a bite and sup for days at a time in order that her little hoard of meal or potatoes might last longer and so stave off for a little longer the starvation which was staring herself and her children. We Irish are a proud people, as we have every right to be, thank God, and you can depend on it that what is real otherwise these people would never have knocked at the door of the Government begging for relief. The Government has at last listened to the situation, and public works, which will afford a measure of relief, are soon to be started, if they have not already begun."

The Days That are no More; or Glimpses at the Past With Lessons for the Present.

BY VERNON LAMBDIN.
V. A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The memory is very erratic in its working. It plays strange freaks with its possessor. Matters of moment that one might suppose it would treasure long it drops with careless hand into the swift stream that flows to the ocean of oblivion; while a trivial circumstance it retains and preserves as we press between the pages of some loved volume a little leaf we have gathered during a holiday ramble. An apparently common-place incident is as fresh today as when it first happened; it comes back with startling vividness; it abides with us forever; whereas other, maybe greater events through which we lived, are seldom, if ever, recalled. We set ourselves to conjure up some stately figure from the past; instead thereof a laughing imp starts into being before us and mocks our wizardry.

Memory is often like a dark lantern whose light is focussed on one little spot, while the beauties of the surrounding landscape remain veiled in denser darkness. As we peer into "the dark backward chasm of time," we catch sight here and there of a glimmering fact; but much lies hid in profundity and gloom.

When I think of "the days that are no more" in my young life, one day stands out distant from others, and one slight happening makes for itself a permanent record in the imperfect register of recollection. It seems that before I attended the public school I used to go to a dame's school. The whereabouts of that domestic seminary I have forgotten; though I have an idea that it was one of a row of small cottages not far from my aunt's abode. The personality of that early preceptor is altogether shadowy to me. The names, the appearance, the ways of my fellow-scholars have all escaped my remembrance—to say nothing of the lessons we shared. One thing only I remember: a sultry afternoon with its choking heat, its feeling of oppressive restraint, and its sense of interminable length. I am very thirsty, and the mistress permits me to repair to the kitchen; and take a drink from the household pail. The very sight of the water revived me, and today I almost feel the old delight as I raised the tin cup to my lips. Ever since that time I have been partial to drinking vessels made of the same humble ware. Never has any beverage had such an exquisite relish for me as that simple drink of water. Why does its memory abide with me? Probably because it was the gratification of a perennial instinct. We are strangely subject to physical cravings, and their denial or appeasement strongly affects the mind. Then, too, the impressions of life's opening years are usually the deepest, and their associations the most attractive and abiding. Almost all our poets have testified to this. One of the humbler of their order has sung with homely pathos of:—

"The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well!"

Another, and a greater poet has sung his famous song beginning—"I remember, I remember," which stirs all our hearts because it appeals to what is in them all. No sunshine so bright as that which poured through the windows of the early home, no air so fresh as that which blew through the clustering curls of childhood, no skies so near and glorious as those which canopied the familiar scenes of youth. Truly, as the still greater Wordsworth tells us, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Alas, the celestial glory fades too soon into the light of common day. But even its remembrance serves to lighten the gloom of after years, and while the tender thoughts it awakens are possible to us we are never without influences which the blessed spirit can use to soften hard hearts, and make world-weary men and women as little children again.

It will be seen that the experience I have mentioned is not peculiar to me; nor is it peculiar only to persons of an imaginative turn. It has been shared by all sorts of people in all ages. A minister, whose house is adjacent to a beautiful spring, told me how his son, sick with fever in another land, heard its musical gurgle as he lay weary worn and thirst-tormented. Ah, how he longed to place his poor parched lips to the wooden trough o'er-running with that cool, delicious water. As the prodigal said, "In my Father's house is bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger," so another and worthier, son might have said: "Near my father's house is living water running to waste, and I am well nigh dying of this raging thirst." That spring was more to him by reason of the past, which the thought of it revived; a past which meant home, health and happiness. And the human heart is much the same in all times and places. One touch of nature binds the sons of men through the centuries into one kinship. When David was in the cave of Adullam, separated from his old home by the hated Philistines, he felt an intense longing to taste once more the water that had seemed so sweet in the peaceful and far-off days of childhood, and his thoughts involuntarily revealed themselves in the exclamation, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" Three of his mighty men heard the audible whisper of their beloved leader, and his wish became a command, and furnished a rare opportunity for a display of loyalty, so at imminent risk, they

broke through the hostile garrison, and drew water out of the well, and brought it to David. But the great Captain would not take a draught brought at such a cost of jeopardy to the lives of those brave men. So he poured it out as a libation unto the Lord, it being beautifully symbolic of sacrificial devotion. Had David drunk of it, it would not have tasted to him as it once had done. Distance not only lends enchantment to the view; it also enhances the flavor of simple fare. Some things will never taste to us as they once tasted, even could we return to the old life, it would never again be what it once was. We ourselves have changed, the passing years, whatever compensations they may have brought, have robbed us of the capability for the former keen enjoyment. Many burdened with the weight of this all weary world have longed to be little children again. That cannot be naturally, nor would it be well even were it possible, but some better thing is provided for us, we may become little children in a higher sense. We may become humble, teachable, gentle, with hearts susceptible and eyes full of wonder at the marvels wrought by God. In spiritual phraseology, we may be born again. The new birth is not only a gracious possibility. Millions have experienced it to their everlasting joy. John Bunyan tells in "Grace Abounding," how, being rebuked by a loose woman for his ungovernable habit of profanity, he longed to be a little child again, that he might learn to speak without swearing. That desire was afterwards granted; he became in the spiritual sense a little child, and instead of oaths, prayers and praises came spontaneously from his lips. As we come back to the old wells in the places of our youth, and drink of their waters only to be disappointed, Jesus meets us as he did the woman of Samaria, and says as he looks wistfully into our sad faces: "If thou hadst known the gift of God—thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." And as he points to the well which has mocked our cherished expectations, he further says: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Yes, and we prove his words to be true. He gives us water far exceeding that which softened and sweetened our childish lips. It brings satisfaction without satiety, and its quality is the more appreciated the more we taste. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

While I remember so vividly that drink of water in days of childhood, I have another memory which is dearer still. I look back to the time when I was a poor, way-worn sinner; when I was destitute of inward peace, and all earth's streams had faded as brooks dried by summer's heat. Then I felt a thirst I had never known before: I thirsted for God, even the living God, and that which alone can be found in God. And there appeared one like unto the Son of Man who with radiant smile and gentle hand led me unto fountains of water of life. I can best sum up my happy experience in the oft-sung words—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

I can testify that "of all rivers, the river of the water of life is the best," and that no draught is so satisfying as that which comes from the wells of salvation. "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The tidings of salvation brought from heaven is, indeed, the gospel—the best of all news, reviving, cheering, refreshing those ready to die. What suitable and abundant provision God has made in his word for our deepest needs! As the spiritual nature asserts itself there is a longing for something more than bodily gratification; then we cry with the Psalmist: "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." And God has made himself accessible to us in the Scriptures of truth. Water springs sparkling through all the pages of that Book, from the undefiled river which watered the Garden of Eden to that river, in the restored Paradise, clear as crystal which proceedeth from the throne of God and the Lamb. One of the last words of Revelation is an invitation voiced by the Spirit and the bride—and echoed from lip to lip by those who have sought and found. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Let us sound forth that welcome word until all thirsting souls hear the good news.

Jesus has told us that whosoever shall give to drink unto one of his little ones a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward. The smallest help rendered to God's dear children, prompted by a spirit of brotherhood, shall be highly esteemed in the great day. How many there are who need some material assistance, how many more who need words of good cheer when ready to faint beneath the burden and heat of the day, and how many more who need most the consolations of the gospel. Let those of us who have found sources of strength carry therefrom supplies to others in the hour of need. Thomas Carlyle relates a beautiful incident in the life of Frederick the Great, showing how the lowliest may help the highest by practical deed and kindly word. It will be well to re-tell it as nearly as

can be in the gifted biographer's words. When Frederick's fortunes were at a low ebb, after his defeat at the battle of Kobin, and all the world seemed arrayed against him, he felt naturally somewhat depressed. As he and his men were marching away from the scene of disaster, a staunch, ruggedly pious old Dragoon brought in his steel cup a draught of pure water to the king, from some fine well he had discovered;—old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refection to the thirsty, weary soul, and spoke in his Dragoon dialect: "Never mind, your Majesty! The Almighty and we; it shall be mended yet. The Kaiserin may get a victory for once, but does that send us to the devil!" Those words of rough comfort were well taken. So some of Christ's soldiers, even leaders, seem now and again worsted in the battle against evil. But let those who are strong in faith take from the well of divine promise a reviving draught, and remind the weary warrior that we shall yet be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

Heaven's Light on Earth's Drudgery.

BY REV. F. S. MEYER.

What a difference heaven's light makes to common objects? A worn-out bottle skin, a patch on an old garment, the fox creeping to its hole, the homeward flight of birds from their feeding-grounds, a rustic penfold, all these shine with a new glory when touched with the luminous words and thoughts of Christ. The shavings and implements of a carpenter's shop are forever consecrated because the light from His face shone on them during the years of his service in carpentry.

It is also true that when his thoughts and conceptions of life fall on the scenes of daily toil, "the common round" no longer appears as a treadmill, but becomes a ladder which links the lowest earth to highest heaven.

What are the considerations which will shed heavenly light upon drudgery like this, until the result is that common things begin to shine with heavenly lustre, as a bit of glass bottle across a valley, which has caught the level rays of the setting sun, is transformed and begins to sparkle like a star?

The first thought which will light up life's drudgery is the remembrance that it has been appointed by God's wise providence. God as much sent Joseph through the drudgery and discipline of prison as through the glory of the palace. Every part of his life was designed for the evolution of a divine purpose for himself and others. If he had evaded the irksome duties of the prison, he would never have come in contact with Pharaoh's servants, and so the link which bound prison and palace would have been missing.

You can never tell why God is exposing you to the fret and pressure of the present moment until you see the apartments of which it is the vestibule. All God's purposes are love; "all things work together for good." For the disciple, all long, straight roads, however dusty, lead to the Golden City,—the sure anticipation, therefore, of the goal which must be a happy one, since God is God's, and our trust that he is bringing us thither by the shortest and wisest path should gild with the light of expectant hope the tedium and monotony of the present. I am ever prepared to read the rather dull introductions and disquisitions with which Sir Walter Scott prefaces his great novels, because I know that I shall be well repaid when I get to the narrative.

The drudgery of life is as much a divine vocation as are its most brilliant passages. Too often we speak of being called to the ministry, confining the term to the young lad, who, like Samuel, has heard the divine voice; as if it were unsuitable to speak of a carpenter as being called to the bench, the blacksmith to the forge, the shoemaker to the last. This exclusive use of the word is in direct collision with the apostolic precedent which bids "every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." "Brethren," said the great apostle, who more than any other has inspired the thinking of subsequent generations, "let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God."

If it were possible for the poor slaves of some great patrician's household, who might be compelled on their bended backs, to bear for hours together without the least movement the chess-board on which their masters were deliberately playing, to be taught to think that the menial service they were called to perform was a divine vocation (1 Cor. 7: 21,) surely there is no toil or duty assigned to us in the course of divine providence in which we may not hear the voice of God. If you listen when the bell arouses your tired body so another day of toil, you will detect the silver music of the bells of heaven summoning you to take up your part in the great economy of the universe.

He who appoints stars and glow-worms, cherubim and fire-flies, suns and molecules of dust, to perform their several parts in the clock-work of the universe, has appointed you as a little cog-wheel or screw, and by your faithful performance of obscure and unrecognized duty you are doing your part in helping to maintain the order of the great movement which extends throughout the universe and is slowly advancing to that "far-off, divine event" of which the poet sings.

The faithful performance of drudgery duties is tending to the formation of noble character. All that God wants of anyone is faithfulness. Not brilliance, not success, not

notoriety which attracts newspaper notice, but the quiet, regular, and careful performance of trivial and common duties, as beneath "the great Taskmaster's eye." To be "faithful in that which is least" will win as rich a reward as faithfulness in the greatest.

Indeed, it is harder to be faithful over a very little than over much. The opportunity, therefore of winning the highest reward in the future world is not given only to those who are called upon to occupy the high places of the field, where every brilliant act is chronicled by admiring pens, but to those who dig out the foundations, who do duty in the trenches, and who are buried in common graves, without magnificent obsequies or glowing epitaphs. Of many it will be said at last, "They had their reward" in the blowing of the trumpet of earth's fame and the murmured applause of many voices; the "turn of those to whom no one said, "Thank you" will then have arrived.

Have you not seen the way in which men construct arches? A number of beams, wooden uprights, and cross-pieces are constructed into the form of the arch which is to be. The structure looks very confused and flimsy; it is difficult to trace the design, and one speck of flame would consume the whole; but upon its span the bricks and stones are deposited which will last for generations. So upon the mean structures of daily drudgery, which excites no enthusiasm, which strains the muscles and wears the nerves, is being built up a character which will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" when the heavens have passed away "as a scroll.

In every piece of honest work, however irksome, laborious, and commonplace, we are fellow workers with God. Throughout His miracles we find our Lord invited and used the co-operation of his followers, or of some material substance such as the bread and fish, or the clay for the blind man's eyes, or the interposition of the strong hands which rolled away the stone and unbound the swathed limbs of Lazarus. All these are living illustrations of an eternal fact that God uses us as His fellow workers in the accomplishment of His purposes.

It is for him to cause the growth of the golden corn; but men must reap and thresh it, grind out the flour, make and distribute the loaves of bread. Only so can the great populations have their prayer answered as in many tongues they cry, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is God's work to flood with sunshine the woodland and forest, by earthquake and cataclysm to entomb vegetations in the cellars of the earth, and by long processes to change the green growth to coal; but all this provision would be useless unless man exhumed the ebony treasure, with infinite labor bore it to the surface and presently carried it, by collier-barque or costermonger's barrow, where it may be had for consumption in human homes.

The tailor is God's fellow workman, helping him to clothe the bodies which he has made to need garments of various textures. The builder helps God to house the children of men. The merchant helps God to bring the products of the East to refresh and enrich the toiling masses of the West. The author, printer, and publisher help God to distribute his thoughts and gospel for the quickening, comfort, and inspiration of men. The girl who makes chocolate-creams helps God to give pleasure and delight, as well as nourishment, to hundreds of children; and the lawn-tennis ball-manufacturer helps God in the development and strengthening of the human body, on the endurance and vitality of which the success of the gospel may largely depend on some far-off mission field.

It is a beautiful and inspiring thought, as we each go forth, day by day to what seems to us a piece of common drudgery, to realize that God is our fellow helper, and that we are fellow workers with him.

It was striking and helpful to hear of a young-girl employed in laborious and ordinary duties complaining that she had now only one girl to influence in the rooms where they wrought together, instead of the many amongst whom her lot had been previously cast in one large department, because it suggested the good use that each of us may make of our daily service when it brings us in contact with other souls and enables us to speak at one of ourselves. The best sermons are not those that are being preached from pulpits of carved stone on Sunday, but those which are being uttered at the desk, from the sewing-machine, and from the loom.

Take up your work, then, you who seem to be the drudge the man-of-all-work, shoemaker, or slaver; do it with a brave heart, looking up to him who for thirty years wrought at the carpenter's bench, and remember that "your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—Christian Endeavor World.

What Christ Could Do.

BY REV. JUDSON KEMPTON, PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, MUSCATINE

Walking the streets of Muscatine, going into the homes of the poor, visiting and speaking with the men and women in the factories and mills, occasionally going through the saloons, gambling rooms, and brothels, not as a spy, but as a minister of Jesus Christ seeking the lost, I had a sort of day dream of what the Master of human hearts would do for the working people of Muscatine,—if they would let him.

In my dream they let him have his way. I was speaking to the men in one of our great factories at the noon hour. I told them that Jesus Christ, the carpenter, was the greatest friend the working man ever had. When he spoke, though he charmed all classes, yet the learned and the rich were often infuriated by his words, but every where "the common people heard him gladly." His full sympathy and love enveloped the working man. More than once to the humble fisherman he said, "Follow me." With the farmers he sympathized in their sowing and reaping. He talked of the weeds in the wheat; of the seed that was sown, some falling by the way side, some among thorns, some on the rock and some on good soil. To the hard-working housewife, who knows no union hours, he talked of the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, or of the woman who lost ten pieces of silver. The shepherd heard from him the parable of the lost sheep, and to him he said, "I am the door of the sheep-fold." His sympathy reached the poor. When he stood over against the treasury and saw many that were rich casting in much, his sympathy went out to a certain poor widow who cast in two mites, and he immortalized her deed. When he saw a great mass of the long-suffering, hard-working common people, the sacred record tells us that "he had compassion on the multitude for they were as sheep without a shepherd." They are so to-day. And they will be so until they take Him as their shepherd.

His sympathy extended even to the wicked, though he himself was pure. Hear his lament over wicked Jerusalem: "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem! which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not." To the sinful woman taken in adultery, he said, "Neither do I condemn thee." In thinking of the sympathy and love of Jesus Christ, the apostle referred to him as "having compassion on them that are out of the way." The first great need of the working people is a leader who has genuine sympathy. Over and over they have been betrayed by men who professed sympathy, but who were lovers of self. At every election the politician addresses the laboring man as if he were his greatest friend; encourages him to tramp the street nights with torches and illuminated mottoes, yelling like a maniac for a man who is laughing in his sleeve. Perhaps the politician furnishes free beer and whisky and sends him home drunk to his wife and babies, and thus shows his genuine love, (?) sympathy (?) and friendship (?) for the working man and for his family.

What would we think of Jesus if he had shown his sympathy in this way? If he had debauched the poor working men of Palestine, if he had encouraged their vices, to make them think he was a good fellow and to win their votes to make him king of Israel, what would we think of him? We could never have heard of him. He would have proved himself a demagogue, not a Saviour of mankind, and his name would have been buried long ago under the names of ten thousand other demagogues,—false friends of the working man.

It was the politicians, the lawyers and the doctors, who crucified Jesus Christ, and they did so largely because he was the friend and wise counselor of the common people, and yet the common people, the working men of Jerusalem, gave their consent, and more,—they voted for Barrabas the thief, they yelled to crucify Christ, their friend, and cried, "his blood be on us and on our children." And how many times since, has the working man been blind to his real friend and hurrahs and voted for the outlaw, the thief and the robber!

And so, methought, I plead for Jesus Christ and urged the workmen to take him as their Master, accept his proffered aid, and see what he could do for their lives.

As I looked from face to face, I saw the men were moved. When I had finished one of the foremen stepped out and said:

"The minister is right. We have been rejecting our best leader; we have insulted him; we have crucified him, I have a mind to do as our friend here says, take Jesus Christ as my Master and Saviour. What do the rest of you say?"

An intelligent looking man with a questioning expression asked of nobody in particular, "Is it a practical thing? How would we set about it?"

Said I, "If I can show you that it is a practical thing to become a follower of Jesus Christ will you follow him?"

"Perhaps," said he, "your idea of what is practical and mine might differ: I have heard that you preachers are visionary fellows."

"Well," said I, "I mean that it is as practical to be a follower of Jesus Christ as of Eugene Debs, or Henry George, or Martin Wade, or Theodore Roosevelt, or Robert Ingersoll." Said I, "you take the words of Jesus Christ: believe them, study them and, as you understand them, you agree to live by them."

Then, in this sort of dream, I saw a happy sight. All the men in that mill or factory agreed to follow Christ, the working man's true, spiritual leader.

"Take a week," I advised them, "to study his words. Read the gospels, the New Testament, and find out what he wants you to do."

It was a week such as many of these men had never known before. Nearly all had Bibles in their homes, but in some cases they were covered with dust and in others they served merely as parlor ornaments. More than a few wives and families that week were surprised and sometimes amused, to see the husband and father, or the big brother, after the evening meal, instead of going to spend the time in the usual places of amusement, hunt up that neglected Bible and turn to the gospel of Matthew or John. The book stores wondered at the increased sale of Testaments.

But these working men discovered the requirements of Christ, as any man can; and they found to their own surprise, that they could fulfill them,—not perfectly perhaps, not ideally, but humanly, as they and we all do everything.

At the end of the week I visited them again and found they had discovered the essential laws of Jesus Christ, and that they were eager in their desire to put them into prac-

tice in their surroundings. Confessions before men, both by word of mouth, and by the rite of baptism, which is the symbol of his death, burial, and resurrection: forgiveness of injuries done us—"If we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our heavenly Father forgive yours,"—self-denial,—"deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me": serve the world—"whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them," save the world—"as thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world—and overcome the world,"—"be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" these with prayer—which is as much a privilege as a duty, the men had discovered to be the essential requirements made by Jesus Christ of one who would be a genuine follower.

In becoming the disciple of a merely human teacher, I tried to show the men, we have nothing but his words to go by. It is better in following Christ, for here we have him always by our side. "Lo, I am with you always,—even unto the end of the world."

Then, in my dream, I saw the working of a reformation, an evolution, which in a few years made this city the wonder of the world. Muscatine washed her sins and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. And there was nothing impossible in my vision. No law of nature, or of human nature was violated. Nothing was done but what has occurred ten thousand times, only, in this case, it was a city that became a follower of Christ, instead of an individual,—that was all.

These workers in the mill went out and talked Jesus Christ to their friends. Their wives, their families, their fellow workmen in other shops were impressed and (here is the only miracle) they also became followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth. All the working men of Muscatine bowed Jesus Christ to have his way with them. It happened then? Rapidly they rose: saloons, gambling dens, brothels, became fewer and fewer. They ceased up and were stouged off the scene on a sealed body. The \$400,000, which I estimate Muscatine now spends annually on various forms of vice, was either spent in buying books and literature, better clothing, better food, houses, parks, etc., or it was put in the bank for future use. Thus, that I may easily estimate to be worth more than a million dollars, that is now wasted in vicious habits, was turned to good account. Obeying Christ's parable of the talents, working men and workwomen's boys and girls sought to improve their minds and physical powers. The increased number of pupils for the high school demanded a larger building, and out satisfied with that, it was not long before a great Christian university crowded one of our hill tops, and over-looked the Mississippi river, with a foot-ball team and a rowing crew that was famous far and wide.

Muscatine became a city in which trouble between labor and capital was a thing unknown. Influenced by example employers as well as wage earners became Christian, and studied how they might follow the requirements of Christ. Love one another; serve one another, became the rule. Men really worked for their employers and strove to give them their best service. Employers ran their business, not to get rich themselves, but that they might divide the profits honestly with those who made the business a success. Each looked after the interests of the other, and there was confidence between them. The homes of Muscatine became roomier and more beautiful; the streets were kept as clean as floors; the water supply was as pure as science could prescribe; physicians were employed, more to give the people advice how to obey the natural laws of God than to administer doses of medicine; the merchants gave full measure, pressed down and shaken together and people came here from Davenport to trade; business blocks arose on Second and Third streets as fine as any in the land. Cash went not to the brewer's but into the honorable merchant's till and the people paid their debts.

The churches of Muscatine were revolutionized. As all men studied Christ's word, tradition and human prejudices gave way, and Christ's word was the only law. All being Christians, and all contributing as the Lord had prospered them, it was no longer a question how to raise the money that was needed to maintain a struggling cause, but how wisely to use the funds that the people gave. The present houses of worship were soon abandoned as inadequate to the new demand. As men drew together in faith, after a while they came together in organization, and the question,—"What church do you belong to?" was no longer asked, for all were one body in the Lord. In various parts of the city large Sunday school chapels were built with different rooms for people of different ages, and here, on Sunday mornings, the people, all the people, would go to study God's word and be instructed by teachers who were specialists in the scripture.

Sunday afternoon was a time which the working man spent with his family. It was the happiest time in all the week. If they chose to spend it in the home, there would be singing, reading and sociability; if out of doors, it would not be at a baseball game, but in some pleasant spot beautiful by nature and made more attractive by the hand of man—a park, perhaps; easy of access, where sacred oratory and music might help to lift the soul to God.

Sunday night there would be one meeting place for all the city's worshippers. In a great Temple that should be capable of comfortably seating the whole adult population, a majestic building that should tax the art of the finest architects in the world, the people would assemble to sing their hymns of praise to worship and to be inspired by some God-gifted orator. In that combination church all that was best in all the churches as at present constituted, would be found. The ritualistic churches, the Catholic, Lutheran, and Episcopal, would yield from their ancient stores a magnificent ritual. The Presbyterians would contribute to our spiritual and mental stability by furnishing great doctrines to think about, and great reverence for the Sabbath and for the Word of God. The Methodists and United Brethren would inspire the whole church with their hymns of grace and their passion after souls. The Congregationalists would give this church of my dream a form of Government in accord with the scriptures and with the democracy of our time; while I think the denomination to which I belong might design the baptistry and check any tendency to ecclesiasticism by calling attention to her long cherished thought of the soul liberty of the follower of Jesus Christ.

So my dream ended and I said, "I wonder if I will not before I die, see a city somewhere on this earth, where Christ shall have his way, and show what he can do for the working men and all the people!"

"And," I said, "I want to do my best to introduce him to the working men of Muscatine."

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A NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH.

The term 'church' as used in the New Testament is from the Greek word *ekklesia*. It is found in the New Testament one hundred and fifteen times. Seven times it is used to denote a Jewish or Gentile assembly, fourteen times at the most it is used in a generic or universal sense, ninety-four times it is clearly used to designate the local church. In all of these passages in the Acts and the Epistles which describe or define the constitution and functions of the church, reference is had distinctly to the local church, as for example the church at Rome, the church at Corinth, the church at Philippi. There is no single statement that can be found in the New Testament Scriptures which gives an exact definition of the church. A careful survey however of the direct precept, the explicit narrative statements, and the incidental allusions in the entire book, justifies the following as substantially accurate and comprehensive. The Christian church is a company of baptized believers in Christ voluntarily associated together in conformity with the teachings of Christ and His Apostles, for the purpose of worshipping God and of promoting his kingdom in their own hearts and in the world.

Whenever and wherever these conditions are fully met there is a true church of Christ. There is no hierarchy, for there are no ranks of ecclesiastical functionaries, there are no orders of ministry except such as exist in each local church, and even these are not absolutely necessary to the true existence of the church. There is no priesthood of believers. Christian ministers are never called priests in the New Testament and there are no priestly functions for them to discharge. The priesthood of the elder dispensation came to a full period in the person and priestly work of Jesus Christ. The five classes of Christian ministers mentioned in the New Testament are the four designated by Paul in Eph. 4:17, namely, apostles, prophets, evangelists, and pastors and teachers, that is presbyters or bishops and deacons. Of these the office of 'apostle' was, from the nature of the case, unique and ceased with the death of the apostles. The 'prophets' and evangelists do not seem to have been distinct classes of church officers. The supposition which some writers have indulged in, that these were officers of the generic church is without the shadow of basis in fact, and is interesting only as a whim of fancy. The terms designate a kind of ministry which pastors or deacons or even laymen might perform, if they had the requisite gifts. The two permanent classes of church officers are presbyters, bishops or pastors, and deacons, these men were chosen by the vote of the church.

The fact that the Apostles ordained elders in various churches in no way shows that the choice of the church was not freely and fully exercised. The ordination of these officers was a public and formal recognition both of their call from God and their election by the church.

The church looked at from one point of view, is an absolute monarchy. 'Ye call Me Master and Lord' said Christ, 'and ye say well, for so I am.' Paul constantly speaks of himself as the 'oulos,' the 'bondservant' of Jesus Christ. His expression with reference to himself is representative. Christ is absolutely supreme.

Looked at from another point of view, the church is a pure democracy. There are no grades of rank and authority between the head of the church and its members. All members, ministers and laymen alike, are on one plane of spiritual equality before the Lord. Christ said, 'Call no man father, for one is your father, even God, call no man master for one is your master, even Christ.' Membership in the Christian church, calls for loyalty, devotion and attachment, to all for which the church stands. In it there is a place for each member to fill, if that place is unfilled by him, the whole church is the loser and for just that much he is responsible. My brother, where do you stand to-day?

PAY IN THE MINISTRY.

In the *World's Work* for December are given the replies of twenty ministers stating the reasons why young men are deterred from entering upon the ministry as a life work. To each one the question was asked, 'If you had your life to live over again would you enter the ministry?' Of this number only seven replied in the affirmative, thirteen said 'No,' without qualification or were non committal. These

thirteen men must find the work of the ministry a grievous burden, there can be no joy or inspiration in it for them. They must find its duties drudgery indeed. Is the commercialism of the age finding its way into the pulpits? Are men entering the ministry for the sake of the material benefits which the calling gives to them? That many of our pastors are underpaid is indeed painfully true. This is especially so of those who are working on our smaller and scattered fields. But the ministry can never compete with the mercantile spirit of the age. Pay in dollars has never been the minister's reward. It will be his loss if it shall ever so become. This is not his reward. No person in the world has an equal opportunity for investing in character, for unselfishly putting himself under a community and lifting it up. If a man asks where can I make the most money? Let him turn resolutely from the Baptist ministry. Think of Paul the Apostle asking such a question. A large part of his pay was his delight in service. He knew what it was to want, and to be in distress and to suffer. With him, the hardships of the ministry were a thing of joy and of an ever widening horizon of opportunity. His ministry was a vocation, if a man wish his life to be a vocation he should keep out of the ministry. There never was a larger opportunity for manhood in the ministry than at the present. With growing obligations and enlarging perils to the young man of today, anxious to make the best investment of his life, a great opportunity and privilege, but he must remember that his Master has said: 'If a man will follow me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.' 'Verily I say unto you he shall have his reward.'

THE AWAKENING IN WALES.

The work of grace is still in progress, and arrests public attention. Over 30,000 converts have been added to the churches.

From the information just to hand it would seem that a revival of national proportions is in progress, that the scenes of Pentecost are being repeated, and that the whole of South Wales is held in the throes of an indescribable religious excitement, the effects of which are now being felt in every corner of the British Isles. This wonderful work of grace flings to the winds the theory 'that the only revival possible in these days is one of ethical culture'—Here are seven densely populated counties on which the salvation of God has graciously descended. Here in cities, villages and hamlets may be seen night after night, doctors, lawyers, and merchants, kneeling side by side with colliers, teamsters, and policemen, all of them confessing their sins and expressing their new found joy in language that cannot possibly be misunderstood. The sincerity of the worshipping hosts is undoubted.

A reporter who had been sent to investigate, reports, 'On Tuesday night I attended a meeting in a district remote from the sphere of Mr. Roberts' activities. The quiet town was stirred by a torchlight procession of exceptional magnitude. Thousands of the inhabitants paraded the streets and sang revival songs as they marched. Accompanying the processionists in their parade I peeped into a score or more grog-shops, and strange to relate I did not see a single customer in any of them. The crowd ultimately gathered in a square opposite the town hall. Prayers were offered hymns were sung, and the scene was an indescribable spectacle of holy exultation.' At a place called Albercynon there are 400 conversions reported, at Blackwood, 600, at Quakers' yard 450, and so on all over the principality. These are places, be it remembered, that have not been visited by Roberts or any other evangelist.

It is reported also that one feature of the movement is a desire on the part of a great many of the converts, to receive the New Testament form of baptism. This is what might reasonably be expected from converts who adhere so closely to the teaching of the word of God, as do these in Wales. As we read we may well say—"It is the Lord's doings and it is marvellous in our eyes."

David Lloyd George, M. P. and the liberal leader in Wales, a staunch Baptist and a pronounced opponent of "the Education Act," in a recent letter to the press says, "All who love Wales must wish this revival God-speed. Personally I believe it is destined to leave a permanent mark on the history of our country. The most important thing to be urged in connection with it is that the religious leaders of Wales should see in time that the great forces which have been aroused into activity should not be wasted in mere outbursts of emotion. Let them in time overhaul their denominational machinery, and adapt it to the new and greater demand upon its resources, which has been created by this remarkable upheaval, which seems to be rocking Welsh life like a mighty earthquake." This is the testimony of an active, energetic, clear-headed man in the very front rank of political discussion today, and who, if life is spared, will take a foremost place in the councils of the great empire.

And Rev. D. S. Morris gives this testimony, "What has come under my own observation during the last fortnight is wonderful. Chapels with seating accommodation for 1200 or 1500 have been crowded at 10 and 2 o'clock every day. Men who have been considered hopeless, "weep in penitence" burn their club cards, and declare their intention to give up the drink and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. To an unbeliever in God the Spirit this is inexplicable."

Rev. David Phillips of the Welsh Congregational church Treharris, writes, "Every evening converts are being added there being now over 150 who have declared themselves for Christ within the last three weeks. Some of these have been the most hardened sinners in the district, addicted to sin of every, and the blackest type. They publicly confess their particular sins and ask for pardon."

A pastor at Cardiff (Baptist) writes, "I have visited some of the churches in the Rhondda valley, and truly the Lord is working mightily in that and many other districts, and we are fully of joy."

Another pastor writes, "The spirit of prayer has descended upon men and women, young and old. Converts are intensely conscious of the presence of God, and have confidential talks with him." Another prominent feature of the revival is brotherly love. Grievances are forgotten, disputes settled, and offences forgiven. A wonderful work truly. Would that Canada could be similarly blessed. It is the great need of all our churches to-day.

GOOD NEWS FROM LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

THE WORK OF THE TORREY ALEXANDER MISSION.

There have been six weeks of continuous services in this city. Great difficulties have had to be overcome. The place of meeting though admirably adapted to such services, was quite a distance from the centres of population. Many of the people who attended, came from two to six or eight miles. They came by street-car and then had to walk one half a mile after leaving the car. In spite of all this, thousands came together every night, and on Sunday nights many are turned away for lack of room.

The power of God has been mightily present in the meetings. Many Christians have experienced a new quickening and thousands of the unawakened have been brought to Christ. The last week, it is said has been the best of all. People have stepped out of darkness into a wonderful experience of God's presence and power. Hearts were made glad and fairly bubbled over with the joy that filled their souls.

Business men have met for prayer from 12:30 to 12:50 in the Corn Exchange. These meetings have been well attended, but better than all, the "Spirit of God" has been present in power. At one of the first meetings an agnostic was converted. At the last meeting, all over the Exchange, strong stalwart men were weeping—some of them gray-haired men.

There is no doubt that all over the British Isles, men have had their minds turned toward the things of the kingdom of late. The people have been in an expectant attitude, and God has appeared among them as a Great Deliverer. Surely the words of Scripture are being verified in a wonderful way, 'Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord.' The query comes to our lips, if the blessing of God in a gracious revival comes to Wales and Liverpool, why not to these Provinces by the sea? The need is as great as far as we can see, and God is the same everywhere. Our prayer has been, is, and will continue to be.

Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, with all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of Heavenly love in these cold hearts of ours.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP AND PASTORS.

As is well known, Rev. Charles A. Cook of Bloomfield, New Jersey has been employed to visit the churches of the United States, to preach and lecture on Christian Stewardship. This question is vital for our own denominational well. Every pastor cannot deal with it with equal skill and ability. But it forms a part of the great work which has been entrusted to the ministry of our churches. The pastor is to lead his people in the development of "this grace also" as well as in that of any other of the so called Christian graces. Mr. Cook gives several reasons why pastors should teach the principles of Christian Stewardship.

1. "Because these principles are Scriptural."
2. "Because they have not been widely taught, and are not generally understood."
3. Because Christian Stewardship is a greater subject than Christian giving.
4. Because through the proclamation of these principles, the giving of the individual, and the financial work of the church, would be put on a spiritual basis and lifted into a spiritual atmosphere.
5. Because these principles are fundamental to the highest development of the financial work of the church.
6. Because a wide-spread revival of Christian Stewardship is needed as a safe guard against the prevailing spirit of commercialism, and the increasing greed for gold.
7. Because where the principles of Christian Stewardship are faithfully taught the people will respond. A wide door of usefulness would be found for a course of training on this subject in the Maritime Provinces. Many pastors would be greatly benefited by such a course and the churches themselves would as a consequence be led to see things as they do not see them now.

Editorial Notes.

-In answer to the question 'What is a revival? Dr. Pentecost says, "It is the filling of dead things, or things apparently dead, with new life. It is the refreshing and quickening of things that are ready to die, to keep them from dying. What rain is to the thirsty earth and dying vegetation in time of drought, so is a revival to the church in time of religious declension. We know that there is a longing on the part of many of our pastors for a genuine work of grace in their churches. The prayer, 'O Lord, revive thy work' is ascending from many family altars. The need for such a work is very apparent to an observer of the trend of things in church life at the present time.

-Someone has said, "If we die the day of our funeral, we were dead a long time before." There is no poetry in this sentence but there is a deal of good common sense. It is our privilege and duty to project ourselves into the decades that lie beyond our death day. The man who is satisfied with his daily task is a failure. We must aim higher than we hope to hit, or we shall hit so low as to be ashamed of our aim. What a blessing it is to have such a great example. So far above us, so incomparable in moral dignity and grandeur. The day comes, "when we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

-The articles which have appeared on the second page in recent issues of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR have been written by one of our well known pastors under a nom de plume. They are reminiscences of English life. Of these articles, a Baptist minister, himself an author in England, writes, "Your autobiography is very good and makes literature—A lady who is on the staff of a leading London paper writes:—'I like what you have written extremely, and have read every word of it. . . . You appear to have great talent and much originality, and to write well.' We quote these appreciative words to show our readers what others have to say of the good things which appear from time to time in our columns. There are also others.

-A recent issue of the Examiner says, 'How quickly many questions that divide Christians into sects would be solved if all would lay aside their traditional beliefs, and go straight to the New Testament with open minds, determined to follow it, and it alone, hereafter.' This is not an easy thing to do as may be learned by an honest effort. Too many of us have our preconceived notions as to what is the truth, or what we would like the truth to be, and go to the word for the confirmation of our beliefs, and as is usually the case we find what we are seeking. But to go to the book divested of all prejudice of all preconceived ideas, and endeavor to get at its exact meaning, is the one right thing to do. There is no other way. We need to pray very earnestly for 'the open mind'—when we study God's Word.

-It is imperative, if as churches, we are to measure up to our responsibilities and our duties, that all our members shall bear their part, and that systematically, in caring for the work that is carried on outside their own bounds. This is just as important, just as necessary and just as binding, as contributing to current expenses. This desirable end has not yet been attained in any of our churches, more's the pity. It will only be gained, however, not by fervent appeals or by a more complete organization. There must be the organization; there must be the appeal accompanied by the needed information, but back of, and beneath all this, there must be the force—the power, which comes from a deep spiritual life and a closer walk with God. Our members must realize more fully that they are not their own that they are stewards, and 'workers together with God.'

-The Lord Jesus said in his conversation with Nicodemus, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit.' In saying this he announced a most profound and far-reaching truth. That the natural man may become a spiritually quickened man, more is needed than that his natural faculties shall be educated and developed, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh and no amount of culture can make it anything else. The natural man, must be made to partake of a new life, which is from above, in order that he may enter into the spiritual kingdom. By the declaration of Jesus, we are plainly taught that the Christian life is not a process of natural evolution or development from a lower to a higher stage, but that there is a distinct and definite beginning, the impartation of a new life, just as real as was the beginning of the physical life.

-The general committee of the World's Student Christian Federation call for the observance of Sunday February 12 as a Universal Day of Prayer for students. For nearly ten years the second Sunday in February has been observed in this way. There can be no doubt of the beneficial results from United prayer for any object which has for its aim the glory of God. If there is any one class of people for whom prayer should be made it is the young people in attendance at all our schools, day and collegiate. They are to become leaders in thought and effort in the work of life. The observance of this day is not to interfere in any way with the Day of Prayer for Colleges. The history of the various Christian student movements of the world shows that all their greatest achievements have been inaugurated and carried forward, in the power of prayer. The spiritual need of

the Student world will not be met, nor its vast spiritual possibilities realized apart from prayer.

-Robert J. Burdette says, "Following conscience as a guide is like following one's nose. It is important to get the nose pointed right before it is safe to follow it. A man can keep the approval of his own conscience in very much the same way that he can keep directly behind his nose and go wrong all the time." We hear a great deal about "conscientious convictions" these days. Men have scruples against this or that act of a church which they cannot conscientiously endorse, and support is withheld. These conscientious brethren may be all right, but perhaps Mr. Burdette may be not so very far astray after all. If the conscience be not rightly directed then what? Another thing to be noticed is that the brother who so often says, "I cannot conscientiously do this or consentance that," is the man who seldom gives another credit for conscientiousness. In this world, and in the church too, a man cannot have everything his own way. There must be careful consideration of the rights of others, and their due recognition.

Baptist Union.

DEAR EDITOR: Slowly but surely we are adding to our list of churches voting in favor of the "Basis" and "Organic Union" with Free Baptists of N. B. This week we add from N. H., Rockland, and Carleton. From N. S. Little Hope, Port Hillford, New Canada and Halifax (North).

The Committee desire to complete this part of the work and take up something in advance.

Will not the rest of the churches take action at once and report to the undersigned their attitude towards this Union movement. We have strengthened our committee by adding thereto several representative brethren and we shall, nothing preventing, in a few weeks come together in joint meeting with a committee from the Free Baptist body. If any of our churches are delaying action because they think we are not going to take an advance step until after the next Convention, we rather think they will find they have made a mistake.

Come, brethren, have your churches act. Let us know once and for all whether you approve of "union" or are content to let things remain as they are.

St. John, Jan. 28th. G. O. GATES, for Com.

From Halifax.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

Recently it has been made known to the Pope that Professor Cleveland had translated the New Testament into Italian.

It is cheering to learn that Pope Pius the X has sanctioned this work in the following words: 'Glady do I give my blessing and that with both hands and with a full heart, for I do not doubt that this work will produce the richest fruit, and is already blessed of God. The more we read the gospel the stronger our faith becomes. The gospels are writings that are valuable for everybody and under all circumstances. I have lived among the common people and know what they want and what pleases them. Tell them the simplest Bible stories, and you will have attentive listeners and effect blessed results. Your purpose is to spread the gospels. You are doing a noble work. Some people think that the peasants with their plain every day way of thinking could not profit by the reading of the scriptures. This is incorrect. The average peasant is a shrewder thinker than we may suspect, and knows how to draw the correct lessons from the Scriptures, often even better than many of the preachers. But it is not only the common people and the lower classes who will profit by the reading of the Scriptures. No matter how many prayer-books and books of devotion for the priest, none is better than the gospels. This is an unsurpassed book of devotion, the true bread of life. I grant a special apostolic blessing upon all those who preach the gospel, who hear and read it whether on Sunday or a week day. I bestow my blessing on all the members of the St. Jerome Society, and all who co-operate in the sacred work of spreading the gospel.'

These words are a token for good. Let it be hoped that the day of burning Bibles is of the past.

METHODIST AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN CONFLICT.

Rev Mr. Beatty of Charles street, Methodist church of this city opens his large Bible class to all beliefs. Christian Scientists accepted the invitation. It costs me a struggle to say or write Christian Science. Major Standen appeared in this Bible class as a representative of this latter cult. This profound scientist is reported to have laid this down as a fundamental principle. "Spirit cannot create anything less than itself." Again, hear him—"Spiritual science is knowing that the human race has not wandered from God." This is Christian science. A wolf in the pelt of a sheep is genuine compared with such rubbish.

A thousand thanks to Major Standen for the following "This Christian Science is a psychology of the heart and not of the intellect. Intellect is a dethroned king. Its reign is past." This is Christian science. Called to account for any absurdity—no matter all spirit for instance—the answer is at hand, "No intellect is dethroned. This is

very convenient for those who have no brains; but for those who have, it is, well, tremendous! No longer any use for the brains—feel and think but do not reason.

Mr. Beatty in defiance of the dictum that intellect is dethroned, used this weapon in dealing some heavy blows on the mad-cap delusion; but it was not harmed because it does not use its intellect. Far more success will come from reasoning with exhausted nerves than will this headless, brainless delusion.

BAPTISTS STILL ORTHODOX.

A writer in the Chicago Standard says of the Baptists of Great Britain, "There may be heterodox brethren, but their eccentric views find no recognition in our assemblies, and the joyous acceptance of the old faith in the deity of our Lord and salvation by the grace of his atonement is stronger than ever."

A veteran Baptist in Rochester when asked if the Theological School in that city had departed from the old faith said, no; it still stood by the doctrines of the fathers; but remarked that a few students who had gone out from that school had lost their heads and had, as far as their influence went, injured the institution. Canadian Baptists with rare exceptions are sound to the core from ocean to ocean.

The Rev. A. B. MacDonald of New Brunswick, a brother of an acute and prescient intellect, commenting on an article in a secular paper respecting the deliverance of the Congregational Council in October last, says:

"These leaders in the 'New Departure' who substitute the intellect for love in the New Evangelism; after giving love the nickname of emotionalism, proceed to treat it as a fossil—since 'a sort of an evolution' has evolved a rational piety which commends itself to cultured and thinking men.

What is this but the moderatism that palsied the Scotch churches in the 18th century, the rationalism of Germany, or the Unitarianism of New England? And so they propose two ways of salvation one for the better educated; and since the vast majority are no better educated and cultured than before, the old way must surely be left for them. No, this is not at all their purpose. They have no place for the old evangelism. They rightly call this "a departure." My people have committed two evils. They have forsaken me the fountain of living waters. That is bad enough. The second is worse. They leave hewn to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water. It was bad for the ten tribes to forsake Jerusalem, it was unspeakably worse to set up the golden calves. It is bad for these people to leave their first love. It is infinitely worse when Jesus calls them to repent and do their first works, else he will remove the candlestick except they repent, to refuse the call, to get along without the love and the labor of love, and thus invite the doom.

God is not mocked. The doom will fall."

The pentecostal revival in Wales, led by an ignorant young blacksmith, where judges, lawyers and merchants kneel mingling with sooty colliers, is a swift commentary on the wise deliverance of Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. Henry Hopkins at Des Moines, Ia., so keenly cut to pieces by Brother MacDonald.

Let the mind in Wales become universal and the rationalism that is trying to dethrone the truth as it is in Jesus will be the chaff of the summer threshing floor. May God grant us such a universal Pentecost.

Rev. S. A. Lawson received a hearty welcome on Friday evening, the 20th, at the West End church. Ministers and members of the other churches, including Presbyterians and Methodists united with the church in making the occasion one of general as well as particular greeting. Mrs. Lawson and the little son shared in the full shower of benediction, hearty benediction, which flowed around and fell upon brother Lawson on the eve of his second pastorate with this church. Deacon Foster occupied the chair. Mr. Allen read a well written paper expressing the welcome from the church. Music most appropriate inspired the occasion. The B. Y. P. U. overflowed with their kindly welcome. Rev. Mr. Annand, Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. McNeil, Methodist, Rev. J. H. Jenner, Rev. H. F. Waring and E. M. Saunders, A. L. Wood, R. N. Beckwith and Mr. Witter were heard with satisfaction in the exercises. Refreshments and a reading by Miss McCrow closed the evening. The prospects for the West End are most cheering. There is not a note that jars in the welcome extended to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson.

Extra services are being held in the First church, the Tabernacle, and the North church. In the latter place Mr. Jenner is assisted by the Rev. Mr. Shaver, evangelist.

In all the churches the condition of mind is buoyant and expectant. REPORTER.

Abiding Peace.

Long years of peace:
When far from me seemed gloom and death
When sorrow seemed an old man's dream,
May I not once more feel your breath?
Long years of peace:
I see afar in front of me
A heaven n a e up of years like yours,
A whole, a bright eternity.
Long years of peace:
I think of you as yet to come,
And wonder when Time's last New Year
Shall gladly bid me welcome Home.
—Horatius Bonar's last Hymn.

The Story Page

Billy Peg and Benny Peg.

BY JOSEPH KEATING.

Before the fall added "Peg" to their familiar name, Billy and Benny were butties on the coal, which meant that one worked as hard for the other as for himself; and they were happy men.

The accident brought misery, particularly as it happened just after poor Benny had got over a long illness, during which Billy, his colleague, had acted a man's part. When Benny got well they worked "on" putting in a great deal of overtime to pay off the shop debt, and they hoped soon to be free men again.

But colliers, like soldiers fight, work in a belt of danger. In the Glamorgan pits something was perpetually happening to somebody, maiming or killing the one or two whom a noble human destiny needed to crush just then in the wonderful onward roll of progress and civilization.

In this instance the fall of stone left them their souls only—their bodies mutilated.

When they were brought to the surface the doctor's appeared to act upon the principle that the more they cut away the less there would be left to cure.

Benny came off with only a leg missing—from the thigh. But Billy was reduced to one leg and an arm.

Their fellows clubbed and bought them two wooden legs, which were not at all unfashionable, in those parts, and which following custom, took the place not only of their natural legs but also their natural names. Henceforth they were known as Billy Peg and Benny Peg.

As soon as possible Billy and Benny were hopping about the sides of the hills, rather enjoying, at first the fun of making holes in the ground with their rheumatic-proof legs.

But pleasure is a transient thing. It leaves the sting of sorrow behind; in this case the sting was poverty. Their children began to get hungry and peevish, and the mother's haggard and pale. Neither of the men could go cutting coal now; and there were so many cripples about the pits, that all the posts for dismembered workmen were filled.

Billy got a donkey somehow, and a hand cart, with these things he would journey many miles down the valley every day to a clean part of the river, where heaven sent the stream its gentle showers unmingled with showers of coal dust, which everywhere else took the shine off the silver rain. From the dry banks he filled his cart with, as he called it sea-sand. And when the cart was loaded if he could prevail upon the animal in the shafts to bring it home in time, he hawked the sea sand about the streets, and made a little profit. But the donkey was dangerously unreliable and endangered the market without provocation.

Billy's friend, Benny, had always "done a bit o' brand 'in"; so he took to the green grocery naturally, as an artist to his personal form of art.

"We must get a couple o' heads of cabbidges," said he to Mrs. Benny, "some taters, some brocklo's some carrots' and parsnips, and some jibboons."

"Ahy," said Mrs. Benny.

"We must take that currt'in out o' the window, too, Marry."

"The blind you do mean, Benny."

"Blind or currt'in—all the same."

"What do you want to take it out for?"

"To put the green grocery in the window, mum, or how can we sell um?"

Their best window was two and a half feet wide, fit with the wall, and about three feet from the ground. They took out the blind, put in the green grocery, and as the weeks went by, the goods looked as if they had been put there to dry. The small boys used to play around the window, and stake their marbles as to which had the deepest green, a faded cabbage or the po. mra de terre. But no customers were tempted by the display.

"Well, this is a business, whatever!" exclaimed Benny.

"If they won't come to my shop," said Benny, "my shop must go to them, and I must get a donkey and cart like Billy to do it."

"Donkeys were plentiful everywhere.

Benny made his next essay in commercial enterprise at the head of a grave looking ass that seemed to realize the seriousness of the undertaking. His head was always bowed as if in deep thought; and the immense blinkers over his eyes added to the effect of studious seclusion from his surroundings.

Lacking experience in the methods of getting orders, but gifted with much zeal, Benny loaded up his cart at the first available moment—that is' as soon as he had bought the blinkers—and went out to make his fortune, calling out, 'Taters, cabbages,' in the most approved manner. But Friday afternoon, in the darkest hour before dawn, the housewives would have no money till the following day. Some of the women came to the doors and looked at Benny's commercial speculation as it passed stoically along the street, and appeared to be interested in it. Still there were no buyers.

A little daunted Benny went out early next morning again. He met with no luck; and when half the day had passed he turned about and made for home. To his surprise he saw his cart beginning to attract custom. The women had now received the pay of the men folk. Before long he was busy. He forgot he had had no dinner.

Benny then made good use of his Saturday chances and felt elated at the prospect of a good, regular trade.

When Benny and Billy met in the streets, vending their sand and green groceries, Benny was always cordial. Billy, at first showed every desire to help him towards success, and offered much useful advice on the management of donkeys. His own donkey had taught him much. When Benny seemed to have profited by this help, Billy's enthusiasm died and envy was born.

Billy's sea sand enterprise meant much work and little pay. Every night now he complained at home to his wife: "I am stumpin about the valley all day for nothin', and Benny there is makin a forrun!"

"Well, indeed," said Mrs. Billy, "the children do want more to eat and to wear than they do get."

Billy growled in his seat, his wooden leg thrust out in front of the fire; and wrinkled his brow so much that his brain seemed to be entangled in some deep scheme.

"Jane," said he at last, "I am finished selling sea sand, whatever."

"Oh' anwyl, Billy, what shall we do!" cried she, alarmed.

"I can do better with green-grocery. My donkey is just as good as Benny's, and better too."

"But you haven't learned the trade, Billy."

"Never you mind. I shall learn the trade, come you."

"How are you going to get the green-groceries?"

"I have been putting that right. You see next Saturday."

The village became deeply interested in the rivalry.

The duel was fought to the finish at Miskin. This place had been Benny's El Doradon Saturday afternoon. He had carefully worked the housewives into the habit of waiting for him instead of going up to the village for their Sunday vegetables. Billy attacked this rich world, which was too small for two such men. Who got there first got the treasure. If Billy heard that Benny had been ahead on a Saturday, he immediately turned back and sought trade elsewhere. This course Benny also had adopted. In this way they avoided a definite fight.

But after one wet week each was anxious to get a good day's business, and both started early for the Miskin. They suddenly met at the cross road.

Each at sight of the other incontinently banged his donkey, and each animal gave a bound of indignant surprise at the same time. Benny's sedate ass ceased meditative speculation. He leaped into the air like a spring lamb.

Billy was sitting on his merchandise in the cart. He tugged at the reins, clucked his tongue, and used his stick. His donkey's conduct was far from being reliable. Surprise, however, now deprived him of self-control, and he obeyed the horrid clucking of his master's tongue by trying to run away from it; sheer fright awakened the instinct of self-preservation.

Benny lost his hat, which flew back, rolling in the muddy road. The ends of Billy's neckerchief were flapping back behind, the knot at his throat gradually tightening, till he felt he was choking. His cabbages and onions began rolling off in all directions.

The road was narrow. Foot passengers had to run up the side of the bank and cling to the tufts of grass and stumps to save themselves. Each of the green grocers sitting sideways, the wooden leg was thrust out considerably over the edge of the cart, like the swords attached to the wheels of war chariots in ancient times; and any one venturing to stand on either side of the narrow road ran risk of decapitation.

Billy began to lead. His donkey had not yet got his presence of mind. When he did perhaps Billy's chances of winning would be very uncertain.

Benny saw himself being slowly outdistanced. He felt it keenly, as he considered that he alone had the right to get the custom of the Miskin. Silently he began to accuse fate of the worst intentions when it brought him into the world and subsequently put him into the green-grocery business.

"Now, Harry," said he, gravely addressing his donkey. "You always seem to be a sensible chap. Is you goin' to let you'self be beat? I had a better opinion of you than that, my lad. Show you can be as one here an there. What? Cluck, cluck! Come on, Harry, my lad!"

Harry came on. In fact, he seemed to feel a little hurt by the deprecatory tone. He snorted, and put new energy into his trot, and gradually shortened the distance between himself and the combination of talent ahead.

"Come up!" shouted Billy, keeping up the terrifying clucking of his tongue.

"Come up!" shouted Benny, in fierce imitation.

"Ha, ha!" Billy laughed back in derision at his rival.

"Ha, ha, you too!" retorted Benny.

This retort nettled the other.

"I'll 'ha, ha, you' fore I finish, he cried.

But the vagaries of Billy's donkey suddenly came into play. Whether it was because he had been beaten too much or not beaten enough, he deliberately slackened speed, and came to a dead stop at the side of the road. Benny's donkey was coming swiftly on, and was now certain of victory. Nothing could stop him from winning, and Billy saw that.

"Come up!" he cried, adding the inducement of the stick, in a perspiration of anger and bitterness.

The other cart was passing him. Exasperated, he threw out his wooden leg, and poked it between the spokes of Benny's wheel. He had a wild idea of effectually stopping his rival.

Benny was "spragged"; his donkey was checked, startled, shocked. He tried to bolt. Billy's wooden leg cracked, splintered, and snapped in two.

Then Harry flew along. This donkey never meant to stop again. But a sudden change had come over his master, and Harry felt himself pulled up. Always ready to obey legitimate instructions, the donkey slackened speed. Then, obeying the reins, he turned round, and trotted quietly back.

Benny pulled alongside Billy, and let himself down on his one foot and wooden leg.

He looked at the wreck of Benny's leg and trouser covering.

"Well, Billy," he began sorrowfully, "here's a nice mess, ain't it?"

"Ahy," said Billy, absently, staring at the wreckage.

"Look here, Billy," went on Benny, "I don't know what I have done to you."

Billy only stared at ruin.

"Look here," went on Benny quietly, "I don't mean no harm to you, Billy."

"No; no, no," answered the other, in dreamy helplessness.

"An' you don't mean no harm to me, neither."

"No; no, no," Billy said again, while tears were rushing down his cheeks. "No; no; no harm; no harm. And the children and their mother will be starvin' now."

He was still staring at his ruin.

"No; no harm; no harm," he murmured.

The Young People

"I know that," Benny said. Tenderly he put his arm around his broken rival. "And look here, Billy. I can remember the time when I was laid up so bad with that as'hma, and what you done for me and the children then, Billy. You can have the Miskin trade, if you like. Aye, you can take it all from me, if you like. There was a time when you done more than that for me. Didn't you come up every pay day when I was down with that as'hma, and give the missus half what you earned yourself? Didn't you do that for me when I was on my back, Billy? And your own missus was sayin' her children did want new shoes, and she had to go to chapel when her dress was getting so shabby. An' you shared half your pay with me an' my children. You can have the Miskin trade, Billy—all of it take it all."

Billy sat immovable among his merchandise. "I can't do no trade now," said he. He pointed to the shattered wooden limb. "I can't go nowhere now. I can't do nothin'."

"I thought about that too," Benny returned. "An' that's what I meant by comin' back to you Billy. You can't do nothin' with your leg like that I know. But you shall have mine, and I'll go home. Come on. We can change it behin' the hedge. I'll carry you over."

"Not me, Benny."

"Look here," persisted Benny, trying to lift him from the cart, "we can change if you go behin' the hedge. Come on. You shall have my leg and the Miskin trade; an' I'll go home."

"Not me; not me!" cried Billy, clinging to his cart.

"Come on."

"No; I 'ont have nothin' to do with it. You go down and get the trade, I 'ont never interfere again."

"Come on," urged Benny.

But Billy protested he would have "Nothing to do with it."

"Well," cried Benny at last, "I will do this with you, Billy. You come down with me as you are and sit in the cart, and I'll sell for the two of us, and go shares in everything—like old times. What?"

"No—not me," faltered Billy, trying to keep brave.

"What do you say to it?"

"Well Benny," said Billy, "I ought to be burned that's all I got to say."

"Come up!" shouted Benny to his donkey.

"Come up!" said Billy to his.

"We'll sign a what-you-call-him, cried Benny laughing "and share everything like old times."

"Thank you, Benny," Billy returned huskily.

The "what-you-call-him" no doubt was colloquial for commercial treaty. They began by sharing that day's profits as in the days gone by, and as they had the entire good will of the village, the partnership thrived.—The Evening Post.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

A young man of New England entered college. He was associated with other students in numerous wild pranks. One night they stood before the bar of a low drinking saloon. He was the leading spirit of the party and the man at the bar said, "Young man, you never tasted anything better than that in your life."

A poor bloated, bear-eyed drunkard half asleep, croaked out from his corner: "except the water from your father's well."

It was too much for the young man. He sat down his glass, and asked to be excused. When next day the company met him, they did it by invitation, and he read to them his apology for having misled them. You have read it often but perhaps did not know the connection:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

When fond recollection presents them to view: The orchard, the meadow, the green tangled wild-wood,

And every lov'd spot that my infancy knew. The wide-spreading stream and the mill that stood nigh it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell, The cot of my father, the dairy-house by it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure; For often at noon when returned from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, The purest and sweetest that nature can yield; And now far removed from the loved situation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well."

—Dr. C. W. Sims, at Chautauqua.

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S. Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

Prayer Meeting Topic—February 5.

Heroes of Foreign Missions; What they teach us. 2 Cor. 11: 21-28.

Not what we think they teach or what we imagine they teach, but what they teach. To this end, nothing will give truer information than extracts from their writings.

"There is too little desire to know what is the actual state of mission work in India, and a regard to the showy and attractive rather than to the solid and practical."—Bishop French, India and Arabia.

I read in the Yarmouth Light-to-day an account of the Jan. Meeting of the Women's United Board of Missions. "Then followed an address by Miss—on India. Miss—went back two centuries ago when the first missionaries went to India, and told of the hardships and difficulties they experienced in the work. As the years went by one by one of these barriers have broken down until to-day at the beginning of the twentieth century, there is a bright outlook that before it's close India will be an evangelized nation."

If such optimistic views be based on false knowledge, irreparable harm is done the Mission cause. To know the difficulties and to realize that the very existence of Christianity at home and abroad is based up in ceaseless activity is demanded of every Christian. We are not to sit at ease thinking that naught else remains but to pluck the fruits of victory.

Hear the responses of the heroes as the roll is called: "Truly to understand the facts of work for Christ in any land, we must strip it of all romance, and of everything which is unreal."—Miss S. S. Howlett, India.

"If you could only know what one feels on finding oneself where the least ray of the gospel has not penetrated! If those friends who blame, could see from afar what we see and feel what we feel, they would be the first to wonder that those redeemed by Christ should be so backward in devotion and know so little of the spirit of self sacrifice. They would be ashamed of the hesitations that hinder us. . . . We must remember that it was not by interceding for the world in glory, that Jesus saved it. He gave himself. Our prayer for the evangelization of the world are but a bitter irony so long as we only give of our superfluity and draw back before the sacrifice of ourselves."—M. Francois Coillard, Africa.

"This may be counted as our richest gain, to have learned afresh one's utter impotency so completely that the past axiom of service. I can no more convert a soul than create a star, comes to be an awful revelation so that God alone may be exalted in that day."—Rev. Walter Searle, Africa.

"It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth, off the dust of the actual. It takes more. It takes God. But as she sat within two inches of me, yet so carefully preserving inviolate these two inches of clear space, I felt what a small thing this caste-created distance was, the merest Dust of the Actual" on the surface of the system of her life; and yet to blow a hair's breadth of it off, nothing less is needed than the breath of the power of God. "Come, O breath, and breathe!" we cry, nothing else will do."—Amy Wilson Carmichael, India.

"Within five minutes walk more at least five hundred souls, redeemed, but they don't know it; redeemed but they don't want to know it. Sometimes they seem to want to but however tenderly you tell it, the keen Hindu mind soon perceives the drift of it all. Redemption must mean loss of caste.—Idem.

"This work in India is one of the most crucial tests the church of Christ has ever been put to. The people you think to measure your forces against are such as the giant races of Canaan are nothing to."—Bishop French.

"Some years ago England was stirred through and through by revelations which were made as to the "bitter cry" of wronged woman-hood. In India the bitter cry is far more bitter, but it is stifled and smothered by the gag of caste. Orthodox Hindus would rather see their girls betrayed, tortured, murdered, than suffer them to break through the trammels of caste."—Rev. T. Walker, India.

"Agonia" that word so often on St. Paul's lips, what did it mean? Did it not just mean the thousand wearinesses and deeper, the strivings the travails, the bitter disappointments, the deaths oft of a missionary's life?—Rev. Robert Stewart, China.

"When any person is known to be considering the new religion, all his relatives and acquaintances rise en masse; so that to get a new convert is like pulling out the eye tooth of a live tiger.—Adonivam Judson, Burmah."

"I have heard people say they enjoyed hearing about missions, I often wonder if they would enjoy watching a shipwreck."—Mrs. Robert Stewart, China.

"Ishivered as if standing in the neighborhood of Hell!"—Henry Montyn, India.

"That one soul has been brought to Christ in the midst of such hostile influences is so entirely and marvellously the Holy Spirit's work that I am sometimes overjoyed to have been in any degree instrumental in effecting the emancipation of one."—Robert Noble, India.

"If we are simply to pray to the extent of a simple and pleasant and enjoyable exercise, and know nothing of watching in prayer and of weariness in prayer, we shall not draw down the blessing that we may. We shall not sustain our missionaries who are overwhelmed with the appalling darkness of heathenism. . . . We must serve God even to the point of suffering, and each one ask himself, in what degree, in what point am I extending, by personal suffering, by personal self-denial, to the point of pain, the kingdom of Christ. . . . It is ever true, whatever costs little is worth little.—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, China.

"From many things I have heard I fancy many at home think of the mission as a sort of little heaven upon earth, but when one looks under the surface there is much to sadden one. . . . Oh, friends, much prayer is needed! Many of the agents apparently know nothing about commissions. You may not like my writing so plainly, but sometimes it seems as if only the bright side were given, and one feels as if only God's praying people at home understood things more as they really are. . . . more prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our agents and converts would ascend to God. We do so long to see all our pastors and agents really converted men of prayer and faith who, knowing that they themselves are saved, long with a great longing to see the heathen around them brought out of darkness into his light, and the Christians who form their congregations, earnest converted men and women."—A. J. Carr, India.

"Fifty added to the church sounds fine at home, but if only five of them are genuine what will it profit in the great day?"

"Oh for the fire to set the whole alight, and melt us all into one mighty Holy Ghost church."—Minnie Apperson, China.

These are a few of the testimonies of the heroes of Foreign Missions. What do they teach us? That God will fail? Never. That we have done our utmost in prayer and giving to all that pertains to our Christ? Each ought to know what his answer is. While missionaries speak as above, yet none of them are pessimistic. Rev. S. C. Freeman in a recent letter to me voices the unanimous trust: He writes: "Did you ever see that quotation from Dr. Judson? (Given above.) I have been here but two years, but I think I know a little of what he meant. It is grand to think that in this land of Sata's stronghold where more than anywhere else he has deluded men, there is to be a glorious victory for God. Tell your people it is coming. If my readers wish to know more of the conditions in India I would strongly advise them to purchase Amy Wilson Carmichael's book, "Things as they are," a book that has run through three editions since it was published, April, 1903. It can be procured from Mundie's Library, London England, for six shillings (\$1.46) or from the A. B. M. U., Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. for \$1.75.

"Only like souls I see the folk there under, Bound who should conquer, slaves who shrou'd be kings; Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder, Sadly content with the show of things.

Then with a rush the intolerable craving Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call, Oh to save these! To perish for their saving, Die for their life, be offered for them all!"

"Wonderful sums are being worked just now concerning the progress of Christianity in India. One flaw in this method of calculation is that it takes for granted that Brahmins, high caste Hindus and Mohammedans will be Christianized at the same rate of progress as prevails at present among the depressed classes. Here in the heart of this Hindu town they come with force; one such sum worked out carefully shows that according to the present rate of advance, it will be more than twenty thousand years before the Hindu towns of this district are even nominally Christian. Another, still more startling, gives us this result: according to the laws which govern statistics, thirteen hundred thousand years must pass before the Brahmins of this one South Indian district are Christianized. And if the sum is worked so as to cover all India, the result is quite staggering to faith based on statistics. Praise God, this is not his arithmetic. . . . We believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, we believe in God even God who calleth the things that are not, as though they were; therefore these sums prove nothing. But if such sums are worked at all, they ought to be worked on both sides, and not on the side which yields the most encouraging results."—Amy Wilson Carmichael, India.

"God! fight we not within a cursed world, Whose very air teems thick with leagued fiends, Each word we speak has infinite effects, Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell, And this our drama through eternity, To drop and die, like dead leaves in the brake! Be earnest, earnest, earnest, mad if thou wilt, Do what thou dost as if the stakes were heaven, And that thy last deed ere the judgment day."

—Charles Kingsley.

—W. B. CROWELL.

Liverpool, N. S.

Foreign Missions

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. J. W. Manning, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.

Bobbili, its outstations, helpers and missionaries, remembering the interesting girls' school at Bobbili and the work at Ragagahda.

How much it would mean to our mission if these prayer topics were made the subject of earnest pleading everyday by all the members of our W. B. A. S. Shall we not by our united prayers this month call down upon our missionaries and their work showers of blessing so that hesitating ones may openly acknowledge Christ as their Saviour and a host of the heathen be turned to the Lord? "Ask of me and I will give" saith the mighty God.

The Woman's Missionary Aid Society of the Dartmouth Baptist church observed Crusade Day as usual. In the afternoon the sisters visited as many homes in the church as was possible, leaving envelopes for the Thank offering. In the evening a public missionary meeting was held in the vestry. A good program consisting of music and readings was rendered. The attendance at the meeting was large as the collection and thank offering prove, when we say it amounted to forty dollars (\$40). Twenty-five (\$25) of this amount goes to Home and the balance to the Foreign field.

F. E. EISENER, Sec'y.

INDIA'S WATER SUPPLY.

In a country like India where the rain fall for six months of the year is very slight, and during the other six months, in many parts of the country, uncertain, the question of water supply, not only for cultivation but for cattle and drinking purposes, often becomes a serious one. During the rainy season, wherever possible, water is stored in tanks, which serve a most useful purpose to the villagers during the rainless months. From the larger ones water is drawn for irrigation. The smaller, usually near the villages are put to a variety of uses. In these men and buffaloes take a daily bath. They serve as a washtub for nearly all the dirty clothes of the village, and are the chief source of water supply for drinking purposes. Imagine what the water must be like.

The oft recurring famines have given the supreme government, as well as the various provincial governments great concern. They have spent large sums of money in the development of irrigation works. Between 36,000 and 40,000 miles of canals have been dug in order to utilize the water from some of the large rivers and streams. While a good deal has been done much more remains to be accomplished before it will be possible to use all the water of the rivers which the natural features of the country will permit of.

The water from rivers and tanks can be used for low lands only, and the supply from these sources is usually exhausted before the end of the hot season. The farmer in order to cultivate the up lands and some of the low lands during the rainless months, has to resort to the laborious process of raising water from wells, either by means of the well sweep or by large leather bags worked by oxen. By this latter means, in southern India quite large areas of cholium and other kinds of grain are grown. Where man power is used the grain patches are usually small. And more attention is given to the cultivation of chilies, tobacco, plantains, and sugar-cane. This last is planted the latter part of April, and requires to be watered every second or third day for a couple of months, or until the rains set in in June. An occasional shower during the month of May lightens the burden of the laborer very much.

The Hindu has his own way of doing things; two posts are erected in the form of a ladder, on the top round of which a lever or sweep is placed. More frequently, however, a single post made from the trunk of a certain kind of tree is used. When placed in the ground, it readily takes root, and puts out branches, and soon becomes a flourishing tree again and so is able to protect itself against the attacks of white ants, which in the course of a few months would destroy almost any variety of wood, except in the living tree, to which they can gain access.

When heavy work is to be done a strong stout

piece of timber is used for a sweep. For lighter work a bamboo four or five inches in diameter serves the purpose. To assist in raising the water a quantity of mud is attached to the back arm of the sweep by means of a straw rope. To bring up the water from the well, ball-shaped earthen pots, holding from six to twelve gallons, are placed in a rope net which is attached to one end of a small bamboo pole, while the other end is secured to the front arm of the sweep.

When the large pots are used, one or two men on top of the sweep walk back and forth to supply power as required, either to lower the pot into the well or to raise it when full.

Two or three feet from the top of the well timbers are placed across it, on which a man stands when drawing water. As the pot is brought up the water is poured into a trough made of the hollowed trunk of a palm tree, and is conducted away in channels constructed for the purpose, to irrigate the required crops.

H. Y. COREY.

AMOUNTS RECEIVED BY W. B. M. U. TREASURER.

FROM DEC. 29 TO JAN. 30TH.

Alexandra, F.M. \$3 50; H.M. \$4 75. Port Greville, to constitute Mrs Charles riatfield a life member, F.M. \$5; N.W.M. \$10; G.L.M. \$10. Port Greville, Mr Girven Elderkin, to constitute his wife a life member, H.M. \$25; Jordan River F.M. \$2, H.M. \$2, Reports 100; Laconia, F.M. \$4; Long Creek, Mrs David F Fisher, F.M. 2; Bonshaw, to constitute Mr James Gordon a life member, F.M. \$12 50, H.M. \$12 50; St. John Tidings, 25c; Mira Gut, F.M. \$5, Reports 100; Gibson, F.M. \$15 31, H.M. \$6 50; Dartmouth, leaflets, 50c; Middle Sackville, F.M. \$13, H.M. \$7; Digby, balance to constitute their pastors wife, Mrs A J Archibald a life member, F.M. \$6 25, H.M. \$8; Clyde River, F.M. \$6, H.M. \$6; Doaktown, F.M. \$6 75, Reports 200; Goldboro, F.M. \$6 50, Mr W W Rockwell, Whitville Mass, and Miss Bleakney Forest Glen, to constitute Mr Rockwells mother a life member, F.M. \$25, Argyle Head, F.M. \$1, H.M. \$1; Lewis Head, F.M. \$1, H.M. \$1; Upper Canard, leaflets 30c; Chance Harbor, F.M. \$3 60; Wolfville, F.M. \$23 25, H.M. \$10 50, Reports 900; Winnifred E Reid, Brooklyn Mass, F.M. \$5; Fredericton, F.M. \$25 65; Hantsport, F.M. \$2 97, G.L.M. \$2 30, Reports 250; Riverside, F.M. \$12; Cumberland Bay, F.M. \$6, Reports 200; Moncton, F.M. \$60, H.M. \$10; Summerville, F.M. \$8 15; Port Lorne, F.M. \$3 75, H.M. \$3 25; Liverpool, F.M. \$8 50, Reports 200; Halifax, West End F.M. \$5; Freeport, F.M. \$6, Reports 100; Tidings 25c; De Bert, F.M. \$10, H.M. \$1; Tidings 25c; Gavelton, F.M. \$3; Fredericton, Tidings 25c; Miltoa, F.M. \$7 10, H.M. \$1 35; Reports 200; Lockport, F.M. \$8, H.M. \$4 38, Reports 150; Tidings 25c; Nictaux, F.M. \$11, H.M. \$2, Reports 150; Greenwood, leaflets 45c; Lower Aylesford, Reports 200, Tidings 25c; Greenville, F.M. \$2 75, H.M. \$11, Tidings 50c, Report 150; Arcadie, F.M. \$8, H.M. \$1 27, Reports 25c; Lewisville, toward Rev W Archibald's passage to India \$54 15; Harpers Brook, towards Miss Clarke's salary F.M. \$7, H.M. \$4; Gaspareau, F.M. \$9, H.M. \$3 18, G.L.M. Reports 15; Port Greville, F.M. \$10; Clarence, F.M. \$9, H.M. \$4; Boylston, F.M. \$4; Port Maitland, F.M. \$16 15; Canning, F.M. \$5, H.M. \$2, Reports 200, Tidings 25c.

MARY SMITH, Treas. W. B. M. U.

Amherst, P. O. B. 63.

Queens Co., Nova Scotia.

In looking over this county, from a Baptist point of view, we see nine churches, of which Milton, (1821) is the oldest, and Mill Village, 1868) the youngest. The others, with date of organization, are Port Medway, 1822; Brookfield, 1823; Greenfield, 1835; Liverpool, 1851; Middlefield, 1856; Kempt, 1856; and Caledonia 1864.

There are four pastors settled in the county—Crowell, at Liverpool; Sloat, at Milton; Bonanson, at Brookfield, and Caledonia, and Maider at Kempt, leaving Greenfield, Mill Village, Port Medway and Middlefield pastorless. But we understand a good brother is expected to interest himself in Port Medway and Mill Village, and that Greenfield and Middlefield have a pastor in view.

By the latest statistics—those in the Year Book of 1903, which gives figures to May 1903, almost two years ago, which on Jan. 18th, 1905 might be called "Ancient History". We find these nine churches have 1198 members of whom 290 are nonresidents. Of these taking the largest two, Milton has 260 members, with 0 nonresidents, and Liverpool 236, with 55 nonresidents, while of the smallest two Caledonia has 47 members with 21 nonresidents, and Middlefield, 21 members, of whom 10 are marked nonresidents.

If financial support was possible, the four churches in the southern district could be well served by three pastors. Liverpool and Milton have pastors, but Port Medway and Mill Village, to support a pastor, evidently need assistance.

In the northern district Brookfield and Caledonia gives pastoral support, and also more than enough work, a Brother Bonanson, of whom it can be truly said, "In labors more abundant," with stations at North Brook-

field, South Brookfield, Pleasant River, The Mines, Caledonia, and Harmony, and weddings and funerals in all the regions around. We are pleased to learn that prospects are good on all parts of this field. At North Brookfield there is some thought of renovating the old church, or tearing down and building up greater. May the best be decided on.

Greenfield, with outstations at Buckfield, Abelle, and Wellington, united with the small church at Middlefield, form a compact field. But as Middlefield has only 11 resident members, and the outstations of Greenfield are new interests, financial matters need careful consideration if a pastor is to have \$800.00 or even \$500.00 a year. The church at Greenfield was renovated last year, and is a credit to the place. Prospects are very good.

The most northerly church in the county is Kempt. Here we find a large field with large needs and large possibilities. There are six stations with good church buildings at Kempt, Westfield, Grafton, Northfield, Maitland, (in Anna Co.,) and school house in Albany New—the home of father Thomas DeLong, and largely settled by his descendants, nearly all of whom are strong in the faith of their sainted ancestor. We are pleased to learn that the outlook on this field, under the pastor, who is preacher, singer, organist, and choir leader on all parts of the field, are very encouraging.

The only additions to the membership of these nine churches that we remember seeing reported in the past three or four months were eight at Greenfield during a visit by Rev. M. W. Brown, and eighteen at Kempt under Bro. Maider. From a glance over this county much more could be said, but hope the above will be of interest to your readers who love Zion.

C.

Acadia Seminary Notes.

At last the Seminary is filled with pupils. Places are set in the dining room for 117. Of these 105 are pupils in residence. For this year, at least, the problem of the Seminary from a financial standpoint is solved. Other problems press upon us for solution but of these more later on.

The increase in the number of pupils has made itself felt in all departments, but more especially in Modern Languages, Domestic Science, Elocution, Voice and Piano-forte. In the three former the time and strength of the teachers are taxed to the utmost. In the two latter, Miss Morse, whose work is most thorough and of high artistic quality, has been compelled to relinquish many of her pupils in pianoforte and devote herself to her vocal work.

To provide instruction for the largely increased number of pupils in pianoforte, who require for practice purposes, 30 pianos, Miss Emily Portia Starr has been appointed to the staff. Miss Starr is an Alumna of the Seminary, 1901, capturing the Payzant Prize for attainments in music, and also receiving the Governor General's Medal for highest standing in English Essay Work. Since her graduation Miss Starr has spent two years in Germany. Here she had the advantage of study with Mrs. Teresa Carrevo. Mrs. Carrevo has been called the "Queen of Pianists." She is placed today, as an artist, beside D'Albert and Gadowsky. In addition to her work with Carrevo Miss Starr was also accepted as a pupil of Herr Ernst Jedliczka. Herr Ernest Jedliczka, who died in August 1904, studied with Von Bulow and Liszt, and later toured with Rubinstein. As a teacher Herr Jedliczka exerted a wonderful power and influence over his pupils.

Miss Starr thus equipped and filled with enthusiasm for her work will be a source of strength to the department of Pianoforte which is a ready second to none in the Maritime Provinces.

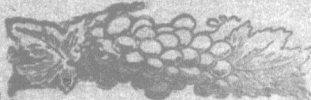
Our popular and efficient teacher in Elocution, Miss Lynds, has more pupils than she can well handle, and arrangements are to be made immediately by which all who desire instruction in this department may be placed under efficient instruction. The registration in Elocution is the largest in the history of the school. This speaks for itself.

Miss Janet Pride who came to us as a new teacher in September has already made her place in the school. She offers a new course in "tooled leather." This work, differing entirely from Pyrography, possesses great artistic worth. It is sure to become popular.

It must not be supposed that the regular work of the school suffers with the introduction of special courses. The Collegiate Work is after all the backbone of Acadia Seminary, and the importance of general literary culture is always and everywhere emphasized.

New girls coming in, old girls returning, have added materially to the devotional life of the Seminary. The prayer meetings are well attended and interesting. Personal endeavor in religious things receives its due recognition. And it is earnestly desired and prayed for that many souls may enter into life which is life indeed. We do not forget the relation of the Seminary to the life of the denomination at large and hope that the present year may be richly crowned with blessing.

H. T. DeWolfe, Principal.



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OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND
\$50,000.

Foreign Missions, India, \$25,000; Home Missions, Maritime, \$10,000; North West Missions, \$8,000; Grand Ligne Missions, \$5,000; British Columbia Missions, \$2,000; Treasurer for Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. H. P. Tass,
Wolfville, N. S.
Treasurer for New Brunswick and P. E. Island.

Rev. J. W. MANNING,
St. John, N.B.

Field Secretary,
Rev. H. F. ADAMS,
Wolfville, N. S.

Will all subscribers sending money to Treasurers, kindly write the INITIALS and names they wrote on their pledges, also the county they live in. This will save much time.

Will all pastors and other persons holding pledges of churches, please send them to the Field Secretary, retaining a list of such, for their own use.

The Queens Co., N. S., Quarterly Meeting will be held in the Caledonia Baptist church on Feb. 20th and 21st. First session on Monday the 20th at 3 p. m.
W. B. CROWELL, Sec'y Treas.

The Yarmouth Co. Quarterly Conference will be held with the North Temple Church, Ohio, Tuesday, Feb. 14th, 1905. An exceptionally interesting program will be presented. Matters of vital interest to both pastors and laymen will be discussed. We would urge all our churches to be as largely represented as possible.
H. C. NEWCOMBE, Secy.

ANNAPOLIS CO. BAPTIST CONFERENCE.

The next session of the Conference will meet with the church at Annapolis.

Royal on Feb. 20th and 21st. Ernest prayer is requested that these meetings may bring this church a large spiritual blessing.

J. H. BALOOM, Sec'y.

THE MONEY-JUG.

A RHYME OF THE DOLL HOUSE.

(Katherine Pyle, in January St. Nicholas.

The earthen money-jug sat on the shelf,
Fat with pennies, and round and red,
"You shall marry the little china doll
When you are full," the old rag-mother said
"Only a few more pennies," said he,
"Will fill me as full as I can be."

The poor little china doll below
Sat in the doll house, very sad,
For she did not want to marry the jug.
In spite of the pennies and dimes he had:
And she would not look at the nursery shelf.

Where he sat in his pride and puffed himself.
"Two more days and it's Christmas day;
I shall be quite full by then, I know,
Said the money-jug; but sadder still
Was the little doll in the house below.
"Then to-morrow the wedding shall be,"
she said.

And now there's a noise in the hall outside,
And two little children in the door;
With eager steps they hurry by
Where the doll-house stands on the nursery floor.

They take the money-jug down from the shelf:
"Now I'll be full," said he to himself

Said the little boy to the little girl,
"We will get our Christmas money out."
Crack, smash! they broke the money jug,
And all the pennies rolled about.
The rag-mother nodded her wicked old head:
"And that is the end of him," she said.

FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

The conveniences of modern science render it possible to communicate disagreeable news with safety to the sender. The New York Sun tells this story of a nine-year-old boy whose mother thought that he was entirely lacking in guile. Perhaps his father was not so sure of it.

One day the boy was practising the "McGinnity curve" when the ball went through a large pane of colored glass in the library. His mother discovered it, and asked, in her sternest voice, "Who did that?"

"I did, but I didn't mean to do it. The ball slipped."

"Well, what do you suppose your father will say when he knows it?"

"He knows it now. I told him."

"You told him? Do you mean that when you saw what you had done you went right down to his office and told him?"

"No, I didn't go to the office, I called him up on the telephone."

Electric tramways, though slow in coming are now rapidly spreading over England. The investment in them at present amounts to about \$200,000,000—more than half by municipalities. The extension of tramways by conveying workmen cheaply to suburban homes, credited by some observers with the recent decrease in the sales of beer, which has been generally attributed to the hard times.

UNHAPPINESS A HABIT.

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life, for, after a while, the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.—Success

For the purpose of establishing a daily labor newspaper and a co-operative printing press, the British parliamentary committee of the Trades Union Congress are appealing for £10,000. In the circular which they have issued they declare that the necessity for the newspaper has been emphasized by the purchase, to a large extent, of the leading journals by a few capitalists for the purpose of advocating policies inimical to the best interests of workmen.

Before the Arbitration Commission inquiring into disputed matters between the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial railway, on Thursday, Mr. Falconer, counsel for the I. C. R., made a statement of excessive charges claimed to have been made by the Grand Trunk against the government road. He claims that according to the agreement between the two roads the Intercolonial in return for running rights over the Grand Trunk to Montreal was to share the cost of maintaining the line in good order, but was not bound to pay for the construction of new work. However, the Intercolonial had been charged for the laying of tracks and the construction of sidings, erection of sheds, repair of stations, etc. Other expenses had been charged up to the Intercolonial in violation of the contract. Mr. Falconer declared that the money amounted to \$200,000 in a single instance.

A London milliner has invented a collapsible theatre hat for women, which is much the same in principal as a man's opera hat. It can be crushed into a small space and placed under a seat without being injured.

When your appetite
TAKES A VACATION, bring
it back with a morning
glass of

**Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt**

Meals seem too far apart
after the gentle, relieving
effects of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25¢ AND 50¢ A BOTTLE

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chitis · LARGE BOTTLES 50¢
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Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided to sit for Quebec East. The writ for election in Wright county has been issued. It will take place Feb. 3. E. B. Devlin will likely be the liberal candidate.

VIM TEA

The tea that has won the confidence of tea drinkers like no other tea for the past number of years.

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Save your Horse

BY USING
FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE.

IT CURES
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A WARNING NOTE FROM THE BACK.
People often say, "How are we to know when the kidneys are out of order?" The location of the kidneys, close to the small of the back, renders the detection of kidney trouble a simple matter. The note of warning comes from the back, in the shape of backache. Don't neglect to cure it immediately. Serious kidney trouble will follow if you do. A few doses of
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS,
taken in time, often save years of suffering. Mr. Horatio TILL, Geary, N.B., writes:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney disease. Had pains in my back, hips and legs; could not sleep well, and had no appetite. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they cured me. The pains have all left, and I now sleep well."
Price 50 cents per box, or \$ for \$1.25. All dealers, or
THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

Beware
of the fact that
White Wave
disinfects your clothes
and prevents disease

The Home

HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

There are two kinds of objects to be used as ornaments. The large class consists of useful objects, such as flower vases, clocks, inkwells, candlesticks, photograph frames, and other things which, though decorative, are still quite essential to the house. These should be beautiful, and in most houses they should constitute the sole ornament. They are not "knick-knacks" necessarily at all. If they are simply for use, plain, substantial and efficient, there is no crime.

In an age of beauty, when every workman tingled with artistic aspiration, such objects became matters of intense expression. The doorknobs and escutcheons of Michael Angelo, the stoves of Hirschvogel of Nuremberg, the candlesticks of Cellini, became the museum pieces, the objects d'art of a meaner age.

Everything meant to be useful must be usable. The clocks must keep time, the lamps turn up and down and burn brightly, the flower vases hold water. No ornamentation must interfere with the proper use. A coal shovel gilded, a lamp with a pink satin bow, a flower vase with no opening for flowers or water—these are ridiculous and pitiful.—Oliver Coleman, in *The House Beautiful*.

THE BUTCHER AND THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Mr. John W. Gates, in the breathing times in his fight on the Gould system, delights to tell a story of a German butcher in New York.

"There was a pretty young woman who one of my markets came to, runs the legend, who a leg of lambs for her dinner would buy. She had no married been long yet alretty, and was greens about marketing, py grachus.

"'Vat kind uv legs of lambs you will have" mine glerk he asks her, bolite as possible.

"'It is company ve vill have the dinner for," she says, "and my husband to get the best says."

"My mans the very best he has shown, and tells her how fine and tender they be, alretty, the finest of the market, he say.

"'Id was a joke then she says by my mans, and a good joke it was, too, for she says, quiet like, "Vas dot a Persian lamb's leg." And she was mad when my mans he smile and say, "Dis ain't no furrter's ma'am," for she blush and say real loud, "If I vas new by the marketing business alretty, know dot Persian lamb vos the most expensive, and it vas the very best my husband he vants."—New York Times.

FOR THE TABLE.

A delicious filling for sandwiches is made of equal parts of Swiss cheese, grated, and chopped English walnuts. Season with salt and red pepper, and moisten with enough cream or melted butter to spread.

A drink called Irish Iceberg is made as follows: Boll four cups water with two cups sugar twenty minutes; cool, add three-quarters cup lemon juice, color with leaf-green and freeze. Serve in har parr glasses, pour over creme de menthe, sprinkle with finely chopped nut meats, using almonds, fiberts, pecan and walnuts in equal proportions.

A delicate salad dressing is made with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs rubbed fine, one tablespoonful of oil, tarragon vinegar to taste, and one cup of whipped cream. This is easier to make than mayonnaise, and will please some tastes better.

A light and dainty dish for the tea or supper is devilled sardines, for which mash the sardines, add a half-teaspoonful of dry mustard, a salt-spoonful of cayenne, and salt to taste; wet this with lemon juice fill the consistency of thick cream; spread on thin buttered bread cut into strips, and serve hot.

HOME-MADE CANDIES.

Nut Cream.—Two cupfuls of light brown sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of cream, one-fourth cupful of hot water; cook until it forms a ball when dropped in cold water, then add two-thirds of a cupful of chopped English walnuts. Stir until creamy.

Cream Candy.—Cook two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of water until it boils, then add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of glucose. Cook until it holds together in a ball when

dropped in cold water. Beat until it is creamy.

Molasses Candy.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of light brown sugar, butter the size of a walnut, juice of one lemon. Cook until it hardens in water. Just before taking from the stove, add one teaspoonful of soda.

Butterscotch.—Two tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, one large tablespoonful of butter. Cook until it hardens in water.

Peanut Candy.—One cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Just before it is done stir in a pint of shelled peanuts. Cook until it hardens in water.

Cream Taffy.—One pint of coffee sugar (granulated will do). One-half pint of water, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar or one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. A piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. Boll without stirring until it threads, then pull as soon as it can be handled.

Orange Drops.—The grated rind of and juice of one orange, a pinch of tartaric acid, add confectioner's sugar until it is stiff enough to form into small balls the size of a small marble. Place on oiled paper.

Stirred Walnut Creams.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds cupful of boiling water, one-half saltspoonful of cream of tartar. Boll until it threads, cool slightly until it begins to thicken, then stir in two-thirds of a cupful of chopped walnuts. Drop on oiled paper.

Lemon Drops.—One cupful of sugar, juice of two good lemons, two tablespoonfuls of water. Cook until it will harden in water, then shape in small balls, when it can be handled.

HOW TO BE WELCOME IN A SICK ROOM.

In a sick room, open the door promptly without rattling the handle.

Walk in quietly, but do not take ostentatious care to glide in in absolute silence. Don't pause and murmur inquiries to the nurse, but go straight to the bed and speak in a clearly audible every day tone to the patient.

Choose topics of interest that will entertain without being excited, leaving a few new ideas with your invalid as food for pleasant reflection after your leave taking, and make only a passing reference to the present malady.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves complexion, it wh tans the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

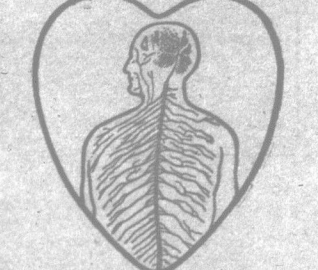
All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Pond's Extract
The Old Family Doctor
CURES:—Burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, sprains, wounds, lameness, soreness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sunburn, bites, stings.
STOPS:—Nose bleed, toothache, earache, bleeding lungs, hemorrhage, and all pains.
Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.

Price 50 cents per box, or \$ for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

Suffered For A Number of Years From Dyspepsia.

That is what Mrs. Mary Parks, Cooper, Ont., says, and there are thousands of others who can say the same thing.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

cured her, and will cure anyone and everyone troubled with Dyspepsia. Mrs. Parks writes as follows:—

"I suffered for a number of years from Dyspepsia, and tried many remedies, but without any relief until, on the advice of a friend, I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. After using one bottle I was pleased to find that I was relieved of the dreadful pain I suffered. I give all praise to B.B.B. for the benefit I have received, and I hope all sufferers from Dyspepsia will try this wonderful remedy. If they do I am sure that they will have the same experience that I have had."

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Ont.

NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.

"Positions wait for Maritime-trained."
"Other-trained wait for positions."

Did you get our Calendar? If not you should not decide which school to attend until you have read of ours.

Students admitted any time.
KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants,
MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGES
Halifax and New Glasgow, N.S.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON.

Abridged from Peloubet's Notes.

First Quarter, 1905.

JANUARY TO MARCH.

Lesson VII.—February 12.—The Second Miracle in Cana.—John 4: 43-54.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me.—John 5: 36.

EXPLANATORY.

I. JESUS CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY TO GALILEE.—Vs. 43-46. THE MESSIAH.—The Witness of his Past Miracles of Mercy.

THE NOBLEMAN.—A Foundation for Faith. The narrative now returns to vs. 3, where Jesus set out on his journey from Judea for Galilee. The journey had been interrupted by his work at Sychar, in Samaria, where he spent two days (vs. 43) at the urgent request of the people. Continuing his journey he went into GALILEE; and entered upon his great Galilean ministry, which lasted the larger part of two years.

Galilee in the time of Christ. 1. Galilee was very populous, containing, according to Josephus, at least three millions of people, including two hundred and four towns of over fifteen thousand inhabitants.

2. It was a very fertile country, well watered from the mountains of Lebanon on the north. It was full of trees, orchards, gardens, grain fields, vineyards. The Talmud says, "It is easier to raise a legion of olives in Galilee than to bring up a child in Palestine."

3. It was a business country, full of varied activities, manufactures, fisheries, exports of oil and fruits. "This garden of the Lord is crossed by many of the world's most famous highways." It had contact with the outer Roman and heathen world.

4. The Galileans were a moral, intelligent, industrious and enterprising people, possessed of vigorous minds and healthy bodies. They were more worldly; but less bound under the rigid system of the scribes, and hence more accessible to new teachings than were the people of Judea.

Why Jesus went to Galilee for His Long Work. At the basis of the reasons given lies the character of Galilee and the Galileans as described above.

The first reason is given in vs. 1-3: the opposition of the Jewish leaders in Judea. They were less open to the gospel truth than the Galileans.

The next reason is given in vs. 44. A PROPHET HATH NO HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. "Every one has seen the same thing a hundred times. A lad who has been despised as almost half-witted in his native place, goes up to London and makes a name for himself as a poet, artist or inventor, and when he returns to his village everybody claims him as cousin."

45. THEN THE GALILEANS RECEIVED HIM. Here he was welcomed. Why? Because they had seen ALL THE THINGS THAT HE DID AT JERUSALEM, the report of which was brought home by these Galileans who WENT UNTO THE FEAST. Referring to John 2: 14-17, 22; 3: 2.

46. COME AGAIN INTO CANA, etc. The miracle there would make it more easy to believe the reports from Jerusalem. Jesus would be welcomed there, not only on account of the favor he had done before; but also because it was the home of his disciple, Nathanael.

II. THE SICK YOUNG MAN AT CAPERNAUM.—Vs. 46.

A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN. A person of royal blood, or rank, or office WHOSE SON WAS SICK, and very low, at the point of death with a fever (vs. 52).

III. A CAPERNAUM NOBLEMAN SEEKS HELP FROM JESUS AT CANA.—Vs. 47-49.

47. WHEN HE HEARD THAT JESUS WAS COME. Knowing what Jesus had done, he had faith enough in his extremity to believe that Jesus had both the power and goodness to help him. The faith was so strong that he WENT UNTO HIM, from Capernaum to Cana. Jesus must help or there was no hope. BROUGHT HIM THAT HE WOULD COME DOWN. Thinking that Jesus must go and see the boy in order to cure him. AT THE POINT OF DEATH. Showing the difficulty of the cure, and the urgency of haste.

48. THEN SAID JESUS UNTO HIM. Jesus neither refused nor granted the request at once, but he uttered a truth which tended to awake in him a fuller and more spiritual faith. EXCEPT YE SEE SIGNS. Miracles from the point of view of symbols or object lessons revealing deep spiritual truths; "marks of the doer's power, grace, and divine character." AND WONDERS, miracles in the aspect of marvels arresting attention and calling attention to the power of the doer.

49. SIR, COME DOWN SEE MY CHILD DIE. The nobleman practically said, "I do believe, I am not looking for wonders, but my child is dying, let us save him first."

IV. THE YOUNG MAN RESTORED TO HEALTH.—Vs. 50-54. GO THY WAY, THY SON LIVETH. Here is the reward of his faith, and the means to larger faith, as we soon see. AND THE MAN BELIEVED THE WORD THAT JESUS HAD SPOKEN. Here was a step higher in his faith. He not only believed in general in the power of Jesus to heal, but he believed for himself and acted upon his belief. He believed the word of Jesus. He had come nearer the true faith, which is a personal trust in the Lord, Jesus. AND HE WENT HIS WAY. He left Jesus.

52. AT THE SEVENTH HOUR. Either one o'clock p. m., according to the Jewish reckoning, or seven o'clock, according to one Roman reckoning. The latter explains best why the nobleman did not go home the same night. "HE NEVER LEFT HIM, showing a sudden decisive change.

53. HIMSELF BELIEVED, AND HIS WHOLE HOUSE. Household, family. He believed what? Believed on Jesus as his Saviour. Before he had believed about him, now he believed on him. They all became disciples. This new increase of his faith was the result of this miracle. It confirmed and enlarged his faith, so that he received the teaching and love of Christ deep in his heart.

54. SECOND MIRACLE. Sign. Not the second miracle Jesus had wrought (vs. 45), but the second in Galilee.

Hon. John Charlton is critically ill at his home at Lynedoch, Ont., having suffered another stroke of paralysis.

Few People Realize

The Danger in That Common Disease Catarrh.

Because catarrhal diseases are so common and because diseases are so idly fatal, people too often overlook and neglect it until some incurable ailment develops as a result of the neglect.

The inflamed condition of the membrane of the nose and throat makes a fertile soil for the germs of Pneumonia and Consumption, in fact catarrhal pneumonia and catarrhal consumption are the most common forms of these dreaded diseases which annually cause more than one quarter of the deaths in this country.

Remedies for catarrh are almost as numerous as catarrh-sufferers, but very few have any actual merit as a cure, the only good derived being simply a temporary relief.

There is, however, a very effective remedy recently discovered which is rapidly becoming famous for its great value in relieving and permanently curing all forms of catarrhal diseases, whether located in the head, throat, lungs, or stomach.

This new catarrh cure is principally composed of a gum derived from the Eucalyptus tree, and this gum possesses extraordinary healing and antiseptic properties. It is taken internally in the form of a lozenge or tablet, pleasant to the taste and so harmless that little children take them with safety and benefit.

Eucalyptus oil and the bark are sometimes used, but are not so convenient, nor so palatable as the gum.

Undoubtedly the best quality is found in Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which may be found in any drug store and any catarrh sufferer who has tried douches, inhalers and liquid medicines, will be surprised at the rapid improvement after a few days' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets which are composed of the gum of the Eucalyptus tree, combined with other antiseptics which destroy the germs of catarrh in the blood and expel the catarrhal poison from the system.

Dr. Ramsdell in speaking of Catarrh and its cure, says: "After many experiments I have given up the idea of curing catarrh by the use of inhalers, washes, salves or liquid medicines. I have always had the best results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; the red gum and other valuable antiseptics contained in these tablets make them, in my opinion, far superior to any of the numerous catarrh remedies so extensively advertised. The fact that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold in drug stores, under protection of a trademark, should not prejudice conscientious physicians against them because their undoubted merit and harmless character make them a remedy which every catarrh sufferer may use with perfect safety and the prospect of a permanent cure."

For colds in the head, for coughs, catarrhal deafness and catarrh of the stomach and liver, people who have tried them say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are a household necessity.

A RECIPE FOR KEEPING YOUNG.

She was as fresh in color as a girl, and her hair without a touch of gray, her face without a wrinkle, and she felt, I am sure, as she certainly looked, far younger than I did. So I asked her finally, "How do you keep so fresh and young with all your great family?"

She looked at me a moment and laughed a merry little laugh: "You see," she said, "I haf my von little naps."

"Your what?" I asked, puzzled to understand her.

"My Von little naps," she repeated.

"But tell me; I do not understand," I said. "Vy so," she said, in her pretty, broken English, about "twelve o'clock, or maybe one, or maybe two, as you like it better, I takes de baby—vichever is de baby—and I goes to de room and takes my naps."

"But if the baby won't sleep at that time?" I objected.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he sleeps all right."

"But there are so many things to do while the baby sleeps," I went on.

"I vill haf my naps," was her smiling answer.

"But," I urged, "supposing something happens to the other children while you and the other baby are asleep?"

Then she did stare at me. "There could be nothing happen' to those children worse dan I not get my von little naps," she said indignantly.

I gave it up. This closed the argument—Christian Uplook.

"Skorcher must be getting weak-minded," said the first automobilist.

"I haven't noticed it," replied the other.

"Why, he told me he stopped his auto- to once yesterday because there was a pedestrian in his road."

"But I believe the pedestrian had a gun."—Philadelphia Press.

DR. WEAVER'S TREATMENT. WEAVER'S SYRUP For Humors Salt Rheum Scrofulous Swellings, etc. WEAVER'S GERATE Cleanses the Skin Beautifies the Complexion. Combined, these preparations act powerfully upon the system, completely eradicating the Poison in the blood. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY On and after MONDAY, November 21st, 1904, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN. 6-Mixed for Moncton, 6.30 2-Exp. for Point du Chene, Halifax, Sydney and Campbellton 7.00 26-Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 12.15 4-Mixed for Moncton and Point du Chene 13.15 8-Express for Sussex 17.10 134-Express for Quebec and Montreal 18.00 10-Express for Halifax and Sydney 23.25 TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. 9-Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20 7-Express from Sussex 9.00 133-Express from Montreal and Quebec 13.50 5-Mixed from Moncton 15.20 3-Express from Moncton and Point du Chene 16.50 25-Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 17.40 1-Express from Halifax 18.40 81-Express from Moncton (Sunday only) 24.35 All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time 24.00 o'clock is midnight. D. POTTINGER, General Man. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 18th, 1904. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Telephone, 1053. GEO. CARVILL C. T. A.

USE FERROVIM TRADE MARK A Splendid Tonic Builds up the System Strengthens the Muscles Gives New Life Sold by all medicine dealers. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST. Homestead Regulations. Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 20, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to private persons, may be homesteaded for agricultural purposes, or for other purposes, by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 16 years of age, or the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10.00 is charged for a homesteaded entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES. A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the regulations thereon to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person at the residence, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be obtained by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. The term "vicinity" used above is so construed to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate thirty acres of his homestead, or substitute twenty head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have beside 80 acres, substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1904. Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION. Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

W. W. COBY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N. B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

Bells 100 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. McShane's Any tone desired—Chimes, Peals, Singia. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. HAVE FURNISHED BELLS FOR THE CHURCH, SCHOOLS, AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS. WEST TROY N.Y. CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

From the Churches.

DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS.

Fifteen thousand dollars wanted from the churches of Nova Scotia during the present Convention year. All contributions, whether for division according to the scale, or for any one of the seven objects, should be sent to John Nalder, Treasurer, Windsor, N. S. Envelopes for gathering these funds can be obtained free on application.

The Treasurer for New Brunswick is Rev. F. W. MARSH, D.D., St. JOHN, N. B. and the Treasurer for P. E. Island is Mr. A. W. STERNS, CHARLOTTETOWN. All contributions from churches and individuals in New Brunswick should be sent to Dr. MARSH; and all such contributions P. E. Island to Mr. STERNS.

FAIRVILLE.—The Fairville church recently held a "Roll Call," at which a large number of our members responded, either by voice, or by letter. Letters had been sent to all the members inviting their presence, and calling, if convenient, for a Thank offering for the church debt. Quite a helpful sum was thus realized. About two thousand dollars have been paid on the debt during the present pastorate. During the past year we have built a snug little meeting house at Pleasant Point, an outstation. It was formally opened on the evening of Dec. 6th, when an appropriate sermon was preached by Dr. G. O. Gates. A successful Sunday School has been carried on at the Point for six years, under the auspices of the Fairville Baptist church. Bro. Carey Black, because of his efficiency, has annually been reappointed by the church, to the important position of superintendent. We are hoping and praying for more spirituality, and greater power, that God may be glorified, and sinners saved.

A. T. DYKEMAN.

Fairville, Jan. 28th, 1905.

HAMPTON VILLAGE, N. B.—I am enabled to report some progress in the above named church. From the view point of material things there are some tokens of encouragement. During the early autumn the parsonage received a much needed coat of paint, in addition to other general repairs, which improve the appearance of affairs considerably. The pastor's salary is promptly paid at the close of each month and the usual financial obligations of the church are squarely met. Viewing matters from a spiritual standpoint, there are also some slight tokens of encouragement. The Sabbath and mid-week services are well sustained. The word of God is preached to good sized congregations, is well listened to, and in a measure heeded. For a couple of weeks at the opening of the year I held some special meetings, and as a partial result of them some have been led into a fuller trust in Christ, others have been awakened in the spirit life, while again others remain in their indifference. We shall with hopeful vision await the unfolding future.

ALLAN SPIDELL.

Jan. 27, '05.

MONCTON.—Rev. D. Hutchinson who has been pastor of the First Baptist church of this city tendered his resignation on Sunday the 22nd, to take effect the last Sunday in April. The resignation has been accepted with regret. Mr. Hutchinson came to Moncton the first of February four years ago. During his pastorate the church has made steady progress. There have been 236 additions to the membership, of which 141 were by baptism and 95 by letter and experience. Progress has also been made along financial lines. The debt on the church has been reduced some \$2,000. Mr. Hutchinson not only held a warm place in the hearts of the people whom he has so faithfully served, but was held in the highest esteem by the citizens generally. He always took an active interest in the different movements for the welfare of the city. As a minister and a citizen his removal will be a distinct loss. Mrs. Hutchinson, who has seconded her husband's efforts in church work by her tactful manner and quiet unostentatious service, will be greatly missed by the church

and community. These separations are painful, and are among the 'all things' which 'work together for good' to a certain class of people.

Personals.

Rev. A. F. Brown the pastor of the church in Mahone Bay, N. S., writes of a very serious accident which befell him just before Christmas last. He was pounding on an ax with a hammer, when a spark of fire flew directly into the sight of his right eye, cutting it almost square in two, threatening entire loss of the sight of that eye. We are pleased to learn that under skilful treatment of his physician, the eye is now rapidly improving and the sight is gradually returning. The MESSENGER AND VISITOR extends congratulations to Pastor Brown on his escape from so sad an affliction which threatened him and hopes that he may long continue to have eyes to see many wonderful things both in nature and grace.

It is announced that Rev. D. Hutchinson has resigned his charge at Moncton and accepted a call to the Main street church, St. John. Pastor Hutchinson has done good work in the Railway town. The church of which he has been the pastor is the largest Baptist church in these provinces. It has afforded abundant scope for the exercise of all the gifts at the pastor's command. Certain changes are contemplated in the near future, as soon as the union between the two Baptist bodies shall have been consummated. The call from the Main St. church coming at this juncture was felt to be a call from the Master. The opportunity for aggressive work in the Main st. church is very great. Mr. Hutchinson will receive a most cordial welcome from the St. John pastors and churches. He expects to enter upon his pastorate the first of May. In the meantime the Main st. church is being very efficiently served by Rev. H. G. Colpitts, whose work is greatly appreciated by the church. The MESSENGER AND VISITOR extends congratulations to the Main st. church in being able so soon to fill the place made vacant by the death of the lamented Roach, and to Pastor Hutchinson that he is called to serve so good a church.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

I wish to acknowledge the kindness of my church and congregation of a Christmas gift of \$45.00, \$37.00 cash.

C. J. STREVES,
BAILLIE.

SOCIAL SUNSHINE.

On the evening of 19th. inst. the members and friends of the Baptist congregation of Jacksonville met at the parsonage. A grand tea was served by the Ladies. After a pleasant evening had been enjoyed by old and young, Mrs. Joseph McCready on behalf of those present in a neat address presented to the pastor and wife a donation of Fifty Dollars (mostly cash.) Other gifts continue to come.

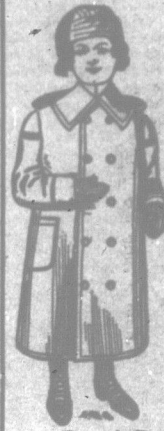
May rich blessing rest upon these thoughtful and kind people.

JOSEPH A. CAHILL.

Some of the grandest things that have been done in this world by herces of God have been done by those who were freely endowed, as the world judges, for the task which was set them; but they were done. Not from the seen, but from the Unseen, did they draw their strength.

Such is the want-ness and almost universality of avarice as a corrupting agent in public affairs, that it behoves every man to consider his responsibilities before God in this matter. The very planks beneath us and the ocean are worm-eaten and rotting, when avarice takes hold of public integrity; for avarice is that sea worm, ocean-bred, and swarming innumerable, that will pierce the toughest planks, and bring the stoutest ships to foundering. We need reformation in the very beginnings and elements of society.—H. Ward Beecher.

LITTLE BOYS' OVERCOATS



\$3.50—BLUE FRIEZE RUSSIAN COAT, with fancy Brass Buttons, Slash pockets and Velvet Collar.

\$4.25—BLUE FRIEZE RUSSIAN COATS, with Brass buttons, Velvet Collar and Black Leather Belt.

\$5.00—GREY CURL CLOTH RUSSIAN COAT, with a cloth belt at the back, Slash Pockets, Velvet Collar and Cuffed Sleeves. Gun Metal Buttons.

\$6.00—GREY VICUNA RUSSIAN COATS with a naval badge on the sleeve; two plaits down the back, with a Cloth Belt, Gun Metal Buttons, Velvet Collar. Fancy stitching around the Cuffs.

\$7.75 BOYS' BLANKET COATS, of Blue Blanket Cloth, trimmed with Scarlet. Detachable Hood and Deep Collar. Lined through the shoulders with Red Cloth. Very warm and comfortable. A \$4.50 size also.

BOYS' OVERCOATS in all sizes and styles—Coats that can be relied upon.

Boys' Durable and Stylish Clothing of All Kinds.

(New Building.)

Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Limited.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Mr. James R. Ayer, of Sackville, who has been spending a few days in the city, returned home on Monday. Mr. Ayer is the gentleman at the head of the Sackville firm which is engaged in the canning of mushrooms, the making of mushroom-sauce and the preparation of mushrooms in other ways for the table. To a Globe reporter Mr. Ayer stated that the past season had been a very good one, and the output of his factory had been large. So great is the demand for mushrooms as prepared by the Ayer people, however that next fall the business will be enlarged and new tracts of marsh will be covered by the pickers. Mr. Ayer said that the output of the factory is shipped chiefly to Upper Canada. Quantities of the mushrooms canned have been and are used on the I. O. R. dining cars. This year Mr. Ayer has also supplied some of his goods to the C. P. R. for use in its dining cars and hotels.

KEEP YOUNG

The middle-aged woman needs to keep a sharp lookout upon herself. There is danger in standing still mentally, at leaning at 30 or 40 upon very brittle opinions and ideas formed at 20 years of age. Too many girls stop short in their education when they leave school. Life is one long course of education. It is never wise to adopt the notion that one can stop learning. Every day has its lessons. Men "stay young" longer than women. Perhaps it is because a man at 21 years old knows that he knows nothing—in the world's opinion, anyway. He is just preparing to run a race over a course untried by his feet, though trodden by millions of others. He steadies himself, looks about him, and reflects that if he is to keep in the race he must have his eyes wide open all the time, and learn how to run as he goes. The young woman usually considers that with her college diploma in hand strenuous mental application and effort come to an end. With the young man school and college are preparations only for the activities and achievements of maturity. The phenomenally brilliant undergraduate is seldom heard of again—man or woman. Too early development is not a favorable augury. The great school is the school of life, with a course of study covering three-score years and ten. It is those who are recognized forces during the last half of his schooling who are of account in the world.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Arkansas legislature has recently passed a law which makes it possible to fine any woman wearing a stuffed bird on her hat from \$25 to \$50.

If at any time you have trouble with your bread-making, drop a line to Mr. Gray of the Laboratory and Baking Department of the

Royal Household Flour

Mills in Montreal. He will write you a personal letter giving valuable suggestions and information.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitations."

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

BIRTHS.

WHITMAN.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Annapolis Royal, Jan. 22nd.—05 to Rev. and Mrs. N. A. Whitman, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

POWER-LIGHTFOOT.—At Kentville, Jan. 23, by Rev. C. H. Day, Henry Abel Power, to Lena May Lightfoot, both of Kentville, N. S.

WOOD-WEST.—At the parsonage, Kentville, Jan. 18th, by Rev. C. H. Day, John William Wood, to Hattie Ethel West both of Colbrook, Kings Co. N. S.

ELMSLY-BENTLY.—At the home of the bride, Sydney, C. B., December 20th, 1904, by Rev. J. W. Wees, Herbert C. Elmsly to Pearl E. Bently, both of Sydney.

BROWN-WRIGHT.—At the parsonage, Clementsvalle, Jan. 20th, by Rev. J. H. Raleon, Chipman G. Brown of Clementsvalle, to Laura Wright of Princetdale.

SMITH-BROWN.—At the residence of the bride's parents on the 18th inst, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Albert Martin Smith of Halifax and Ethel M. youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Brown of St. John.

SPEER-SMALLEY.—At Peel, C. Co., N. B., Jan. 25th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Lee E. Speer of Speer's parish of Woodstock, N. B., to Annie Ella Smalley of East Florenceville, N. B.

INGRAM-MOPHER.—At the parsonage, North East Margaree, C. B., on the 22nd inst, by the father of the bride, George H. second daughter of Rev. A. E. Ingram, to Peter R. Mopher, of Lower Stewiacke, N. S.

PAYZANT-YOUNG.—At the home of the mother of the bride, on Wednesday, the 25th, by Rev. S. B. Kompton, Arthur W. Son of the late Benjamin Payzant, of Caledonia, Queens Co., to Lillian May, daughter of the late John Young, Esq., of Dartmouth.

DEATHS.

LEAWITHROW.—At South Boston, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Leawithrow. God has called our baby home.

ANDERSON.—At Andersonville, Charlotte Co., N. B., on 16th inst., Mrs. Sarah Anderson in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

HARVEY.—Jan. 17th, at his late residence Panke Road, Mispelon (near Windsor) N. S., William A. Harvey, fell asleep in Jesus.

CLARK.—At Ashland, C. Co., N. B., Jan. 16th, of pneumonia, Emeline aged 67 years widow of the late Levi Clark, leaving two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss, her end was peace.

TUPPER.—At Clementsvalle, N. S., Jan. 20th, Gordon Tupper only child of Forbes and Hattie Tupper, aged one year and eight months. This was an exceptionally beautiful flower and the parents have the sympathy of a large number of friends.

HAYWARD.—At Goshen, A. Co., N. B., on 16th inst., Warren Hayward, aged 34 years. Our brother was a much beloved member of the Baptist Church. He leaves a widow,

two small children, a mother, father, two brothers and one sister. They have our heartfelt sympathy.

WARE.—Jan. 10, at her late residence Currey's Corner, Windsor, N. S., Mrs. Mary A. Ware peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, aged 66 years, leaving three sons and five daughters to mourn the loss of a faithful Christian mother. The deceased was a respected member of the Baptist church in Windsor, having been baptized by Pastor D. M. Welton in May, 1858.

HENDERSON.—At Plymouth, N. B., Jan. 10th, 1905, Sarah, wife of deacon David Henderson, died a painful death caused by blood-poisoning. One of our best Christian women has gone to her reward. Among those who will miss her most are the husband, her mother, an invalid sister and five small children including an infant son, all of one household. How much these need our sympathy.

WAGNER.—On Dec 26th, at Victory, Annapolis Co., N. S., Edward Wagner, leaving a widow and large family to mourn their loss. The deceased was a worthy member of the Clement's church and a trusted and faithful leader of the little band at Victory. Owing to the absence of the pastor the memorial service was not held until Jan. 22nd, when a large number gathered to pay their heart-felt regard to him who was in life loved so well.

HICKS.—Went home Jan. 18th, 1905, Mrs. Ira Hicks aged 79. On Jan. 4, 1826, Matilda Abram was born in Lestershire, England. She came to this country in 1837, married Ira Hicks Nov 1844; to them was born ten children. The husband, 8 children 49 grand-children and seven great grand-children survive. All the children and many of the grand-children are church members. At 15 years of age she was identified with the Baptists. In 1860, she helped organize the St. Mary's Baptist church in Kent Co., N. B. In it she was a pillar until from the church militant she was transferred to the church triumphant. The funeral service, conducted by a former pastor, R. M. Bynon, was largely attended.

SANFORD.—Died at Brooklyn, New York, Sunday, Jan. 8th, 1905, Isabella Marion, wife of Dr. Arnold Sanford. Funeral Tuesday, Jan. 10th, from her late residence, No. 323 Jefferson Ave. The surviving children are Mrs. Anna L. Stevenson, of 258 West 107th st., New York, and son, Vernon. Mrs. Sanford will be remembered by many as daughter of the late Deacon Holland E. Payson and sister of the late Charles H. Payson, of Westport, N. S., and of Frank P. Payson, now residing in New York. It is perhaps too soon, and certainly beyond the ability of the writer to attempt an appraisal of the charming and lovable qualities of the deceased. It is not, however, amiss to speak a few words of loving and affectionate remembrance. In the various stations of life she manifested those qualities which endeared her to all who enjoyed her acquaintance and friendship. She was a dutiful daughter, a loving sister, a loyal wife and a kind and devoted mother. Thank God for such a life.

INGRAHAM.—At North East Margaree on the 17th day of January, 1905, John L. Ingraham peacefully fell asleep in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Bro. Ingraham united with the Baptist church at Margaree over forty-eight years ago, and although he passed through a period of spiritual declension, he again identified himself anew, and renewed his covenant with the church, and the latter years of his life were noted for his piety and mildness of temperament. Having in recent years retired from active work, he spent a good deal of his time in visiting his friends and relatives and many to-day can recall to memory the jovial greetings and pleasant salutations from the good old man in his declining years. He died as he lived, at peace with his God and all men. His funeral was largely attended and many with sorrowful countenance gazed for the last time upon all that was mortal of John Lewis. He was a son of the late John L. Ingraham one of the consistent members of the Margaree Baptist church. Although we cannot write or preach our brother into heaven, we can upon the authority of God's Word, "Say to the righteous it shall be well with him."

DOTY.—Fell asleep in Jesus, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Spinney, Yarmouth, N. S., Dec. 31st, 1904, Mrs. Emily Doty, aged 71 years. Our departed sister was born in Hebron, N. S., in the year 1834. At the early age of fourteen she found the Saviour, was baptized, and became a devoted member of the Hebron Baptist church. Although the later years of her life were spent at a distance from her girlhood home she never removed her membership from the old home church. While still quite young she married the late Charles Doty, also of Hebron, N. S. After a happy period of married life her husband was called home and for the re-

maining thirty-five years of her life she remained his widow. She was the mother of nine children, five only of which remain to mourn her loss. These are Mrs. Geo. N. Spinney of Yarmouth, N. S., Mrs. Augustus Porter of Danvers, Mass., Mrs. (Rev.) Luman Crosby of Crystal, North Dakota, and Captains George and Farnham Doty who are both at sea. Although confined to the house for nearly two years yet the end was sudden and unexpected. The heart peacefully ceased its action, and she was not for God took her. The funeral was held Jan. 6th, 1905 from her late residence. The service was conducted by the writer who spoke from the words, "The year of my redeemed is come," Isa 63:4. The remains were laid to rest in the beautiful Mountain cemetery of Yarmouth, to await the resurrection of the just.

MCLEAN.—At North East Margaree, on the twenty fourth day of November, 1904, Murdoch McLean entered into rest. Our departed brother was in the 82nd year of his age. For the last three years of his life he was confined to his home with disease of the brain, causing the loss of memory, and inability to converse intelligently with his family and friends. Bro. McLean came to this country from Scotland with his parents in the year 1840, being then a youth of 17 summers, and as a youth he might be called, one of the pioneer settlers of this place, having with his parents to hew out a home in the then unbroken forest. He united with the Margaree Baptist church in the year 1847, to which cause he gave liberally of his means and service, being always a ready and willing worker, and a constant attendant upon Divine service, his pew being only vacant when the infirmities of age prevented. When the Baptist church was being built upon the site where the new edifice now stands, Bro. McLean had a prominent part from start to finish. During the period of active service, the church and cause found a large place in his noble heart. He was twice married first to Catherine daughter of the late Murdoch Ross and sister of the late Rev. Hugh and Malcolm Ross, a wife in whom he had a faithful and earnest Christian helper. Bro. McLean with beaming countenance and sparkling eyes, in his own quaint way, often related to the writer how his beloved first wife, took with her own hands and all alone the side sill of the Baptist church from the top of Sugar Loaf mountain down to the river at its base, on whose bosom it was to be carried to the site. Memory recalls many incidents in life, but suffice it to say, "That a good man has fallen this day in Israel" and by his death the church has lost a true friend and supporter, the community an honest citizen and good neighbour, the family a kind and benevolent parent.

DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 11, 1904 TO JAN. 23, 1905.

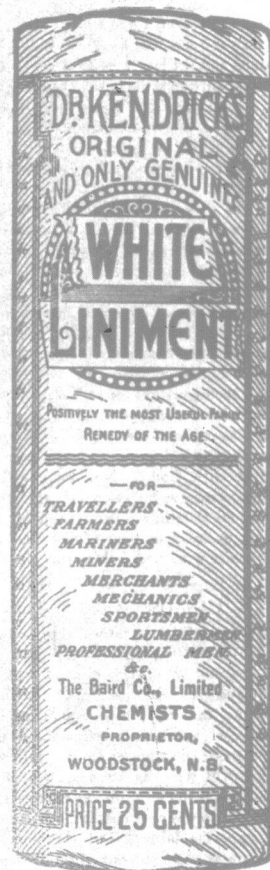
Montague Church	\$18.00
Charlottetown Church	12.55
North River Church	16.00
Murray River Church	8.00
Cavendish Church	11.65
Dundas Church	4.50
Annapolis Church	2.70
William Scott of Clyde River	25.00
Before reported \$89.05, total to January 23rd, 1905 \$187.45.	

A. W. STERNES, Treasurer for P. E. I.
Charlottetown P. E. I., January 23, 1905

Because Jesus Christ is with you, in you, in the midst of you, you are neither small nor poor, neither struggling nor isolated. Count not yourselves, count the Lord, then victory is assured.—Joseph Parker.

DRUGGING CHILDREN.

The mother who gives her little one "soothing" stuff when it cries surely does not realize that she is simply drugging it in a temporary insensibility with a poisonous opiate. But that is just what she is doing. All the so-called "soothing" medicines contain poisonous opiates; they are all harmful—some of them dangerous, and should never be given to children. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. The Tablets speedily cure all stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, and simple fevers; they break up colds, prevent croup, ease the pain of teething, and give healthy, natural sleep. When little ones are cross, peevish and sizzling, give them Baby's Own Tablets, and you will find a smile in every dose. You can get the tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



COWAN'S COCOA and CHOCOLATE

They are the choicest of all. Try them.



A TEMPERANCE FRUIT COLONY

CITRONA PARK is situated 24 miles from Orland, Glenn County, California, and 160 miles north of San Francisco, in a district that is practically free from frost and exceptionally healthful. The soil is a deep clay loam mixed with fine gravel. The drainage, both on surface and subsoil, is perfect. There is abundant and unfailing supply of water. The orange, lemon, fig, almond, apple, peach, pear, apricot, olive, grape and all kinds of fruit flourish here in perfection. The rainfall is abundant, so that no artificial irrigation is required except for citrus trees.

A clause in every deed prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor on the property for all time.

TERMS.—\$65 or \$75 per acre according to location, cash or easy payments. Ten acres make a comfortable homestead. If desired, the lots of absentee owners will be planted and cared for at lowest cost.

For prospectus and other information apply to

Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, D. D., St. John, N. B.



A. Kinsella

Steam Polishing Granite and Marble Works.

Having a large supply on hand parties placing their orders before the 1st of May will get a discount. Material and workmanship guaranteed.

All orders delivered free.

165 Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES mailed, postpaid, for 50 cents per doz. PATERSON & CO., 107 Gervais St., St. John.

POWER.

I remember when I was a boy I often noticed men sawing wood. There would be a pit made and the log of wood sawn asunder would be laid along the top. Then two men with a large hand saw would commence to cut through the wood. One of the men would be below in the pit and one would stand above the wood, and they would thus work together till their task was finished. But it was a very laborious one. To-day if a log of wood needed to be sawn asunder, it would be placed against a great circular saw and in a few minutes it would be cut through. What made the difference? There is one word that expresses it—power. How many believers there are who struggling, and striving, and endeavoring, and longing, and wishing, and hoping, and laboring, in order to keep up their spiritual life and very often it ends in failure. But you say, Did not Jacob obtain blessing from the angel by his wrestling, and by so doing is it not said that "he prevailed with God?" No, Jacob got no blessing as long as he was wrestling, but as soon as his wrestling was over and he was clinging to the angel then he prevailed and found power with God.—Selected.

CANNON OR BELL.

There is a bell in the cathedral of Cologne made by the melting together of French cannon. It would be a very difficult task indeed to analyze that bell and determine whence the cannon came. Sometimes like this, however, is the task, before those who adopt the extreme theories of the rationalistic critics of the Pentateuch. You must be supposed to show in the minute literary traits of this series of document, the dates of their origin, the dates of their combination, and the dates of subsequent editorial supervisions, I, for one think that even if it were to be granted that documents drawn from many polytheistic nations and ages were the original constituents of the Pentateuch, we have not touched the doctrine of the inspiration of the combined mass at all. The mass is strangely purified from all false doctrine. A divine fire has burned all adulterate elements wholly out of it, and fused the constituents in a combination wholly new. These cannon are one set of objects; melted together into a bell, and hung in a cathedral tower, they are another object altogether. Mere white dust is one thing; compacted into marble, in a vase, it has a ring and is quite another. These cannon, melted and hung aloft in the form of a bell are no longer cannon. They are an inspired work. It is our business, indeed, to know all we can as to the composition of this bronze; but our highest business is to ring the bell in the cathedral tower. The moral law, the ethical monotheism of Pentateuch, have proved their reason as often as they have been put into practice, age after age. The Pentateuch hung in the cathedral tower of the world has uttered God's voice, and it is our business to ask how we can ring the bell in the heights of history, rather than how it originated by the melting together of many fragments.—Joseph Cook.

THE PLACE FOR PRAYER.

On the Mississippi River, years ago, a steam packet on its way to the gulf stopped at the dock of a small town at the river side. It was loaded with passengers and freight. It went down the river; it would come up shortly after midnight. A great tree became lodged in the middle of the river where it was bobbing and turning with the water. The steamer coming back at midnight would bring hundreds of passengers from Mardi Gras, and the steamer and its freight, of human lives would sink in an hour and every life be lost. The steamer could not help itself; the river could not help itself. They were all under law. But in a little house beside the river a boy saw the tree bobbing; he took a basket, put into it a lantern and swam out to the middle of the river, waiting by the tree for hours, waiting until midnight. When the great leviathan of the deep came up the river he swung his lantern, the steamer stopped, the lives were saved.

One little boy at the riverside did what the river could not do, what the steamship could not do. He saved five hundred lives. The God I worship is competent to turn all the universe back on the dial of eternity to

Millions of people, of nine different nations, are constant users of Ligozone. Some are using it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. No medicine was ever so widely employed. These users are everywhere; your neighbors and friends are among them. And half the people you meet—wherever you are—know someone whom Ligozone has cured.

If you need help, please ask some of these users what Ligozone does. Don't blindly take medicine for what medicine cannot do. Drugs never kill germs. For your own sake, ask about Ligozone; then let us buy you a full-size bottle to try.

We Paid \$100,000

For the American rights to Ligozone. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of different cases, that Ligozone destroys the cause of any germ disease.

Ligozone has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not made by compounding drugs, nor with alcohol. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the

redeem a race threatened with eternal death. It is no more wonderful for God to perform a miracle and save the human race from death than for the boy on the Mississippi to save five hundred lives in the steamship from river and tree, by his interference. Without human will they were absolutely helpless. There is your place for prayer, with less of petition. The nestling place for the soul is under the wing of the infinite, omnipotent God who made the worlds through Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ upholds the worlds by the word of his power. The force of gravity the laws of the universe, are expressions of the will of the Son of God.—P. Gifford, D. D.

MY LORD.

In Bethlehem's manager lying,
Is He my Lord?
On cruel Calvary dying,
Is He my Savior?
Songs over Bethlehem breaking,
He is my Lord!
Rocks rending, dead awaking,
He is my Savior!
Then and now and aye the same,
Only Hope in guilt and shame,
Love and blessing on Thy Name,
My Lord and Savior!

Wearry on Galilee,
Is He my Lord?
Sad in Gethsemane
Is He my Savior?
Winds heed Him, waves obey Him,
He is my Lord!
Holy hands of angels stay Him,
He is My Savior!

Then and now and aye the same,
Only Hope in guilt and shame,
Love and blessing on Thy Name,
My Lord and Savior!

Scribe and priest in scorn uniting,
Is He my Lord?
Cruel hands of soldiers smiting,
Is He my Savior?
See! th' angelic armies own Him,
He is my Lord!
Lord of all, in Heaven enthroned Him,
He is my Savior!

Then and now and aye the same,
Only Hope in guilt and shame,
Love and blessing on Thy Name,
My Lord and Savior!

The Lord knows how to make stepping stones for us of our defects; it is what he lets them be for. He remembereth—he remembered in the making—that we are but dust; the dust of earth that he choose to make something a little lower than the angels out of it.—Mrs. Whitney.

Nine Nations

Now Use Ligozone. Won't You Try It—Free?

most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Ligozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Ligozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissue, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Every physician knows that medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Ligozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

- Ashtma, Abscess—Anemia, Bronchitis, Blood Poison, Bright's Disease, Bowel Troubles, Coughs—Colds, Consumption, Colic—Croup, Constipation, Catarrh—Cancer, Dysentery—Diarrhea, Dandruff—Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Eczema—Erysipelas, Hay Fever—Influenza, Kidney Diseases, La Grippe, Leucorrhoea, Liver Troubles, Malaria—Neuralgia, Many Heart Troubles, Piles—Pneumonia, Pleurisy—Quinsy, Rheumatism, Scabies—Syphilis, Skin Diseases, Stomach Troubles, Thrush—Tetanus, Typhoid—Typhus.

Fever—Gall Stones, Gravel—Gout, Gonorrhoea—Gleet, Tumors—Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Women's Diseases. All diseases that begin with fever—all infantile diseases—all catarrhs—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood. In nervous debility Ligozone acts as a vitalizer accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Ligozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever. Ligozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Ligozone Company, 534-54 Wabash Ave., Chicago. My disease: I have never tried Ligozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it. Give full address—write plainly. Any physician or hospital not using Ligozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

NONE Has a better record than WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Nearly half a century has passed since it was first manufactured and it is yet unexcelled.

ON A POST CARD. Roschvale, N. S., Jan. 10, 1905. Please send me two dozen of Gates' Acadian Liniment. That liniment sells fast. It is good. Yours, JAMES S. NICKERSON

Gates' Acadian Liniment is well-known as being without an equal. After exposure to cold a few drops in a cup of sweetened hot water will effectually break up a Cold or Cough. A bottle in the home is a necessity for such winter ills as Toothache, Chills and Quinsy. For Rheumatism when applied hot it brings relief. Diphtheria and Sore Throat are quickly and efficiently cured by it. Best because strongest. Sold everywhere by C. GATES SON & CO., Middleton, N. S.

IF YOU HAVE PIGS TO SELL, WRITE US. We pay highest market prices. F. R. WILLIAMS CO., LIMITED, St. John, N. B.

Prize Gold Watch THE UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. OF for the student in our Shortland Department making the highest marks during the year 1905, a seven Jeweled Waltham Stem-winder, Stem Set Watch, warranted for 25 years, either lady or gentleman's. Our new term begins TUESDAY, Jan. 3rd. Catalogue free to any address.

S. Kerr & Son, Oddfellows' Hall. The annual statement of receipts of the Toronto street railway show a big increase. The city's share is nearly \$880,000.

Only a Trifling Cold Has been the Lullaby Song of Many a Victim to their Last Long Sleep. A cough should be loosened as speedily as possible, and all irritation allayed before it settles in the lungs. Once settled there Bronchitis and Consumption may follow. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP is just the remedy you require. The virtues of the Norway Pine and Wild Cherry Bark, with other standard pectoral Herbs and Balsams, are skillfully combined to produce a reliable, safe and effectual remedy for all forms of Coughs and Colds. Mr. N. D. Macdonald, Whyron, N.S., writes:—"I think it my duty to let people know what great good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I had a bad cold, which settled in my chest, and I could get nothing to cure it till I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The first bottle helped me wonderfully, and the third one cured me. Price 25 cents per bottle."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. NEW TOURIST SLEEPING CARS FOR CHICAGO LEAVE MONTREAL EVERY TUESDAY. FOR VANCOUVER LEAVE MONTREAL every THURSDAY and SUNDAY. LEAVE NORTH BAY every TUESDAY and SATURDAY. AN INEXPENSIVE MEANS OF TRAVELLING. COMFORT AND CHEAPNESS COMBINED. For particulars and Tickets call on W. H. C. MACKAY, or write to F. R. PERRY, Acting D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

This and That

QUITE RIGHT, TOO.

Here is an example of an examination of a midshipman for promotion in the days when practical steamship and many bearing counted for more than knowledge of steel construction and electrical engineering.

Commodore—Mr. Tatnall, what would be your course, supposing you were off a lee shore, the wind blowing a gale, both anchors and your rudder gone, all your canvas carried away, and your ship scudding rapidly towards the breakers?

Tatnall—“I cannot conceive, sir, that such a combination of disasters could possibly befall a ship in one voyage.”

Commodore—“Tut, tut, young gentleman. We must have your opinion, supposing such a case to have actually occurred.”

Tatnall—“Well, sir—sails all carried away, do you say, sir?”

Commodore—“Aye, all; every rag.”

Tatnall—“Anchor gone too, sir?”

Commodore—“Aye; not an uncommon case.”

Tatnall—“No rudder either?”

Commodore—“Aye, rudder unshipped.” (Tatnall drops his head despairingly in deep thought.) “Come, sir, come; bear a hand about it. What would you do?”

Tatnall (at last and desperate)—“Well, I’d let the confounded tub go to the bottom, where she ought to go.”

Commodore (joyously)—“Right, sir; perfectly right. That will do, sir. The clerk will note that Mr. Tatnall has passed.”

DIAGNOSTIC HELPS.

“Terence, what is the doctor’s diagnosis of your case?”

“He hasn’t told me yet, but I’m betting it’ll be ‘I’ve ernt av tin dollars.’”

A FELLOW FEELING

Why She Felt Lenient towards the Drunkard.

A great deal depends on the point of view. A good temperance woman was led, in a very peculiar way, to revise her somewhat harsh judgment of the poor devil who cannot resist his cups and she is now the more charitable. She writes:—

“For many years I was a great sufferer from asthma. Finally my health got so poor that I found I could not lie down, but walked the floor whilst others slept. I got so nervous I could not rest anywhere.”

“Specialists told me I must give up the use of coffee—the main thing that I always thought gave me some relief. I consulted our family physician, and he being a coffee fiend himself told me to pay no attention to their advice. Coffee has such a charm for me that in passing a restaurant and getting a whiff of the fragrance I could not resist a cup. I felt very lenient towards the drunkard who could not pass the saloon. Friends often urged me to try Postum, but I turned a deaf ear, saying: ‘That may do for people to whom coffee is harmful, but not for me—coffee and I will never part.’”

“At last, however, I bought a package of Postum, although I was sure I could not drink it. I prepared it as directed, and served it for breakfast. Well, bitter as I was against it, I must say that never before had I tasted a more delicious cup of coffee! From that day to this (more than a year) I have never had a desire for the old coffee. My health soon returned; the asthma disappeared, I began to sleep well and in a short time I gained 20 pounds in weight.”

“One day I handed my physician the tablets he had prescribed for me, telling him I had no use for them. He stayed for dinner. When I passed him his coffee cup he remarked: ‘I am glad to see you were sensible enough not to let yourself be persuaded that coffee was harmful. This is the best cup of coffee I ever drank,’ he continued; ‘the trouble is so few people know how to make good coffee. When he got his second cup I told him he was drinking Postum. He was incredulous but I convinced him, and now he uses nothing but Postum in his home and has greatly improved in health.’ Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book ‘The Road to Wellville.’”

THE LAST STRAW.

Mr. Harriman would have liked to employ the half-hour spent in the last train to Paradise Corner in reading the evening news, but behind him sat a pair of giggling girls.

“Father thinks the Russians haven’t the ghost of a chance,” he heard.

“Really!” said the second voice.

“M-m; that’s what he thinks, and father knows a lot. He’s a splendid weather prophet, you know.”

“Really!”

“Oh, yes, and he always can tell the way the elections are coming out, for mayor and president and the school board, and everything.”

“Really!”

“Yes, and he’s pretty generous to me, too. He gave me the money for one of those new long coats today.”

“Really!”

“Yes. And oh, did you know everything is to be brown this season? That’s what my cousin says.”

“Really!”

“Yes. Oh, did you know Helen’s cousin is awfully ill—that handsome one—and hardly expected to live?”

“Really!”

“My dear,” said Mr. Harriman, as he wearily submitted to his wife’s evening salutation and fell into the near chair, “I am worn out. There was a girl behind me in the car who said, ‘Really!’ somewhere near a thousand times.”

Mrs. Harriman laid a cool and soothing hand on his brow.

“Oh, not really!” she said, as she smoothed the wrinkle between his eyebrows.

A GENTLE DECEPTION.

A car or bus filled with inside passengers was going slowly up a long hill in County Wicklow, Ireland. The driver leaped down from his seat in front and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six passengers inside were too busily engaged in conversation, says a writer in the Home Advocate, to notice how slow the car progressed.

Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car, and then shut it again with a slam. The passengers started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.

A second time the fellow opened and closed the door. The travellers turned round angrily and asked why he disturbed them in that manner.

“Whist!” whispered the fellow. “Don’t spaks so loud. She’ll overhear us.”

“Who is she?”

“The mare. Spake low,” he continued, holding his hand before his face. “Sure, I’m deceiving the craythur! Every time she hears the door slamming that way she thinks one of ye is getting down to walk up the hill, and that rises her spirits.”

PROOF OF HIS WORTH.

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy, says Leslie’s Monthly, except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer locked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“Want me pay raised.”

“What are you getting?”

“Tree dollars a week.”

“Well, how much do you think you are worth?”

“Four dollars.”

“You think so, do you?”

“Yessir, an’ I’ve been ‘tinkin’ so for tree weeks, but I’ve been so blamed busy I haven’t had time to speak to you about it.”

The boy got the “raise.”

A man who was “wanted” by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were duly circulated among the police. The chief of police in a country town wrote to police headquarters of the city in search of the malefactor a few days after the set of portraits had been issued as follows:

“I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly.”—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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667 Huntingdon Avenue, Boston, Mass.—“Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known, K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one.”

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The Victims Left Weak, Nerveless and a Prey to Deadly Diseases.

La grippe, or influenza, which sweeps over Canada every winter, is probably the most treacherous disease known to medical science. The attack may last only a few days, but the deadly poison in the blood remains. You are left with hardly strength enough to walk. Your lungs, your chest, your heart and nerves are permanently weakened, and you fall a victim to deadly pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption, rheumatism, or racking kidney troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure the disastrous after effects of la grippe because they purify the blood and sweep away its poisonous germs. Every dose makes new, warm, rich blood which brings health and healing to every part of the body. This is proved in the case of Miss Dorina Langlois, of St. Jerome, Que., who says: "I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me racked with pains in every part of the body. My appetite completely failed me; I had severe headaches, was subject to colds with the least exposure, and grew so weak that I was unable to work at my trade as dressmaker. I tried several medicines without the slightest success until a drug clerk advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I acted upon his excellent advice and the pills rapidly and completely cured me. My strength returned, the headaches and cough disappeared, and I am again enjoying my old-time health. I am satisfied that if sufferers from la grippe, will use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will speedily recover from those after effects which makes the lives of so many people a burden."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the common ailments due to weak and watery blood, such as anaemia, headaches, sideaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervousness, general weakness and the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But only the genuine pills can do this, and you should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your druggist send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Colonial Secretary Lyttleton has appointed H. Rider Haggard a commissioner to inquire into the conditions and character of the agricultural and industrial land settlements organized in America by the Salvation Army. The trustees of the estate of Cecil Rhodes, are paying the expenses of the journey with the view of applying the scheme to South Africa.

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THOS. P. TRUEMAN.

NEWS SUMMARY.

To the Devonshire (England) Education committee an account was submitted for clay pipes used by the children to blow bubbles.

"Proficient in cricket, football, swimming and running" was how a schoolmaster described himself in applying for a post under the Strand Union lately.

In Montreal, on Saturday, a hundred and three people were fined sums of one dollar and costs for neglecting to clear the snow and ice off their sidewalks.

Since the beginning of last century no fewer than 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen have disappeared, and ten are now inhabited.

Australia is now shipping many crates of eggs to Ireland, and the keen Irish merchants are quickly reshipping them to England, where they sell as fresh Irish eggs.

The Western Chronicle has been undergoing a change of editorship. It is now edited by H. R. Langford, for a number of years on the staff of the Venturville Advertiser.

In Sweden the railway stations at which meals are served are known by the simple but suggestive picture of a crossed knife and fork opposite the name of the station.

The town of Hantsport will put in a water system, obtaining its supply from a lake some distance from the town. The work will be commenced in the spring.

Century Baptist church on Macpherson avenue, Toronto, a pretty structure of red pressed brick, erected at a cost of \$175,000, was dedicated on Sunday. Rev. J. L. Gilmour, of Montreal, preached the dedicatory sermon.

Thomas O. Lister, who until he was eighty years old walked fifty miles every birthday, died Tuesday at East Jackson, Pa., aged 88. On his eightieth birthday he not only walked fifty miles, but married his second wife.

Dr. Licogo, president of the Mexican Board of Health, states that as a result of the sanitary campaign initiated by the government against yellow fever, the fever has been practically wiped out and there is not a single case now in the country.

The Dominion government has disallowed an act of the provincial legislature of British Columbia applying an educational test to Japanese entering that province. This act was not only an infringement of federal rights, but a serious menace to imperial interests.

Arrangements are being made for a meeting of the pastors, officers and members of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches of the city to hear reports of delegates who attended the recent meetings of the union committees in Toronto, and to discuss the question of the union of these denominations.

The price of land on Fifth avenue, New York city, has risen to \$200 per square foot, which has been paid for the lot owned by the New York club at the corner of Thirty-fifth street. Real estate around the Waldorf-Astoria and for several blocks above and below it has trebled in value during the last five years.

While speeding his racing automobile on the beach at Dayton, Fla., on Saturday, Frank Croker, son of Richard Croker, of New York, collided with a motor cycle chair driven by one of the Ormond Hotel help. Mr. Croker's leg was broken. His chauffeur, Raoul, was thrown forty feet in the air and landed on his forehead, killing him instantly. The chair driver had both legs broken.



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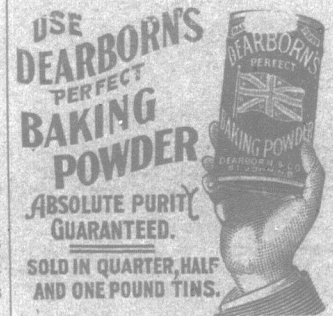
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