

# The Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER  
VOLUME XLVIX.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR  
VOLUME XLVIX.

Vol. XII., No. 10.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896.

—We desire to extend to Dr. Higgins, of Wolfville, our heartfelt sympathy in this deep affliction through which he is called to pass in the loss of her who for so many years had been the companion of his life and the light of his home. Mrs. Higgins was a lady of elevated and cultured tastes and of sterling character. Many of the old Acadia students who in days gone by shared in the genial hospitalities of that home over which she so gently and gracefully presided will gratefully recall her kindness and will feel a sense of personal bereavement in her death.

—The Boston *Watchman* says: "We record our deliberate conviction, now that the Venezuela question has apparently ceased to be a *casus belli*, and before the political orators 'get in their firm work', that the party that seeks to make political capital out of the present attitude of England toward the menace of the President is actuated by the spirit which is willing to sacrifice the peace of the country and of the world, for the sake of a petty political advantage, and that is the true devil's work. We have had our just grievances against England, but the attitude of the leaders of both parties in England toward this country is one of the best illustrations in international relations the world has ever seen of the spirit that seeks peace and pursues it."

—Professor Robinson, whose recent discovery has enrolled his name among the most famous men of the day, is comparatively a young man, being only about forty years of age. He is of Dutch birth and his full name is William Conrad Robinson. Since 1865 he has been at Wartburg University. He has published several works, his studies having been especially devoted to the subjects of heat, light and electricity. Though Prof. Robinson is regarded as an able scientist, the discovery of the "X rays," which has brought him immediate and world-wide fame, is said to have been accidental. The rays had been produced thousands of times before, but the rays, a proper object and a sensitive plate never before happened to get into the relative positions required to produce a photograph.

—A few weeks ago an attempt was made to get a licensed liquor saloon established in Charlottetown, where, for several years past, there has been no legalized selling of liquor except that carried on by the drug shops. This was previously noted in our columns, had the effect of calling forth a vigorous protest of the temperance people, which resulted in defeating the purpose of the liquor interest in the West End. It is probably, in part at least, a result of this stirring of temperance sentiment, that greater efforts than usual have been undertaken to prevent the granting of licenses in other parts of the city. An important amendment to the License Act has been secured from the Legislature now in session. Under the Act of 1887, it was required in order to obtain the endorsement of the local rate payers. The liquor people are taking comfort from the fact that the Attorney General and other lawyers have expressed grave doubts as to the constitutionality of the amendment. The position taken by these gentlemen, as we understand the matter, is that the License Act is not only unconstitutional, but that the amendment is an unconstitutional and unenforceable law.

—While here in Canada our cheeks have been fanned by the cooling zephyrs characteristic of our January and February, our antipodean fellow colonists in Australia have been sweltering and blistering in the agonies of a season of unexampled heat and drought; and while here the mercury has lingered lovingly in the vicinity of zero, there, it has climbed to such unheard-of heights that the mere reading of it makes one feel like calling for ice water and a fan. The accounts recently received fall of 115 degrees in the shade in Queensland and in some parts of the country it is said that 130 degrees has been reached. In Sydney the suffering from heat has been extreme and the death rate remarkably large, many infants and aged people having succumbed to the intense heat. Living in the city is said to be intolerable, and those who could do so were leaving for country places. The continued drought also had made itself most severely felt. Records were coming in from north, south, east and west of the terrible heat and people were dying in droves for want of fodder and water. It was reported that in Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria the heat has never been so excessive. Men, women, children and horses drop down in the streets and die before assistance can reach them. To add to the distressing condition, other calamities prevail in many localities. It is also reported that great disease exists among the cattle, many of them are finding death in the arms of farmers.

—EX-CHANCELLOR RAND, of McMaster University, has written to the *Canadian Baptist*, of Toronto, suggesting that copies of a resolution adopted by the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention last fall, protesting against remedial legislation by the Dominion Government in the matter of the Manitoba Schools, be forwarded to the House of Commons and to the Senate. Dr. Rand expresses views on this subject entirely in harmony with those which have been presented in the editorial columns of the *Messenger and Visitor*. He concludes by saying: "The discretion given to the Government under the Constitution surely implies that there may be the best of reasons for abstaining from interference in any given case. And what case could well be conceived in which the public welfare of Canada more eloquently pleaded for non-interference than the present one of Manitoba? To override the constitutional legislation of Manitoba, and that too in the interests of a church and State connection, is a direct blow to the highest interests of our young dominion. And this is undertaken and carried forward in the name of the people of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific? The grievance that created it is a very grave and serious one, a thousand fold greater and more serious than the supposed local one which is to be redressed. A free and progressive people cannot passively witness such a performance by its Parliament in the interest of the principles of mediocrity."

—"It is better," says the *Sunday School Times*, to be a part of a great thing than to be the whole of a little one. Often, indeed, a thing may have a most fitting and useful place as a part, when it loses every grace and power if it swings out for itself alone. The sail, as a part of a ship,—how poets delight to estimate its beauty, and what a very practical estimation is placed by mariners upon its utility! But let it break from its steps and go sailing off by itself like a kite without a string or tail, and its complete independence destroys both its beauty and its utility. Wonderfully true is all this of life. The real difference between the hopeful and the hopeless spirit, between the optimist and the pessimist, is the difference between the one who sees life here as part of a larger, better whole, and the one who tries to make up of life here a fulness of life in itself. Worldly life may be most exalted and beautiful when we see it as part of eternal life, fitted in, as childhood to manhood, to the full life beyond; it would be all petty, selfish and wearisome if we set out to make it the sum total of our existence. That is what Emerson meant by hinting our wages to a man,—understanding that our life is part of something great. The dream that fills to the north is nothing but a lump of rock, while that which still flows after the sunset is a fire of heaven and light and beauty. Their lives will be unchangeable, petty and sad, if they go off into a lonely, selfish, or narrow worldliness; if they enter into communion with a greater, a divine and heavenly life, they are glorified."

—Few men have the wealth necessary to dispense benefactions so as primarily to do as the late Mr. H. A. Massey of Toronto has done, and comparatively few also of those who have the power have the disposition to apply their wealth so generously for the public good. Mr. Massey was connected with the Methodist denomination, and, both during his life and by the provisions of his will, he has given very largely to promote its religious and benevolent enterprises; but his benefactions have been bestowed with a liberal spirit as well as a generous hand, and many good institutions not connected with his own church have benefited by his gifts. As instances of this, D. L. Moody's schools at Northfield, Mass., receive \$10,000; The Salvation Army, Toronto; Home for Incurables, Toronto; Young Women's C. A., Toronto; Hill Crest Orphanage Home; Hospital for Sick Children and Protestant Orphan's Home, are given \$5,000 each, the two latter bequests being conditional on certain amounts being contributed from other sources. Most of Mr. Massey's larger bequests are to the Educational Institutions connected with the Methodist church in Canada. Victoria College, Toronto, is to receive \$500,000; Wesley College, Winnipeg, \$100,000; Mt. Allison College, Beaufort, \$100,000; Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, \$50,000; to erect a building in memory of the late Dr. Douglas. We heartily commend our Mount Allison friends on his magnificent addition to their resources. We are glad for their good fortune, because we know they will be able to use this noble bequest wisely in the interests of Christian education, and also because we hope his generous gift may prompt some rich Baptist contributors to do as generously for our own Acadia which would be able to turn such a gift to splendid account.

## PASSING EVENTS.

**HENRY CHANDLER BOWEN**, one of the founders and for many years the head of the New York *Independent*, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 24. Mr. Bowen was a leading citizen of Brooklyn, and his connection with the *Independent* had won for him reputation and influence more than national in their extent. Although he had reached the very advanced age of 88 years, Mr. Bowen had maintained his active interest in the paper until within a few weeks of his death. He was born at Woodstock, Conn., where his father kept a hotel and store on the main road from Boston to Hartford. After having been clerk for his father for some years, Mr. Bowen, at the age of 20, went to New York, where he entered a dry goods establishment, and, a few years later, he and a fellow clerk entered into business under the name of Bowen and McNamee, Silk Merchants. The *Independent* was established in 1848 by Messrs. Bowen, McNamee and other gentlemen. The mercantile firm, which had become Bowen, Holmes & Co., failed after some years, and Mr. Bowen subsequently devoted his energies fully to the paper, which under his management became a great success financially as well as one of the most influential religious journals in America. He also paid off all the debts of the firm with which he had been connected, though compromises had been made with the creditors and the debt had become outlawed. The list of men who have had editorial connection with the *Independent* is a brilliant one, including Rev. Drs. R. S. Storrs, Leonard W. Bacon, J. P. Thompson, Washington Gladden and William Hayes Ward, as well as Theodore Tilton, Edward Eggleston and Oliver Johnson. It was thought at times that Mr. Bowen allowed too much weight to financial considerations in his management of the paper, and a difference of opinion between himself and Dr. Gladden on this matter led to the latter's withdrawing from his position as editor. It should be said, however, that the *Independent* was outgrown, in its advocacy of abolition at a time when such a course was opposed to the financial interests. In the earlier part of his career Mr. Bowen was prominently connected with the Plymouth church. It was he who brought the charges which led to the famous Beecher trial, and after the trial Mr. Bowen was expelled from the membership of the church. The position taken by Mr. Bowen was that he had further evidence against Mr. Beecher, which however he would not produce, because it would bring the reputation and perhaps cause the death of another person, because the evidence already adduced had not been fully investigated and because since the Plymouth church had manifested a determination to shield its pastor, it was useless and harmful to produce further evidence.

THE Remedial Bill continues to be the grand object of interest in the political horizon. The situation appears to have undergone little change during the past week, but whatever hopes were entertained a week ago that Sir Donald Smith's visit to Winnipeg would result in such concessions being made by the Manitoba government as would be acceptable to the Roman Catholics, and that the Remedial Bill, accordingly, would be withdrawn, are not likely, it would seem, to be realized. In the Manitoba Legislature a series of resolutions on the school question has been introduced by the Attorney General and adopted by a majority of 21 to 7. These resolutions after endorsing the refusal of the government to obey the Remedial Order, and expressing regret at the failure of the Dominion government to accede to the invitation of the Provincial government to institute a thorough inquiry into Manitoba School matters before introducing remedial legislation, declares that no case has ever been made out for Federal interference in the school law of the province, "which will justify the Dominion Parliament in over-riding the provincial autonomy," and finally protest against remedial legislation in the matter on the grounds—1, that it is unnecessary; 2, that it is being undertaken without proper investigation of the facts; 3, that the Remedial Bill if enacted will not bring about a harmonious and satisfactory solution of the question to issue; 4, that such legislation will prove deceptive and disappointing in its practical and educational effects, and finally, that the proposed remedial legislation is an unjustifiable attack upon the constitutional rights of the people and legislature of Manitoba and indirectly upon those of all other provinces of the Dominion. There does not now appear to be any

ground for the report that Premier Greenway was coming to Ottawa to confer with the government of the School matter, or that anything practical will come out of Sir Donald Smith's effort (if there was such an effort) toward conciliation. Just what the issue will be when the vote comes to be taken on the Remedial Bill it is not possible to say. A meeting attended by 5,000 persons was held a week ago in Toronto to protest against the Bill. Many things evince determined opposition in Ontario. It is admitted on all hands that a considerable number of Ontario Conservatives members will vote against the Bill. The Toronto *World* has published the names of twenty who, it says, will do so. Two or three others in Manitoba and the Northwest, it is reported will do likewise. The Conservative members in the Maritime Provinces are generally expected to support the Bill. There is one important exception, however, Dr. Weldon, of Albert, who has from the first vigorously opposed the remedial policy of the government in this matter. But it is reported that the government is confident that the Bill will be carried by a substantial majority.

THE United States House of Representatives the other day passed a Bill providing for the killing of all the seals which can be reached from the Friblyoff Islands, provided that the governments interested—Great Britain, Russia and Japan—do not before the first of May agree to the appointment of a commission to investigate the fur-sealing industry in all its bearings, and to report what, if any, further regulations are necessary for the preservation of the fur-seal herd. This proposal to destroy the seals by summary methods, has the appearance of a childish peevishness scarcely in keeping with the character of a great nation. But no one can reasonably object to the proposition that seal hunting should be carried on with a due regard to the preservation of the seal herds and the valuable industries dependent upon their existence. The proposal of the United States government to establish regulations necessary to this purpose, should, therefore, receive the prompt and favorable consideration of the governments of those countries which, equally with the United States, are interested in the preservation of seal life in the Northern Pacific.

**Acadia Seminary.**  
For the first time, it is said, with the exception of Professor Chipman, one of our teachers has died in active service. Dr. Cramp and Dr. Crawley had retired from duty for some years before they entered into the rest above. The Lord has mercifully preserved the workers in these schools through many years.

But the Seminary, on the 21st inst. lost by death one of its efficient and untiring teachers, Miss R. Eleanor Upham, who had charge of the department of drawing and painting. Miss Upham came to the Seminary in September last, and by her ability she displayed, as well as by her gentle, amiable, devoted Christian life, soon won the respect of her associate teachers, and of the managers of the school. This respect deepened as the weeks passed and when her sudden removal came it was evident she was loved and trusted by her pupils, as well as by other members of the staff of instruction. The hopes of enlargement of her work which her labors had already created in the minds of those who knew the school seemed to be warranted by her talent, tact and enterprise. And it was believed that her life, perished as it was by the spirit of Christ, would do much to impart the Christian character which the school exists to secure to its members. But her work was done as the event showed. While for some time her health had not been firm, a brief illness from heart disease terminated her earthly sojourn. Her funeral took place in Alumni Hall of the Seminary on 24th inst., when an address was delivered by Professor Trotter, pastor of the church, and prayer was offered by Rev. D. H. Simpson, of Berwick. In his address, which was altogether fitting and excellent, Professor Trotter referred to the fine Christian character of Miss Upham and the loss the Seminary sustains by her removal. The music was rendered by the college quartette and included: "The Sands of Time are Sinking," "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest," and "Abide with Me." The floral tributes and marks of esteem of the institution she had served were abundant. The interment was at Great Village. The sympathy of the institutions is strong for Miss Upham's mother, and for her sister, Miss Josephine Upham, who came from Malden, Mass., where she is principal of a high school, to attend the funeral.

## Ontario Letter.

REV. F. E. DAYFOOT.  
Winter is wearing away. The sun looks in at our windows earlier each morning, and stays with us longer each day. It has been a mild and gentle winter in this region, with just enough of the below-zero weather to remind us that it was not spring nor summer. We are on the eve of an election, and the mutterings beginning to be heard. It should not be difficult to prophesy which way Baptists will vote on the question of the Remedial legislation. The member for East Durham, Mr. T. D. Craig, is a member of the Fort Hope Baptist church, and he has publicly stated both in the House and elsewhere that he will oppose the government on this question, though he is a conservative. In this, he represents not only his own convictions, but the sentiment of this constituency irrespective of politics.

THE FIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY is one of our most valuable agencies. It solves for the students in McMaster University the question of maintaining their spiritual life, by its regular services for prayer, praise and soul culture. It perpetuates the name of Dr. Fyfe whose heroic life we cannot afford to forget. It furnishes many a destitute place with gospel privileges. Last summer 60 students went to 100 churches and stations. They preached 2,150 sermons; held 1,500 prayer meetings and 700 Sunday schools; paid 12,000 visits; distributed 8,000 tracts; and compassed 800 conversions. During the college year an extensive work is done in Toronto in missions and other ways. For mission purposes the society raises \$200 yearly which is divided between India, Manitoba, and Toronto City. This organization is now represented in India by Rev. S. Hillwell (Hillwell) and Priest, who went last autumn and are now beginning their work.

"GRANDMA" BERTON is dead. There are scores of men and women who were once students in Woodstock College, and who will remember the small white cottage just outside the college gate, where this saintly woman lived for many a year. She was born near Liverpool, England, A. D. 1809, and came to Canada about twelve years later, settling in the village of Gobles Corners, eight miles from Woodstock. In due time she was married to Mr. Archibald Berton, and began a life that for unselfish devotion is rarely equalled. She was a member of the First Baptist church, Woodstock, from 1824 to 1896, nearly 75 years, and was 91 years of age when she passed away. During her long life she was instant in season and out of season, never weary in well doing. Many a lonely student was cheered by her kindness, many a sick one comforted, many a dollar collected for missions, many an act of charity performed. Though blind for some time past, she continued her ministrations as strength permitted, until one month before her death. She is now entering into her reward.

**OSTER**  
Mrs. Elsie Goodland of Victoria, left recently \$500 to missions. The money will be given to Home, Foreign, and Grand Ligne missions equally.  
Rev. S. Van Tassel, formerly a missionary in Arabia, but lately a pastor at Crosshatch, Ont., has gone to Manitoba to take charge of Indian work on St. Peter's Reserve. There has been a great awakening among the Indians and 78 were baptized in four weeks.

Rev. A. J. Vining, is resigning at Windsor, to take the pastorate of the Second Baptist church in Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
Rev. J. H. Best, of New Westminster, British Col., has been called for a third term to the Baptist church in Chatham.  
Rev. W. Hartley, who came from Pennsylvania, and has done good work in the First church Guelph, has accepted a call to the church in St. Thomas.  
Rev. J. L. Gilmore, Brockville, has received a call to the First church Hamilton.  
Fort Hope, Feb. 26, '96.

## The New Glasgow Fire.

It happened to be in New Glasgow at the time our brethren there met their sad loss in the destruction of their church building by fire. I am not going to write much, but as an old pastor, and one who knows how heroically the few brethren there have struggled to maintain the cause, I wish to say a word in their behalf. They will be compelled to make an appeal to the churches to help them in this hour of trial. Brethren do not turn them away empty. I do not believe there is a little band of workers among us who have in the past done more according to their ability to support the Master's cause than they have. And they are willing still to make great efforts, but must have outside help. I will simply say then, what I started out to say, "They are worthy but who are we to do this."  
Chester, Feb. 26. H. A. FAYNE.

## W. B. M. U.

WE are laborers together with God.  
Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. J. W. Manning, St. John West, N. B.

Extracts from letters received from Miss Clark who is still at Chatham:  
"We were very much pleased to welcome Mrs. Archibald back to her home; but as the Dr. said she must not undertake too much work, and she felt if the children from Kimsely, who have been attending her school remained, the burden would be too heavy for her, she asked me to remain and assist with the boarding department. This seemed to be the best thing for the present. I spent one hour each day in the school room and attended to the children's daily studies. I enjoyed the work very much and learned to love the children by being with them. I have also had a Sunday school class and enjoyed the hour spent with them each Sunday; they are small children and so use simple sentences and I am able to understand all they say. We have been studying the life of Christ and the way they remember the lessons pleased me very much. We had a very enjoyable conference at Vainanagram. I am sure we all drew nearer to our Master and that the presence of the Holy Spirit was felt in a marked degree. As I look over the past year, with all its trials and uncertainties, it has been a year of many blessings to me for I have been drawn very near to the source of all strength. On Dec. 23rd a number of us left by train to attend the Quinquennial Conference, we were soon joined by a number of our Ontario brethren and sisters and proceeded to Ongole by the coast in the Mission boat "Glad Tidings" and "T. S. Shenston." We had a delightful trip down. At Ongole there were 82 missionaries gathered and we had a grand meeting. Ongole is a wonderful place, with its church of 18,000 members. I witnessed the baptism of forty-six one day while there. We had an open air meeting on "Prayer Meeting Hill." Julia was the only one present who had been there at the first meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Jewett. She spoke and stirred all our hearts by telling of God's wonderful dealings with her."

Frederickton, N. B.  
Our W. M. A. S. held a silver anniversary meeting on Friday evening, 14th inst. The meeting was one of much interest. Our first president, Mrs. C. Spurgeon, was able to meet with us, and spoke of the first meeting, Aug. 23rd, 1875, when our Society was organized by Miss Morris, and of the new interest awakened by these aid societies. There was comfort in the assurance that, though changes come and workers pass away, the work would still go on. The secretary read the minutes of the annual meeting at the first meeting of the thirty-two members since are all connected with the society. Mrs. Phillips, in a very interesting paper entitled "Retrospect," gave a review of our society's work during the past twenty five years. A recitation, music and readings followed, after which the convalesces were opened. The amount received, including a contribution handed in later, was \$17.04. We enter on the next day of service looking for the guidance and blessing of the Master.  
G. L. EBBY, Sec.

Point de Ste. N. B.  
Tuesday evening, Feb. 18th, the W. M. A. S. held a social at the residence of one of its members, Mrs. J. Dixon. Ice cream, cake and coffee was served during the evening for the small sum of 15 cents. As a result of the social we have \$11 for Home Missions. Sec'y.

Why should I give to Foreign Missions?  
"Brazil has 14,000,000 people, of whom 12,000,000 are not reached by the gospel. One missionary to serve 175,000 of the population—but Brazil is not a foreign country, it is in America."  
In India there are 32,712 women and girls under Christian training and influence. This leaves only 11,322,972 (twice the population of United States) women and girls not under Christian influence, who never hear the gospel, and who are no better than slaves. Shall the Christian women of America do anything for their sisters in Asia.

The Bible society has a colporteur in Siberia, Goluboff by name, who sent the following dispatch from Irkutsk:  
"Returned to-day from my four weeks' journey. Circulated in December 2,151 copies; in all during this expedition, 11,120 copies. Mercury about 30 below zero. Am suffering from the cold; face frost bitten; rheumatism in the feet; more work to be done in Irkutsk territory. Start for Ralkin in February."  
What an easy time missionaries have. Ought I to give anything towards the spreading of the gospel to all lands? Will every reader of this column ask himself this question? Will she not try to interest another in this work? The need is great, it is suffering for your help. When shall I begin? Why, now, of course!

Notice.  
We were glad at our annual meeting to welcome Mrs. F. R. Foster among us once more; and now that she has accepted the office of County Secretary for Yarmouth county we are none sadder than ever. We know that the workers in the county will gladly do all in their power to aid Mrs. Foster. Our sister is not strong and will not, of course, do much, if any visiting at present; but she will write to other workers. Please address Mrs. F. R. Foster, Yarmouth, Y. C., N. B. Dartmouth, Feb. 20.

PERNANCIOS AND THE PHARISES.

BY PROF. JOHN S. NEWALL.
Don't Abuse Me.

Men are moved by certain great forces, which it is the preacher's privilege to learn how to use.

In the first place, ideas. If man is an animal, he is a thinking animal. He knows how to plan, to reason, to contrive, to invent.

It is our privilege to set upon this high capacity in man. We carry to him ideas. We address his reason. We set him to thinking, not of things evil or different, but of things good and heavenly.

We set him to thinking of duty, of honesty, justice, kindness, of God and truth and Christ, of whatever is uplifting and holy. We seek to inspire him with some sweet magic that shall cleanse away the base and impure.

It behooves us then to go to him with our very best thought. We should not be content to put anything less than our strongest intellectual work into every sermon, if any man claims that the Lord made this world out of nothing in six days, it does not follow that a man can make a sermon out of nothing in six days, or in six years.

We ought to cultivate an absorbing interest in our theme. Try to induce mental habit of that sort. The truths we preach are so sublime one might expect the mind to rise into a rapture at any moment of contact with such sublime things.

Do not work upon them stupidly, mindfully, and you will be surprised to find how they will breathe with ideas, and the opaque mass will begin to flash and sparkle with interior flame.

Could men observing distill it out? Go to work upon them stupidly, mindfully, and you will be surprised to find how they will breathe with ideas, and the opaque mass will begin to flash and sparkle with interior flame.

One must acquire the art of stimulating the mental operations to their keenest activity. This is the way to get the best and the most out of them; just as the mill-owner will press his machinery to its utmost capacity, or the steam engine will be run at her highest master drive toward the distant port.

There are ways of doing it. In general, the mind will naturally get interested in any task it sets itself to perform. Sometimes an interesting subject will itself exalt one into a creative mood. Sometimes the mental excitement produced by some other study can be transferred to the subject in hand.

One must not forget that one of the chief means of acquiring this art is by reading. Read wide, and the best books. That will enlarge our resources and stimulate the mechanism of thinking. It will gather the raw material which the mental mill will work up into ideas. Do not be afraid of spilling your originality. There is no danger.

In the second place, impulses. We preachers have the privilege of access to our hearers, not only along the lines of reason, but through those avenues that centre in the emotional sphere. Jeremy Taylor somewhere says: "What carries his seed in his head, the apple carries it in his heart." Men do both. Accordingly the preacher is not confined to mere head-work. There is another sphere of influence in the man. If he were all brain, what would become of the friendships, the loves, the friendships, the family joys? What of the charity, sympathy, philanthropies of the world? Who could ever have invented the good Samaritan, or dreamed of such sweet virtues in human kind?

The great thing about this region of sensibilities in our make-up is that through it lies the path of persuasion. We may succeed in making men believe the truth, but the thing to be done is to induce them to act upon it. And the way to induce is with inducements. When a canvasser tries to sell me his book, he sets before me a tremendous array of motives; the supreme value of that book, its absorbing interest, its brilliant illustrations, even its independent binding and gilding. What is he trying to do? Induce, by some of these enticements, to catch my fancy and awaken in me a desire for that book. The desire is what he is after. And that lies in the region of the sensibilities. He must penetrate that region, if he expects to kindle that desire. He must, when you try from the pulpit to persuade me to do something in the line of duty for example, to love God. You do not order me to love God. You do not try to compel me. You cannot frighten or cajole me to him. You cannot drive me to him with sarcasm or ridicule. Of course, no such appliances can produce love. Instead, you try to hold his thoughts before my imagination in such a way as to touch my heart. You make me what there is in him to draw me to him, his goodness, his kindness, his mercy, his overflowing love to the suffering, his perfectness in all these qualities which make men admire wherever they see them in God or

man. If I am not open to such high motives, then you can't get me in any way. You are to me in vain. You are to me in vain. You are to me in vain. You are to me in vain.

In the third place, personality. The weight of personal character is after all the greatest power the pastor can wield. Men may admire your arguments, may enjoy the meteoric flashes of your genius, may be proud of your learning, may be wiled and yet resist your appeals. But they cannot gain any consistent hold upon the mind unless they are drawn to you by the personality of the man who speaks.

Now, lastly. Having found out how much is required let us start a subscription paper and pledge ourselves for the whole month, to be paid yearly. Let us go up to the convention next August with an offer of two thousand dollars and it will not take much talk to get our beloved Acadia back on to the good old path again. You can depend on the writer for five dollars a year. How much will you pledge yourself for? Some can give their hundreds, others their titles, and who, with the cause of Christ at heart, cannot give a less amount over and above his ordinary contributions for such a worthy object? Vox.

boys looked up to men of age and experience for counsel in such things; but now, suppose, the men of age and learning must seek the advice of the youngsters. The future of the Baptist denomination depends, largely on how we set now. Then let us quit ourselves like men.

How can we find a Theological Professorship at Wolfville? Easy enough, in the first place, find out how much money is required to run it. It cost in 1846 two hundred pounds sterling. One hundred from the R. B. P. M. Society and one hundred from Nova Scotia. About ten hundred dollars in all. We think it a very small matter to write ten or twelve more copies of our annual for to pay some extra and special agents to work up denominational interests. In the second place, let us stop this going to the convention with lots of talk and no money, it only bothers the president. Let us do a good many things, but be sure to work miracles.

Now, lastly. Having found out how much is required let us start a subscription paper and pledge ourselves for the whole month, to be paid yearly. Let us go up to the convention next August with an offer of two thousand dollars and it will not take much talk to get our beloved Acadia back on to the good old path again. You can depend on the writer for five dollars a year. How much will you pledge yourself for? Some can give their hundreds, others their titles, and who, with the cause of Christ at heart, cannot give a less amount over and above his ordinary contributions for such a worthy object? Vox.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF NOT KNOWING.

BY J. E. MILLER, D. D.
It is one of the mercies of our life that we do not know what shall come to us. In the course of our lives we are waiting for our trials, disappointments, and losses. None of us know what chapters of sorrow will be written on our life story. Would it be our life story if the veil were lifted today, showing us all down to the close, that will be painful or sad?

There are old people now, well through life's journey. They have had many cares and trials. Friends have been taken from them. Children have been taken from them. They have endured sickness and hardships. They have not found what they hoped to find in life. Suppose they had known all this when they set out from some bright spot in sunny youth, would it have been a blessing to them? Would it have made their life a happier, richer, better one? No; it would have cast a tinge of sadness over it. It would have taken out of it much that has made it so precious to them, such inspiration to them through their years.

I a man had known, for example, that after all his toil, struggle, and self-denial, a certain great undertaking would fail, he would not have begun it. Yet, proved in vain at last, has been the richest blessing of his life. It drew out his strength, it taught him lessons of discipline, it gave him courage, a blessing to him in his olden manhood. The mere earthly results of our work in this world are but a means to a higher, nobler end, and are of small importance in comparison with what our work does for the soul. It is character, it is nobility, it is manliness, it is the things that nothing permanent would come out of all his toil, economy, and self-denial, he would probably have said, "I may as well have an easy time. What is the use of working like a slave for forty or fifty years, when there have only weariness and emptiness of hand at last?"

Not knowing, however, that his efforts would fail in the end, hoping that they would succeed, he lived earnestly, laboriously, and with a noble spirit, which he did. His work failed, but he did not fail. There is no material result to tell men of any achievement, but there are imperishable results in the man himself. It is character, it is nobility, it is manliness, it is the things that nothing permanent would come out of all his toil, economy, and self-denial, he would probably have said, "I may as well have an easy time. What is the use of working like a slave for forty or fifty years, when there have only weariness and emptiness of hand at last?"

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

It is on the other hand, a young man knew that he would die at thirty, while it would make him intensely earnest if he were a true-hearted man, and eager to crowd his brief days with noble living, it would tend to keep out of his life-plan all things save such as could help to finish before his end. Not knowing, however, how many years he may live, that possibly he may have till old age to work, he begins many things which will require a score of years to complete. He does not finish them, but he starts them. He plants trees which will bear fruit long after he is gone to his grave. And, after all, none of us really finish anything in our short life. We only begin things, and then leave them for other good things to carry on. It is better, therefore, that we should work as for the longest life, though our days be but few. Hence it is better we should not know the time we are to live. It is better we should not know the time we are to live.

mis to be encountered, what duties to the flesh, we should grow self-confident, should try to direct our own life, and should not feel the need of God's guidance, help, shelter, and wisdom. One of the blessings of not knowing is that we must walk by faith, and that nothing could be better than this. Self-confidence is the bane of Christian life. It is through faith we are saved.—The Evangelist.

"As the deer on Patmos gazing, Till upon earth's grateful sod, He sits the city of our God."

Recalls Tell the Story. A vast mass of direct, unimpeachable testimony proves beyond any possibility of doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does purify and permanently cure diseases caused by impure blood. Its record of cures is unequalled and these cures have often been accomplished after all other preparations had failed.

"A crick in the back," a pain under the shoulder-blades, water-brash, biliousness, and constipation, are symptoms of disordered stomach, kidneys, liver, and bowels. For all ailments originating in a derangement of these organs, take Ayer's Pills. Soul-messages may not be stayed nor crossed! Out of God's mails no letter is lost.

Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the skin that spreads and dries, forming scurf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

Men are not weighed by God according to their ability, but weighed according to their talents, but by the manner of using them. It is not he who serves much, but he who serves perfectly, that stands highest in God's kingdom.—Mrs. C. F. Wilder.

Those who scoff may well be thankful that they live in the land where the gospel has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses, like the South Sea Islanders, or out of their heads and tanned their hides, like the missionaries of the French Revolution.—James Russell Lowell.

"Here lies the hope of the world-wide missions. Without some help from the Spirit, we shall never feel the burning fire shut up in our bones which compels us to witness; nor will our witness without that be a power. If that lost art of eloquence were recovered to the church, it were worth while to learn it in the severe school of fasting and prayer."

There is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that grows in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank and to be a nothing;—made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche and fill it. If it be never so small, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—Spurgeon.

In dimming this ladder of life, we leave the rounds behind and they are soon forgotten. So must it be with the days themselves and with what they bring. How many things now look little and unimportant, which in the retrospect, when we are looking back, will seem to be the things that made the difference between our life and our death. Welcome are the experiences that conduct us to wisdom and goodness, and power and peace. Welcome all the rounds by which we may ascend.—Rev. Charles G. Ames.

THE WIND OF MARCH. Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing: Under the sky's gray arch Smiling, watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing how to shiver and bow. It is the wind of March. The stormy farewell of a passing season Is leaving, however, in the distance, Or sad in painful recollection, reason For fervent gratitude. Welcome to weary hearts its harsh forewarning Of light and warmth to come. The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter morning. The earth arises in bloom! In the loud tumult winter's strength is breaking; I listen to the sound, As to a voice of resurrection, waking To life the dead, cold ground. Between these gusts, to the soft lappet I hearken Of rivulets on their way; I see these tossed and naked tree-tops darken With the fresh leaves of May. This roar of storm, this sky so gray and lowering, Invite the airs of spring. A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering. The bluebird's song and wing. Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow. This northern hurricane, And, borne thereon, the bobolink and swallow Shall visit us again. And in green wood-paths, in the kindest pasture. And by the whispering rills, Shall flowers repeat the less of the Master. Taught on his Syrian hills. Blow, then, wild wind! thy roar shall end in praise to thy God. Thy call in blossoming! Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel, bringing The healing of the spring. —JOHN GREENLEAF WHITFIELD.

True sorrow for sin always contains at the outset a hidden germ of joy—because the wrong drives the sufferer to the physician.—Van Oosterzee.

To give a kindly hand to the many who long to rise, but who cannot rise without it; to inspire hope, the very soul of moral recovery, into those who are still fettered and in darkness,—this is to do Christ's work in the world.—Dr. Liddon.

I have sometimes wished that I had nothing else to do but dwell with God in prayer, praise and preaching. As I begin to talk, and my voice is gradually raised, and the quarrelsome scribbles at the bottom of the hill.—Spurgeon.

All the shadowy pretense for our neglect and meager offerings and few labors are subsumed into silence when our opened eyes behold in the history of missions itself a "burning bush" whose every leaf and twig is aflame with the presence of Jehovah.—Pierson.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little patient words of sympathy, little generous acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—F. W. Farver.

The Bible is found in the language of three-fourths of the people of the globe. As of old, it is running very swiftly. There is scarcely a ship that goes to the heathen world which does not carry reinforcements and supplies to the missionaries. In all hearts there is the instinct of victory.—McLagan.

IT HAS A MARVELOUS RECORD. Cures When All Other Medicines Fail. The Home Friend of Half a Million Canadian Families.

The world has never heard of a medicine so highly recommended as Paine's Celery Compound. It has a world-wide reputation, because it "makes people well."

Paine's Celery Compound is known as "Woman's Tower of Safety." As the seasons come with trying and varied winds, women of all conditions find in Paine's Celery Compound a life-giver and health preserver. It establishes that perfect condition of health that keeps the user far above any depressing influence of variable weather. It feeds the great nervous system, and keeps the blood pure and fresh. For weakness, prostration, nervousness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache and neuralgia, this marvellous discovery of Prof. Phelps has no equal. It always cures when other medicines prove useless, and today Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine in half a million of Canadian homes. Miss Bridges, of Montreal, says:

"I consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I suffered for years from indigestion, headache, pains in the back and side, and from a nervous, tired feeling. I used many patent medicines without any good results. I was also attended by one of the best doctors and used his medicines, but could not get cured. I saw Paine's Celery Compound advertised, and decided to try a bottle. It gave me such good results that I used six bottles, and found myself altogether a new person. I have now used it for some time, and can say with pleasure that all my troubles are banished; my nerves are strong, my sleep is good, and appetite splendid. I would therefore strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who suffer as I did; it is sure and certain of good results."

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C. B. I was cured of Loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth. I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

"The Bible is the Book of books, not only as the chief among books, but as the book which has inspired all other good books."

Odorama IMPACTS Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

March 4



Almost a Hopeless Case. A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.

A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. "Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that drove me to rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I truly believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 9 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR. Ayer's Pills the Best Family Medicine.

EDUCATIONAL. Office of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, October 1st, 1885. Dear Mr. Kerr:—I have been in Boston a little over two weeks, and have been working hard in getting a report on the new book back to the pleasant time spent last winter, and find that the winter is a very good time to go to school.

Shorthand Classes. Classes in the Best Pitman Reporting Style are taught only at WHITTON & FRANKLIN Commercial College by Miss L. E. McCullough, graduate of the Pennsylvania Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Perini Institute, by Thornton H. Lodge, certified teacher of the Perini Institute, Detroit, U. S. Send for circular to S. E. WHITTON, Principal, 95 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. KING & BARRS, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. HALIFAX, N. S. MONEY INVESTED ON REAL ESTATE SECURITIES. Collections made in all parts of Canada. MONT, McDONALD, BARRISTERS, ETC., FRIDRICH ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. HOTELS. CENTRAL HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S. Corner of Granville and Prince Streets. This location is convenient and pleasant. Arrangements are for the comfort of guests. MISS A. M. PATSON, Proprietress.

Champion Liniment. Has no superior for the cure of Rheumatism or Neuralgia. Try it for the cure of Leg Sprains, Gout, Rheumatism, Coughs, Colic and Cholera. Manufactured by The Champion Medicine Co. (LIMITED), South Ohio, Yarmouth Co., N. S. Oct 28, 1877

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

On the Market. Over 30 Years and none excels. WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. Beauty in the hair, and in the complexion. And the very health and color in the countenance. It is a perfume of the most delicate and fragrant odor. The PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

Sabbath BIBLE Lesson XI. MA TEACHING Read Luke 11: 9, 10. "Ask and it shall be opened."

I. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible. I. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

II. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

III. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

IV. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

V. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

VI. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

VII. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

VIII. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

IX. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

X. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

XI. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

XII. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

XIII. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

XIV. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.

XV. Christ's V. 1. "And it shall be opened to you." Text Cyclopaedia are referred to in the margin of the Bible.







FOR THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR. GOOD WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

The evening service in the Westford church was over, and the Weston family had just returned and entered the house...

"Oh!" said Mr. Weston, glancing up from his paper, "Mr. Martin's all right enough in his way. He is a quiet stay-at-home man, does not get around among the people as much as he ought to."

"Lacking in energy," strangely enough the words struck little curly-headed Dolly as she sat nestled up among the cushions of the sofa, she wondered vaguely what it meant to be lacking in energy.

"I don't believe I would," she thought, "I don't know I wouldn't be interested in anybody that didn't like me."

There was old Miss Simpson, Dolly's mother had asked her to see the other night, because, as she said, Miss Simpson was not invited out very often and she must feel lonesome, and she had told Dolly to try to interest her, while she was getting up and Dolly had done her very best, showed her her drawings and her new album and played on the piano for her, and after all that, Miss Simpson had said, "You're a very good little girl, Dolly, but she seemed back in her chair and said another word, till tea was ready, and Dolly felt that her labor had all been in vain and Miss Simpson wasn't interested at all and she was sure she was not interested in Mr. Martin, she didn't think, "Mr. Martin had tried to interest the people, as she had tried to interest Miss Simpson, and had failed as she had."

Now, it was rather a strange thing that little Dolly Weston should have been the first person in all Westford to arrive at this conclusion, for it was not in Dolly's line at all, to bother her head about anybody's affairs. She was the most careless, thoughtless person imaginable; but at the same time a good natured, lovable girl, whose few faults were easily overbalanced by her good qualities. She was just fifteen, and went to school, but she had never there, or elsewhere, learned the meaning of the word care. Life was a very pleasant thing to Dolly and she was not given to worrying about other people; but in some way the conversation of the evening had set her to thinking. She felt that the pastor needed help or encouragement, of some kind, and as she thought about it, she even came to feel a certain responsibility resting upon herself. If there was only something she could do—and then Dolly smiled at the idea. It seemed so odd to think that she could help in any way. But Dolly, when once she had set her mind on a thing, would not give it up, and so before her little curly head had rested on her pillow that night, she had resolved to watch for an opportunity to help and to improve it, if it was only the least little bit of a chance.

Mr. Martin had been pastor of the Westford church three months; and during that time had kept every appointment, although it had sometimes required an effort, for the large field over which he was pastor, taxed all his energies, and Mr. Martin's health for the past few years had not been as robust as formerly, but he worked faithfully and earnestly and hoped for some time yet to be able to discharge his many duties. Since coming to this field, however, he had been surprised to find that he was wrong. The people did not seem to be in touch with their pastor. He had this feeling, particularly in regard to the Westford church. He came and went regularly, but saw little of the people socially. The many demands on his time prevented him from visiting them. Considering all things, Mr. Martin had come to feel that the people were not pleased with him. The congregation was as large as ever, but he expected to see a decrease in the number of people who came to church. He had been used to having the members of much higher motive, especially the deacons, remain and shake hands with him; and often words of encouragement and appreciation of the sermon were spoken. Here it was very different, and he felt the difference. Mr. Martin did not know, how could he be expected to, that this was only a custom of the people, this gathering up of wraps and coats and hastening away, that it did not necessarily imply any lack of sympathy. But this was only one of many things, which made the pastor feel the church to be cold and unsympathetic. It was not that Mr. Martin wanted men to praise his sermons. He was preaching because he had a higher motive, and he (though it is very seldom that a little judicious praise has anything but a good effect upon a minister), but he would have liked his efforts to be appreciated. Perhaps he did not want that much as a sharing in the burden, by his brethren, a helpful co-operation in the work. Now, the people of Westford would have been very much surprised if anyone had intimated that they were not treating their pastor exactly as they ought. They went to hear him preach and they raised his salary promptly; but as for helping him fly their sympathy and encouragement, they had certainly not thought of anything of the kind, for they never supposed that he would want any help from them. He was there to help them. They needed the help. They liked his sermons. They, the sermons, showed a great amount of preparation and study, and indeed were extraordinary; but as Deacon Elsie remarked, "I wouldn't go to tell him so." Deacon Elsie was a generous, kindly disposed old gentleman, but he had few old fashioned ideas, and a great horror of spilling anyone by over praise. As for cultivating the acquaintance of their pastor socially, the people had given him a standing invitation to their homes, but they thought it strange that he visited them, so seldom. The minister should get around among the people of course and it seemed that Mr. Martin was a trifle lax in this duty. However, they had gotten used to seeing so little of him, and Miss Simpson, Dolly's mother could not compare with his predecessor, the popular Mr. Smythe, still, everyone liked Mr. Martin and no one had any intention of treating him in any but the most friendly way, but these good people were just little thoughtless creatures. The next Sabbath evening was unusually fine and clear, and the air fresh and bracing with the touch of early autumn. The congregation that night, was larger than usual. Little Dolly Weston came very near being late. Her hymn book was not in its accustomed place, and she had spent fifteen minutes searching for it; so her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright with the quick, happy, as she hurried to the aisle, holding in one hand the lately missing hymn book, and in the other a huge bunch of autumn flowers and leaves which she deposited on the altar. As she did so she glanced anxiously at Mr. Martin; but he was busily turning the leaves of the gull-edged hymn book, preparatory to giving out the first hymn, and except for a hurried nod, did not seem to notice either Dolly or the flowers. Dolly took her seat in the choir feeling a little discouraged. To be sure a few flowers were not much to "help" with; but she had hoped they would be pleasing. The flowers were all she had been able to think of, and she remembered that nobody had brought any, since Mr. Martin came. Maybe he don't like flowers, she thought; but she didn't see how anybody can help like them, they are so beautiful. Certainly Mr. Martin could not help it. The bright tints of the autumn leaves glowing under the light of the chandelier and sending out a sweet, woody perfume, did really help Mr. Martin in that sense, they are so beautiful. She didn't; but she was listening. It was not always that Dolly listened so attentively. Sometimes her thoughts would be upon things far from the sermon and her eyes often upon the congregation than the preacher; but tonight her attention was riveted, and she could hardly believe an hour had passed when the amen was spoken and the last hymn given out. Immediately after the benediction had been pronounced the choir filed into the aisle—all but Dolly who was hunting for something. Some way all of Dolly's belongings had a faculty for getting lost. This time it was her handkerchief, and she found it under the seat behind her. "She was about to step down into the aisle, when a sudden thought flashed upon her. She hesitated a moment, and then walked straight up to the desk. Mr. Martin was back too, putting on his coat. While she stood waiting for him to turn around, she felt a mind to slip down to the central aisle, before anybody should see her; but on second thought remained. When Mr. Martin did turn round, he was surprised to see Dolly Weston standing beside the desk, her cheeks flushed and nervously twisting the corner of her handkerchief. "I liked the sermon tonight, very much. I wanted—that is, I thought you would like to know," she stammered. The minister looked astonished for a moment and then a great light spread over his face and the suspicion of a tear was in his eyes as he grasped her hand and said joyfully, "Lord bless you, my child, you are the first person to say as much to me since I came to this church." It so happened that Deacon Elsie had stayed to have a moment's chat with a friend, and was at that moment, unperceived by anybody, but in hearing distance, diligently searching under the seat for his cane when Dolly's responsive words and the minister's answer caught his ear. Deacon Elsie's face and astonishment depicted upon every feature as he glanced toward the desk. He was completely taken back, that a little tot like Dolly Weston, should deliberately walk up to the minister to express her opinion of his sermon. There was something that the deacon could not understand; much more surprised was he, that that same opinion should be so evidently appreciated by the minister. If a word or two of approval were going to comfort him so much, Deacon Elsie thought he would like to express his opinion of the sermon, too. He didn't care to do so just then, however, so he softly lip-toed Deacon Elsie's face and saw that thoughtful look though, and when he reached the entry he stopped and rubbed his hand meditatively across his forehead several times,—a habit he had when thinking seriously. Evidently the deacon was not alone in his opinion. A different air seemed to pervade the next meeting in the Westford church. The audience was large and every one seemed to be listening with particular attention to the minister's words. Even old Uncle John Adams, who with his head tipped gently on one side, generally slept peacefully through the entire sermon, was sitting bolt upright, taking in every word. Deacon Elsie took up his hymn book, and with a contented smile upon his face, every one in a while nodding his head in approval of the sentiments expressed from the pulpit. He was a very pleasant feeling of satisfaction arising from the fact that he had done what he considered to be his duty, though the week. The few words he had heard the previous Sabbath, had set him to thinking deeply, until as he expressed it, he got "all stirred up" and then the best of his ability had proceeded to stir up his brethren. And the deacon never did things by halves. Mr. Martin evidently felt the change of atmosphere. The sermon that evening was spoken of afterwards, as the best he had ever heard, and whether it was or not may not be easily known; as the best sermon is that which does the most good; and the good done by one sermon as compared with that done by a hundred, may not be easily reckoned, but certainly was going to comfort and appreciation of the congregation had a marked effect on Mr. Martin. He seemed to stand out from the wall of reserve that he enclosed him, and spoke as only a man who had the best of encouragement and co-operation of his church. At the close of the service, invitations were not lacking; but Deacon Elsie had contrived to get ahead of everybody. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the pastor. Many encouraging words were spoken, and high praise was given to a hearty handshake and a smile; but it encouraged Mr. Martin wonderfully. Standing there with his flock gathered about him in such a pleasant manner, he felt that he had never known so kind a people. All the things that he had done the last few months was forgotten; and it seemed to him that the lines had verily fallen in pleasant places. Little Dolly Weston stood looking on with wonder and pleasure. She felt that what Mr. Martin had said, and what he had done all that day, she could not imagine. However, Deacon Elsie made matters plain; at the next Tuesday evening prayer meeting, when he got up and related all the circumstances in connection with his awakening and gave due credit to Dolly. Dolly's heart was wonderfully light and happy at the thought that she had really and truly "helped," but she felt a little embarrassed when at the close of the service everybody shook hands with her and praised her. "Why," she said wonderingly, "all I did was to tell Mr. Martin I liked the sermon. Anybody could have done that." "So they could," said Deacon Elsie, "so they could just as well not. My only trouble was they didn't think to do it." Argyle Head, Feb. 19th.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.

Mrs. Vanessen obtains a kitten. The first thing Elizabeth asked for when she began to recover from the fever was a kitten. "If I only had a kitty, I sniffs I'd be well now," she said, plaintively.

"Of course you shall have a kitten, dear," I answered, and when Mrs. Vanessen came to me I asked him where I could get a cat.

"Oh, there are lots of cats around," he replied. "Indeed, it's no end easier to get than to get rid of one. I'll give you a quarter and let you bring a kitten in to-morrow, so you may promise Elizabeth her kitten."

"I delivered my message to my girl, but not having just the same confidence in the office boy that Mr. Vanessen had, I next day mentioned one need a cat to several acquaintances. The first was the doctor.

"Of course I know of a cat," he said "Mrs. Vanbrum, of Lincoln avenue, is going South, and has a beautiful kitten which she would give to you. I'm very sure she'd willingly give it to you."

"I wish I had known you wanted a cat," I cried, regretfully. "Louise St. John has a beautiful one, and she'd be sure to give it to you. I'm very sure she'd willingly give it to you."

"Down at the office Mr. Vanessen was also hearing of eligible cats. "There was one offering that boy a quarter for a cat," said the sporting editor. "I hate extravagance. I'd save you a dozen for nothing."

"I didn't want a dozen," Mr. Vanessen replied, curiously, "and, besides, I know the kind of a cat you would get."

"What kind?" "Oh, a black one." "Y-n-a-s." "Of course." "A matter?" "Certainly! Goes all over the neighborhood hunting rats."

"A fighter?" "Yes," I exclaimed the sporting editor, enthusiastically. "He's tipped out every cat within ten squares."

"Well," added Mr. Vanessen, wearily, "I think Elizabeth will prefer the office boy's cat. You see, I am planning to read her."

"The sporting editor turned to his desk disgruntled. "Mr. Van," murmured the little society reporter, "I know of exactly the kitten you want. It's just lovely, so gentle and friendly, it belongs to a minister's wife. If Jack doesn't bring you a cat, I'll try to get it for you."

"I wish you would," Mr. Vanessen replied, heartily. "You know Mrs. Vanessen makes a hobby of surrounding Elizabeth with gentle influences."

"That night Elizabeth was entertained with a list of the cats awaiting her choice, but as Mr. Vanessen had invested a quarter in the office boy's venture, he finally decided to take his kitten. Great disappointment to the minister's wife. The next day disappointment again awaited us. The minister's wife found the children were not willing to let the kitten go. So I sent a note to Mrs. Vanbrum, telling her what the doctor had said, and in reply she said, "Mrs. Vanbrum was very sorry, but her plans for going away had been upset, and she had decided to keep the cat. Then Rose Lamont volunteered to go for Miss St. John's kitten, and came back having broken, to tell us that the kitten had just been given away. All other cats having failed, I decided to go myself to see the old maid. She lived on a back street, and as we drove slowly along, so many cats blinked at me from alley and doorway, I felt very much encouraged. I knocked on the door, and was admitted by the lady herself. I told my story rapidly, drawing in vivid colors Elizabeth's very great need of a cat.

"Dear, dear," she said, pitying, "of course she must have one. You say she had fever? What kind?" "Scarlet," I answered. "Have you a kitten?" "Do tell! Scarlet fever! And did you give her? Great! So good. My sister's daughter had it, and she died."

"Oh, yes, we called her," I interposed. "Did you say you had a kitten?" "Ollin! ain't so good as pure grease," she went on, frowning. "May I ask what persuasion of a doctor you had?" I looked puzzled. "We had an allopathic physician," I said, making a guess at her meaning.

"Oh, I meant was he married or single? My experience is, married doctors for grow-ups, singles for children. You see single—that is, bachelor singles—always regards children as awful mysterious creatures, and then bein' as it were new to the profession, they're willin' to use more medicines, bein' anxious to see what they will do, while old doctors—well, they're tried everything, and it stands to reason they ain't 'goin' to curfew, which makes it hard to get your money's worth out of them. Still for grow ups, I—"

"Can I have that cat now?" I interrupted. "Gracious! Didn't I tell you I hadn't a cat? You see—"

"But I hastily said "Good morning," and going down town, I bought an Angora cat. It took a large amount of courage to do this, for I had just the month, when my bills came in, was quite a long way off, and Elizabeth's need of a cat very near. Elizabeth welcomed the beautiful creature with delight, but she was somewhat more than pleased when papa came home that night with a forlorn little half-starved kitten.

"The minister's wife sent it round to the office today," Mr. Vanessen explained. "She said her little boy had rescued it from some hoodlums, and she had promised her children they might get around in a week or so to see how kind treatment had improved it. Elizabeth's pleasure, I confess, was much greater than mine. Two cats were not in my scheme of life, and beside, Mr.

Vanessen's remarks about the prohibitive bill for the Angora were not soothing. We were just going into dinner when the door-bell rang and the doctor entered. He explained. "I am in too great a hurry to stop, but I was called in to see Mrs. Vanbrum today. She is going away after all. So I just picked up her kitten and brought it along. I really think it will do Elizabeth good. That medicine, Mrs. Vanbrum told me, she would call and see the cat as soon as she returned."

And the doctor was gone. I looked at Mr. Vanessen, and lifted a lovely little Maltese cat of purest blood from his sofly-padded basket. "I shall have to keep this one," I said, "for Mrs. Vanbrum would never forgive us if we didn't, and you know Mrs. Vanbrum."

"Yes," Mr. Vanessen groaned; "I know Mrs. Vanbrum." Dinner was a rather depressed meal; but we brightened up a little before the coffee. Three cats weren't so bad after all. They could play with one another, we said, and we really grew almost sorry over the matter. An hour later we just starting for the opera when Rose Lamont ran in. Rose looked a dream in her long white opera-cloak and fur. I didn't wonder Ed roared. "I was startled to see him holding a snow-white kitten in his arms, while Rose rapidly explained: "We were at Louise's for dinner, you know, and are all going to the opera. Don't you think Louise happened to mention the kitten's, her own had a pug dog, who fought, it's her girl. So we went directly over and got it, and I told Mr. Wellington we might just as well bring it down in the carriage tonight. Then Elizabeth could have it the first thing in the morning. Louise and I will drop in tomorrow to see how it comes on. No, don't say a word! You are perfectly welcome. Good-by! The beamy pair vanished. She hadn't bid me not to say a word. I couldn't."

It was midnight when we returned, and as John opened the door his usually solemn and reproachful look was replaced by an unmistakable grin. "There's some more cats' come, madam," he began. "A young lady who said she was a society reporter brought one. She said it was a great pet, and must be fed on nothing but milk, and its mistress would call to see it soon. I'll be the nursery. And there is another one boxed up in the library. It's kept up such a yowlin' I didn't dare let it out. Here's the note came with it."

Mr. Vanessen groaned. "It's from the sporting editor," he said. "Just read this, will you?" And read—"Dear Van—I had a chance to get this splendid cat to night, Tom Jones paid five dollars for him, but Tom's been sent up for fighting, and with great good luck I got the cat. You never saw anything catch a rat as he can. It will eat anything he will, I am sure, to let him loose in her room with a rat or two. You'd think it was a cynic with lightning after it. I'll try to get a couple of rats to-morrow, of Dave Ferry, and come around."

"I'm gaged," Mr. Vanessen said, "how many cats are there in the house now?" "Six," I answered, solemnly, "and all must be taken care of, for their doors are coming to see them."

"I beg pardon," John interrupted, "a boy that said he was Mr. Vanessen's office boy was here to-night, and left a reasonable sized cat. He said so how Mr. Vanessen gave a quarter for it, and a woman called and left a cat and three kittens. She said Mrs. Vanessen wanted 'em for a sick child, and she loved the kittens would amuse her more than just a cat, and, anyway, they were too young to leave their mother."

"Where are they?" I asked. "They are shut up in the kitchen," John answered. "The office boy's cat is in the bath-room. Two's in your dressing-room. The Angora and the other cat's in the nursery. The others are distributed round. Some of 'em got in a fight soon after you left and we thought it was best to separate them. If you listen you can hear them."

"We could hear them without listening," Mr. Vanessen and I spent the rest of the night endeavoring to soothe the wallings of the different pets, and at the same time trying to devise some means of disposing of them. "We can give the Angora away," I said. "Yes." "And drown the office boy's?" "Yes." "And shoot the sporting editor's?" "He'd never forgive me, Margaret. I have to live with him. And I do hate to hurt the society editor's feelings."

"Yes, as Ed will never get over it if we dispose of the one Rose brought, nor will doctor or the nurse." "Margaret," I exclaimed Mr. Vanessen, suddenly, "let's go South. We've wanted to go to Florida for years. Let's go."

"Lovely!" I replied, the first ray of peace stealing into my soul. It had known since the cats began to arrive. And so next morning daily notes were written, heartily thanks and ten walling cats were expressed back to their owners. Shortly after, the Vanessen family departed to Florida.—Interior.

MRS. VANESSEN OBTAINS A KITTEN.

The first thing Elizabeth asked for when she began to recover from the fever was a kitten. "If I only had a kitty, I sniffs I'd be well now," she said, plaintively.

"Of course you shall have a kitten, dear," I answered, and when Mrs. Vanessen came to me I asked him where I could get a cat.

"Oh, there are lots of cats around," he replied. "Indeed, it's no end easier to get than to get rid of one. I'll give you a quarter and let you bring a kitten in to-morrow, so you may promise Elizabeth her kitten."

"I delivered my message to my girl, but not having just the same confidence in the office boy that Mr. Vanessen had, I next day mentioned one need a cat to several acquaintances. The first was the doctor.

"Of course I know of a cat," he said "Mrs. Vanbrum, of Lincoln avenue, is going South, and has a beautiful kitten which she would give to you. I'm very sure she'd willingly give it to you."

"I wish I had known you wanted a cat," I cried, regretfully. "Louise St. John has a beautiful one, and she'd be sure to give it to you. I'm very sure she'd willingly give it to you."

"Down at the office Mr. Vanessen was also hearing of eligible cats. "There was one offering that boy a quarter for a cat," said the sporting editor. "I hate extravagance. I'd save you a dozen for nothing."

"I didn't want a dozen," Mr. Vanessen replied, curiously, "and, besides, I know the kind of a cat you would get."

"What kind?" "Oh, a black one." "Y-n-a-s." "Of course." "A matter?" "Certainly! Goes all over the neighborhood hunting rats."

"A fighter?" "Yes," I exclaimed the sporting editor, enthusiastically. "He's tipped out every cat within ten squares."

"Well," added Mr. Vanessen, wearily, "I think Elizabeth will prefer the office boy's cat. You see, I am planning to read her."

"The sporting editor turned to his desk disgruntled. "Mr. Van," murmured the little society reporter, "I know of exactly the kitten you want. It's just lovely, so gentle and friendly, it belongs to a minister's wife. If Jack doesn't bring you a cat, I'll try to get it for you."

"I wish you would," Mr. Vanessen replied, heartily. "You know Mrs. Vanessen makes a hobby of surrounding Elizabeth with gentle influences."

"That night Elizabeth was entertained with a list of the cats awaiting her choice, but as Mr. Vanessen had invested a quarter in the office boy's venture, he finally decided to take his kitten. Great disappointment to the minister's wife. The next day disappointment again awaited us. The minister's wife found the children were not willing to let the kitten go. So I sent a note to Mrs. Vanbrum, telling her what the doctor had said, and in reply she said, "Mrs. Vanbrum was very sorry, but her plans for going away had been upset, and she had decided to keep the cat. Then Rose Lamont volunteered to go for Miss St. John's kitten, and came back having broken, to tell us that the kitten had just been given away. All other cats having failed, I decided to go myself to see the old maid. She lived on a back street, and as we drove slowly along, so many cats blinked at me from alley and doorway, I felt very much encouraged. I knocked on the door, and was admitted by the lady herself. I told my story rapidly, drawing in vivid colors Elizabeth's very great need of a cat.

"Dear, dear," she said, pitying, "of course she must have one. You say she had fever? What kind?" "Scarlet," I answered. "Have you a kitten?" "Do tell! Scarlet fever! And did you give her? Great! So good. My sister's daughter had it, and she died."

Vanessen's remarks about the prohibitive bill for the Angora were not soothing. We were just going into dinner when the door-bell rang and the doctor entered. He explained. "I am in too great a hurry to stop, but I was called in to see Mrs. Vanbrum today. She is going away after all. So I just picked up her kitten and brought it along. I really think it will do Elizabeth good. That medicine, Mrs. Vanbrum told me, she would call and see the cat as soon as she returned."

And the doctor was gone. I looked at Mr. Vanessen, and lifted a lovely little Maltese cat of purest blood from his sofly-padded basket. "I shall have to keep this one," I said, "for Mrs. Vanbrum would never forgive us if we didn't, and you know Mrs. Vanbrum."

"Yes," Mr. Vanessen groaned; "I know Mrs. Vanbrum." Dinner was a rather depressed meal; but we brightened up a little before the coffee. Three cats weren't so bad after all. They could play with one another, we said, and we really grew almost sorry over the matter. An hour later we just starting for the opera when Rose Lamont ran in. Rose looked a dream in her long white opera-cloak and fur. I didn't wonder Ed roared. "I was startled to see him holding a snow-white kitten in his arms, while Rose rapidly explained: "We were at Louise's for dinner, you know, and are all going to the opera. Don't you think Louise happened to mention the kitten's, her own had a pug dog, who fought, it's her girl. So we went directly over and got it, and I told Mr. Wellington we might just as well bring it down in the carriage tonight. Then Elizabeth could have it the first thing in the morning. Louise and I will drop in tomorrow to see how it comes on. No, don't say a word! You are perfectly welcome. Good-by! The beamy pair vanished. She hadn't bid me not to say a word. I couldn't."

It was midnight when we returned, and as John opened the door his usually solemn and reproachful look was replaced by an unmistakable grin. "There's some more cats' come, madam," he began. "A young lady who said she was a society reporter brought one. She said it was a great pet, and must be fed on nothing but milk, and its mistress would call to see it soon. I'll be the nursery. And there is another one boxed up in the library. It's kept up such a yowlin' I didn't dare let it out. Here's the note came with it."

Mr. Vanessen groaned. "It's from the sporting editor," he said. "Just read this, will you?" And read—"Dear Van—I had a chance to get this splendid cat to night, Tom Jones paid five dollars for him, but Tom's been sent up for fighting, and with great good luck I got the cat. You never saw anything catch a rat as he can. It will eat anything he will, I am sure, to let him loose in her room with a rat or two. You'd think it was a cynic with lightning after it. I'll try to get a couple of rats to-morrow, of Dave Ferry, and come around."

"I'm gaged," Mr. Vanessen said, "how many cats are there in the house now?" "Six," I answered, solemnly, "and all must be taken care of, for their doors are coming to see them."

"I beg pardon," John interrupted, "a boy that said he was Mr. Vanessen's office boy was here to-night, and left a reasonable sized cat. He said so how Mr. Vanessen gave a quarter for it, and a woman called and left a cat and three kittens. She said Mrs. Vanessen wanted 'em for a sick child, and she loved the kittens would amuse her more than just a cat, and, anyway, they were too young to leave their mother."

"Where are they?" I asked. "They are shut up in the kitchen," John answered. "The office boy's cat is in the bath-room. Two's in your dressing-room. The Angora and the other cat's in the nursery. The others are distributed round. Some of 'em got in a fight soon after you left and we thought it was best to separate them. If you listen you can hear them."

"We could hear them without listening," Mr. Vanessen and I spent the rest of the night endeavoring to soothe the wallings of the different pets, and at the same time trying to devise some means of disposing of them. "We can give the Angora away," I said. "Yes." "And drown the office boy's?" "Yes." "And shoot the sporting editor's?" "He'd never forgive me, Margaret. I have to live with him. And I do hate to hurt the society editor's feelings."

"Yes, as Ed will never get over it if we dispose of the one Rose brought, nor will doctor or the nurse." "Margaret," I exclaimed Mr. Vanessen, suddenly, "let's go South. We've wanted to go to Florida for years. Let's go."

"Lovely!" I replied, the first ray of peace stealing into my soul. It had known since the cats began to arrive. And so next morning daily notes were written, heartily thanks and ten walling cats were expressed back to their owners. Shortly after, the Vanessen family departed to Florida.—Interior.

Every man on the road knows W. A. Kimball, the clever advertising agent of the Maine Central. His views on any subject are worth hearing. When he says that after having suffered for years from dyspepsia he was completely cured by Hawker's dyspepsia cure, his words are golden-winged messengers to all sufferers from indigestion or dyspepsia. He writes as follows: "I have suffered for years with dyspepsia, and Hawker's dyspepsia cure cured me. I suffered terribly at times from the disease, but the cure has been complete. I recommend all sufferers from the same cause to take Hawker's dyspepsia cure." This is terse and to the point. Hawker's dyspepsia cure is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N.B.

No other remedy for Pulmonary troubles combines so many good qualities, and so proves so generally efficacious as Fittner's Emulsion. For sale by all medicine dealers, only 50 cents for a large bottle.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.



A Marvelous Medicine. Whenever Given a Fair Trial Hood's Proves its Merit. The following letter is from Mr. J. Alde Chausse, architect and surveyor, No. 101 Shaw Street, Montreal, Canada.

"I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla it has increased to 125. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a marvelous medicine and an very much pleased with it. ALDE CHAUSSE."

Hood's Pills cure liver ill, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, indigestion.

Intercolonial Railway. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 7th October, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, St. John's and Halifax; Express for Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton; Express for St. John's, Pictou and Halifax; Accommodation from Montreal.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are lighted by gas from the locomotive and by electricity from Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTINER, General Manager, 7th October, 1888.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, 27 and 29 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHS and TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

Sea Foam. A Pure and Safe. Made from the finest quality of the purest white Castile Soap.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Graham's Pain Eradic.

Barclay's Leaming Es.

Manchester Condition.

8. McDia 474 & 40 K.

your children. Some every ailment, the best of care more exposed poor unharmed. We will have continue in winter, poor summer. They out power to re they have strength. Scott of cod-liver oil, phosphites, is o partly digested to the weaker children.

Printing.

BECAUSE you in St. John is should not do you are doing work for the Maritime Province is pleased with can't believe that can do better for We want an ordi matter how small- quantized and let a do.

PATERSON Masonic.

Baptist Young WATCH TH AND SEE WH.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WILL OFFER B.Y.P.U. Co.

MILWAUKEE, WI before making arrangements near Vacation Tour. D. MONTGOMERY, G.P.A. C. B. FORTNER, T.P.A. C. E. L. FOTMAN, D.P.A. Co.

50 YEARS. For the last 50 years. Editions have been in and drying out, all time.

SHAR BALSAM OF HO NEVER let the Front N CHOPPS, COFFERS all Druggists and most.

ARMSTRONG Proprietors, St. ar nov 15

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

Scientific American Agency for HAWKER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.



Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report



ABSOLUTELY PURE

Premier Greenway says he has no intention of making a trip to Ottawa.

Miss Hara, aged 4, daughter of Thos. Hara, of Halifax, was burned to death Monday, a live coal falling on her dress.

Suicide while temporarily insane was the verdict of the coroner's jury who inquired into the hanging of John Scott, of Black River, St. John county.

Our advertisers represent first-class business houses, and readers will benefit themselves as well as confer a favor upon this paper, by giving the dealers their patronage.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folk.

The Halifax city council is considering the appointment of a commission to thoroughly investigate the best method of handling liquor licenses, with a view to improving the present law.

Train dispatchers, station agents and operators on the I. C. R. have been notified that their requests for an increase of wages has been agreed to. The increase is equal to about 87 1/2 per cent.

The employees of the C. P. R. general offices in St. John who had their salaries reduced 10 per cent. some time ago are jubilant again over the fact that their pay has been returned to the former figures.

The Canadian Northwest Immigration Convention opened at Winnipeg on Thursday, and was very successful. Many prominent and representative men were present and took part in the proceedings.

Dr. Bryon, secretary of the Ontario Provincial Board of Health, has received a letter from a health officer in Prince Edward county, stating that a farmer living within three miles of Pictou, has fed 150 dead horses to his hogs this season.

The will of the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell leaves in trust for his children an estate worth \$19,000, made up as follows: Life insurance, \$15,500; bank stock, \$400; household goods, \$1000 cash, \$500; cemetery lot, \$100.

Thomas O'Brien, the engineer of the Coldbrook, St. John rolling mill, who was so badly injured in the recent fly-wheel explosion in the mill, died Tuesday at the hospital. He leaves a wife and six children, who have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

Mayor Clark of Halifax, met some members of the Board of Trade, Tuesday evening, and discussed with them the question of cold storage, pointing out its advantages in the shipment of perishable fruits and vegetables, and had been done in Halifax toward the securing of cold storage.

A man believed to be Arthur J. Long a waiter in the Albany Club, Toronto, deliberately threw himself from the Rossdale bridge in Toronto, on Wednesday afternoon. He was dashed to pieces 150 feet below. The place was identical with that from which James Scott threw himself on Saturday last. Long was under treatment for nervous debility.

Mr. H. W. Simpson will be the United States customs agent at the depot St. John for the examination of through baggage for the Canadian. The Canadian agent for the Boston station has not yet been announced. These changes will do away with the examinations of baggage at Vanocboro and Madam.

James F. Dolan, a New York granite dealer, is in the city, and has purchased from Messrs. Tays, Messing & Co., of St. George, 2000 feet of the rare best New Brunswick red granite for use in the construction of the Museum of Natural History at Manhattan square, New York. It will be shipped from Carleton in schooners.—Globe.

The MESSENGER AND VISITOR office is much pleased with a visitor kindly presented by the Canada Life Assurance Co. It is of the "handy" and practical order, one that endures for an entire year and does not tear off each month, and it reminds one from day to day that to hold a policy in the Canada Life is an evidence of prudence and good "judgment."

In the New Brunswick Legislature, H. H. Pitts, M. P. P. for York County and Grand Master of the Provincial Orange Lodge, moved a series of resolutions re the Manitoba school question, similar to those to be presented in the Ontario Legislature, but after speaking in support thereof for an hour he failed to find a seconder, so the resolution dropped.

Mr. Frith, a wealthy young Englishman, owning a farm just outside the town of Kentville, N. S., was taken suddenly ill some days ago with pneumonia. He was attended at the Porter House, and there died. Now it is reported that, unknown to those who attended him so well during his illness, he made a will containing handsome bequests for his good nurses. It is understood that Mr. Webster and Mrs. Townsend each received one thousand dollars, and that Dr. Moore has been left a handsome and valuable horse belonging to the deceased.

The annual meeting of Rhodes, Curry & Co. (Ltd.) was held at Anson on Monday. The last year's report stated that in round numbers a net profit of \$30,000 was made, which, added to the amount from last year, made the profit and loss account \$52,000. Of this amount they carried \$10,000 to reserve account, declared a dividend of 7 1/2 per cent. on the capital stock, payable April 1st, 1906, and left an amount of \$14,000 to profit and loss. J. C. Robertson, of St. John, was one of the directors selected.

In the Manitoba Legislature, Wednesday, Attorney General Riddon's resolution about the remedial bill was carried, 31 to 7.

A detective was in Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, looking for James Grant, who is wanted for robbing the Wells-Fargo Company of \$15,000. He was in Hamilton ten days ago.

The will of H. A. Massey, the agricultural implement manufacturer, has been probated at Toronto. It contains twenty-nine bequests to charitable institutions throughout the Dominion. These bequests, with the sums given by Mr. Massey shortly prior to his death, amounts to \$1,100,000. Among the bequests is one of \$50,000 to the American University, Washington, to erect a building to represent Canadian Methodism in that university; \$20,000 to Victoria College, Toronto, and \$100,000 each, to Mount Allison College, Sackville, and Wesley College, Winnipeg.

Prohibition has been denied in the State of Iowa for five years. On Thursday in the House it was defeated by a vote of 53 to 41.

The New York Sun has instituted an action for \$100,000 against officials of the Chicago Associated Press for appropriation of the Sun's report of the Queen's speech.

Timothy Parmelee, of Cobalt, Conn., was most brutally murdered Wednesday night. His skull was fractured by a flat iron in several places and four ribs on each side broken. He lived alone and was eccentric. Robbery was the cause.

Fred Bristol, one of the four boys indicted at Utica, N. Y., for murder in the first degree for causing the death of two men by wrecking the New York Central train, died of consumption in jail on Thursday.

The Narragansett tribe of Indians have voted to bring suit against the State of Rhode Island for \$4,000,000 as redress for damages incurred by the taking of their land. Legal authorities say their case is good.

Herbert Newall, a stalwart blacksmith of Jacksonville, Fla., is creating a sensation in that neighborhood by being able to restore to health afflicted ones. He cured, it is reported, over two hundred persons at Orested, on Thursday.

The House committee on foreign relations have adopted the concurrent resolutions declaring that the Cuban insurgents should be given the rights of belligerents, and that the United States should use its influence to stop the war, if necessary by intervention.

U. S. District Attorney MacFarlane at New York has brought action for condemnation and seizure of the property found on the lighter J. S. T. Stranahan. The property consists of 300 packages and some of dynamite, gunpowder, cartridges, etc., which have been for shipment to the Cuban revolutionists.

The military expedition sent to Achan-tee under command of Col. Sir Francis Bood has returned to England. The troops, disembarked in the Thames on Wednesday and were inspected and commended by Lord and Viscount, commander-in-chief of the British army.

Maxims for Advertisers.

A good advertisement always brings in more than it takes out.

An advertisement does not knock off work when the store is closed.

Persistent advertising is the cornerstone of success.

No advertisements are bad, but some advertisements are better than others.

When a wise woman has money to spend she consults the advertising columns of the newspapers and afterwards consults her husband.

Advertising is a plaster which merchants put on the world to draw business out of it.

Advertisements are like birds—they don't always come when you expect them, but they are the best singers.

An advertisement is the only perpetual motion yet discovered.

A lady business man needs never expect to get any rest by advertising for it.

Advertising is the best fertilizer for the soil of business.—Fame.

MARRIAGES.

MARTIN-MULLIGAN.—At the home of the bride, Feb. 26th, by Pastor J. M. Parker, Alex. Martin, of Westmorland Point, N. B., to Janie, youngest daughter of Joseph Milligan, of Barronsfield, N. S.

RENEY-WYKOT.—At the Baptist parsonage, Liverpool, N. S., on the 5th inst., by Rev. Z. L. Nash, M. A., Edward Ramey, of Wellington, Queens Co., N. S., to Evelyn Wynnot, of La Belle, Queens Co.

DEATHS.

MILES.—At Great Village, Feb. 22nd, Frank Miles, son of the late Pastor G. B. Miles, fell asleep in Jesus. A wife and four children are left to mourn the loss of a loving husband and father.

THOMAS.—At his residence in New York, of Bright's disease, George E. Thomas, aged 56 years and one month. The funeral service will be held in the rooms of the Phoenix Republican club, 61 East 86th St., New York City, of which he was a highly esteemed member. Mr. Thomas was formerly a resident of Smith's Cove, Digby Co., where his father, James Thomas, still lives.

Eaton.—At Parraboro, Cumberland Co., N. S., Feb. 10, of heart failure, Joanna A., relict of the late David Rupert Eaton, aged 66 years, leaving to mourn their loss, nine children, and a large number of relatives and friends. The removal of our sister the Parraboro Baptist church—loses one of its staunchest members, and this community a most estimable christian lady. The services at the house consisted of reading some comforting passages from God's Word by Rev. Mr. McLean (Presbyterian) and prayer by her pastor, after which the remains were followed by a large procession to their last resting place and interred in hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

GAY.—On the 28th of Feb., Elizabeth Esther Gay, a beloved member of Brussels St. Baptist church, passed gently away after a lingering illness which she bore with patience and fortitude. Her christian experience was sterling and deepened and confirmed by the faith of her christian friends. There is no need of eulogy; her record is on high; her epitaph is in the words of inspiration, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." A large number of relatives and friends, on the 2nd inst. followed her body to the grave, to be raised a spiritual body when Christ comes to make up his jewels.

FILLMORE.—At Albion, Albert Co., sister Sarah Fillmore, at the age of 52 years. This dear afflicted sister, who was quite widely known, has always been a devoted and true friend of the missionary ever since. While she was a Dorcas in the use of her needle, the Home and Foreign funds were regularly increased by her annual offerings. Heaven is surely enriched while earth is poorer by her departure. We could not mourn so many do because of her sterling christian character, and strong faith which was with her to the end. She was laid to rest in the old burying-ground at Albion, with special appropriate services.

TURNER.—At Harvey, Albert Co., Feb. 4, Joseph A. Turner, in the 78th year of his age. With the exception of a few years which were spent in Beauséjour Co., this highly respected brother lived in Harvey, where in early life he was engaged in farming and later in the grocery business. The business is still carried on by one of his sons Capt. J. B. Turner. He was twice married, and his second wife with the children of his marriage, consisting of two sons and one daughter, were present at the funeral services at Harwood, where he was laid to rest in the Baptist ch. on the 10th inst. He was a member of the Baptist church in Harvey, and was a devoted and true friend of the church. He was a member of the Baptist church in Harvey, and was a devoted and true friend of the church. He was a member of the Baptist church in Harvey, and was a devoted and true friend of the church.

DIMOCK.—On Sunday, 28rd of Feb., Mrs. Dimock, a devoted member of Brussels Street Baptist church, died on the eternal Sabbath prepared for the people of God. She was spared to a good old age of 83, and like a sheaf of ripe grain was gathered into the garner of glory in life, peaceful and beautiful in death. The expression of her countenance suggested the thought that her departing spirit had beheld the glory of the better land and left a reflection of its radiance as a loving farewell to her children and friends. The funeral services on the 28th inst. were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Dr. Carey, and Rev. Mr. Dicker, who had often visited Mrs. Dimock during her last illness, spoke tenderly of her departure and earnestly exhorted all present to prepare for death. Now free from pain and anxious care she awaits for the morning of the resurrection. May her prayers be answered in abundant blessings on the loved ones left behind; at last may they all meet where love is eternal and every relation perpetual.

HIGGINS.—The readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Higgins, wife of Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D. Her death occurred on the morning of Feb. 27. For a considerable time she had been in failing health. She bore her suffering with the patience and cheerful submission of a christian heroine. Mrs. Higgins was a daughter of the late Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., whose name is yet a household word among us, though it will soon be fifteen years since he left us. Mrs. Higgins had a fine mind, well cultivated and informed, and her temper, spirit and ideals were in harmony therewith. Sympathetic, unselfish, devoted to her work in the power of the Lord, whom not having seen she loved, she breathed out peace and hope, goodness and truth to all she met. With but slender physical strength, during her husband's pastorate of twelve years in Wolfville, she welcomed many to her home, visited homes of many more, especially in days of their trouble, and gave of her time and means to help every good word and work; and in all these relations she showed the meek and quiet spirit of Christ, which is above all price. Honored by the community, for her worth and service, she has entered on "a life that bears immortal fruit." Dr. Higgins, and his adopted daughter, Consuelo, and other members of the family, will have the sympathy and sympathy of the christians here and of many elsewhere.

Direct from Nottingham. No Middle-man's Profit to Pay. We've bought these Curtains at the wholesale, direct from the manufacturers, and so are able to offer them to you retail, but at wholesale prices. But we've bought so many that you would think we were in the wholesale.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B. In order to give you every advantage in getting these goods we will prepay any of them ordered by you and, if not satisfactory, we will take them back.

BABY'S OWN SOAP. THEY ALL WANT IT. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COY., MONTREAL. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

MALLOY.—At her home in Jacksonville, on 19th Jan., Mrs. John Malloy, in the 70th year of her age, leaving a surviving husband, three sons and one daughter. Sister Malloy was converted to God some thirty years ago, and was baptized by the late Elder Henry Cook. She united with the F. C. Baptist church at Hampstead, Queens Co., N. S., and Mrs. Malloy were united in marriage on the first of March, 1849. They moved to Jacksonville the same year. There not being any F. C. Baptist church in Jacksonville, she came at once to the Baptist ch. in St. John, N. B., and was the pastor. Though a stranger in a strange land, she took part in the conference, spoke of her love in Christ with so much scriptural confidence, that she endeared herself to all the brethren and sisters present. She always felt very near to the Baptist church to the close of life. Mrs. Malloy was a most exemplary christian, a true wife, a devoted mother, making home one of happiness and prosperity. Her sickness was somewhat protracted, by times her suffering was severe, borne with great patience, and strong faith in God. She loved the old gospel hymns and the old tunes, and often requested those visiting her to sing "My Heavenly Home is bright and fair." Her funeral was very largely attended. Rev. C. F. Phillips preached from a text of her own choosing, Isa. 52: 17, a very excellent and practical sermon. Rev. Joseph Nobis and the writer were present and took part in the services.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS. On the 13th January our church and friends paid us our annual donation visit. During the day they were busy filling the word yard which will supply us with the means of warmth until the earth shall put us her white mantle in '77, if it shall be our privilege to see it. In the evening the friends met to partake of a nice tea and enjoyments of an intellectual kind. An enjoyable evening was spent and they left behind them such things as we can easily turn into good account—in goods and cash. These are not the only tokens of appreciation during the winter. We were kindly remembered at Christmas with suitable gifts. Our people are kind and we wish to be devotedly thankful. J. M. M. Boylston, Guys Co., N. S.

WILLIAMSON.—At her home in Jacksonville, on 19th Jan., Mrs. John Williamson, in the 70th year of her age, leaving a surviving husband, three sons and one daughter. Sister Williamson was converted to God some thirty years ago, and was baptized by the late Elder Henry Cook. She united with the F. C. Baptist church at Hampstead, Queens Co., N. S., and Mrs. Williamson were united in marriage on the first of March, 1849. They moved to Jacksonville the same year. There not being any F. C. Baptist church in Jacksonville, she came at once to the Baptist ch. in St. John, N. B., and was the pastor. Though a stranger in a strange land, she took part in the conference, spoke of her love in Christ with so much scriptural confidence, that she endeared herself to all the brethren and sisters present. She always felt very near to the Baptist church to the close of life. Mrs. Williamson was a most exemplary christian, a true wife, a devoted mother, making home one of happiness and prosperity. Her sickness was somewhat protracted, by times her suffering was severe, borne with great patience, and strong faith in God. She loved the old gospel hymns and the old tunes, and often requested those visiting her to sing "My Heavenly Home is bright and fair." Her funeral was very largely attended. Rev. C. F. Phillips preached from a text of her own choosing, Isa. 52: 17, a very excellent and practical sermon. Rev. Joseph Nobis and the writer were present and took part in the services.

WILLIAMSON.—At her home in Jacksonville, on 19th Jan., Mrs. John Williamson, in the 70th year of her age, leaving a surviving husband, three sons and one daughter. Sister Williamson was converted to God some thirty years ago, and was baptized by the late Elder Henry Cook. She united with the F. C. Baptist church at Hampstead, Queens Co., N. S., and Mrs. Williamson were united in marriage on the first of March, 1849. They moved to Jacksonville the same year. There not being any F. C. Baptist church in Jacksonville, she came at once to the Baptist ch. in St. John, N. B., and was the pastor. Though a stranger in a strange land, she took part in the conference, spoke of her love in Christ with so much scriptural confidence, that she endeared herself to all the brethren and sisters present. She always felt very near to the Baptist church to the close of life. Mrs. Williamson was a most exemplary christian, a true wife, a devoted mother, making home one of happiness and prosperity. Her sickness was somewhat protracted, by times her suffering was severe, borne with great patience, and strong faith in God. She loved the old gospel hymns and the old tunes, and often requested those visiting her to sing "My Heavenly Home is bright and fair." Her funeral was very largely attended. Rev. C. F. Phillips preached from a text of her own choosing, Isa. 52: 17, a very excellent and practical sermon. Rev. Joseph Nobis and the writer were present and took part in the services.

Sunlight SOAP. IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER. HOME IS VERY DEAR. Sunlight Soap. And it is the aim of a good wife to keep it clean and sparkling. Nothing will help you more than the use of Sunlight Soap. Life a ray of sunlight brightens and cleans, and makes homes bright and happy. Sunlight Soap. For every Sunlight wrapper sent to Larsons, we will send you a 10-cent book which will be sent, or a 10-cent book which will be sent, or a 10-cent book which will be sent.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST GARDEN IN your neighborhood this season PLANT OUR FAMOUS SEEDS & PLANTS. all of which are described and illustrated in our beautiful and entirely new Catalogue for 1906. A new feature this season is the Free delivery of Seeds at Catalogue prices by any Post Office. We will mail on receipt of a 2-cent stamp, or to those who will state where they saw this advertisement, the Catalogue will be mailed Free!

PETER HENDERSON & CO., 25 & 27 Cornhill St., New York. We are not Crying. Because there is so much territory in which our Condition Powder and Liniment is not sold.

But we are Rejoicing. Over the fact that all our patrons are thoroughly satisfied with our Medicines, use no other, and recommend them to their friends. Year in and Year Out.

Merit Will Tell. Wholesale by T. B. PARKER & SONS, 2, MOULDER ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Geographical Globe. Price 50 Cents. Every family should have one. It is of great assistance to children in learning Geography, as by finding the places upon the Globe they are more apt to remember. For sale by J. A. McNEILAN, 47 Grosvenor St., St. John, N. B.

Paris Kid Glove Store. Ladies! If you want a perfect fitting Kid Glove, in any size, or in any shade, and direct from the maker, we have the Agency. We will give you one pair free with every pair you purchase. We will give you one pair free with every pair you purchase. We will give you one pair free with every pair you purchase.

Special Notice! On Feb. 28th the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, suffered from a fire. The building, books, periodicals, and all other property, was destroyed. Our schools have not yet received the same for March. In reply to this, will give the official announcement received from Philadelphia and Boston.

W. H. FAIRALL & Co., (Wholesale & Retail) Glove Makers' Agents, 17 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Special Notice! On Feb. 28th the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, suffered from a fire. The building, books, periodicals, and all other property, was destroyed. Our schools have not yet received the same for March. In reply to this, will give the official announcement received from Philadelphia and Boston.