It Is Well.

Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gate shine on our ravish'd sight;
And though the tender ties we try to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load.
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall sever
Beneath life's sorrows, once so hard to bear;
That not again beside Death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner anguish
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and gone;
No more send we in doubt or fear to languish;
So far the day is past, the journey done!

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port, beneath the calmer sky,
Some, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

A sweeter air comes from the shore immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline;
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beck'ning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well! The earth with all her myriad voices
Has lost the power our senses to enthral,
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends! We would not turn retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

Selected Serial.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

BY FANNY.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT IS THE USE."

Reforms of nearly all description are apt to have such small beginnings that many people do not recognize them as reforms at all. Commonplace beginnings—and herein lies the difficulty in getting some persons to work. They are willing to do grand, heroic things, but the bare and wearying commonplacey of life cannot win them to enthusiasm, nor to effort.

In the Hartzell hovel the beginning was very small. In fact, it had to do with housecleaning!

"Let us make the room over new," said Kate; and the sister-in-law looked first at the room and then at the speaker, incredulity and disgust on her face.

"How?" she said; and then, with energy: "I tell you, you can't do it, Kate Hartzell. It isn't a room that is capable of being done over; and, if it were, there is nothing to do it with—nothing at all. I haven't had an ounce of soap in six weeks; and all the water we have I drag up from Jones' cistern, down at the corner, and he swears at me every time I go. And as for rags to clean with, you would think we might have enough of them, but we haven't. Even rags are scarce in this house. You don't know anything about it. I do. I came down very fast when I started; and yet, after all, it took me a long while to reach the very bottom, and realize it; but I have done that for three years. You would better take your trunk full of pretty dresses and get away to respectability, and stay there. I shall not grudge it to you any more. I'll believe now that you had a heart to feel and to try, if there had been any use."

It was morning. A clear, cold autumn morning. The rain was over, and the sky was blue and the day was bright. Old Joe had slipped away before Kate opened her eyes that morning. It was late before she closed them. She had had bitter tears to shed, though she tried to hide them from the determinate woman who lay beside her on the rags. There was a little cupboard sort of room, opening from the main one, and there the wife and sister had hidden themselves, leaving the two drunkards to grovel outside together. Old Joe, as I said, had slipped away breakfastless, and John had groaned, and swore, and kicked his way through the kitchen, an hour later, and told Kate that she needn't come there with her sirs—that they wanted none of her—and staggered away breakfastless. There had been literally nothing in that house to eat.

Within Kate's pocket lay a little purse—her own, the relic of happy days when she had change to use at her pleasure. Not much, it is true, and managed always with careful economy. But her very own. Within it lay, at this moment, a treasure—a silver dollar. It had a peculiar history. She had gone out from the home which had recently sheltered her, in coldness and disfavor. Mrs. Copeland had not relented; she had believed herself to be an ill-used woman to the last. She had schooled herself to believe that Kate had grown tired of the routine and the restraints of thoroughly respectable life, and pined for the freedom of the Flats. She had said to Fannie that that was what came of trying to lift people whose tastes and early associations were low and groveling. She had no knowledge of the home of wealth in which Kate's childhood had been spent. As for Fannie, she echoed her mother, of course; at least, enough to be thoroughly vexed with Kate; though she stoutly held to the statement that she believed the girl thought she was doing her duty; and constantly affirmed that that unfortunate picnic was to blame for all the trouble. Feeling thus, it is not to be supposed that they in any way lightened the burden of Kate's homecoming. She had received no wages since she had been with Mrs. Copeland; being only too glad to accept of an offer which fed and clothed her in respectability. Mrs. Copeland had certainly been very kind to her; had more than paid regular wages, in the wardrobe she had helped to furnish. But Kate had not a cent of money. And yet that silver dollar lay in her little purse. I am coming to its story.

I; was the boy Holly who followed her to the gate that afternoon when she turned away weeping from Mrs. Copeland's cold—

"I am sure, Kate, I wish you well, although you have shown an ungrateful spirit; but I must say that I hardly expect to hear well of you."

Then came Holly, regret on his face, indignation flashing from his eyes.

"Never mind, Kate," he said, "mother doesn't understand; but I believe in you. I always shall. And I shall think up ways to help you, too. And, Kate, here is my dollar. It is my spend-as-you-like money. I don't have to give any account of it. Father says he expects that I will spend it foolishly, but I must learn by experience. So you mustn't refuse it," for Kate had drawn back, her fair face flushing crimson. "I want you to take it as a sort of pledge that I am going to help. Folks need money to do things with. I intend to have a good deal of it when I am a man. I am going to earn it, and spend it, too, for things of this kind. This is just a beginning; and you helped me to begin. Some day, maybe, you will remember that, and be real glad."

Was such logic as that to be withstood? To Kate it sounded almost prophetic, and sent a warm thrill through her heart. She reached forth her hand and took the money.

"It shall help," she said; "and Holly, boy, I won't forget your words. I will remember that I have a friend who is helping. Good-bye, Holly!"

The boy looked after her, and swallowed hard, and shut his teeth, and clenched his hands. He and Kate had been warm friends. He did not like to see her going out from his father's house in this fashion.

"Mean old rum," he said between his shut teeth. "I hate it; I'll fight it, everywhere and always. When I'm a man I'll fight it with votes and money and speeches; and I'll fight it now. A boy can do some things. Kate shan't work all alone."

Q, mother, with your cold face and disappointed heart, going about your neat kitchen getting the evening meal, missing the neat presence which has given you aid and comfort for the months past; sore over the sense of failure in your one decided effort at Benevolence, do you really think that you have failed? Look out at your boy, standing at the gate, watching through the rain, and gathering mist, the retreating figure of poor Kate Hartzell, who has gone out on her mission without a kind word from you. If you could look through the mists of years, and see what the to-morrows are to bring to you and yours, would you drop on your knees now and thank God for letting you bring Kate Hartzell into your home, to hold your boy for you, and for God and the right? How do you know how far to-day will reach?

So the dollar had furnished Kate Hartzell and her sister-in-law with a breakfast; a very small portion of it, indeed, had done that, Kate saying to herself, as she passed the shining sphere in exchange for bread:

"It is helping; for if we are at work we must eat, and there is work to do."

The breakfast eaten, they stood in that dreadful room together, and the worn-out woman, bruised, body and soul, gave forth the words which you heard a few moments ago, the closing sentence, "if there had been any use," being the sad refrain of all the bones of her broken heart.

Kate drew a long breath, as of one taking in strength from somewhere for the task before her, and said:

"I shall not go back, and we will make this room over, and this home; we will succeed, Annie. Let us say that it shall be. God will help us, Annie Hartzell, and God never fails."

"I don't know anything about God," said poor Annie Hartzell; but she did not speak the name irreverently.

Kate's next word would have seemed to the many utterly foreign to the subject.

"Annie," she said, "haven't you a broom?"

"A broom!" said Mrs. Hartzell, scorn in her tone, "no, I haven't. I had one, but last week your father came in, worse than usual, and he broke it into bits, and burned it up. There was no need for it, either. I had a good fire that night. I had been out half the afternoon picking up bits which the woodyard wagons dropped."

Kate could not help a little shiver running through her frame, but she spoke briskly:

"We must have a broom, and a fire, and some hot water, and some soap; I have something that will make rags. I will go down street, and get the things. Annie, will you set the furniture out, and take down the bedstead, and get things ready while I am gone?"

"What do you mean to do?"

"Clean house."

"What is the use? There is nothing to keep it clean with, and nothing to make it comfortable. I tell you I know it can't be done. I am older than you; I am a hundred years old at the least, I think. And when we first went down, before we got so low as this, I tried to keep things decent; tried hard, and failed. Up to the time that John resolved to come back to his father, I had a little hope; after that I lost it all. John's father always influenced him to the worst."

She did not mean to be cruel. She did not know that Kate's heart would wince at this; she did not suppose that there was an atom of love left in her heart for the lost father; and she did not remember just then that her own girlish hand offered the first drop of liquor that John had ever tasted. Kate remembered it; her aunt had told her, and dwelt on it bitterly. It had made Kate feel hard toward her sister-in-law all her life. It made her face burn at this moment, but she held her lips close, and went on with her preparations to go down town.

"Nevertheless, let us try again," she said. "Let us begin by being clean; we can not feel ourselves to be respectable until we are as clean as we can be. We will find ways to make it more comfortable. I will work and earn money. I have a trade, Annie; I can cut and make common dresses; and uncommon ones, too, I believe, if I could get a chance."

"Who will give you a chance to make any sort, so long as you live on the Flats?"

"I don't know," Kate said, her lips quivering a little. "Somebody will; I feel sure of it. There is a way out, Annie; only let us resolve to get out."

"Tell me this, Kate Hartzell—what put this into your mind? Who sent you here?"

Kate was dressed now, eyes to her gloves. She looked unlike anything that was in the habit of issuing from any door on the Flats. She had her hand on the door-knob, but she turned and looked full into her sister-in-law's eyes, and answered her steadfastly and solemnly, "God!"

Then she went swiftly away.

You do not know, and you can hardly be made to understand, what a day that was to Kate Hartzell. It may be that you are skilled in the art of housecleaning, yet I venture to say that you would hardly know how to have managed such a term of it as this. Yet it was managed. By six o'clock of that same day you would not have known the room, had you been familiar with it as it appeared in the morning. The shelf in the corner had been cleared of the accumulation of years, and scrubbed clean, and covered with a white paper. The cupboard where the few dishes were, had been treated in the same manner. Only the remaining half door had been taken off its hinges, and set up as a shelf.

Kate handled the sheets of paper lovingly. They were left of a roll which Holly had bought her when she helped him in some of his pattern cutting.

"There!" he had said; with satisfaction, as the last pattern was drawn, "now what will I do with all that paper? I got fifty times more paper than I needed, of course. But it was cheap; Jerry gave it to me. You take it, Kate. I have no place to put it, and mother won't have it lying round. You will do something nice with it some time, I dare say; you always do with bits of things."

So Kate had laughingly taken her gift and laid it away, and now she was spreading it on the shelves of the corner cupboard! Holly was helping; it gave her a warm feeling in her sad heart to think of it. The floor had been scrubbed, and the table, and even the rickety chairs. The bedclothes had been washed, every rag of them, and had been blowing in the wind and sunshine all the afternoon, to the great astonishment of the dwellers on the Flats. The bed was made up neatly now, and its nakedness covered with a blue and white patchwork quilt, which had been the work of Kate's early girlhood, and had been lying in the depths of her trunk waiting for this hour. The stove had been blackened until it shone, and, altogether, what with the white curtain at the window and the white cloth on the table, both made from a roll in Kate's trunk, Mrs. Hartzell, who was arrayed in a fresh brown calico of Kate's, and who sat by the table gazing around upon it all, confessed to herself that it made a wonderful difference. But her face was still in shadow.

"What will it all amount to, Kate? Haven't you tried something of the kind before?" I have. One day I cleaned everything up; that was two years ago, and there were more things to clean, though I thought then that everything was as bad as it could be. But I made it all nice, and then I set the table as nicely as I could, and baked some potatoes and fried a little sausage that a neighbor had sent me. He promised me in the morning when he went out that he would try again, and I meant to help him all I could; and when he came he just staggered into the room, and lay himself, boots and all, just as you saw him last night, on my clean bed; and if I touched him, he growled and swore at me. The potatoes burned up, and the sausage shrivelled away to grease; I never ate a bite that night. The next morning he was off, and took with him the bag of potatoes that I had earned the day before washing windows for a woman! That is the last time I ever tried. I knew it would be of no use, and I know it now."

Kate came and stood by her sister's chair.

"I never tried much," she said, humbly; "when I first came home it was all different from anything I had ever known, that it was awful. Father would stay away all night, and I was afraid; afraid for my life. There were so many dreadful noises, and such mean-looking men hanging around; father was never cross to me, but he drank all the time. I tried to get meals ready for him, and he never came to them; not once, to sit down to the table for the weeks that I was here. And then Mrs. Copeland saw me and gave me that chance, and I rejoiced over it. I thought I should never come back where father was again; at least, until I grew to be a middle-aged woman. But I think it was all wrong. Or I mean, when you came, you and John, I think I ought to have come right home, because two women can do what one alone can not. And you are a married woman, Annie, and that protects me."

A wan, incredulous smile flickered for a moment in the elder woman's face, which yet was almost a child's face. It had never occurred to her that she could protect anybody. Yet, along with the almost derisive smile, there came a sudden resolve to stand by this young thing, and help her in her hopeless undertaking; all at least that she, a weak, discouraged woman, could.

But her words were not encouraging:

"They'll pawn your clothes Kate; your trunk is not safe here for a night. I wish they had not sent it to you. You might have kept your things there and gone after something once in a while. He'll take that bedspread the first thing, and that curtain, it will hang in Jim Moxen's bar-room before to-morrow night. Oh! I know all about it; you may try and try, and that is all the good it will do. He sold our little baby's shoes, Kate, the only shoes she ever wore; with the print of her feet in them; while she lay in the coffin he sold them—for rum! And, Kate I watched the coffin all day and all night. I never stepped from its side for a moment. I was afraid he would try to sell it for rum!"

Her eyes were dry and burning, and her voice was steady as the voice of one who had thought over a bitter record until it has lost its power to outwardly move the victim any more, but is nevertheless burning at her heart.

Kate stroked the faded, yellow hair tenderly.

"Poor Annie," she said, her voice low and pitiful; and she took this desolate, sinned against woman from that moment into her stronger heart, and resolved to live at least for her. But the words she spoke, after a moment, were very strong and brave: "Annie, we will save him yet."

And then there was a step outside, which they knew, and both women rose up and waited, their faces pale, their nerves quivering.

(To be continued.)

SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, in Incipient Consumption seems to possess remedial powers of great efficiency. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Makes pure blood and builds up and fortifies the system against further inroads by disease.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Twenty-five cents worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* fed out sparingly to a coop of twenty-five hens will increase the product of eggs 25 per cent. in value in thirty days.

After An Eruption.

A bold traveller who had the temerity to ascend Vesuvius just after slight eruptions, and while it was still in a state of ferment, thus describes its appearance:

"Not a speck of green, not a bird, not an insect; no life—only fields on fields of lava and scoriæ and ashes. The silence from time to time was broken, but it was only by the low mutterings and growlings of the mountain that always heralded an upheaval of lava and debris. Again we bent our steps upward, going zigzag among scoriæ and lava, passing various little extinct craters, until we came to where the mountain was hot and where white sulphurous smoke was rising all about. Here another halt was called, and the guide went off to explore. He soon returned and bade us follow. We could not go higher at this point for smoke and falling stones, and so he struck across the mountain in the Naples direction. We soon saw where we were—at the fountain-head of two streams of burning lava. These we must cross before we could make a further ascent. The guide stepped very cautiously on the black, cooling crusts of lava, and we followed. We were surrounded at times by sulphurous smoke. Our feet felt blistered in our boots. The lava crunked and crackled, but we passed lightly on. A little dog had followed us from the hotel; its piteous cries attracted us. The poor creature was having its feet badly burned, so we took it up and carried it. But now we were safely over, and could examine more closely the phenomena. We approached as near the stream of burning lava as its scorching heat permitted. We saw it issuing from what looked like huge, black, cast-iron cylinders. These were formed of the outer rim of lava that had gradually cooled somewhat and hardened. The burning mass moved constantly, but not equally. It seemed to pulsate and throb in its flowing—to be jerked out of the cylinders. As it advanced down the mountain it grew in width and height, because always cooling, and became less liquid, until it ended in the great piles that we first saw. I think the worst and most dangerous part of the whole ascent had now to be made. This was an almost perpendicular code of loose ashes. At every step we sank to the knees, so our progress was exceedingly slow. Right below us were the burning streams of lava, into which it seemed we were bound to slide. Above us was the crater, whose thunderings we could hear and whose tremblings at times we thought we felt. Breathless and exhausted, we frequently lay down among the ashes. But at last we gained the summit, and all our exertions were rewarded. Such a sight! The crater of Vesuvius! A perfect hell of sulphur, fire and smoke, cinders and ashes, and red-hot stones; its flooring of hardened lava where rent by seams and cracks and yawning chasms emitting stifling vapors, while in the midst of it all rose the last-formed central cone of smoking debris, belching forth clouds of sulphorous vapor, and at intervals, with loud thunderings, and with an effort that shook the mountain throwing like a mighty fire fountain showers of rocks and scoriæ high into the air. Amid the terror of the scene there was an element of great beauty. The rich and varied coloring that everywhere prevailed was wonderful, from the purest white up through all the shades of yellow and rich orange to deepest reds, the deposits of salts and sulphur and iron and chemical matters.

A Hero.

The hero holds his life as a trust, and not as a possession. His general course of action is that of an administrator, rather than that of an owner.

He thinks little about himself, but much about others. The question which interests him is not what can he get out of his life, but what can he do with it.

If promotion, or honor, or wealth comes to him, it emphasizes the motto of his life: I serve. He serves because he looks on life from the stand-point of that Jewish-Christian hero who wrote, "I am a debtor."

Sir Henry Lawrence, the defender of Lucknow, was one of those heroes who serve because they are debtors.

He was born at Matura, Ceylon, celebrated for its diamonds, and on Mrs. Lawrence's removal to another locality, a lady asked if she had brought any with her.

"Yes," said the mother, producing her babe! "here's my Matura diamond!"

She was prophetic, though her son's life, while wanting in brilliancy, resembled more the diamond which cuts or polishes than that which merely displays itself.

Simplicity, truthfulness, self-denial, and consideration for others marked him as boy and man. He never "passed by on the other side," but always lent a hand to man, woman, child, or beast, or any creature that was down.

He could deny himself, even at a great cost, when self-denial was demanded by another's welfare. His father, a retired officer, lived on a small pension, and Henry had but little pocket-money while at the seminary where cadets prepared for the East Indian service.

Foot-ball, hockey, and cricket were as essential to an English boy's happiness as three meals a day. But Henry never indulged in them, because subscriptions were required, and he would not ask his father for the money.

Once at the end of his vacation, before starting for school, he collected a bundle of clothes for a poor lady in London. On arriving at the metropolis, he carried the bundle, a large one, through the streets, and delivered it to her. A simple deed! Yes, but one which showed the heart and pluck of the young cadet, who was not ashamed to soil his uniform by carrying a bundle through London streets.

Years after, while defending Lucknow, with a few hundred men against thousands of Hindoos, who had joined the mutiny, a shell exploded in his room. A sheet of flame, a terrific report, and dense darkness were followed by his low voice saying helplessly, "I am killed."

He lingered two days, his mind intent on serving till the last. Minute directions were given to his successor as to the defence of the place, with the order "never to give in." He bade those about him to inscribe on his tomb: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy upon his soul."

So few were the defenders, and so necessary was it that every one should be at his post, that only four private soldiers could be spared to bury him. As they were about to carry off the dead body, one of them turned down the sheet which covered the Henry's face and, stooping over, reverently kissed his forehead. His comrades also kissed their beloved chief, and then, amid the plunging of shot and shell, laid him to rest.—*Youth's Companion*

—Doctor Samuel Johnson's aversion to Scotchmen was so strong that it broke out in the famous definition of "oats," given in his dictionary:—"Food for horses in England and food for men in Scotland."

"And where," retorted a quick-witted Scott, "can you find such horses as in England, and such men as Scotland."

—Is there any danger of a boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological garden. "Not the least marm," cried the showman. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

—"Can you tell me what kind of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a farmer to the editor of his country paper. The editor replied:—"It is my belief that the weather next month will be very like your subscription bill." The farmer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent a postal note.

—Bagley (confidently to pickpocket on the hack platform): "My good fellow, I wish you would n't try that." Pick-pocket (in great trepidation): "I sir. Why I?—Bagley (soothingly): "There, there, don't apologize. You've been trying to pick my pocket, and I think it my duty to tell you that the wallet you're fingering is filled with bills which I've been trying to collect for six months, and I don't believe you can do any better."

—The accomplished wife of one of the professors in Vanderbilt University is quite a skillful and enthusiastic amateur in taxidermy. Her home is adorned with not a few specimens of her work in this line. Her youngest boy, an unusually thoughtful little fellow of three years, was very sick. "Mamma," said the little boy in his deliberate, solemn way, "mamma, if I die, are you going to stuff me?"

—"Sure, an' wouldn't was o' thim bear-skins make a foine buffalo robe?"

A Skillful Surgical Operation.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Dittrich, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "*all gone*" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whirling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, Ai. J. White (Limited), 77, Farringdonroad, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

To A. J. White, Esq.
Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies,
Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation, prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully,
(Signed) Carey J. Berry,
2 Baptist Missionary.

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WE are happy to inform the Public and our Patrons in particular that, as we had no connection or interconnection with the Mill destroyed at Penobsquis, our business continues without interruption.

All orders will receive prompt attention as heretofore.

BROWN & LEITCH.

St. John, N. B., August 8 1885.

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY.
ODD FELLOWS' HALL.
Incorporated 1861.

DIRECTORS:

HON. C. N. SKINNER, Judge Probate, President
JAMES CHRISTIE, Esq., M.D., Vice-President
ALEXANDER DUFF, Esq., Managing Director
GILBERT MURDOCH, Esq., C. E.
WILLIAM CHRISTIE, Esq., M. D.
DAVID A. SINCLAIR, Esq., M. D.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold Securities, at reasonable rates.

Mortgages, City and Water Debentures purchased.

Money received on deposit at five per centum per annum. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from one to five years, interest five per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years. Interest six per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

FOR SALE: Capital Stock, and four years Stock, dividends on each payable half-yearly. Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1881, was four per cent, on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REED,
apl9 tf Secretary-Treasurer.

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1885. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886.

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M.	Acc. M.W.F. A.M.	Acc. dy. P.M.
	Halifax,—leave,	7 00		3 35
4	Richmond,		6 15	3 20
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	7 15	3 30
40	Newport,	8 43	8 12	4 46
46	Windsor,	9 00	10 00	5 25
53	Hantsport,	9 22	10 22	5 45
64	Wolfville,	9 34	11 20	6 46
68	Port Williams,	9 40	11 25	6 55
71	Kentville—Arrive	10 00	11 50	7 10
	De—Depart,	10 30	12 00	
82	Berwick,	11 05	1 17	
88	Aylesford,	11 18	1 40	
95	Kingston,	11 30	1 55	
103	Middleton,	11 57	3 00	
116	Bridgetown,	12 40	4 00	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 30	4 55	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Acc. dy. A.M.	Acc. T.W.S. A.M.	Exp dy. P.M.
	Annapolis—leave		6 15	1 30
14	Bridgetown,		7 10	2 13
26	Middleton,		8 10	2 58
33	Kingston,		8 25	3 13
42	Aylesford,		9 15	3 37
47	Berwick,		9 35	3 55
59	Kentville—arrive	A.M.	10 20	4 35
	De—depart,	5 40	11 35	4 40
64	Port Williams,	6 00	11 55	4 57
68	Wolfville,	6 10	12 05	5 05
77	Hantsport	6 28	12 20	5 20
84	Windsor,	7 00	1 20	6 05
90	Newport,	7 10	1 46	6 21
118	Windsor Junction,	10 00	3 45	7 28
129	Richmond,	10 40	4 27	
130	Halifax—arrive,	10 45	4 30	8 05

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis the same day.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p.m. for Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.50 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

Through tickets by various routes on sale at all stations. P. INNES,
Kentville, 18th Nov, 1885. General Manager.

UNDERTAKING.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I am now prepared to furnish at the shortest possible notice all kinds of work in this line by day or night. Having been engaged for the past seven years as assistant foreman, and having a complete knowledge of this business in all branches. I would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in general, and will guarantee complete satisfaction. All orders entrusted to me will receive careful and prompt attention with neatness and dispatch. Furniture and wringers repaired on reasonable terms.

John Chamberlain, Undertaker,
Coffin and Casket Warerooms
51 1 15 Portland Bridge N. B

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Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE.

Used by the Chief Engineers of the U. S. Coast Survey; by the Admiral commanding in the U. S. Naval Observatory, Prof. Astronomical work; and by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and Railway men. They are recognized as the standard watch, in which close time and durability are requisites. Sold in principal cities and sent by the Co. PARTY'S exclusive Agents (leading jewelers,) who give a Full Warranty.

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PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 14 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy Free, by addressing, C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau St. N. Y. 13—2