IN LITTLE FOLKS' EYES.

How strange it would be if the pixies came down
And set up a shop in the midst of our town,
And sold to us spectacles through which the guise
Of all things would seem as in little folks' eyes.

In little folks' eyes, O, what dreams will come true!
How long is a lifetime! What things one will do!
How wealthy one is with a purse of small size,
For pennies are dollars in little folks' eyes.

How easy it is from all danger to flee
To a harbor of safety on somebody's knee!
How quickly soft kisses and low lullabies
Will clear away trouble in little folks' eyes.

Such wee clouds of darkness make everywhere night;
Such wee glints of sunshine make everything bright;
And birthdays come slowly, for time seldom flies
But crawls toward the future, in little folks' eyes.

What a great world of singers we'd have before long
If these magical glasses were sold for a song!
O, clowns are so funny, and sages so wise,
And hearts are so honest, in little folks' eyes! —*Youth's Companion.*

THE MISER OF MARSEILLES.

Marseilles is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaune and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will show you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not exactly the date—there dwelt at Marseilles a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hands pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry, in a plaintive tone, for a draught of water.

"Alas! my child," said Mme. Guyot, in reply to his moaning, "you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbors are as badly off as ourselves. See, take a draught of milk; I have nothing else to give you."

"But, mother, it is not like water," replied the boy, "it makes me only more thirsty; and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning. Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water."

Mme. Guyot, with true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and, having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbor, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him, and his plaintive cry for water, at oft-recurring intervals, brought tears to the mother's eyes.

Seven years later, and the fever-stricken boy had grown into a fine, thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Mme. Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son: "Jacques, you must be contented with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry."

"I am sorry for that, mother," replied Jacques; "but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever."

"Oh, Jacques! can you ever forget that?"

"Never, mother. No day passes but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseilles suffer so much and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so. Wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jacques.

"Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river."

"And what would that cost, think you, father?"

"More money than you could count, my son," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden, thoughtfully and silently, but not unnoticed by his parents.

"It is strange," said Mme. Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of that night of suffering. I quite feared to tell him how little water we had left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much.

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet?" said Mme. Guyot, in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbor's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is, doubtless, only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she is a full year younger."

"I was not thinking of Madeline, wife," replied M. Guyot; "in my opinion Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying by all sorts of extra services to earn more than his daily wages, and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid."

"Oh! if that be the case, he is, doubtless, thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth," added Mme. Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child. The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon. It was, indeed, wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling drink to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful and capricious at times as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

Three or four years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbors whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser.

From time to time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course such magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admired for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but, in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when by my side," she would often say to her mother; "that any one can see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife."

The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbor, but also a sort of rival beauty. The day for Marie's own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's *fiance* came from what was, in those days, considered to be a great distance, and grudged neither spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience!

The wedding day came, and she, of course, was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others at his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a handsome fellow, now at Marseilles for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and, after the wedding, found or made many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. And after a time Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

When the marriage day came Jacques remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

"Oh, my son," said Mme. Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger if you had asked her for thyself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by strictest parsimony.

A bitter trial came later. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseilles. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love dream, and as he came near he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognized the elder female as the Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand, was before him, and he, too, was, for an instant, young; but for how brief an instant? Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.

Though no inhabitant of Marseilles ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his life there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches and taunts, his heart teemed with loving kindness to his fellow creatures; and often, when suffering from them, he would even smile and murmur: "It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings."

A very old man was Jacques Guyot, when the end came, and he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon the wretched pallet, he smiled and talked to himself. "Ah, Jacques," said he, "they will never more call thee accursed. But, oh, what joy to think the miser had not lived in vain! And thou, too," said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher, "well hast thou performed thy part! Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded of me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in His goodness given me strength to fulfil! I will indulge just one weakness, and, having taken my last draught from thee, no other lips shall touch thee!" So saying, he drank the water it contained, and, gathering all his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after, he was dead.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the townspeople, for there were many who would not touch him while living who would gladly have acted as his executors. The authorities of the town took possession of a sealed paper which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: "Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at great cost, I have cheerfully labored all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use."

Jacques had told the truth. The curses turned into blessings and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of a hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseilles owe their aqueduct.—*Romance.*

Singing Mice.

A four-footed creature that sings is certainly curious enough to have its existence doubted; and many people do not believe that such a thing as a singing mouse has ever been seen, or, more correctly speaking, heard. It has, though; and in a certain house beloved of mice generally, what sounded like the voice of a small bird was often heard in the wall. A trap was set for the uproarious ones that kept up a constant squeaking and gnawing, besides nibbling every viand that they could possibly get at; and one night the dainty bits of cheese lured into captivity a mouse that looked like other mice and acted like a wren. Such a quivering, musical little warble could scarcely come from any other throat than that of the tiny bird.

But it was soon proved beyond a doubt that mousie did it himself, and that he must be the very singer who gave the mysterious wall concerts; so the next thing was to make him a cage. It was quite an uncommon one, as uncommon as he was himself—a glass globe covered with netting. A warm nest was arranged in it, and the curious little performer took very kindly to his luxurious quarters. He had, of course, the best cheese to nibble at, and he evidently considered himself in clover. He put on airs, too, and seemed to know when he was being watched. At such times he would raise himself up, and try with all his small might and main to act like a canary. Sometimes he would hold up one paw, and then he was a full-fledged prima donna, sending forth such loud notes that it was almost startling to hear him.

But an easy life did not seem to agree with the amusing little rodent, and possibly he pined for the home in the wall, with its boundless freedom, where he may have left "his young barbarians at play." In a few days he died, without any apparent cause, and the experiment of caging a singing mouse was altogether unsuccessful.

Other four-footed warblers have been kept in good condition for a much longer time, giving abundant opportunity to make some very interesting discoveries in regard to their musical organs. They do not, it appears, sing with their throats, like other songsters, but *with their noses*. Their vocal chords are vibrating folds of the skin at the outlet of each nostril, and the performer can vary the tone from high to low by using more or less force in expelling the air. When quite by himself, the sound produced by the singer resembles that of an Æolian harp; but in a cage, when the small singer is often singing for effect, the notes are much bolder.

A cat purrs very much in the same way as a mouse sings, and both are signs of comfort and satisfaction. But the mouse's song, unlike that of the cat, has given rise to many absurd superstitions, and houses have acquired the bad reputation of being haunted because of singing mice in the walls. The soft wailing sound which the song then assumes is said to come from the uneasy spirits of those who have been murdered; and the servants who are frightened by the singing mouse could never be made to believe that the continual picking and stealing from the pantry are done by the singer himself and his near relatives. For although it seems as if so gifted a creature should be above such night marauding, he is really no better than his commonplace companions.—*Harper's Young People.*

It is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people. The voluntary statements of thousands of people prove beyond question that this preparation possesses wonderful medicinal power.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

—No person should travel without a box of Ayer's Pills. As a safe and speedy remedy for constipation and all irregularities of the stomach and bowels they have no equal, and, being skilfully sugar-coated, are pleasant to take, and long retain their virtues.

JUST A THOUGHT.

Just a thought, but full of beauty,
Full of food and perfect love,
Full of faith and full of hoping,
Sent by angels from above:
Just a thought of one who's absent,
Roaming far away from me;
Working, loving, longing, waiting,
For a glad futurity.

Just a thought, but full of gladness,
For it brings a well-loved face
Brightly from the stores of mem'ry,
Softly from its resting place!
And beside the face I gaze on
All the world to me is nought;
Hopes, and love, and pray'rs are centr'd
Ever in that perfect thought.

W. H.

Some Men's Wives.

It was a man of most astute intelligence who said: "As a rule it is safe to say every public man of prominence owes his position largely, perhaps chiefly, to his wife. There are exceptions, of course, which occur to every one, but this is the rule." And this man is generous enough to believe, and gallant enough to say, that Martha Washington is as worthy of a monument as the immortal George or his mother. Woman is beginning to realize that there is no gift or grace of mind or manner, no logic in the realm of philosophy, no language dead or living, no data known to the servant, which may not be of service to her in the fulfilment of her simple wifely duty to the man of her choice.

To the influence, the wealth, and the never-failing interest of his wife, the great Premier who made the Queen of England Empress of India, acknowledged that his political success was largely due, and an impertinent questioner who asked him "what feeling could bind him to a wife older than himself" was answered by Mr. Disraeli with, "A feeling unknown to your nature — that of gratitude." Very easily disturbed was this great man by any diverting incident occurring before he delivered a speech in the House, and it is said that his wife, who always accompanied him when he spoke, rode the entire distance from her home to the House of Parliament with her fingers caught beneath the carriage window rather than put to flight his carefully prepared periods by telling him of the crushed and aching members. Very pleasant it is to read Gladstone's tribute to the wife who is the closest friend, the best adviser, and the severest critic of the Grand Old Man, where he says: "No words that I could use would ever suffice to express the debt I owe her in relation to all the offices she has discharged on my behalf and on the behalf of those who are nearest and dearest to me; not only is she the dearest of companions, but the most devoted of helpmeets, but for whose self-consecration to the service of her husband and her children, my own public work must have been seriously fettered and hindered." Over all the domestic comfort of the household she exercises untiring watchfulness, feeling herself responsible to the nation, as well as to her own happiness, to preserve the health and prolong the life of the famous statesman. A bright, entertaining conversationalist, it is in her cheery companionship that he seeks rest and forgetfulness from cares of state. Whenever he makes a great speech she is present to share his triumph, and when the speech is over she it is who wraps him in warm garments and brings him hot tea, in loving, wifely ministration, which has never failed since the then beautiful Catherine Glynne, more than fifty years ago, joined hands with his at the altar.

And Mme. Carnot, wife of the French President, who acts as secretary to her husband, has the care of his private correspondence, and during his absence takes his place and transacts all current affairs with a perfect knowledge of business routine. In addition to this, she deputes to no one the care of overlooking the menus for her household, designating the apartments to be occupied by her guests, and the general supervision of all domestic details.

There is the patient and amiable Countess Tolstoi, who has acted as amanuensis to her erratic and gifted husband in all these years, copied and re-copied his manuscripts, brought up a large family of children, and lost neither her reason nor her good humor. She declares without contradiction in the presence of her husband that he changes his social views every two years, and that one of his disciples has made himself an idiot following Tolstoi's teaching.

It was Philip Gilbert Hammerton who wrote in the "Intellectual Life" of his wife: "We have shared together many hours of study, and you have been willing, at the cost of much painful labor, to cheer the difficult paths of intellectual toil by the unfailing sweetness of your companionship. The subtle influence of your finer taste and more delicate perception is ever like some penetrating perfume in the whole atmosphere around me."

And of Lowell's wife Edward Everett Hale has written: "He would have said himself that her enthusiasm for every social reform, including her alliance with the unpopular Abolitionists and her sympathy with every form of human suffering, were at every step of his young life encouragement and stimulus to him in all he said and did."

And every good man who rejoices in the possession of a good wife, and isn't too conceited to acknowledge the truth, knows of a thousand ways in which his wife has been instrumental to his success, and one of the best investments he ever made, even if she has little ways of her own, if she makes him wait half an hour after he is all ready, while she pins her veil and puts the last little dab of powder on her nose; even if she does get her dear little feelings hurt over things he doesn't understand, and, when she gets over it, insists on forgiving him for something he knows he hasn't done; even if she does think that the Declaration of Independence puts her in possession of all the top drawer and more than all the closet hooks, and the right to make him wheel the baby cart and carry knobby bundles that she has done up herself and fastened with a pin.—*Watchman.*

—Dropsy, rheumatism, gout, etc., accompany kidney disorders. B. B. B. has perfect regulating and diuretic powers to act on the kidneys.

Best Kind of Knowledge.

It is self-knowledge. Many people know their neighbors better than they know themselves. Some persons may not know themselves at all; their self-estimate is not just. All persons may not know themselves on certain lines. On the whole their self-knowledge may be good; in one particular only they may lack this sort of knowledge. We met such an example recently.

"How is James now?" inquired the doctor.

"Better," replied his father.

"I hope it will continue," responded the doctor, "but James don't know himself; he thinks he can do much more than he can, and be well."

The father, who believed the physician was right, reported the interview to his son, adding:

"You will be prostrated again unless you let up."

The son answered confidently, "The doctor does not know me."

But the doctor did know him much better than the young man knew himself. Frequent sickness proved that he was ignorant of his own physical condition. He could not endure as much as he thought he could, as the doctor said.

It is just here that a multitude of men and women break down. They take upon themselves more than they can carry. They over-estimate their physical ability to do. In the same way some over estimate their intellectual ability and expose themselves to ridicule and censure, bringing upon themselves mortification and self-reproach. A young man of this sort wanted to become a minister. His parents and other relatives did not favor the enterprise at first, thinking his mental powers were not equal to the position. But the son importuned, and finally the parents consented. In due time he was licensed to preach. An aunt, desiring to witness his pulpit efforts, invited him to spend the Sabbath with her, and preach part of the day for her pastor, with whom she had arranged.

The invitation was accepted, and the young minister occupied the pulpit with no credit to himself. On returning to the house of his aunt, the latter said, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" James replied promptly, "Because I thought the Lord called me." After a few moments of reflection his aunt retorted, "James, might it not have been some other noise you heard?"

The want of self-knowledge has put many people into the wrong place; and it has kept many others out of the right place. If this acquisition could be universal, a great many crooked things would be made straight, and a great many inequalities and conflicting experiences adjusted.—*William M. Thayer.*

Fireworks in the Ocean.

[From Harper's Young People.]

The ocean too has its living lanterns or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jelly-fish and sea-anemone are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents, flashing out red, green, yellow, and lilac rays. Many luminous sea-creatures are very small, not larger than a spark, but these gather in such masses, that in the Indian Ocean the water often looks like a great sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he found himself luminous for hours afterward, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide gleamed like grains of gold.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its starfish and sea-pads; some in rich purple, and shedding a soft golden-green light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp-fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls, and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in *some* way. Even crabs, in hot climates, seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and teased they blaze all over with indignation. A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead.

Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in little sacs or cells in the body of the animal.

—Mr. Pung, of the Chinese Legation, is authority for the statement that a Chinaman can wish for no better luck than to have a strange dog come to the house with the evident intention of linking his future fortunes with those of the family. This is especially true of Pekin, where stray canines, instead of being summarily dismissed from the doorstep, as is the general custom elsewhere, are taken in, cared for, and their lives henceforth surrounded with the comforts most appreciated by their race. So great, indeed, is the superstitious feeling that no pains are spared to induce the stranger to remain permanently with the new found friends.

Mrs. William Lohr

Of Freeport, Ill., began to fall rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from **Dyspepsia**. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

She felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grew stronger. She took 3 bottles, has a good appetite, gained 22 lbs., does her work easily, is now in perfect health.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

Prompt to act, sure to cure

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

3 TRIPS A WEEK

— FOR —

BOSTON.

COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 7th, Steamers will leave **SAINT JOHN**

Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings,

at 7.25 standard, for

Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with Steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Through first and second-class tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all Booking stations of all railways, and on board steamer City of Monticello between St. John, Digby, and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.

C. E. LAECHLER,
Agent St. John, N. B.

E. A. WALDRON,
General Agent,
Boston.

J. B. COYLE,
Manager Portland.

Intercolonial Railway.

1892 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1892

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 27th day of JUNE, 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Halifax and Campbellton,	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	10.30
Express for Halifax,	13.00
Express for Sussex,	16.55
Through Express for Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago,	20.10

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. These will be sleeping cars for Montreal, Metapedia and Halifax on the trains leaving St. John at 20.10 and Halifax at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Through Express from Chicago, Quebec, Montreal and Halifax (Monday excepted),	3.55
Express from Sussex,	6.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	13.50
Express from Halifax and Campbellton,	16.30

Sleeping car passengers on the through trains from Halifax and Quebec will be allowed to remain in the sleeping cars at St. John until 7.00 o'clock on the morning of arrival.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal, Quebec and Halifax are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
30th June, 1892.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 5.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.50 a. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4 45 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello from and to St. John, daily. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston, for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.

Yarmouth, N. S.

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*** The matter which this page contains selected from various sources; and that, to any intelligent farmer or contents of this single page, from week ing the year, will be worth several scription price of the paper.

HYMNS THAT MOTHE

Through the changing scene
The shadowed vale of smil
Where all is lost within the
That hides the bygone yea
Some strains there are that
And many hearts no longe
Are thrilled with joy again t
The hymns that mother su

We used to gather at the he
When darkness overcame
And, dreamily, as children
We'd watch the shadows
And sitting by the glowing
As to and fro the kettle sw
We learned the songs we
loved,
The hymns that mother s

We seem to hear again her
So long remembered, clea
As when, in days of long ago
We sat at mother's feet;
And gazing upward on the
Where dearest father's p
We thought he smiled, for h
The hymns that mother s

On many snowy wintry nig
When all without was cold
We've clustered close aroun
In happiness and cheer.
No more for us the glowing
No more the cricket's chir
And never more on earth we
The hymns that mother s

To them we owe our happy
Praise be to God who reig
For keeping ever bright and
The lessons learned in lov
Outliving sorrows, bearing h
The dear old songs have e
And never can the heart for
The hymns that mother s
—*Newar*

THE HOM

A Mother's Training

One morning recently t
stopped at the third floor of
stitute of Chicago, and I ma
visit to a mother's class in a
ten. The day was very stor
streets were in a frightful co
here, gathered about the ta
dozen young mothers, in
anxious to learn the science
hood. A short lecture p
teaching of some kindergar
ments intended for a child
three years of age. Everyth
was taught symbolically; i
pression that was in the chi
mother; it was made to link
the world about it, to the h
it, to the mother who bore it
were asked and answered;
changed experiences, and
faces testified to the knowle
sight gained at the class. T
used the articles placed in t
they did not merely talk ab
At the close of this part o
ing's exercise the classes ch
so as to face the platform a
side of the room, where a
a beautiful voice taught t
lullaby:

Plump little baby clouds,
Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air-cradles,
Swinging aloft.
Snowy cloud mothers,
With broad bosoms whi
Watch o'er the baby cloud
Slumbering light.
Tired little baby clouds,
Dreaming of fears,
Rock in their air-cradles,
Dropping soft tears.
Great brooding mother clo
Watching o'er all,
Let their warm mother tea
Tenderly fall.

She also taught a very bea
lation of a German lullaby;
marching songs were also t
mothers to be used at bed
"Captain Sleep" takes co
"marches the little comrad
One mother exclaimed wh
learned this song, "It is wor
to get rid of the frown on m
at bedtime; he loves to be a

This special class number
has been studying in this wa
ing of each week since the c
opened last fall. Similar cla
to the intelligence of the m
been started in connection
charity kindergartens, with
sults. As one kindergart
speaking of these tenemen
thers, "Of course, the first th
to teach them is self-contro
that what every mother ha
Isn't self-control the founda
motherhood?"

On going West it was fou
idea of the kindergarten pr
cities and towns of the i
wherever a charity kind
started for the children o
circles, the mothers of the
are found in a class that m
once a week.

In one town of thirty t
habitants one of the wom
raised a thousand dollars
started a kindergarten for t
dren of the town, and are g
this year to raise another t
lars to start another kinderga
one realizes that in the we
in this state the Free K
Association has, after a
years of existence, been a
only seven kindergartens,
glory in the standard of edu
East.

In Chicago one kindergar
tion has succeeded in getti
the public school buildings f
gartens, and next year it is
not only the rent, but all
of these kindergarten will
the Board of Education. B
done a state law must b
which makes an appropriati
for the education of childre
years of age illegal. But
ment, through the various
associations, has been edu
point that demands the kin
part of the system of pu
tion.

No less remarkable is the
among the mothers. In
thousand mothers are
classes. As soon as a kin
formed, independent of
standing of the pupils, the
urged to join the mother's