BY THEM THAT LAPPED.

"By them that lapped—three hundred—will I save."
Thus spake the Lord of Hosts in Gideon's ear.
So mighty army His with which to brave
Great Midian's crushing power; while far and near
All Israel trembled like a cowering slave.
But God was on his side—he knew not fear;
The pitchers crashed—the torchlights flash they see—
Loud blew the trumpets: "Israel is free!"

"Now, therefore, go, and I thy mouth will be."
Thus spake the voice of God, and Moses heard.
No human eloquence was his, but He,
Who bines the thunder spake His mighty word,
And haughty Egypt quaked at His decree,
Her inmost soul with deep forboding stirred,
His voice commanded air, and earth, and sea,
Proud Pharaoh trembled—Israel was free!

"I come not with the sword, or spear, or shield,
But in the name of God of Israel."
Thus spake the youthful champion. O'er the field
Stalks on his towering foe—the powers of hell
Seemed leagued against his arm—he can but yield
Himself to God's protection, and the fell
Philistine's power is gone—his arm lies free—
The missile speeds—and Israel is free.

Art thou God's champion? Is thy name enrolled
With those who bear His sign upon the brow?
Then let thine arm be strong, thy heart be bold.
For in! His hand is beckoning to thee now.
Let not thy courage fail, thy zeal grow cold,
His oar hath listed to thy faltering vow.
Up! strike! the temper of thy soul shall flee
Do but thy duty! Israel shall be free!

For He who Moses called from out the flame
Of burning bush on Horeb's mountain height,
And bade him face great Pharaoh in His name,
He who of old did clothe with His own might
The shepherd son of Jesse's youthful frame,
Whose power flashed forth from Gideon's torches bright—
His voice from out the ages calls to thee:
"Go forth! thine arm shall set My Israel free!"

—J. WILLARD PARKER, IN N. Y. OBSERVER.

MAUD'S REMINDER.

"Oh," exclaimed Maud impatiently, "I wish mother wouldn't! Why can't she let things alone?"

Out of the window she had caught sight of her mother working in a flower-bed which an intruding mass of periwinkle with its multitude of rooting, progressing runners threatened to occupy to the exclusion of the rightful plants.

"I'd sooner let that old flower-bed go than work out there," thought Maud. "I wonder if it's necessary for me to go help her? I don't want to one bit! Gardening is such a bother."

She turned away from the window.

"I don't believe I will," she concluded. "I want to read that paper Uncle Franz sent, with all those pictures in it of the fireworks at the soldiers' reunion. There's ever so much historical information in that paper, too. One ought to know about the history of one's country."

And Maud settled herself on the lounge and read her paper.

Outside in the warm sun her mother worked. She had hurried through her indoor tasks in order to have some time to spend in the garden, for she had been afraid that the ever advancing periwinkle would root out some plants that she did not want to lose. But she was tired, and the periwinkle's interlacing rootlets seemed like shoe strings, the knots of which she never could get rid of. She pulled and hoed, and still more weeds and periwinkles confronted her.

"I'm so tired," she said to herself.

"No wonder she was tired. She had worked enough. She had hurried down stairs before six that morning to be sure to get breakfast ready before her son had to catch the train to the city. It would never do for him to be late at the store. And as for Maud's doing such a thing as running down stairs, and lighting the fire, and getting her brother's coffee, and graham gems, and eggs ready, Maud's mother would have been astonished if such a thing had occurred. Maud was strong and well, but she was not much help to her mother. And yet Maud accounted herself a Christian.

After seeing her boy off, Mrs. Crowell had put Maud's breakfast where it would be warm when she should come down. Her mother washed dishes and heated some water for some flannels that must be washed, too. Mrs. Crowell swept and dusted, and made beds and hurried through the most of the usual household work in order that she might have time that forenoon for the extra out-door toil. Her boy was in the store day and evening, and had no time to help about gardening. Neither could Mrs. Crowell afford to hire some one every time there was something in the garden that ought to be done. And Maud never seemed to think she could help. Some way, ever since she came home it had been so. When she had been attending the seminary she could not have done much but study, and her mother toiled bravely, ready to work beyond her strength if Maud might have an education. But now that Maud had graduated and come home, was she ungrateful for all the patient days of toil her mother had borne?

"She used to help me when she was a little girl," murmured Mrs. Crowell to herself, as she hoed at the periwinkle. "When she was a little thing, she'd always want to hand me the clothes-pins wash-days, to help mamma."

Mrs. Crowell's lips trembled. Some way, the recollection of the time when it had been baby Maud's highest ambition "help mamma" overcame her mother just now. A tear dropped on the periwinkle.

Mrs. Crowell brushed her eyes. It was not the work, so much as it was Maud's seeming lack of sympathy and appreciation of the work, that hurt her mother.

"Maud means all right," Mrs. Crowell thought now as she worked. "She cares just as much for mother, I guess, as she used to, only she doesn't think. And I can't bear to say anything to her. Oh! It must be time I went and got the potatoes ready."

And she went in to attend to the work.

That afternoon Maud went out to make some calls, and on her way she met a woman, a friend, who had recently lost her mother, a very aged lady. Maud stopped to speak to her friend, and all the woman could talk of was her bereavement. She went over again to Maud the story of how the old lady had died.

"But, oh, I haven't any mother any more!" exclaimed the woman, her face quivering.

"I haven't any mother any more!" repeated the grieved woman. "I thought if I did all I could to make mother's last years comfortable and happy, and didn't let her do a bit of work more than she wanted to, maybe I'd have her a good many years yet. But she's gone, and it seems so lonesome, it seems as if I couldn't bear to go into our house," and the woman wiped her eyes, in unaffected grief.

"It's too bad," responded Maud, hardly knowing how to express her sympathy. "I'm real sorry."

"Good-bye," said the woman, sorrowfully, as she turned away, drawing her black shawl closer about her shoulders. Maud's face grew more and more sober as she walked on alone. She was thinking about the words she had just heard, and her thoughts turned to her own mother; how much that mother was to her!

The words the woman had just said about not letting her own mother do "a bit of work more than she wanted to," gave Maud's conscience an uncomfortable feeling. She had not meant to be so careless. She did many charitable things, and belonged to several societies, and she did not like housework. Had she neglected her mother?

"I haven't any mother any more."

A quivering feeling came in Maud's throat. Supposing she should ever have to say that! Maud's memory awoke.

"When I was going to school," she thought, "mother worked and worked at home, sweeping, and cooking, and washing paint and windows, and ironing, and doing everything, and she was so tired at night, and yet I couldn't spare time from my lessons to help get supper, and she'd tell me to keep at my books, and she'd wash dishes, and everything. Some mothers would have thought they needed me too much at home to let me keep on going to the seminary, but mother wasn't that way. She had too hard a time getting her own education to start me on mine. And how she used to spend time hearing my lessons when I was little and wasn't strong enough to go to school all the time! Some mothers couldn't have thought they could spare a couple of hours a day to hear a child recite, but she did. And here I am, letting her do everything now! What sort of a Christian have I been? A person who didn't even profess to be a church member might have done better."

The next morning Mrs. Crowell awoke with a kind of indistinct feeling that she had heard some one go softly down stairs a while before. But she thought she must have been mistaken.

"It can't be time for Harry to be up yet," she thought as she hurriedly made ready to go down to her usual work.

It seemed to her she was tired to begin with. She was always tired. There was so much to be done.

But when she reached the kitchen, she was half startled. Maud stood there, turning hot water into the coffee-pot. There was a fire. The table in the next room was set for the breakfast that was almost cooked.

"Why, Maud!" exclaimed her mother.

"I'm up early for once," returned Maud quietly.

But it was not till after two or three days of such helping that Mrs. Crowell realized what had happened. One morning Maud took the broom and the carpet-sweeper out of her mother's hands, and insisted on doing the day's sweeping up stairs.

Mrs. Crowell went away by herself into the parlor, and listened to Maud's steps as the girl went up-stairs. Her mother's eyes filled with tears. It seemed so good to have a helper.

"Oh," almost sobbed the mother to herself, "I know Maud cared! I do believe she has thought, at last!"—*Chicago Standard.*

Nat Made a Mistake.

Nat was a venturesome little chap. One day he heard at school that Sam Webb's boat had struck the rocks under the bridge, and was breaking to pieces.

Nat wanted to see it; so on his way home he turned off to the railroad bridge which crossed the little river just where it was full of rocks. It was a rough and dangerous place. Creeping along, the little boy bent over until his head grew dizzy, and if he hadn't jumped up quickly, he would certainly have fallen over. And something else might have happened, too, if he had stayed there two minutes longer, for he had no sooner got off the bridge than a railway train came rushing along that would have crushed him to death in a moment.

But Nat thought he had done a very smart thing. He ran home, and at the dinner table he boasted that he had been down on the railroad bridge, and seen Sam Webb's boat among the rocks, and had just time to get off when the Boston express came along.

Father and mother looked at each other, but not a word was said. Nat thought they would praise him, but they did not.

After dinner father took the little boy into his study. He looked so very sober Nat began to feel that something dreadful was coming. Father sat down in his chair, drew the boy up to his side, and put his arms around him.

"Nat," said he, "you thought you were very brave to-day, didn't you?" But going into danger when there is no need of it is no mark of courage. It is rash and wicked." Then papa stopped and Nat began to cry; but he never forgot the words of advice that followed:

"My dear boy never try how far you can go in a dangerous place; always keep on the safe side."

— Elderly people remember their spring bitters with a shudder. The present generation have much to be thankful for, not the least of their blessings being such a pleasant and thoroughly effective spring medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a health restorer and health maintainer.

— Mr. Henry Theakston, secretary of Y. M. C. A., Halifax, says: "I have used Puttner's Emulsion for simple and obstinate cough and general debility. In every case it has given the utmost satisfaction. I recommend it as a family medicine."

— If you have a hacking cough that distresses you and annoys others—particularly in church—send 12 cents in stamps to G. A. Moore, chemist, St. John, N. B., for a box of Hacknomore lozenges. They give immediate relief.

— Hawker's Liver Pills contain no mercury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to take. Sold everywhere.

Mrs. Richards' Opportunity.

"Why, Mrs. Richards, how in the world did you get that girl? She worked for the Pembertons, and they had to dismiss her because she stole some money!" said Mrs. Parker. She was calling on Mrs. Richards, and caught a glimpse of Nora passing through the hall.

Mrs. Richards changed color, partly with annoyance that her friend had spoken so distinctly that Nora must have heard, and partly with dismay. They had had such a time, and Nora had seemed so like a godsend!

Rick, Bobby and Jennie had all been sick with measles, and right in the very midst of it Bridget had coolly announced her intention of leaving the house at once. That very night Nora had stopped at the door to inquire for work. Mrs. Richards had hesitated; she did not like taking a stranger so, but what could she do? The girl told a sad story. She was left alone in the world, and must do something; housework was all she could do; wouldn't the lady just try her?

There was a tired, discouraged look in her face that touched Mrs. Richards' tender heart, and she took her without any more questions.

She had proved such a vast improvement upon her predecessor that Mrs. Richards had been only too thankful that Bridget had thus opportunely taken herself out of the way.

"But it is too lovely to last," she had said at the breakfast table only that morning.

"Then I should certainly take solid comfort while it did last," said her brother Jack. "Will you kindly pass the muffins again? I thought I was sufficiently supplied, but if we are likely to return to Bridget's leaden bill of fare, I'll improve the moments and these delicious muffins as they pass."

Mrs. Richards laughed and sighed with the same breath.

"I wish it could last, but it won't; something will turn up before long."

And sure enough here it was. Her first impulse after her caller was gone was to dismiss Nora at once; then something within pleaded for the girl.

"What will she do if you send her adrift? Won't she very likely lose heart and courage? Perhaps she has been sorry for that sin, and might become honest if she had a little help."

"But how disagreeable to be on the watch all the time. No, I cannot bother with her; she must go."

Just then, however, Mrs. Richards' eyes fell on one of Rick's cards on the table:

"Look up and down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not back,
And lend a hand."

"And lend a hand." Was that what she was doing, lending a hand up or down?

You're confined at home with the children; you cannot get out to do much outside work. You were regretting only the other day that it was so; has not the Lord put this bit of work into your very hands? Here is a poor, tempted, erring fellow-creature beside you; will you push her aside to fall lower, or will you help her up? She is one for whom Christ died; will you refuse to help her the little you can?

No, Mrs. Richards dared not do that; so, after much thought, she decided that Nora should stay; and all should be as though she had heard nothing.

But much to her surprise, Nora herself had something to say.

Just before tea she came to the door, her eyes swollen and tear-stained.

"I should like, ma'am, to go before tea, if you please."

"Go, go where?" asked Mrs. Richards, not thinking for a moment what she could mean.

"I don't know, I'm sure, ma'am. I've no place anywhere; but I heard what the lady said. I couldn't help it; she spoke up so clear; and of course you'd be after sending me away now. I'd like to go before dark, if I could.

Mrs. Richards' eyes filled with tears as she looked up into Nora's hopeless face. "My dear girl," she said, very kindly, "I am not going to send you away. You have been very faithful to me; if you did wrong in the past, you are sorry for it, are you not, and will try never to do so again?"

Then Nora broke down completely.

"Oh, indeed, ma'am, and I will, and I'm trying that hard now that I don't see how I can try any harder. I never did the like but that once. They were all sick and starving at home. I saw the dollar bill on the stand and took it before I thought. I'd have put it back if I had a chance, but they wouldn't believe me. It's followed me everywhere since. I've tried to be good, but nobody gives me a chance. I said I'd try once more here, then I'd give up. I should like to know how folks can expect a poor girl to be honest and good if they don't give her a chance?"

"But you shall have a chance here, Nora," said Mrs. Richards, "and I will help you all I can. I believe that you are truly sorry, and I am sure I can trust you now."

"May the Lord reward you!" sobbed Nora. "I can't, but I'll serve you faithfully."

"It wasn't much that I did," said Mrs. Richards afterwards.

"I don't know," answered Jack. "I think it was. I fancy you will find Nora a pretty bright star in your crown, and besides she's passing it along all the time, for they say she's a real help to her friends and associates."

"I hope so; anyway it was my opportunity then, and I tried to use it aright."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

— Malcolm McKinnon, West Lake Ainslie, C. B., writes: "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your K. D. C. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for twelve years and could not find anything to cure me. I tried your K. D. C. and two packages have completely cured me."

— Hawker's Balsam of Tulu and Wild Cherry is the safest, surest and best known remedy for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. The children's favorite. Sold by all druggists and dealers.

— Nothing creates more disease, discomfort and distress than constipation of the bowels. In B. B. B. we have a remedy sure to remove and cure it.

— Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows.

Joe's Enemy.

"Oh, my son, will you never learn to control this temper of yours?"

Joe's cheeks were flushed from a contest with John, but he spoke in an aggrieved voice:

"I don't see why you always talk about my temper, mother; you never do to Ralph and Amy, and I'm sure my temper is no worse than theirs. And if I say a word some one is sure to say: 'There goes your temper again.'"

"'Let him that thinketh he standeth beware lest he fall,'" quoted his mother gravely; then she took a silken cord from her work-basket and said: "Joe, every time to-day that you yield to passion and impatience I want you to tie a knot in this string; let's see what tale it will tell to-night."

Joe thrust the cord in his pocket, gathered up his books, slung his skates across his arm and ran out, for there was time enough for half an hour's skating before school. Just as he reached the pond Gray Andrews came up kicking the snow hither and thither.

"Skates broken—can't be mended till to-morrow," he announced moodily. "If I had them here, I'd show you fellows what skating is. Hm! Is that the best you can do?" he sneered, as Joe cut an elaborate figure 8 on the ice. Now, Joe was not a selfish boy, and he had been on the point of offering Gray his skates for a part of the time, but instead he retorted:

"I've heard that talk before. Some people can skate better in their own estimation than they can on ice. Good thing you haven't got your skates here," and he darted off to join his chums, Will Lewis and Andy Taylor. But somehow—it happened so quickly that no one could say exactly how it was—just then Gray sent a broken stick spinning across the pond; it caught between Joe's feet and he fell, his legs flying in the air like a windmill. He picked himself up and blazed out his indignation against Gray so—. But what was that? Why, just a bit of red string dangling out of his pocket. He tied a big knot in it and hurried on to overtake his comrades. They were still laughing at his fall, and before he thought of himself another sharp speech had passed his lips.

That was only the beginning. Things kept on so all day, and when Joe went home in the afternoon he carried with him some thoughts which stung like nettles whenever he touched them, and a soiled silken cord thick with knots. He threw the cord into his mother's lap.

"It's a very good memory, mother, but a precious poor showing for me," he said, forlornly. "Oh, I wish I didn't have such a temper!"

"I am not at all sorry that you have high temper," answered his mother.

"Not sorry? Why, mother!" Joe gasped in sheer astonishment.

"No; but I do want you to control it." Joe learned the lesson.—*E. H. T., in Morning Star.*

Sam, Tom and Jerry.

One day I found a toad waiting at my greenhouse door.

"Well," I said, "come in if you want to. I guess you'll pay your way; at any rate, it won't cost much to board you."

He seemed to understand my words, for in he hopped and rested on the walk to look about him. He must have sent some word by telephone to his friends of his discovery, for only two mornings afterward at the very same door there sat another toad.

"Well," I said, "surely this is a committee on greenhouses, and here is No. 2. Won't you walk in, too?" And as I pushed open the door in he went. The fourth morning I let in No. 3, a monstrous toad. Once in the house, they showed no desire to get out, and in a few days I began to grow surprised to see what wise little creatures they were.

They are just as unlike as three boys could be! Tom was rather shy and kept by himself. Jerry was sociable and soon followed me all around. Sam was too large and too old to hop very briskly, and would spend a whole afternoon looking out of the window or climbing along the rough stone wall that forms one side of the greenhouse.

I began to teach them to know me by making a certain sound and by calling them by name as I worked around the plants. Jerry was the first to make friends. Before long, whenever I might be busy, he quickly made his way toward me, and was at once rewarded with a worm or slug. And how cunningly he ate it! He would pretend at first that he did not see it; suddenly he would turn around and, with head down, watch it as a cat watches a mouse, each toe twitching. Then a sudden grab, and the worm was in his mouth. He always had a hard time swallowing it, and when it was fairly down he would give one last gulp of delight. Pretty soon they would come when I put out my hand, and at last would climb into my hand to get their food. I often filled a tin dish with slugs and worms, and to see the three toads around it eating was very amusing.

One day in February Jerry acted strangely. He kept lifting his legs and seemed uneasy. I noticed a thin skin rolled up about the middle of his back. He put up his right leg and drew it out of this skin as easily as papa takes off his overcoat, and then did the same with his left foot. He rolled up the skin, stuffed it down his throat and swallowed it, and there he was with a bright green coat on. He had taken off his winter coat and put on his spring suit. The gentle heat of the greenhouse had made him think that spring had come, for it was a little early for spring garments. Later the other two toads did the same.

These toads are dainty little things. They utterly refused to eat a dead bug or worm. There is nothing vicious about them. Their little tongues are soft as silk. I never heard but one of them make the least sound, and that was the smallest kind of a squeal when greatly frightened.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

— For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy. Even in the advanced stages of consumption, this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing, and induces sleep.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

"Comfort One Another."

In the early twilight of a December day two old sisters sat alone. Both had been weeping, but on the face of one now was growing a light that the greyness of the evening could not hide. She had wiped her tears away, and sat, with a faint smile upon her lips, as she silently listened to the moanings of her sister.

"To think that we are now sixty years old, Myra, and our prayers for Rufus yet unheard. What can it, can it mean? It is not lack of faith, for we used to have no doubt that if we did all we could for him, and prayed God to bless our efforts and do for him what we could not, and save him, and make him live a truly Christian life, that he would do so. His many and clear promises seemed to assure us of that, and I will say that we trusted them. If we did not, then it is useless to try to trust in anybody or anything, for we are not capable of doing so. We certainly did not ask the salvation of our brother 'to consume it,' as St. James says; and it cannot be 'amiss' to ask for the salvation of a soul, a life, while it is passing. Nor can we blame our own unworthiness, unworthy as we truly have ever been of the least of all God's mercies, for we have asked and had the prayers of all the best Christians that we knew. Yet here he is, almost an old man now, and going on as badly as ever. Us he crushed and in a manner killed long ago, and now we have to see him destroying our darling, noble niece, who has prayed for him ever since she could speak, and worked like a hero to support the home he is at work tearing down. Myra, I tell you it is more than I know how to bear. Did you hear what our poor lamb said this morning? 'Papa does nothing but read his Bible and pray when he comes out of his times. Oh, he is humble enough then! But in three days he is all ready to begin again. Oh, auntie, it is almost enough to make one an infidel to see and hear him.' Myra, can you wonder that the child feels so? My only wonder is that her faith hasn't quite failed long ago. It is so useless to pray, and such a desperate feeling comes as you feel there is no help on earth or in heaven for your misery and ruin. Oh, how we do need a present helper! Myra, my faith has nearly gone!" Poor Mary's head fell back against her chair, and a groan like that of one dying burst from her broken heart.

It was of their only brother they were speaking. He was many years younger than they, and had always been loved by them as few brothers are. They had been kept in poverty and hardship by his habits and made wretched seeing his ruin. God had gifted him with fine talents, which were all wasted. His daughter, spite of a fate that would have crushed the courage out of any common spirit, had struggled up to the position of principal in one of the city schools, and could have made a good and happy home had it not been for her father, whose habits had destroyed his power to see what he was doing, or to feel his duty to his family or to his God. She had borne up in a manner that had surprised and comforted her aunts, but of late they had noticed in her signs of breaking. This added exceedingly to their burden of grief and to the importunity of their prayers. But it seemed that there was none to hear or heed them. Thus the dismal days went on.

"He is making himself a public shame now," said their niece. "We can no longer hide our trouble. My school people will know. That I cannot bear. I shall resign my position when the outbreak comes. For years I have lived in dread of it."

Poor little victim! And how many are suffering from the same dreadful drink! But our rulers, our readers, our Christian (?) men are helping on this deadly woe.

"Mary," said Myra, laying her hand on her sister's knee, "stop crying and groaning and listen to what has just come into my mind. I'll give you the low view first, and then the thought that followed it. As you talked I thought, We should go quickly to One who would help us in this distress, and there is nowhere else to go; if the Lord will not help us, there is no help. But in that case, His word is broken, and there is no Lord. But we know there is a Lord Jesus Christ, and that He cannot lie or betray a trust. Why He has not done for us what we have so long entreated, we cannot understand, perhaps, until we see His face. He did not mean that He would always answer at once. Don't you suppose John the Baptist prayed to be delivered from prison and death? Ah, what fears and struggles of mind he must have had before he sent to ask Christ, 'Art Thou He?' And he was left to be murdered there. Who, then, are we that we should presume to murmur at what seems to us the long delay of Him with whom there is no time? We need be careful. He did not grant Paul's prayer. His ways are not as our ways. He sees good to leave us all our lives in the furnace. He may see good to leave our darling there yet many years. But He has kept her from altogether losing faith, as He has kept us, which proves that He does hear and care for us. And when a view of that garden scene and that Cross on Calvary followed close upon the lower view, I was made to feel that we must not hurt the Heart that suffered there by refusing to drink our cup of bitterness, or to 'wait' on the Lord till He shall 'bring it to pass.' He who could do for us what Jesus Christ has done, will do for us all the good that can be done, though earth's tribulation should end with our life."

Soothed and comforted, Mary and Myra knelt and prayed. Their faith had not failed. "Two are better than one."—*Augusta Moore, in Evangelist.*

— When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

— "Was very bad with costiveness and one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Would not be without it."
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Baby's croup is cured by Hacknomore.

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Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Pt. du Chene, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal 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.,
21st October, 1892.

Western Counties Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Thursday, 5th January, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8 10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12 10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.15 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12 55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4 55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.57 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 5 20 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John, every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston, for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. 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.

Save $49 on your ticket to California.

Great Central Route Overland Excursions.

PERSONALLY conducted Tourist Excursions to Colorado, Utah, Portland, Oregon, and all Pacific Coast points leave Boston (Boston and Albany depot) every Thursday, 3 p. m.; arrive at San Francisco Tuesday following. Rates, sleeping car berths &c., furnished on application to your nearest ticket agent, or to F. E. SHEARER, Manager, or to J. A. S. SMITH, Assistant Manager, 5 State St., Boston.

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston *Globe* on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

*** The matter which this page contains is fully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

WINTER TREES.

The trees can talk, I know right well,
For they have talked to me;
But what they said I may not tell—
I should a traitor be.

Anon they whisper soft and low,
That I must list to hear,
Yet every one the theme may know,
It doth so plain appear.

An' then they speak in tones more clear,
That cheer me on my way;
The passer-by can almost hear
The very words they say.

But now their accents all are sad,
So hushed I fain would weep;
Until again they make me glad,
I will their secret keep.

—ZION'S HE

THE HOME.

Simplified Housekeeping.

"It is so very different now fro time when I was young," said a la cently, in speaking of the arts of and home. "Then housekeeping burden, sometimes the thought terror. But with the change, se everything is lightened. There longer the need of such an in retinue tumbling over each other stairs and above; the work is done and the whole thing sim and that merely by the help of young persons coming in from to do certain special things. Und *fin de siècle regime* our parlors of bric-a-bac, you know, some of merely valuable in cost, some precious from association.

"But now a young woman co on stated mornings, three or fou a week—a young woman of good ing, often of good family, but wh money—comes in with her pa nalia of nice cloths and brush goes to work quietly and softly, drawing-rooms and reception-roo library are in spotless order w goes out to fill her next enga and everything is as it should you have hardly been aware was there. The price paid her ing; but she receives the sam from so many houses that it to a considerable sum in the the week, and makes her feel h a good business, while to you or housekeeper, if you have one, t is luxury.

Then another young person with her bag of appliances and to the lamps, which in these lovely lamps in multitude is matter, and she has them all closet and rubs the metal bri oil, and polishes it dry and brushes out the burners clea wipes the crust off the wicks cutting them, and cleans the with a few drops of alcohol or on a piece of flannel, and sh dust out of the silken shades them all ready and without the housemaid to set in the But, perhaps, as great a help the young lady who comes to is also a lady; she knows wh things are, and how they sh taken care of, and she does all ing, laying away, stooping, about, either for the packing trunks for a journey or the your home for the season, and to you in the city, or obeys gram summoning her dow country or to the seaside, and much weariness of soul and bo

An Ironing Aid.

It's strange how things co sometimes; how, if one onl eyes and ears open, as the a person can see or hear some may be very helpful in the fu is only remembered.

I feel like telling of a ca awhile ago, hoping that wh learned may benefit someone so-called "help" having left scarcely a word of warning, I to bake; all of us preferring b bread above the baker's. nice loaves were ready for t set my stove dampers right, a tle coal, pushed the dough warm oven and shut the d satisfied little bang, and thoug you are for one whole hour. took some light work and ran street to sit and chat with neighbors while my bread She was doing her starched i told her to keep right on and because I could stay only a fe and I would sit down at the ironing table, where I should the way. She liked my pla on with her work.

After a little, something motions attracted my attenti my hands rest idly in my l watched her hands fly. A article was made smooth and put by, with very little ingly. At last she shook ou on the ironing table, a fine, apron, for one of her lit looked as though it migh little, as there was here and tle starch sticking to it. she took her iron from the g she gave it a rub or two o her right hand. It was browned by usage, and se rible smoke. Then she iron as easy as possible.

Well! I was astonishe "I would like to know wh iron did not stick one bit ed pleased and said, "Oh know? Why, I always getting ready to do my some kerosene on that every iron on it, as I take stove, and nothing ever rather iron the starched thi thing else."

I went home thinking it ful how much good a li could do. I tried it the ironed and have always Some may think I foun burnt, but it was beautif *Housekeeper.*

— Angus McDonald, W writes: "Was troubled w nine years. Two package made a complete cure."