THE NEW YEAR LEDGER.

I said one day a year ago,
I wonder, if I truly kept
A list of days when life burst low,
Of days I smiled, and days I wept—
If good, or bad, would highest mount,
When I made up the year's account.

I took a ledger, fair and fine,
And now, I said, when days are glad,
I'll write with bright red ink the line;
And write with black when they are bad,
So that they'll stand before my sight
As clear apart as day and night.

I will not mind the changing skies,
Nor if it shine, nor if it rain;
But if there comes some sweet surprise
Of friendship, love, or honest gain,
Why, then, it shall be understood,
That day is written down as good.

And if to any one I love
A blessing meets them on the way,
That will a double pleasure prove,
So it shall be a happy day;
And if some day I've came to dread
Pass harmless by—I'll write it red.

When hands and brain stand labor's test,
And I can do the things I would,
Those days when I am at my best
Shall all be traced as very good.
And in "red letter," too, I'll write,
Those rare, strong hours when right is might.

When first I meet in some grand book
A noble soul that touches mine;
And with his vision I can look
Through some "Gate Beautiful" of time;
That day such happiness will shed,
That golden-lined will seem the red.

And when pure, holy thoughts have power
To touch my heart and dim my eyes,
And I, in some diviner hour,
Can hold sweet converse with the skies;
Ah! then my soul may safely write,
"This day hath been most good and bright."

What do I see on looking back?
A Red-lined Book before me lies,
With here and there a thread of black,
That like a passing shadow flies;
A shadow, it must be confessed,
That often rose in my own breast.

And I have found 'tis good to note
The blessings that is mine each day;
For happiness is vainly sought
In some dim future far away.

Just try my ledger for a year,
Then look with grateful wonder back,
And you will find—there is no fear—
The Red Days far exceed the Black.

—AMELIA E. BARR, in TRESOR TROVE.

NELLY MOSTYN'S GRIEVANCE.

"I must work in my own way, or I won't work at all." Nelly would assert in a decided way which effectually checked all remonstrance.

"Nelly Mostyn runs all the church work. I can't get on with her; her overbearing ways drive me frantic, so I shall give up the Missionary Society for this year," one of the church members told another.

"I feel that it is better to keep away than to continue the constant quarreling and bickering that make the meetings unendurable; but I am very sorry, for I am so much interested in our missions," lamented her companion.

The pastor's wife was a confirmed invalid, and the Mostyns were her distant relatives. Nelly, who had both means and leisure at her disposal, was inspired by a sincere desire to serve her Lord, to consecrate herself to His service. No one appreciated the gifts of administrative ability with which she had been endowed more throughly than Miss Mostyn herself. She was thoroughly capable, no fault could be found with either manner, or method; everything she undertook was carefully planned and carried out; but she was rather too decided in her views, and intolerant of interference in her plans, to please her fellow-workers. Her zeal and energy had caused all branches of church work to flourish. At first, a constant chorus of admiring approbation had rewarded her strenuous exertions; then a cold breath of adverse criticism, at first almost imperceptible, but gradually gaining substance, arose. After three years of steady effort, into which Miss Mostyn had thrown all her faculties and energies, the result appeared to be that all societies carried on by the feminine portion of the congregation had certainly dwindled into feeble inertness. The kindly old pastor sighed as he perceived one Christian after another drop away, and found himself forced to listen to endless complaints, and even disputes.

"Nelly is a fine girl, but she has not the gift of conciliating others," he mourned. "Even her efficiency seems to tell against her."

His wife listened quietly. Mrs. Pelton had learned through deep suffering the lesson of faith and patience; it seemed almost impossible for her bright spirit to understand discouragement.

"Poor child!" she smiled gently. "She is determined to serve in her own way, and not in the Lord's. I fear that Nelly has a hard lesson to learn, but what a comfort it is to remember that everything is sure to come right in the end."

In Streatfield church animosity, jealousy and vexation of spirit increased. One-half of the congregation resolutely ignored the other half; some left the church; the temper which prevailed among the women was anything but the meek and loving influence which might be expected to emanate from the disciples of Christ. Opposition aroused all the worst elements of Miss Mostyn's character. She stood almost alone, but she threw herself into the conflict with all the force of her dominant temperament and with a definite determination to conquer. She persuaded herself that she had been treated with the cruelest ingratitude, and was wounded to the core, though she disdained to acknowledge the hurt.

"But for me, where would the church work have been?" she demanded indignantly. "Rain or shine, I have always been at my post. I have given more than any two women. If I had not taken it in hand, those silly, incapable women would never have got through. If I am to take the responsibility, I shall do it in my own way. I put down that odious Mrs. Mayne"—

"That is a fine, Christian spirit, Nell. 'See how these Christians love one another,'" commented Cousin Walter, in laughing mockery.

Walter was inclined to be careless, and Nelly had been trying to persuade him to join the church. Now she flushed hotly and a quick retort was on her lip, but the young man left the room before she could utter it.

"That is the trouble, Nelly, you are just a little too domineering," ventured the younger sister, Maggie.

"Domineering!" repeated Nelly, vehemently. "I give up everything for others. I did not buy that sealskin jacket I needed so much, simply that I might give the money to the Church Reparation Fund. I never make the weather, or headaches, or pleasant engagements, an excuse for neglecting my duties, as others do. What can you possibly mean?"

Maggie declined the argument in which she was aware she would inevitably find herself worsted. She had clearer insight than her more clever sister, and was heartily tired of the ceaseless disturbance.

"Could some kind fay the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."

"For my part, I am heartily tired of charitable organizations of every description, and should be glad never to hear anything more about them. We live in a perpetual warfare, a sort of tempest in a teapot; and I confess I don't see any good of it."

As Maggie left the room, Nelly's sewing dropped from her hands. Aunt Mary, quietly observant, perceived the tears gather in her eyes. Mrs. Raynor had only recently arrived on a visit to her nieces. She was a quiet and sensible woman who observed much and said very little.

"Aunt Mary"—Nelly claimed her attention in a broken voice; in her trouble she was glad to turn to a gentle and sympathizing confidant—"Aunt Mary, it is very hard, but every one is against me, even my own. You hear Maggie and Walter. I have never grudged time, or trouble, or money. I have spent myself and been spent in the service of others, yet even Maggie, who does not do a tenth part of what I do, is better liked than I. Even Mr. Pelton does not cordially approve, though no woman in Streatfield has done as much for his church as I have. In that matter of the Missionary Society he did not support me as he should have done. I just said plainly that if Mrs. Low was not appointed president, I should resign, and I knew they could not get on without me. Some of the members showed such a hateful, unforgiving spirit, I believe they actually detest me."

"Was Mrs. Low the only really efficient person proposed for the position?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, most of the members wanted to have Mrs. Mayne, who opposes me in everything. I really cannot bear her. However," triumphantly, "I carried my point. Mrs. Mayne and many of her supporters withdrew from the work altogether, but I succeeded in keeping her out of office."

"Was the triumph worth the cost?" inquired Aunt Mary, quietly. "Have the real interests of the association been advanced? Are the workers satisfied? Does a pleasant fellowship prevail among them? That is the vital question."

"No, indeed; they are most disagreeable. That is what I complain of; they are so ungrateful for all I have done. The attendance has decreased, and we have not been able to carry out our plans."

There was a long pause. Aunt Mary's knitting needles clicked as she knitted swiftly, while cogitating anxiously over a perplexing question.

"Nelly, what do you work for?" she asked at length.

"Why, Aunt Mary!" Nelly's eyes were still humid as she glanced up in surprise. "Of course for God's glory and the advancement of His kingdom. I have always loved to work for Him. When these people won't give in, it is just because they are stupid or obstinate."

"Or because Nelly Mostyn worships her own will instead of her Master's. You have mistaken the way, my dear. As we sow, we reap. Your own dictatorial spirit has been your stumbling-block; you have gathered a harvest of dislike and hostility in place of peace and good-will. You have been determined to carry out your own plans and ideas, careless of the claims and rights of others, and the Lord's work has suffered in consequence. Remember how gently He drew people to Him, how tolerant He was of weakness and ignorance, how He used even their prejudices to draw them to the light. Instead of being with Him, you have been striving against Him, driving others from His service. If you would render acceptable service, Nelly dear, you must do it in His spirit who was 'meek and lowly of heart.'"

Nelly tried to be angry, for the strong, brave words of tender counsel cut her to the quick. She was really honest and conscientious, and the truths forced upon her attention would not be ignored. As she recalled the enmities she had aroused, her carelessness of others' feeling, Nelly Mostyn covered her face in shame, and prayed that she might be forgiven and enabled to conquer the will-worship which had injured the cause she earnestly desired to serve.

"Aunt Mary," she frankly confessed a few days afterward, "I hate to give in, but I believe you are quite right in what you said the other day about my work. With God's help, I will try a different plan."

"Nelly Mostyn is my right hand; she is really a power for good among us," remarked the pastor a few years later. "All Nelly's energies and faculties are consecrated, because she sincerely tries to overcome self. Her influence has increased as the Christ-like spirit has deepened within her."—*Blanche L. Macdonell, in Zion's Herald.*

—John L. Buckley, Brockton, Mass., writes: "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for some time and could not keep a particle of food on my stomach. I came from Yarmouth to Boston and met your agent. He advised me to try K. D. C. and I did so, and now I want to say I had only taken a few doses when I found that I could not only keep food on my stomach, but that I could eat a great deal more. I have gained thirteen pounds in two weeks. May K. D. C. ever live to alleviate the sufferings of dyspeptics. Anyone not believing this can write to 34 Battle Street, Brockton, Mass., and I will answer with pleasure."

—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.

An Incident in the Life of Alexandre Jean Boucher.

On a beautiful summer day there was a festival in the Prater of Vienna—one of the most public resorts in the world, a wood about six miles long.

The pleasure grounds and refreshment booths were frequented by all Vienna.

Rich and poor, young and old, were all excitement on this happy occasion. Many strangers also came to enjoy the day with the Viennese. Where so many joyous people are gathered, there is hope that something bright may arise for those less fortunate who have been attracted to follow the multitude.

Thus many cripples and beggars had collected in the Prater, hoping a few pennies might be thrown to them.

Among them was an old decrepit soldier, who verified the proverb, "A young soldier, an old beggar." He could not beg; therefore he resorted to an old art, that of music, in which he had been skilful in his youthful days.

He hobbled to the Prater with his violin, almost as old and worn-out as himself, thinking, if the tone of it failed to give pleasure, his gray hairs and patched coat might excite the sympathy of some tender-hearted passer-by.

The old soldier placed himself under a wide-spreading oak tree on the roadside, and drew his bow across the strings of the violin.

He had trained his dog (which in appearance was as dilapidated as his master) to sit before him, holding the brim of his hat between his teeth, and beg for a kreuzer of the passers-by. The old man played with all his feeble strength, and his old dog remained close at his side, and the people passed to and fro; still the hat was empty.

It was late in the afternoon; many business men with their families were "wending their homeward way," and not a kreuzer was dropped in the hat. The old man's hope had nearly vanished as the sun in the western sky was fading away. There settled a deep grief in his soul, and the weather-beaten, scarred face betrayed the anguish of that soul.

Behind the trunk of the large oak tree stood concealed from the soldier a statelly gentleman elegantly dressed; he had listened and looked upon the violinist with deep compassion. He perceived that the feeble, tired hands could no longer hold the bow, his weak limbs could scarcely support him.

The aged one sat down on a stone near by, sadly discouraged; he leaned his head on his hand, and the earth drank in a secret tear.

The stranger's heart was touched by his pitiful appearance; it was as though the tears of the old veteran filled the breast of the vigorous violinist like drops of scalding water. He went quickly to him, gave him a gold piece, and said, "Lend me your violin for a little while." The soldier, full of gratitude, handed him the violin.

The stranger scraped hurriedly upon it; found it was not so very poor an instrument; he tuned it until its notes were as clear as a bell.

He then said, "Old soldier, hold the hat and collect the money while I play."

The old soldier listened with delight; his astonished countenance asked, "What had produced the wonderful metamorphosis? why was it harsh when he had it, and now so changed?—the tone had become so very sweet.

It sounded to his ear like an angel song; a strange sensation stole over him; his wounded spirits revived.

Surely he heard strains from the angelic choir; in feeble voice he joined his "hallelujahs" with them.

Now everyone stopped; none passed on; all stood spell-bound. The wonderful tones and melodies enlarged the circle of listeners. It was as if a magician had suddenly appeared in their midst, whose enchanting power had entranced the Viennese.

What the real meaning of the whole affair was everyone soon discovered; the accomplished, kind-hearted violinist played for the benefit of his unfortunate fellow-creature, to awaken the compassion of the multitude.

Gold, silver and copper—according as the people were impressed—fell into the hat.

The old dog growled; was it from pleasure, or from anger that he had not had the same success when holding the hat in his mouth?

The poor soldier emptied the contents of the hat into a sack. As the stranger continued his performance, all hearts were so touched that again the hat was filled. A storm of applause broke out. The air resounded with shouts from the charmed crowd.

Gradually the evening shades drew on, and the atmosphere became cool and damp. The stranger struck up the air, "God preserve Francis the Emperor," which every Austrian knew and loved. The enthusiasm was great; thousands of voices joined in singing the words. The violinist played with increased enthusiasm.

Suddenly he laid the violin in the palsied hand of the grateful soldier, took off his hat with a friendly nod, and before the old man could say "God bless you!" he had disappeared.

"Who was he?" asked the people, as they crowded round the old man.

"I know not," he replied; "but God sent him. Without him I should have wandered to my hovel, hungry and in despair."

Presently a man stepped forward and said, "He is the famous violinist, Alexandre Jean Boucher, who is visiting Vienna, and has used his talent in a loving service."

At that moment he took off his hat and passed it among the crowd, saying, "Boucher played the violin for the benefit of this poor soldier whom we so negligently passed by; let us now make amends for the neglect."

All generously dropped in their money.

"Long live Boucher!" was the feeble cry of the soldier, and the people responded with loud "hurrahs."

Tears of joy and gratitude rolled down the cripple's cheek. He leaned on his crutches, and said, "May the good Lord reward him for this deed of love."

Surely on the evening of this festive day there were two persons in Vienna who could be counted among the happiest of men—the poor old soldier and Alexandre Jean Boucher. One was free from misery and destitution; the other gave testimony that love for his fellowmen was in his heart.—*S. S. Times.*

A Practical Lesson.

"No, I do not see what right you teetotal folk have to be meddling with how many public-houses there are in the country," observed Jonathan Jones, irately, at the conclusion of an argument with his friend and neighbor, Mark Morgan. If a man chooses to open a public next door to you, let him alone—it's no business of yours."

"But suppose you were a woman, with a husband inclined to be fond of drink, or with boys that you want to keep steady and sober—how would you like a public at the turn of every street, with open doors, to 'tice them in, and maybe two or three close to your own home?" enquired Mark.

Jonathan evaded the question. "A man's got a right to do as he will on his own premises, I do suppose," he said.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Mark, thoughtfully, "for I've had it in my mind to make a few little alterations, and didn't know how you would take it; but it's all right now."

Mark was fond of a joke, and there suddenly came into his mind a plot by which he might read his friend a lesson on the benefits of Local Option. He lived in one of three cottages, far removed from neighboring dwellings. Jones lived in the middle one, Mark and his brother James on either side. Between them the two brothers hatched a dark and secret plot, the working of which we shall see.

"Good gracious, what's that frightful smell," cried Jonathan, as he sat eating his breakfast near the open window of the kitchen. Two strides took him to the window. Close to the boundary fence lay a heap of manure, freshly placed there by Mark, who was quietly turning it over with a fork.

"Here, I say, this won't do," cried Jonathan, angrily. "Man alive, do you want to poison us? What do you mean by shooting that stuff just there?"

"It's on my own ground," returned Mark, coolly. "A man's got a right to do as he will on his own premises, I do suppose."

"No, he has'nt," retorted Jonathan, hastily, "not if it's to be a nuisance to his neighbors, and that you'll soon learn if you don't move it. I'll indict you as a nuisance that I will," cried peppery Jonathan, "and have the law on you."

"Dear me, dear me; you've soon changed your tune," cried Mark, "I was only acting on your own doctrine."

The manure heap vanished in a short time, but poor Jonathan was not to have it all his own way.

He was an early-to-bed man—the striking of the hour of nine o'clock was the curfew-bell of his household. As the clock hand passed the hour of ten on the following evening the inmates of the centre cottage were aroused from their first sleep by a fearful din proceeding from Mark's cottage. Sounds of a cornet and a violin rent the quiet air, accompanied by quiet singing. Each performer took his own way as regards time and tune, and made up for lack of correctness by energy and noise.

"Are the men gone off their heads?" cried Jonathan, when he realised from whence the sounds came. Indeed, he felt nigh distracted himself, between the noise next door and the terrified crying of his children awakened from their sleep.

"I'll stop this!" he cried, bouncing out of bed after the noise had gone on for a quarter of an hour or so. Just then he heard the door of his neighbor's house open, and the sounds issued hence with yet greater volume and effect in the open air. Open flew Jonathan's window, and out went Jonathan's head.

"Are you fellows mad?" he shouted. "Shut up and go home, or I'll fling a jug of water over you. What d'ye mean by disturbing us all like this, and me gone to bed with a headache, too."

"We've started a Harmonic Society, and this is our first practice," responded Mark. "We shall do better by-and-by. We enjoy it very much, 'tis a cheerful way of passing the evening."

"Cheerful! It's maddening! How do you suppose I'm to do my morrow's work if my night's rest is to be broken into like this? But I'll stop it! I'll have you bound over to keep the peace! I'll sue you for damages! I'll, I'll——"

"Come, neighbor, take it quietly," said Mark, soothingly. "This is the sort of thing my sister and her family have to bear every night in the week from the publics round about, and foul language and fighting into the bargain. Now, you see, we don't give you bad language, and James is going home peaceably enough long before closing time."

"I'll give you——" began Jonathan; then thought better of it and withdrew.

Now it so happened that in a field owned by Mark at the lower end of the cottage gardens there was a pit filled with water, a dangerous place carefully fenced round by Mark lest any of his brother's children, or his neighbor's, might fall in. About a week after the meeting of the Harmonic Society Jonathan walked across the field, and saw that a portion of the fencing surrounding the pit had been taken away.

"Here, I say, old man, this isn't safe," he cried to Mark Morgan, who was working in his garden. "How came this fence broken down?"

"I took it down," replied Mark. "I want to use the water now and then for the garden, and I haven't got any children to tumble in, so I didn't see the need of a fence."

"No, but I have," retorted Jonathan, "and some of mine might fall in. You'd ought to have a thought for your neighbor's children as much as for your own."

"Ah-h," slowly said Mark, "so my sister says about the drink pitfalls round about her house. She's got three sons, and one of them is being 'ticed to spending his evenings in the public-houses near by. Whichever way the lad comes from his work there stands the open door. It would lift a great fear from her heart if only some of those doors were closed so as to give the lad a better chance. Jonathan, my friend, if it was your lad that was in danger you'd soon be stirred to close the way. Next time you blame the teetotallers for doing their best to remove the temptation from the path of the young and the easily tempted ones, bethink you; the public-house may be no danger for you or for your own children, but it is a danger for somebody else, and for somebody else's boy or girl."

"If ever I saw such a fellow!" cried Jonathan. "Which ever way I start you always bring up at that. And I believe you're right. There's heaps too many drink-shops, and that's a fact."

"Then give us your vote at election for the Local Option man," said Mark, quickly.

"No peeping into the ballot-box," retorted Jonathan, merrily. "But I won't forget the fence when that time comes, neighbor," he added, with a knowing wink of his eye.—*British Workman.*

Little Things.

Young people in beginning life are apt to be impatient of the first little steps that apparently make no advance, forgetting that seeming "trifles make up the sum of life," just as in building, the little bricks, laid carefully, one at a time, side by side, and securely cemented together, make at last the great strong structure.

A young man, having exhausted his patrimony in obtaining a professional education, settled himself in a town already filled with successful lawyers, to practice law. One day one of these older lawyers asked him how, under such circumstances, he expected to make a living.

"I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply.

"It will be very little," said the lawyer.

"Then I will do that little well," answered the young man decidedly.

He carried out his determination. The little things well done brought larger ones, and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists of the state.

Again, a certain old bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a crossroads settlement of a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe-shop, kept by an old negro man, which showed signs of prosperity.

Interested in the old cobbler, the bishop stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay so well."

"Ah," said the gentleman with him, "old Cato has the monopoly of shoe-mending in this region. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the bishop.

"Just so, marster," replied Cato. "It is only little patches put on with them little stitches or tiny pegs. But when I takes a stitch, it is a *stitch*, and when I drive a peg it *holds*." Little things well done!

The good bishop used that reply as a text for many a sermon afterwards.

A bright young girl living in a mountain region, by accidental contact with some visitors at a near watering-place became conscious of her lack of education and consequent mental inferiority to them.

She was intensely anxious to obtain this education, and at once set about gaining the money to secure it. There was absolutely only one way within her reach. Near her home was a stream filled with mountain trout, which she knew to be greatly in demand by the proprietor of the watering-place hotel. She made an arrangement with him to supply fish for his table.

Every day found her with her rod fishing diligently, and every morning found her at the same early hour at the hotel with her fish. A benevolent old gentleman chanced to see her one morning, and was greatly interested when told her story and the object she had in view in selling the fish. Particularly when the hotel proprietor added:

"You will scarcely believe it, but this young girl is actually the only one—though I have tried many—who has kept scrupulously to her bargain. She never fails me, be the number of her fish large or small."

Thinking that such diligence in small matters deserved large reward, the old gentleman obtained the consent of the girl's parents, and out of the abundance of his means placed her at a school to be fitted for a teacher.

With painstaking care she mastered each difficulty in her new life, and became an educated, cultured woman and a skilled teacher.—*M. E. Saffold, in Christian Union.*

The Secret of Fascinating.

Doubtless thousands of young people, and not a small number of old ones, wish every day of their lives that they could learn the secret of fascinating others by means of their graceful, exquisite manners. The secret is an open one. It is so easy to learn that it lies all neglected by the wayside, while they who would give their dearest treasure to find it pass unknowing.

It is only this: Fill your heart with good-will to everybody, and then practise at all times the best manners you know, particularly at home. If you begin at home, this charming manner will, so to speak, get settled on you and never leave you. Be just as polite to your sister as you would to your best girl. Strive to gain the good-will of mother, father and brothers and sisters and children, exactly as you strive to gain good-will abroad.

There is no place for practising manners like the home circle; no place, permit me to say, where it will be so appreciated. It will be a cultivation of heart, mind and body, this endeavor to feel nothing but affection for the people at home, and treat them as though they were worthy of as much consideration at your hands as if they were the President and his family. So they are worthy. Then from the home will float out around you those sweet, magnetic influences which will draw the hearts of mankind toward you.—*Jenness Miller Monthly.*

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

—Do not wait till your delicate wife or child is past hope of recovery, but take warning now, and faithfully administer Puttner's Emulsion according to the directions. It will be the best investment you ever made.

Baby's croup is cured by Hacknomore.

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 317 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

ONE TRIP A WEEK

— FOR —

BOSTON.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Steamer Cumberland or State of Maine will leave Saint John

EVERY THURSDAY

at 7.30 a. m. standard, for

Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, will leave Boston on Mondays 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. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Pt. de 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	8.35
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.35
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	16.35
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 5.35 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 25 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.

This Baking Powder

(WOODILL'S GERMAN)

is WELL-SUITED for FAMILY USE. It has been used in MY OWN HOUSEHOLD for MANY YEARS.

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., LL. D., F. L. C., G. B. and Ireland.

January 11.

*** THE matter which this pa
fully selected from various source
tee that, to any intelligent farmer
contents of this single page, from
ing the year, will be worth seve
scription price of the paper.

NEW YEAR'S H

Our grateful songs arise
To Thee, O God above;
Ascending to the skies
In sacrifice of love.
Almighty Thou, our God and
To Thee we bow, our praises

In all the flowing years
Thy hand hath safely led,
In pilgrimage of tears,
The living and the dead.
O God Most High, Thou art
Though mortals die, unchan

Wish gladness here we meet
O God, before Thy face:
The new-born year to greet,
With all its wondrous gra
Another gem—along the yea
In diadem—among our tears

The hours before Thee lie;
We know not what they b
Or joy and glad supply,
Or ache of suffering.
Our trust in Thee, Jehovah
Shall ever be; Thou will pr

Now, through the open gate
We pass along our way;
To watch, to pray or wait,
As duty of the day.
Thy Spirit give, O God of m
That we may live and walk
—FRANCIS B. WHEELER,

THE HO

Celery as a Se

The habitual use of t
much more beneficial t
people are aware of.
familiar with its virtues
known many men and w
various causes, had b
affected by nervousness
stretched out their ha
like aspen leaves in a w
a moderate daily use
footstalks of celery as s
came as strong and st
other people. I have
nervous that the least
them in a state of agi
were in constant perp
were also effectually cu
ate daily use of blan
salad at meal time.
others to be cured of p
heart. Everybody en
weakening to the ner
celery daily in the seas
stead, when not in seas

To this we may add
New York druggist d
from his soda fountain
celery, mixed with I
tract, under the name
is a nourishing drink a
better than coffee or t
great deal in this neig
mote temperance. W
most daily to our can
cures them of fits; the
mals, with very delic
frightened, and therefo
a remedy very much
with which they take
their instinct guides t
is good for them. A
perfumery, of our ac
years ago commenced
tract of celery seed,
and intended to give s
or exhausted persons
dulgences, have reach
to require restorati
Chemistry.

The Food Q

Whenever bread is
is able to procure, it is
such bread should be
wheat, and that none
gluten should be se
flour, as may be clai
enthusiastic Grahami
ble that the very po
abound in the east e
whose nourishment
largely from bread al
siderably benefited if
duced to use whole m
of that made from w
has been robbed of s
tion of its gluten, a
this class does not
amount of nitrogen i
diet.

It is only among
well-to-do classes t
bread has found fav
has been and is a da
The well-to-do the wo
use a considerable po
cheese, fish, flesh and
furnish an ample sup
a form much more e
the gluten of whea
have the additional
rich in oil, a necessa
dietary, and one he
having throughout t
who are provided wi
products, in quantiti
vide the needed nitr
fine flour is prefer
much more easily
having a large prop

A person provided
ply of nitrogen and
ducts does not requ
the gluten, which
digestion; and if
bread—is eaten wi
ducts the needed
obtainable from th
and the starch foods
intestines to undergo
to glucose; whereas
flour bread has b
necessarily a consid
part of the system t
the extra amount o
which has already b
the animal product
the part of the sys
digest an element
and not used i
strain upon the ne

A glance at th
will supply proof
The Chinese, Japan
in India who subsis
foods are smaller
lived, are weak rel
ly and physically,
ed far less of the
English or Germa
been liberally su
dietary, and so fa
cerned at all eve
been chiefly made