

## Poetry.

## A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road,  
How it seems to help me onward, when I faint be-  
neath my load,  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my  
eyes with tears are dim,  
There's a light that gives me comfort like a little  
talk with Him.  
I tell Him I am weary, and I faint would be at rest,  
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon  
His breast;  
And he answers me so sweetly in tones of ten-  
derest love,  
I'm coming soon to take thee to my happy home  
above.  
I know the way is dreary to yonder far off clime;  
But a little talk with Jesus will white away the  
time,  
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace  
explore,  
It only sets me longing to know Him more and  
more.

Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to  
see,  
And I'm not afraid to say it, I know He's want-  
ing me,  
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,  
And He can't forget His promise to me. His pur-  
chased one.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could,  
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food,  
He is altogether lovely, none can with Him com-  
pare,  
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the  
fair.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,  
And glory in the knowledge that such a Hope is  
mine.

Then in my Father's dwelling, where many man-  
sions be,  
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He shall talk  
with me.

## The Fireside.

## A TRUE STORY OF A BRAVE BOY.

BY M. M. B.

I was born away upon the high hills and  
mountains of New Hampshire.

I had been brought up to believe that the  
country all about abounded in wild beasts of every order  
and description, but up to my twelfth year had seen  
nothing but the pictures of them. Still I was not  
intimidated; for it was a wild-looking country, and  
at odd times, when I had been out in the evening,  
I had heard strange sounds and cries which were  
foreign to a domestic barnyard.

Often had I heard my father say that there was  
no animal to be dreaded so much as a panther, and  
that it was never safe to ride over to the village,  
some six miles beyond, unaccompanied.

Oh, how I used to long to go to that village  
alone by myself! I had no more fear than that the  
stories I had heard from time to time of the different  
neighbors' experiences were mere fabrications; and  
so when father came to me, one Saturday morning,  
and asked if I thought I could carry some corn to  
the mill and get back all right, I was indignant that  
he should think there was any doubt about it, and  
straightened myself up, and said, "I should like  
to see any one about the house that could do the  
errand any better," inwardly delighting that there  
was a prospect of my having a hand-to-hand fight  
with something, I didn't care what being, as I  
said before, either in school or at work on the farm,  
I had had little chance ever to exercise myself in  
the direction of hunting, and I had fired my first  
shot from my earliest recollections.

To go to Millburg was quite an event, although  
but six miles from our own little settlement. It  
was a rough, ugly road to travel. I had never been  
alone; but was perfectly familiar with the road  
proper. There was a short-cut over the mountains,  
or rather a pass through a range of hills. This cut  
was considered a hazardous one unless one was  
provided with company, and guns as well.

The first thing almost that came into my head  
was to take this route; and I became quite nervous  
in my hurry to get off, for fear that father would  
think to caution me not to take the short-cut. The  
dear man never did, nor would such a thing have  
entered his head, for he never took it himself. He  
supposed, of course, that I would go as I had al-  
ways gone.

Two bags of corn were stretched across Dolly's  
back and I seated back of them; and with father's  
advice that "when Dolly's ears pricked up and  
stood out like great flags of distress, then must I  
stop, for danger was at hand," ringing in my  
ears, I galloped and galloped away, eager to get out  
of the reach and sight of human beings.

First I thought I would make for the "short-  
cut," but upon thinking it over concluded it would  
be better to go to the mill and return home that  
way, leaving my corn there I would be free to act  
in case there should be any call for it.

It was a wild venture, and I wonder that I am  
able to tell the story; it was merely a happy  
thought that saved me, certainly no human reason  
strength or skill, for in the end I came toward the  
mill to fly.

Having deposited my grain in the mill, with the  
order to have it ready for the following Saturday,  
I hurried up some other little errands, and started  
for home. I had to ride a mile or more on the  
main road, and then I knew the first turn to the  
right would lead me to the pass. It was about  
twelve o'clock, and I hoped to be home by noon,  
that would be allowing ample time for a cautious  
ride, and perhaps a skirmish.

You must bear in mind that I had nothing what-  
ever with which to defend myself. I could load  
and discharge a gun as well as a man but I had no  
convenience for carrying one and a pistol we did  
not own.

As I turned into the deep, dark, narrow cut,  
which I could almost pass with my gun, and  
whose great sides loomed high up in places al-  
most perpendicular, it flashed across me that I was  
doing a very reckless thing, yet having once started,  
I would not turn back, but rode slowly along,  
everything as quiet and as still as death; but for  
the noise that Dolly's footfall made I should have  
been overpowered by the stillness.

Not a thing could I do should I be attacked. I  
could only depend on Dolly's fleetness. And what  
would that amount to with a pack of wolves be-  
hind and in front of me? Yes, I had to come to my  
senses, but it was too late. I thrust my hand into  
my pocket and drew out a large jackknife, opened  
the blade, and stuck the handle down in under a  
strap on my saddle, in case it would be handy  
should I be called upon to use it. I had scarcely  
done this when Dolly's ears pricked up and stood  
out. I cast my eyes quickly to my right and left.  
I knew there was something, for I heard leaves  
rustling. I could have touched bushes and rocks  
on either side of me so narrow was the path.

Presently, on the awful stillness, I heard the  
rustling of leaves, as if some one were stealing cau-  
tiously along the pathway. I was well posted as re-  
gards the habits and movements of the various wild  
beasts that were said to prowl in those regions, so  
I knew very well by the stealthy quietness of this  
one's approach that it was one of the shy, terrible  
ones, and probably one of the kind I had been  
taught to dread the most—a panther. Let me say  
here a fact that I had overlooked—that I really  
had seen a wild cat; it was one captured one night  
in father's chicken-yard. My first thought was that  
it might be one of these treacherous little animals.  
I knew that to seize one by the neck and hind legs  
was the only way to protect yourself when you had  
no weapon. As this passed through my mind I was  
suddenly terrified by the sudden cat-like spring and

appearance of a sleek, gray-looking animal upon a  
rock just above me.

There was nothing for me to do but to carry out  
the first thought that came into my mind. I knew  
well enough that to start Dolly then would be too  
late, for no matter how fast she flew, after once  
setting out, the beast would overtake us. So, snatch-  
ing at my idea, I took off my cap, whirled it around  
two or three times, then flung it high in the air.  
I then gave the reins to Dolly, who, catching my  
spirit, flew "like mad."

This simple mode of mine arrested the attention  
of the animal, who, while it stood watching for the  
cap to descend, gave me ample time to get beyond  
him if he attempted to follow me up. He did not  
attempt it, however, for once I ventured to look  
back and all I could see was a dark object in the  
middle of the road tearing madly at something  
which I strongly suspected was my best "Sunday-  
go-to-meetin'" cap. My suspicions were very  
soon verified, for hurrying home with the speed of  
a locomotive, my story was soon told, and in such a  
connected manner that no one doubted it, and  
then the non-appearance of my chapeau spoke for  
itself.

The neighbors turned out at once; and before dark  
that day we had captured the animal. I first led  
him to the spot where lay shreds of broadcloth,  
bits of patent leather, and a couple of brass buttons  
which remained I gathered up to take home and show  
mother. From this point we traced the panther to  
his lair. I call it a lair, not for after we had shot  
into the hole we knew that she was a mother for  
we heard her little ones crying out with fear. Three  
times we shot, and then all was still. We waited  
a long while before peering into the hole, and  
finally a rough old fellow by the name of Steph  
Brunt reached one of his long arms into the hole  
and drew out first the "old un," as he called it,  
dead as dead could be. Then I thrust half my body  
into the aperture or opening, and dragged out one,  
two, three poor wee little babies, killed with their  
mother.

This ended my first exploit in hunting, but not  
my last, and were it not for the numerous glances  
that I have caught my mamma casting at the clock  
—and you all know what that means—I should like  
to tell you, for I am in the spirit of it, about a bear  
I tried and fired at, and how it fell and turned on  
me; but I was a big, strong man then. My father  
used to say, though I always fought well and showed  
great bravery I never showed greater presence  
of mind than when I tossed my cap to the panther.

## A SINGLE UNTRUTH.

I shall never forget an untruth I once told, al-  
though it happened when I was a very little child.  
My younger sister had a farthing, with which she  
wished to buy a pig, but, being too ill to go down to  
the shop herself, she engaged me to do so. Accord-  
ingly I went. As I returned with a pig nicely folded  
up in a small piece of paper, suddenly the thought  
occurred to me that I should like to take a paper  
out of the bag, and see what was inside. I thought  
when the pig looked so very tenderly, I thought I  
could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had  
scarcely eaten it before I wanted it all; and without  
much more thought, I ate up the whole pig! Then  
when it was all gone, and I had nothing to do but  
to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable. I  
stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running  
away somehow, I did not exactly know where, but  
from whence I should never come back. It was not  
long before I reached home. I went as quickly as I  
could. I told my sister that I had lost the farthing.  
I remember she cried sadly; but I went directly  
out into the garden and tried to think of something  
else, but in vain. My own guilt stood me steadily  
in the face and I was wretched. Although it waited  
a few minutes to the dinner-hour, yet it seemed  
very long to me. I was anxious some even night  
intervene between me and the lie I had told. I  
wandered about with a very heavy spirit. I thought  
I would give words to my very temptation. I thought  
I would tell her that I had not happened.

When the dinner-hour came, I was seated in my  
high chair at my father's side, when my sister made  
her appearance, crying and looking very much  
grieved. My father immediately asked what the  
matter was. Then my mother stated the story, the  
conclusion of which I had "lost the farthing."

I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly  
unsuspecting confidence with which my father turn-  
ed to me, and with his large, blue eyes fell in my  
face, said: "Where did you lose the farthing?"  
Perhaps we can find it again. Not for a single in-  
stant could I brave that tone and that look, but  
bursting into tears, I screamed out: "Oh, I did  
not lose the farthing—I ate up the pig!" A silence,  
as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an in-  
stant I seemed to be separated at an immense dis-  
tance from all the rest of the family. A great grief  
gazed between us. A sense of loneliness and  
desolation came over me, the impression of which  
I will go with me forever. I left the table, and  
all afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my  
feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But my  
father and mother, brothers and sisters received me  
back to their love and favor as time wore away, and  
my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole  
event left an indelible impression on my mind and  
heart.—English Magazine.

## GIRLS.

THE IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Mrs. L. H. Tuttle, a lady who wrote several  
charming books for young women, once said, in  
speaking of good manners, that "human nature  
resisted the imperative mood."

Think of this, girls. If you ask a child to wait  
on you, say "Please." Be polite to servants and  
inferiors. Be courteous even to the cat. Why  
purr roughly aside, or invite her claws!

If kindness, good-nature and gentleness ruled in  
every home, what sunlight would home enjoy! A  
great deal depends upon the girls—the sisters, the  
daughters.

HELPLESS HANDS.

"I would like to have a new dress, but it is so  
hard to get a good dressmaker," sighed Priscilla the  
other day.

Why not be your own dressmaker?  
"We have to eat baker's cake," said Marianne.  
"Mamma says she has no time to make it for such  
a family."

Why not make the cake yourself? Mother's  
daughter should relieve her of such cares.  
"Oh girls, whatever else you do, don't go to school  
with helpless hands. Hands should be instruments  
to serve our needs, not useless ornaments to hang  
rings upon."

SAVE THE OLD MINUTES.

Save the old minutes. Use them in study, in  
bits of pretty sewing, in something. The waiting  
moments, the long rides in street cars, the times of  
attendance on the person who is late at breakfast,  
may all be turned to good advantage by our girls,  
if they are economical.

OBEYING ORDERS.

An English farmer was one day at work in his  
fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding  
across his farm. He had one field which he was es-  
pecially anxious to keep out of the way of the  
huntsmen, in a condition to be badly injured by the  
huntsmen. So he despatched one of his workmen to  
this field, telling him to shut the gate and keep watch  
over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.  
The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely  
at his post before the huntsmen came up, perem-  
ptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the  
boy declined to do, stating the orders he had re-  
ceived, and his determination not to disobey them.  
There and thereabouts were offered, alike to him, one  
after another came forward as spokesman, but all  
with the same result, the boy remained immovable  
in his firm determination not to open the gate.

After while one of noble presence advanced and  
said in commanding tones: My boy, you do not  
know me; I am the Duke of Wellington, and I com-  
mand you to open that gate, that I and my friends  
may pass through. The boy lifted his hat and  
stood uncovered before the man whom all England

delighted to honor; then answered firmly: I am  
sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to  
disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor  
suffer any one to pass but with my master's express  
permission." Greatly pleased, the sturdy old war-  
rior lifted his hat and said: "I honor the man who  
can neither be bribed or frightened into doing  
wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could con-  
quer not only the French, but the world." And  
handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old  
Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away,  
while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the  
top of his voice: "Hurrah! hurrah! I have done  
what Napoleon couldn't do. I've kept out the  
Duke of Wellington."—Ez.

## NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying,  
That is altogether true;  
My little boy, my little girl,  
The saying is for you.  
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,  
And gray—so deep and bright—  
No child in all this careless world  
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh or love's soft hum,  
Entice you fast to stay;  
Some one is always watching you,  
And whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood's acts  
Are honest, brave and true;  
And watchful more than mortal kind,  
God's angels pure and white,  
In gladness or in sorrowing  
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one,  
And let your mark be high!  
You are not here to spend your days  
In idle play and childish glee;  
You are to be a blessing to the world,  
And make the angels proud of you.

O, bear in mind, my little one,  
And keep your good name bright,  
No child upon the round, round earth,  
Is ever out of sight.

## THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Anybody who wishes to, may become a gentleman.  
He will not make a habit of telling smutty or vulgar  
stories. He will always be tidy in dress. He will  
be careful not to offend persons; will keep his face  
clean. He will never be loud-mouthed or over-  
bearing to his inferiors. This trait of character  
always makes the snob egotist. He will never lift  
his voice in a small room when talking to men, as  
though he were in a field driving oxen. He will  
never speak so as to wound or pain the heart of any  
person who is under him. He will never speak of  
his superior family connections or give those whom  
he is with to understand he is of more consequence  
than they. He will never pry into the private af-  
fairs of any other person, nor meddle himself with  
the affairs of another person should attend to. He  
will be above the petty suspicions born of ignorance  
and proof of bad breeding. He will never try to  
bully or beat his way, nor assume a superiority  
that is entirely lost the moment it is boasted of.  
He is never obsequious, but prompt, polite, discreet  
and courteous to all with whom he comes in con-  
tact. He will never quarrel with a servant, or use  
profane language to any one. The gentleman al-  
ways has friends, even under adverse circumstances  
because he is so friendly. This trait of character  
is always lasting.—Ohio Chronicle.

THE GREAT MASTER.—"I am my own master!"  
cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried  
to persuade him from an enterprise which he had  
on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible point  
that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible! is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he  
wants done and see that it is done right. He should  
try to secure the best ends by the best means. He  
must keep on the look-out against obstacles and  
accidents, and watch that everything goes straight,  
else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your con-  
science to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your  
temper to control, your will to direct, and your  
judgment to instruct. You are master over a  
hard lot, and if you don't master them they will  
master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said  
his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Said  
wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod  
did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is  
my Master, even Christ.' I work under his direc-  
tion. He is regular, and where he is master, all  
goes right."—Dr. Bacon.

LAPLAIN BABIES.—I want to tell you how the  
Laplains away up in Lapland keep their babies  
from disturbing the minister on Sabbaths. All the  
babies are outside, buried in the snow. As  
soon as the family arrives at the little wooden  
church, and the minister is secured, the papa Lapp  
shoves a long little bed in the snow; and mamma  
Lapp wraps the baby snugly in skin, and deposits  
it therein; then papa piles the snow around it, and  
the dog is left to guard it while the parents go out  
to church. Often twenty or thirty babies lie out there  
in the snow around the church; and I never have  
heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried  
little creatures, I suppose they are tough. But how  
would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white  
babies like it, do you think?—S. S. Vailor.

A RECORD OF BIRTHS.—An honest farmer of  
Cathness, recording the births of his children in the  
family Bible wrote: "Betty was born on the day  
that John Cathel lost his grey mare in the  
moss. Jenny was born the day they began mend-  
ing the roof of the kirk. Sandy was born the night  
my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty  
gave away with the soldiers. The twins, Willie  
and Margot, was born the day Samy Breiner  
bought his new barn, the very day after the  
bath of Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night of  
the great fight on the Redmans, between Peter  
Donaldson and a south country dory. Forbye,  
the factor raised the rent the same year. Anny  
was born the night the kirk gave on fire, six years  
since. David was born the night of the great  
spite, and three days after Jennie Miller had a  
lift from the fairies."—Chamber's Journal.

## HOME HINTS.

For a cough or tickling in the throat, take  
the juice of two lemons, the beaten white of one egg,  
enough powder or granulated sugar to make a  
thick paste. A tea-spoonful of this mixture will  
allay the irritation and cure a cough in its early  
stages.

TO CLEAN BOTTLES.—Take discarded egg-shells,  
crush them into small bits put them into your bot-  
tle, fill the bottle with cold water, and thor-  
oughly shake them. The glass will look like new,  
and all kinds of glass washed in the same water will  
look equally well.

For washing black or navy blue linens, the fol-  
lowing recipe will be found of an excellent one.—  
Mix equal parts of soda ash and soft water (after  
having them washed and peeled), into which a tea-  
spoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the  
linens in this, and then in cold water. They will  
need no starch, and should be dried and  
ironed on the wrong side.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Take some rhubarb, wipe it  
with a clean wet cloth, peel it, and cut it into pieces  
an inch long. To each pound of rhubarb add  
one pound white sugar. Put it to boil for about ten  
minutes, or until the juice is well drawn. Strain  
the liquid through a cloth, let it boil quickly until  
it clings to the spoon, skim it, and put it into jam  
pots or moulds. The quickest way to know if it  
will set is to drop a little on a plate to cool.

**HOME EVIDENCE**  
IN FAVOR  
OF THE  
**PAIN-KILLER.**

Why experiment with unknown mixtures without  
character or reputation, when this world-  
famous PAIN-KILLER which has stood the test of  
40 years, can be had for the same price at any Drug  
Store in the Dominion!

READ THE FOLLOWING.  
OTTAWA, Ont., March 5, 1880.  
The writer has been using Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the  
last six years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a  
valuable remedy for all kinds of pains, such as Rheumatism,  
Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache,  
Colic, Spasms, Burns, Scalds, &c. I have known it to cure a  
case of Syphilis, and three or four times, when all other  
remedies failed. The patient took half a teaspoonful in water three  
times a day, and the third time when a day or two  
afterwards it was a cure. I have used it in a wide range of cases,  
and I can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
H. F. MACCARTHY.

MAITLAND, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
I have much pleasure in adding to the number of the numerous  
testimonials already received, as to the value of your  
famous Pain-Killer. I have used it in my family for  
many years, and have never known it fail. I have used it in  
all kinds of cases, and have been perfectly satisfied with it, and I  
know many persons who will use it again; it makes friends and  
reunites them. I have used it in a wide range of cases, and I  
can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
JOHN DUMBRILL, Druggist.

SPRINGFIELD, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
We have much pleasure in certifying that we have used Perry  
Davis' Pain-Killer for many years, and can confidently recom-  
mend it to the public as a valuable remedy for all kinds of  
pains, such as Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache,  
Toothache, Stomachache, Colic, Spasms, Burns, Scalds, &c.  
I have known it to cure a case of Syphilis, and three or four  
times, when all other remedies failed. The patient took half a  
teaspoonful in water three times a day, and the third time when  
a day or two afterwards it was a cure. I have used it in a wide  
range of cases, and I can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
W. P. IRIE, A. C.

MARION, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
It gives me much pleasure to state that during a long career of  
practice, I have never known a case of Rheumatism, Sciatica,  
Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Colic, Spasms,  
Burns, Scalds, &c., which has not been cured by your  
famous Pain-Killer. I have used it in my family for many  
years, and have never known it fail. I have used it in all  
kinds of cases, and have been perfectly satisfied with it, and I  
know many persons who will use it again; it makes friends and  
reunites them. I have used it in a wide range of cases, and I  
can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours very truly,  
JOHN G. DEANS.

STOCK, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
We have great pleasure in stating that the Pain-Killer holds its  
position in this place as the reliable family medicine. Although  
it is a small article, it is a most valuable one. I have used it  
in my family for many years, and have never known it fail. I  
have used it in all kinds of cases, and have been perfectly  
satisfied with it, and I know many persons who will use it  
again; it makes friends and reunites them. I have used it in  
a wide range of cases, and I can say that it is a most valuable  
remedy.

Yours truly,  
P. & P. MURPHY.

PORTLAND, Ont., March 5, 1880.  
I have been using the Pain-Killer for many years, with results  
that justify me in recommending it. As a family medicine,  
it is almost indispensable. I have used it in my family for  
many years, and have never known it fail. I have used it in  
all kinds of cases, and have been perfectly satisfied with it, and  
I know many persons who will use it again; it makes friends  
and reunites them. I have used it in a wide range of cases, and  
I can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
THOS. GRAHAM.

LEICESTER, Ont., March 5, 1880.  
We hereby certify that we have used Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for  
many years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a  
valuable remedy for all kinds of pains, such as Rheumatism,  
Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Colic,  
Spasms, Burns, Scalds, &c. I have known it to cure a case of  
Syphilis, and three or four times, when all other remedies failed.  
The patient took half a teaspoonful in water three times a day,  
and the third time when a day or two afterwards it was a cure.  
I have used it in a wide range of cases, and I can say that it  
is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
J. J. DOWLING.

PORTLAND, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
I have sold the Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for over thirty years,  
and the same has always given my customers entire satisfaction.  
I have used it in my family for many years, and have never  
known it fail. I have used it in all kinds of cases, and have  
been perfectly satisfied with it, and I know many persons who  
will use it again; it makes friends and reunites them. I have  
used it in a wide range of cases, and I can say that it is a most  
valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
S. S. SCOVILL.

PASQUET, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
I have sold the Pain-Killer for the last twenty years in this  
place, and feel safe in recommending it to the public for the  
reasons given in your circular. I can assure you my customers  
speak well of it as a general family medicine. It takes the lead  
of all other similar preparations.

Yours truly,  
GEO. BIRKS.

CHICAGO, Ont., March 5, 1880.  
I have been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the past six  
years, and have much pleasure in stating that it has been in constant  
use in my family, and I have never known it fail. I have used  
it in all kinds of cases, and have been perfectly satisfied with it,  
and I know many persons who will use it again; it makes friends  
and reunites them. I have used it in a wide range of cases, and  
I can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
J. E. KENNEDY.

MAISON, Ont., February 26, 1880.  
Your Pain-Killer is a family cure-all. It has been in constant use  
in my household for a long time of years, and I would never de-  
part from it in any emergency. I can assure you my customers  
speak well of it as a general family medicine. It takes the lead  
of all other similar preparations.

Yours truly,  
HORACE SEYMOUR.

TAMWORTH, Ont., March 5, 1880.  
For twenty years I have used Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, and  
have always found it to give me satisfaction. I have used it in  
my family for many years, and have never known it fail. I have  
used it in all kinds of cases, and have been perfectly satisfied with  
it, and I know many persons who will use it again; it makes friends  
and reunites them. I have used it in a wide range of cases, and  
I can say that it is a most valuable remedy.

Yours truly,  
JAS. AYLWORTH.

THE PAIN-KILLER is put up in 25 c. and 50 c. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50  
cents respectively.—large bottles are cheaper.

**PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,**  
PROPRIETORS,  
MONTREAL AND PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
1879. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1880.  
ON and MONDAY, the 17th November, Trains  
will leave St. John as follows:

EXPRESS for Halifax, connecting  
at Moncton with accommodation  
for Quebec, leaving St. John  
at 7.55 A. M. 11.00 A. M.  
EXPRESS for Port-au-Pas, connecting  
at Moncton with accommodation  
for Port-au-Pas, leaving St. John  
at 8.05 P. M. 5.10 P. M.

EXPRESS from Quebec, and from  
Halifax, by connection at Mon-  
cton with Express for Port-au-Pas,  
leaving St. John at 9.25 A. M. 9.30 A. M.  
EXPRESS from Halifax and Port-au-Pas,  
connecting at Moncton with accom-  
modation for Port-au-Pas, leaving  
St. John at 8.30 P. M. 8.35 P. M.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Pullman Car  
will be attached to the Express Train at  
5.05 P. M., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a  
Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent.