

The Workers Die.

Quite noiselessly the seed is sown,
But well the sower tolls.
He keeps outside the strife of men,
He does not seek their spoils,
But steadily and faithfully
He sows the perfect seed;
Not his to reap the harvest,
Yet his the nobler deed!

But ah! how empty seems the world
When the quiet workers die!
You do not know their names perhaps?
They are well known on high!
And where they lived, and loved and
wrought,
Their little world was blest;
For their lives were made all beautiful,
And Jesus gave them rest.

The earth can never be the same
When its best have passed away!
Who does the Master's business
As faithfully as they?
They were the gentle peacemakers
In the church and in the home,
And their good lives were one long prayer—
Lord, let thy kingdom come!

And it has come for them! They see
The Christ; they join the psalm
Of praise; all storms are over,
And they are in the calm!
They see the face they longed to see,
Forgotten all their care,
They are within the Father's house,
And nothing grieves them there!

They leave sad hearts to mourn them,
And a drear and empty space;
And who can ever fill it?
Oh, God of love and grace,
Thou knowest how hard it is on earth
All that is best to miss!
Give aching hearts the comfort
To thank Thee for their bliss.

—Marianne Farningham.

"Do As I Please" Christians.

The Bible plainly tells us that not all those who say, "Lord, Lord" will enter heaven, but only those who do his will. Therefore, not all who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus are true Christians. I wish to call the attention of the readers of the *Telegraph* to a class of people who generally have their own way. I call them "Do as I please" Christians.

And who are they? Is it possible that you don't know? They are those who take it easy in Zion. They please only themselves as to their Christian duties, because they know that the faithful ones will not let the church suffer. They never "put themselves out" to do any extra work, and they shirk as many of the ordinary duties as they dare without getting disciplined. They do not take much interest in church affairs. The congregation must do without their help, not because they will not give it. But they can complain and quarrel, and are always ready to do so, coming in often when and where they can do most mischief. To such people the Sunday newspaper has more attractions than divine worship; the weather is too hot or too cold; the Sunday visitor is welcome; the church pocketbook is always empty, and the visit of the ministerial burden. If they feel like going to worship they go, but they want everybody to notice it, as if it were a great favor to the whole audience, and especially to the minister. If they don't feel like going, they stay at home, without any pangs of conscience, and they don't want anybody to mention anything about it. If they feel like giving, they give and sign their name with a flourish, big capitals, but little figures. If they don't feel like giving, they quickly say so, and will raise a row with anybody who says anything against it. Everything they do is not according to conscience, not to please their Master, not for the good of the cause of Christ, not for their own growth in grace, but according to feeling, to please themselves, for their own personal comfort. Yet every one of them took an oath before God at the time of joining the church to be faithful to him and to his interests on earth. Their names are on the church record, but they can not be depended upon. They live not by a regular, systematic Christian activity, but by mood, fits, and starts of presumable godliness. If they have any system at all, it is one of shirking, backing out, and general delinquency.

Moreover, this class of people are as full of excuses as a porcupine of quills. They hide all their shortcomings under such flimsy excuses that even a one-eyed person, nearsighted at that, can easily see through them. These excuses become so threadbare and so ragged by constant use that they no longer hide the real state of affairs. Think of the idea of trying to lie out of the charge of neglect of sacred duties. The neglect brings on the lie, and then the lie shall defend the neglect. These people are very often at the head of worldly affairs.

Let us see what these people will say when asked to give for the missionary cause or for the pastor's salary. They want a cheap Gospel. They never miss a chance of giving as little

as they can to church. They will say, "Down with the salary," or "We have heathen enough at home," or "The church is always begging," or "The church is never satisfied." Just think of a child of God figuring down to the smallest contribution that will save his credit for godliness. They like the word mite, which the poor widow gave, and it suits their case so well, as they give mighty little. How strange, too, that so many, when they must save, begin on the Lord's account. When they are pinched, they pinch the Lord. They begin at the wrong end. In such cutting even the secret orders fare better than church. Not the tobacco or secular papers must go. No! The church collector and steward must go empty away. The very last item to be cut should be the contribution to the church; for one which is valued the most should be given up last. Certainly we ought to prize the religion of Jesus Christ more than anything else.

These people will often say, "The Gospel is free. That is true, but not the preaching of it. Cheaper than that the result will soon be a cheap audience, cheap people, cheap way of doing things, few things to do, and, after a while, everything and everybody dead. Then put up a monument for that church with the following sentence inscribed upon it: 'This church died of trying to live cheap.' When the preacher reminds them of their duties, they will soon exclaim, 'Oh, he only wants more to take it easier. He is after the loaves and fishes. He cares more for the wool than for the sheep. If he is not satisfied, let him go. We can get a cheaper man.' A preacher's mind and heart should be kept free from care in regard to making ends meet, or else you will hear it in his voice, see it in his eyes, and in fact notice it all the time.

To illustrate this fact more fully a little instance may be helpful. A preacher, on going into his pulpit, leaned over to a deacon and said, in a loud whisper, "Lend me a dollar." Everybody wondered what he had said. After the service he returned the dollar and said, "I can't preach a good sermon with an empty pocket book." It is the liberal soul that is to be made fat.

If we want to bear the Christian name, let us be Christians in deed and in truth. Let us live up to our profession. Let us not forget a single public or private duty, but consecrate ourselves fully to the Lord—pocketbook and all. May we not do as we please, but do that which will please our Master.—*Telegraph*.

The Magic of one Name.

Rothschild is a potent name in the commercial world; Culver in the scientific world; Irving a powerful name in the literary world; Washington an influential name in the political world; Wellington a mighty name in the military world. But tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe and lift and thrill and rouse and agitate and bless as this name of Jesus. That one word unhorsed Saul, and flung Newton on his face on a ship's deck, and to day holds a hundred millions of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England means more than Victoria; in Germany means more than King William; in France means more than Thiers or McMahon; in Italy means more than Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel.

I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, Satan his taskmaster, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him; and yet at the pronouncing of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of law, full of scoff and jeer, jocular of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronouncing of that name blanch and cower and quake and pray and sob and groan and believe and rejoice.

Oh, it is a mighty name! That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle-shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in the apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death, are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by him who hath the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tians. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion; Austria has been wonderfully depleted in

power; France has had to surrender some of her favorite provinces; most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, the most of the sceptres of the world are being shortened. But every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday-School class taught, every school founded, every Church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. The name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall in Siberian snow-castle, in Brazilian grove, and in eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names, that crown is to cover up all other crowns.

"All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend."
—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Some Reasons for Unanswered Prayer.

Why, after years of crying and suffering for the deliverance promised in God's Word, does that deliverance tarry? When the God of love is my Father, and I an obedient child, why do I droop and perish for what is under his very hand? Does he not love me? Has he forgotten me? Is he ignorant of my needs?

There is a time in the life of every Christian when these questions, though perhaps in a more subtle form, will present themselves for solution. The Bible and the experience of life have solutions for these questions. God himself, in human form, was made perfect through suffering. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and purgeth every son whom he receiveth"; "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty"; "For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands maketh whole"—that He may deliver thee from all thy troubles; from famine, death, war; and that thou mayest live in peace and sin not; that thy seed may be blessed and thy life full.

It is only through privation and suffering God can teach us some of the lessons most necessary for our happiness. It is the pressure of the new leaf that pushes off the old one. It is the pressure of affliction that pushes aside useless desires, and, driving us to God, makes us live in him. In him is light and life and love. That is what we are all crying for, is it not? Often the blessings we daily, hourly ask him for are within our own reach, but we do not see them.

Like Stanley and his troops in Africa, we famish for food on the banks of a river swarming with fish. Is God to blame for this?

I call to mind a woman who prayed fifty years for the conversion of her sons; but she was so taken up in doing what she had chosen as duties that she neglected to cultivate those lovely virtues that would have made her children think their mother's religion the sweetest thing in the world, and they would have wished they could be like her. That mother lived to see both her sons fill drunkards' graves, and yet the promise was to her and her children if she had fulfilled her part.

If we do not fulfill our part of every promise given, need we expect the Lord to be persuaded by our much speaking into doing his part before ours is done?

What we sow we reap, and we must be prepared to wait for our harvest. Our Master suffered and waited for his. As he was, so are we to be. He was not understood or appreciated, for he was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." We cannot expect to be higher than our Lord.

Here are three reasons why our prayers are not answered:

1. We ask what is not promised.
2. We are first to be made perfect through suffering.
3. We do not fulfill our part of the promise.

Will we not do well to make this our own? "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye need have patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." (Hebrews x. 35, 36).—*New York Advocate*.

Christian Influence.

That church members do exercise great influence cannot be disputed. Their conduct is carefully watched, and if the virtues they manifest in character are not apparently potential for good whatever there is of defect or inconsistency certainly seldom fails of being effective for evil. A great aim of every Christian should be to exercise influence for Christ. To this end one can scarcely have too high an estimate of his own personality. He does well to think of himself as like a light which cannot be hid, and to realize that his whole life is constantly being

scrutinized and producing effect on other lives. Every Christian reader can call to mind how before he rendered himself to Christ he was affected by the practices of professed disciples. The inconsistencies of church members were a foil to the arrows of conviction, while those whose lives adorned the doctrine of Christ were felt to be a constant rebuke of ungodliness.

To become more influential for Christ we must yield ourselves more to his influence. It is as Christ dwells in our hearts and becomes the model of our lives that we shall possess the highest character and wield the most desirable influence. The form of godliness is a veneer, and a very slight abrasion of the world will reveal its true nature. Christ must work in us that which is well pleasing to Him or we shall never work out that which will bring honor to Him. He is the source and centre of all Christian life which is serviceable to his cause in the world.

True Christian influence is often silent, but it has always been full of blessing. The men who have molded the best Christian scholars and workers of our time have done it not so much by their instruction as by the power of their characters. Arnold, of Rugby, inspired his pupils by the grandeur of his aims and motives. In this state Martin B. Anderson and Ebenezer Dodge impressed their students by their own strong purposes and transparency of character. If Mr. Moody gathers a host for Bible study and infuses them with an earnest spirit for evangelism it is because back of all his instructions there is realized his own intense consecration. At the present time we do not need numbers so much as we need heartfelt devotedness to Christ. Great grace can do more effective work than great talents.

While all ought to possess character, so ought all to be ready to engage in efforts to win souls to Christ. Our silence when we should witness for him may work evil to souls. If we never press his claims on those around us, they will be likely to suppose that we think them of slight importance. Loyalty to Christ calls us as we have opportunity to bear testimony with young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned.

Life is a terrible instrument, and every Christian needs to make the most of it he possibly can for serving Christ. There is work to which all ought to give themselves, in the advancement of his kingdom, but let it be borne in mind that right living will best supplement and enforce our advocacy of Christianity.—*Christian Inquirer*.

The Art of Giving Up.

Graceful renunciation is a fine art. All of us have to give up, more or less, but few of us seem to understand how to make inevitable sacrifice, as it were, with the open palm. We hang desperately to the departing good (as we think it—it may not be good for us), and even when it is quite out of our grasp, we clutch after it, with a certain convulsive obstinacy, that refuses to believe it cannot have all it wants and wills to have—a melancholy hallucination, and doubtless, to beings of a higher order of intelligence, amusing as well.

Have you ever remarked how much of each day's personal life is made up of little sacrifices? Disappointment—disappointment—is not that the feeling which comes to most of us oftener than any other? We want to do and to be and to have better things; but we do not—that is, as a general rule. Even very good people feel grieved and disappointed because they are not as good as they think they ought to be. Ah! life is a sacrifice, life is a constant giving up, even of hopes and ideals. We do not, perhaps, give up the ideals so much as we give up the realization of them; and we do not really give up the hopes; but we give up the facts for which the hopes stand. At all events, our days are full of sacrifices.

Now, what shall we do if we lack this fine art of giving up? Must we not bear a daily burden of anxiety, and self-reproach, and unsatisfied longing, and accumulating regret? Shall we not become fretful and pessimistic, losing our faith in ourselves and in others? Shall we not become greedy of the things that are not ours, and unduly careful for the things that are? Surely, there is a kind of selfishness which pertains to unpossessed good; and are we sure that we do not offend God by too persistent seeking of the blessing which He has seen fit to deny?

Let us cultivate, then, if we have it not, this same grace of giving up. We know what things we ought to hold to, and we know what things will make us happier if we cease to sigh for them. There is a good old Spanish proverb—worldly-wise somewhat, yet not without a touch of spiritual wisdom too—

WONDER WORKING K. D. C.

Poss no potemus habere aquello que queramos, aquello que potemos.—"Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get."—*Herald*.

Hold Fast That Thou Hast!

We were at the foot of Mount Blanc, in the village of Chamouni. A sad thing happened the day before we reached the village. A young physician of Boston had determined to reach the heights of Mount Blanc. He accomplished the feat, and the little village was illumined in his honor; the flag was flying from the little hut on the mountain side—which all who have visited Chamouni will remember—that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety as far as the hut, he wanted then to be relieved of his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remonstrated with him, told him it was not safe; but he was tired of the rope, and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to yield. The young man had only gone a short distance, when his foot slipped on the ice and he could not stop himself from sliding down the inclined icy steps. The rope was gone, so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body of the young physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the village illumined in honor of his success, but, alas! in a fatal moment he refused to be guided, he was tired of the rope.

Do we not get tired of the rope? God's providences hold us, restrain us, and we get tired sometimes. We need a guide, and shall till the dangerous paths are over. Never get disengaged from your Guide. Let your prayer be, "Lead Thou me on," and sometimes the bells of heaven will ring that you are safe at home!

Random Readings.

The world looks at what a man does, but God looks at what he means. The only sure way to keep from backsliding is to keep sliding forward. The more we do to help others the lighter our own burdens will become. Religion is a chain of gold which attaches humanity to the throne or rather to the heart of God.—*Fournier*.

The Kingdom of God as Jesus preached it was a kingdom whose blessings were designed for the whole human race.—*Alexander Bruce, D. D.*

There scarce can be named one quality in a woman which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and those who turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity, without damage. It is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.—*Boswell*.

The tissue of every Christian's destiny is wrought with threads of mercy, and mercy impresses her own lovely character on every trial he is called to bear.—*Dr. Raffles*.

For every progress in strenuous work for God there must have been a slaying of the selfishness which urges us to work in our own strength and for our own sake.—*F. D. Huntington*.

There is a good deal of wisdom in this brief sentence from an exchange: "A boy, who is made much of, frequently amounts to very little. It is commended to the parents of petted children."

Minard's Liniment is the best.

"MAUD S." CONDITION POWDERS cure roughness of hair in your horses and gives a glossy coat.

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, exoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, *Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil*.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

SARAH MARSHALL.

KING ST. Kingston, says: "I was afflicted with chronic rheumatism for years and used numerous medicines without success, but by the use of 6 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured."

"I am acquainted with the above named lady, and can certify to the facts as stated."—Henry Wade, Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

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WONDER WORKING K. D. C.

PARSONS' PILLS
Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No other medicine in the world. Will positively cure or remove all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. For all about them, and you will always be thankful, on it is a note. They expel all impurities from the blood, cleanse the system, and give new life to the weary, the sick, the old, the young, the weak, the nervous, the delicate women find great benefit from using them. Instructions printed on each box. Sold everywhere, or sent all for 25 cts. in stamps: five boxes \$1.00. DR. J. C. AYER & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1891.

ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Camp-
bellton..... 7.40
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.40
Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal
and Chicago..... 16.35
Night Express for Halifax..... 22.30

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.40 o'clock, and Halifax at 6.45. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Montreal. Sleeping Cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.10
Fast Express from Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.55
Day Express from Halifax..... 13.30
Fast Express from Halifax..... 22.30

The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec 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, Montreal, N. B.,
22nd June, 1891.

Canadian Pacific Railway.
NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The
Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect June 1st, 1891.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

7.10 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.

10.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. No connection with St. John on Monday by this train.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.25, 8.30, a. m.; 4.30 p. m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.15, a. m.; 12.10, 5.35 p. m.; Madam Junction, 7.00, 10.50 a. m.; Vancorbo, 10.25 a. m.; St. Stephen, 5.45, 7.45 a. m.; St. Andrews, 7.20 a. m., except Mondays and Wednesdays, at 5.15 a. m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.15 a. m., 1.20, 6.40 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.55 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

H. P. TIMMERMAN,
C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Supt.
Dist. Pass. Agent.

HAYING TOOLS.

Just received direct from the manufacturers:—

28 DOZEN Scythes;
30 dozen Saws;
150 dozen Rakes;
40 dozen Hay Forks;
40 boxes Scythe Stones;
25 dozen Fork Handles.

For sale wholesale and retail, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

JUST received—One ton pure Paris Green, in 1 lb. boxes.
For sale wholesale and retail, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

GRINDSTONES.

JUST received—One car load Grindstones, good grit.
For sale wholesale and retail, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

PURE PAINT OIL.

Direct Importation:—
JUST received per steamer "Carthagenian" from Liverpool, 15 barrels pure Linseed Oil.
For sale low, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

REFRIGERATORS AT COST.

TO make room for other goods and save carrying over will sell what Refrigerators on hand at cost
NEILL'S Hardware Store.

FLOBERT RIFLES.
Cheap at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

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J. C. AYER
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I BEG to that I h large and w SPRING CE Scotch and Corkscrew at and Dark Sp latest design Trouserings make up in n to the latest mer Fashions satisfaction.

MEN'S FU
My stock cannot be ex and Soft Ha make, in all for Spring hirts, Linen Braces, Mer well selected Scarfs, in all and American Rubber

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June 20,