

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee Rest."

(Exodus xxxiii, 14.)

Be still, my heart! my Saviour speaks,
His word will fill my soul with joy;
Upon my ear its music breathes,
Its tones my gloomy fears destroy.
He knows me well, He loves me still,
His word is true, His favor sure,
His power will guard from every ill,
His me eye evermore endure!

My way is hid, my eyes are dim,
I cannot see the far-off land.
Gladly I turn my eyes to Him,
And eager seize His outstretched hand.
His light is clear, His arm is strong,
His love will never change, nor die;
Mercy and truth to Him belong,
He will my every want supply.

When dark the sky, and fierce the storm,
When friends shall fail, and weakness come,
When terror fill me with alarm,
When underneath His stroke I'm dumb,
His voice will hush my fears to rest,
His presence chase my doubts away;
I'll lean upon His loving breast,
And see my darkness turn to day.

In childhood's joys, in manhood's cares,
In age and feebleness and death;
In toil and pain, in midst of foes and snares,
His arms are ever underneath.
Where all is chance and grief and woe,
He ever standeth by our side;
His plan no power can overthrow,
His changeless not, His words abide.

And soon will come the blessed day,
When doubts shall end, and sin and tears;
When clouds shall all have passed away,
And ended be the roll of years;
Then gathered in from different lands,
The parted saints shall meet again;
And midst the songs of angel bands,
Begin their everlasting reign.

—C. G., in "British Messenger."

"Dead Reckoning."

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.

A steamer was crossing the Atlantic. Four days had passed since the sun or any star had been visible, and, of course, no observation could be taken. Yet as they neared the Irish coast, the captain came on deck and said to an acquaintance of mine: "If my calculations are correct, we will see the Bull, Cow and Calf (three famous rocks supposed to resemble these animals), just over there in about ten minutes." In six minutes the lookout sighted the rocks, and in less than ten they were plainly visible to all.

A triumph of scientific skill! But how was it done? I will explain.

The compass gave the direction in which the vessel was steaming. We will suppose this was northeast. In the captain's cabin was a large chart or map of the Atlantic Ocean, and on this chart, starting from New York harbor and following the course indicated by the compass day by day, a line was drawn. But what determined the length of each day's line on the chart? Evidently the number of miles passed over. But there are no mile-stones in the ocean, and if no astronomical observations could be taken how could the speed be determined? In a very simple way. The sailors have a little piece of board, one edge of which is weighted with lead so that it will float standing up-right on the edge in the water. To the corners of this board stout cords are attached, and these cords are all brought together like the chains of an ordinary scale pan, and these joined to a long cord which is wound on a large reel. This long cord is divided into fathoms by little bits of rag or colored cord tied at intervals of six feet. This apparatus is called "the log." Going to the stern of the vessel the sailor heaves the board, or "log" standing still in the ocean. Another sailor turns a half-minute sand-glass just as the log is heaved, and when the sand runs out the cord is abruptly checked and the number of fathoms noted. This gives at once the speed of the ship, for if so many feet are passed over in half a minute, it is very easy to tell how many miles are traveled in an hour. This process is repeated many times in the day, and thus a very fair estimate is obtained of the total distance passed over in twenty-four hours.

And now the captain has the length of his line on the chart, for by simply reducing the number of miles given by the log to the scale of the map, he can take that distance in his dividers, and applying it in the direction given by the compass, say at once: "We are just here." Of course, if he can see the stars he can take observations on them, and by more complicated mathematics, and by reference to his chronometer for difference of time, he can be sure of his position by plain sight. But when this is impossible, as in the incident narrated, he is obliged to depend upon the compass and log, and go without the confirmation of sight.

Notice, please, that this method of calculating the position on the chart is called by the sailors, "DEAD RECKONING."

A FREE TRIAL package of the WONDER WORKING K. D. C. MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS—

The application to spiritual experience is beautifully exact. I bring my gift to the altar, and take my hands off. That is, I make a consecration of my whole being to God, and as actually commit myself to Him as the passenger commits himself to the steamer, cutting loose entirely from the shore and leaving everything behind him. But I can not see my way; all looks dark. How shall I know I am sanctified? If I could only see the sun; if I could only see a star: that is, if I could only feel a tremendous shock from the Sun of Righteousness as Paul did; or if I could only feel the morning star within me, then I might be sure I had reached the coast of Perfect Love. But all is dark. What shall I do?

Here the injunction: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The very words used by the sailors—"reckon" and "dead." So I am to make out my position by "dead reckoning," and not by sight? Exactly. But what are my compass, log and chart?

Remembering that my destination is Canaan, or the land of Perfect Love, where Jesus is to be my sanctification as well as my justification, I see that my compass is God's will, which, directed by the Lord Jesus—the Pole Star of my faith—steadily points out the course in the words: "This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

The log that I use to determine my speed is my own will or heart, and when I am, like the steamer, doing my best, my log assures me I am moving at my highest speed; that is, I am seeking God with my whole heart, and the promise assures me, "Ye shall seek me and ye shall find me when ye search for me with all your heart."

Going to my chart—the Word of God—I mark out my course or direction—the will of God my sanctification; and laying off the distance traveled by my wholehearted devotion to God, I see, by my chart, (not by sight or feeling) that I have reached the long-desired haven, for right where my lines end I read, "THE ALTAR SANCTIFIETH THE GIFT."

Just here is the time and place to declare my testimony. Rising from my knees, I go on deck in face of the world and declare, "I have arrived; I have obtained. Jesus sanctifies my soul. He is made unto me sanctification; the blood cleanseth from all sin." Instantly the question comes: "How do you know it? You didn't feel anything." I reply: "No, I have not seen the sun yet; I have not felt the Holy Ghost in any rushing wind, but I have made my 'dead reckoning,' and my chart says I have arrived. 'By faith ye are saved,' and faith implies the absence of sense; it is 'the substance (that which stands under) of things not seen.' I make the reckoning of faith. I have followed the direction of the Lord's will. I have come with my whole heart and now I believe the Word of God, and I do 'reckon myself also to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord.'"

The captain of the vessel may be somewhat in error; when the clouds break and he takes an observation, he may find his calculations wrong. But no such accident befalls the Christian who honestly sails by the reckoning of faith. Soon the clouds part and the rays of the Sun of Righteousness pour into my soul, and I find my latitude and longitude perfectly correct, as the witness of the Spirit attests the witness of the Word, and I realize the fulness of the words: "Hereby we know that he abideth in us by the Spirit which he hath given us." Would you know this blessed experience? Be willing to believe God; willing to walk by faith. Read your position in the Word, and trust God to make true your "DEAD RECKONING."

A Fit Epitaph.

"The minister's wife is dead!" The report circulated rapidly through the little village one black autumn morning. No one could tell exactly what was the cause of her death. She was yet young, and had hardly been what we call sick. She was as cheerful as usual on the few preceding days, fulfilling her duties as president of the Home Mission Society, which met at the parsonage every fortnight. To be sure, she had looked tired, but that was nothing uncommon of late.

The parsonage soon swarmed with kind, inquiring and sympathetic friends. But they could get nothing definite from the aged mother. She did not appear to know just what had caused her daughter's death. Nothing unusual had seemed to trouble her, so she said, with suppressed emotion.

The ladies of the church held a meeting the day before the funeral to consult about the service and talk it over. "Whatever shall we do without her in our W. C. T. U. work?" said one. "And who will lead our ladies' prayer meeting?" said another. "We were going to elect her president of the Foreign Mission Society we are about to organize," remarked a third. "She was such a good member of the visiting committee," commented a fourth. And so it went on.

It seemed she was an active member of everything. There was the Tuesday night "Home" prayer meeting, the regular church prayer-meeting, the sewing society, and the Loyal Temperance Legion to look after. Her Sunday-school pupils mourned for her, the children missed her from their weekly meeting, and last but by no means least, her home missed her sorely. Her husband now had no one to cheer him when he felt despondent. The mother missed her daughter's loving hand and presence. Her little child missed a mother's watchfulness and care and sympathy in her childish joys and sorrows.

After the last sad rites were over, the ladies held another meeting and voted to procure a handsome monument to mark the last resting-place of their beloved friend and leader. When they called at the parsonage to consult about an epitaph that the bereaved would be pleased to have placed on the marble, the mother said: "Let it be simply her name and age with these words in plain letters: Killed by so-called sins."

And the sisters sorrowfully went away. Too late it had dawned upon them that a minister's wife cannot do everything and live to be old.—Central Advocate.

Some Arabic Proverbs And Phrases.

Sell this world for the next; you will gain.
Where you get a living remain.
Fast and pray; want will come upon you.
When the cow falls the skinnners multiply.
The absent person has his excuse with him.
A multitude of hands in the harvest is a gain, but at the table a drain.
A low wall is mounted by everybody.

Time is a wheel, a day with you, a day against you.
He said to him: "Why are you crying while I am your uncle?" He said to him: "I am crying because you are my uncle!"

When the angels came the devils went away.
The black slave woman went down to the market and only admired Mesud's (her son's) thick lips.

Can you make ducks afraid of drowning?
They said to the cattle: When you die they will shroud you in milk. They said: We want our skins to remain on us whole.

Daylight comes without the help of cock's crow.
It is better to have a thousand enemies without the house than to have one enemy within.

Your neighbor who is near is better than your brother who is far away.
Take care of your old things, your new things will not remain to you.

Who will bear witness for the bride? Her mother and the hair-dresser.
We have grown white-headed and have not repented.

After patience there remains only shevel and the grave.
Alas for the man whose affliction is his wife.

The wolf's cub will not become tame.
A borrowed garment will not warm, and if it warms it will not last.

O my house, my dear little house, hide of little failings.
The lion's den is never free from bones.

You never have a friend till after you have come to blows.
The fingers on your hands are not equal.

Bribes blind the sight.
If a year escape you, put your hope in another.

His heart is at ease who works with his own hands.
If you are lord, don't lord it. Do not trust your lot till you go down to the grave.

Every country has its own customs, and every tree its own shade.
He who eats these kinds of food must die these kinds of death.

Like the walnut, he cannot be eaten without being cracked.
The miser's money belongs to the devil.

Borrowed Raiment.
"Of what are you thinking, dear mamma, that you look so grave?" asked little Anna Vernon of her mother one evening.

"I will tell you," said her mother, "though it may not interest you. I was thinking of a little girl whom I saw to-day walking before me in the street."

"Who was she, mamma? Do you know her name? How was she dressed?" asked Anna.

"Listen and I will tell you. She had on what seemed a new silk dress to judge from the anxious glances she cast at it every few minutes, and new shoes, too, I should think, from the manner in which she tripped along, as though it were a condescension to touch the earth at all; while nothing less than a new hat and feather could have caused her to hold her head so high, as though she would say to all 'If I am not so good as you, I am certainly finer.'"

Anna's head was low enough now, and crimson blushes covered her face, while her mother continued:—

"I have just been reading a favourite French author, and I thought to myself, why should this little girl be so proud of a dress composed of the cast-off clothing of animals which browse in the meadows, or insects that crawl beneath our feet? There is scarcely one from which she has not borrowed a portion of its covering. Her grandest and richest attire is composed of threads stolen from the sheep and the silkworm. Yesterday this little girl was mild and amiable; to-day she is rude and haughty. What has created this change? Nothing, only she had on her head a feather plucked from the tail of an ostrich! How proud that ostrich ought to be, which has so many more, and all its own!"

"And then, too, her shawl, made of the hair of certain goats from Thibet—goats which I have seen, and which really do not appear anything like so proud of this hair as the little girl who had borrowed it of them."

"And that dress, whose great value induced such satisfied looks, is nothing but the web in which a large worm called the silkworm, wrapped itself—a web which it abandoned with disdain as soon as it had become a white and plain moth!"

Anna looked at her new clothes with dismay.
"I think they are very pretty, mamma, if insects did make them," she said.

What Can Replace the Gospel.
A multitude of men are bent on destroying Christianity. They wish to demolish the whole system and everything connected with it.

Well, suppose they succeed? "Suppose," says Dr. E. Greenwald, "the Bible burned, the churches closed, the pulpits silenced, all Christian schools of instruction stopped, all Christian institutions of whatever kind overthrown, all Christian doctrines, Christian piety, Christian duty, Christian worship, Christian influence, Christian life, in public and private, in the Church and in the family, by individuals and communities, to be wholly a thing of the past, and no trace of them permitted to remain anywhere in all the land. This would be the result if they should succeed in their insane crusade against Christianity. Where would we look for a better system than that which we would so wholly renounce? We have cut down this tree, where do we find another that bears better fruit. Let us look around and see what systems prevail in the world, and under whose control large numbers of the people are now living. Which would be selected in place of Christianity renounced?"

Let the skeptic ponder this question. Let him look at heathenism, at Mohammedanism, at the dying superstitions of the Eastern world, and let him ask the question, would he embrace any of these exploded absurdities? Let him look at atheism, a leafless, sapless tree, and inquire what a world would be without a Creator, ruler or law; and then let him hesitate before he seeks to undermine a faith which has brought more joy, peace and brightness into the world than all the other religions that man has ever invented or embraced.—Faithful Witness.

The Baptism With Fire.
When the believer has an impression that there is little or nothing more to be done in his soul he is in the greatest possible danger. Suppose he does enjoy the experience of "perfect love," is he no longer subject to the continuous searching of the Holy Spirit? If he have a just view of himself, will he not see clearly the need of "perfecting holiness in the fear of God?" Is he not sometimes caught in the whirling eddies of passion? Is the love of God always like a mighty flame, burning brightly in his soul? Is the purpose of his heart always elevated, undisturbed by circumstances, and pure? Does he not see defects as new light comes in? Is there an utter absence of self-will and self-seeking? Is there no secret idol, no unbelief, no hidden germ, of evil lurking within?

If there is any one so far astray as to suppose himself saved in this abso-

lute sense, let him pause before the strange delusion shall have proved his ruin. The work of the Holy Spirit in the saints is a continuous work. The promises of God are given with this fact distinctly in view of salvation in this life that denies a growth in grace as necessary, abolishes the Spirit's work within the soul, and suppresses the highest aspirations known to the believer. Such a salvation is not taught in the Bible.

The New Baptism.
With the incoming of this new year God's children in many places are bearing testimony to the fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. Their hearts are rejoicing in the presence of the Comforter whom Christ sent into the world—rejoicing with an appreciation of this gift hitherto unknown. When the full tidings shall have reached us from distant shores, it will be known how gracious the Lord has been to foreign missionaries laboring for the conversion of the heathen. We already hear the glad voices of some of His servants in distant parts declaring the wonderful dealings of God.

What will this new baptism do for us if we continue faithful to our high and holy calling? It will give clearer spiritual insight, revealing the inner meaning of God's word; for it is the mission of the Spirit to guide us into all truth. It will give courage in service, helping us with holy boldness to proclaim the whole counsel of God; and as it did for the apostles in the early days of the Church, it will give us speech and wisdom that none of our adversaries can gainsay or resist. It will cause us to ripen in holy character, perfecting in us a godly patience in the midst of adversity, genuine humility, charity that "suffereth long and is kind," and that obedience to God's commandments that is always "better than sacrifice."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.
THERE IS NO case of disease among horses and cattle where "Maud S." Powders are not called for, and by their timely administration will save the lives of many valuable animals.

Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most loathsome complaint, and the result, in nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills, what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

If you are despondent, low spirited, irritable, and peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating, then get a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia. Mr. R. H. Dawson, of St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of Vegetable Discovery entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases, I now feel like a new man."

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, or a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

ITCHING AND SCALY
Skin Disease 9 Years. Doctors and Medicines Useless. Cured by Cuticura for \$4.75.

I feel it is my duty to tell you my experience with your CUTICURA REMEDY. I have been troubled for over nine years with a dreadful skin disease. When I first felt it, there appeared a few small red spots on my breast, and it kept on spreading slowly. It started the same on my back, between my shoulders. A few days after the spots turned gray, and began itching. Small scales would fall off, so it continued spreading all over my body. I tried all the patent medicines I could think of, or get hold of. I also consulted doctors. Yes, they would cure me in a short time, but they always failed. Then I gave it all up, thinking there was no cure for me. Some few months ago, I noticed your advertisement in the Tacoma Morning Globe; thought I would try the CUTICURA REMEDY, not thinking it would do me much good, but to my surprise, three boxes of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT cured me entirely. My skin is now as white and pure as that of a child. I send my photograph. I have many friends in Chicago, Ill., and St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN E. PEARSON,
P. O. Box 1062, Whatcom, Washington.

Cuticura Resolvent
The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, instantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50; prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

How to Cure Skin Disease, 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials, mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS.
With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, agonizing sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 35 cents.

K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
As much
For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.
In 1810
Originated by an Old Family Physician.
Think Of It. Years, and still leads. Generation after Generation have used and blessed Every Traveler should have a bottle in his sack. Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains will find in this Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps, and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 60 cts. per doz. Express paid, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Canadian Pacific Railway.
ATLANTIC DIVISION.
All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect November 30th, 1891.
Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.
6.15 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and intermediate points. Vancoboro, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.
1.35 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, Vancoboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
3.00 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.
From St. John 6.00, 10.00, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.35, a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 10.50 a.m., 2.50 p.m.; Vancoboro, 10.25 a.m.; 2.30 p.m.; St. Stephen, 9.00, 10.30 a.m.; St. Andrews, 8.00 a.m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.
9.35 a.m., 1.25, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.
6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.
D. McNICOLL,
Gen. Pass. Agt.
Montreal.

C. E. McPHERSON,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. John, N.B.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT. OF
WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
MORBUS
COLIC AND
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DIARRHOEA
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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
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I feel it is my duty to tell you my experience with your CUTICURA REMEDY. I have been troubled for over nine years with a dreadful skin disease. When I first felt it, there appeared a few small red spots on my breast, and it kept on spreading slowly. It started the same on my back, between my shoulders. A few days after the spots turned gray, and began itching. Small scales would fall off, so it continued spreading all over my body. I tried all the patent medicines I could think of, or get hold of. I also consulted doctors. Yes, they would cure me in a short time, but they always failed. Then I gave it all up, thinking there was no cure for me. Some few months ago, I noticed your advertisement in the Tacoma Morning Globe; thought I would try the CUTICURA REMEDY, not thinking it would do me much good, but to my surprise, three boxes of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT cured me entirely. My skin is now as white and pure as that of a child. I send my photograph. I have many friends in Chicago, Ill., and St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN E. PEARSON,
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