

The Rivals.

Brown envied Jones, his neighbor, who lived just across the way, and often rose from praying to disconsolately say: 'If I could stand in Jones' place, how happy I should be! If I could have his blessings, that would be enough for me!'

And so he struggled on and on, and step by step he rose; but Jones was always just ahead to rob him of repose.

Jones looked upon his neighbor, Brown with envy in his breast; he had the finest house in town, but still was sorely pressed.

"If I from all my debts were free," he oft in secret said, "How truly happy I should be, how high I'd hold my head!"

And day by day he strove away beneath his heavy load, with hopes of overtaking Brown upon the toilsome road.

They travelled far, each thinking that the other kept ahead, and honors came to live long after he was dead.

Jones envied Brown and Brown set out to pass Jones on the way, and either, blind unto the truth, pressed onward day by day—

If Brown had never heard of Jones and Jones had known no Brown, would they have reached the places where they put their burdens down?

—Chicago Times-Herald.

How To Get a Start--For Young Men.

If I only could get a start, says one. If I only had some money to begin with, says another. I know of a good opportunity to purchase a partnership in a good business, says a third, but the trouble is, I have no money. I have just graduated from college, and am penniless.

See here, young men; take a friend's advice. Get right down to work. If you cannot take hold high up, find some place where you can take hold low down. Better break stone on the road at fifty cents a day than beg or "sponge" on your relatives and friends. Honest, persistent effort must win. Industry, economy, and good sense, when blessed with health, will not permit a young man long to remain in want and obscurity. Learn a lesson of encouragement from the careers of others. Many who began in poverty have risen to thrift and eminence. Read the following from the pen of the late H. L. Hastings, and published in the Christianian:

Young men sometimes complain that they can never get any start in the world for the want of capital to begin with. Let such young men read the following extract from an oration delivered by Colonel Carr, at Galesburg, Illinois:

The man who owns the most stores in the city worked out, when an apprentice, for \$25 a year, and clothed himself out of it. The most successful dry-goods merchant, one of our wealthiest men, came to this town a poor boy, and I knew him when he was a clerk in a store on Main Street at a small salary. The largest stockholder in the First National Bank, and a man of large means, got his start by working on a farm for \$9 a month. One of the leading bank directors worked as a hand, when a young man, on a North River sloop. A citizen worth \$100,000, who started with nothing learned to write his name after he was fifty years old.

One of the wealthiest men who walks these streets worked as an apprentice in a drug-store in Philadelphia for his board and clothes, and came to Peoria with nothing but his good name, and hired out as a clerk. He soon went into company with a man who furnished capital, and in a few years paid his partner \$40,000 for his interest in the establishment. One of our wealthiest citizens, president of a leading bank in Iowa, started life on Cape Cod without a dollar, and has earned his own living since he was eleven years old. Nearly every director of the three banks—the First and Second Nationals and the Farmers' and Mechanics—started penniless. There is scarcely an exception. The president of one of the banks told me that he did not believe that the entire board of directors had inherited \$1,500.

The honorable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, a resident of this city, commenced the practice of his profession in Knoxville with only \$10 in the world. The honorable judge of the Circuit Court of this district worked his way through college and to his profession.

But real success consists in something else than simply getting rich or acquiring fame. He is the truly successful man, who, going forward and being industrious and economical, and trying to the very best of his ability to make an honest living for himself and family, forgets not at the same time to be just, kind, and benevolent, and to have a contented mind.

Many a man, having labored and toiled incessantly to get rich, and

coming at last to himself, while thinking over what riches have cost him, has been ready to confess, My life has been a failure. And were I to live over again I would simply seek for a moderate competence, and shun the insane crowd that are striving, by might and main, to become rich.

There are charms in a life devoted to self culture, to doing good unto others; and studying the ever-pleasing works of nature as they lie spread all about us.

Facts seem to indicate that about the fairest start a man can have is to start with nothing, provided they start right and have good health, good principles, good habits, and fair education, are likely to come out quite as well at the end as their fellows.

The Young Man Should Marry.

The report of a sermon by Rev. Frank Duran, in the Rochester Daily Bulletin, contains so much good sense that we are constrained to quote it:

The pastor read the love story of Isaac and Rebekah from the 24th chapter of Genesis and then proceeded to preach a practical and plain spoken discourse on the question of marriage. He first declared that God has designed that every man should have only one wife, but that he ought to have that one. The census records for past decades were read to show that the number of males and females in the world is always nearly equal, thus proving that nature has designed a partner for every man. When the conditions become so deranged that young men refuse to take upon themselves the responsibilities of making a home there is something radically wrong. The cause should be inquired into and the objections removed.

Incidentally, the speaker spoke of the decline of France's greatness, because of the refusal of the women of that republic to bear the burdens of maternity. Napoleon said the glory of a nation is its mothers, but when its mothers decline to become mothers, then the glory is departed. The old law in England is now almost universally recognized that mental defectives should not marry, and thus cause the propagation of their weakness in the world. The physically defective ought not to marry, and it should be as well acknowledged that the morally defective ought not to marry. Criminality is recognized as a type by all students of the subject. Virtue should be required as well as sanity and good health.

But why does not a man, with all these conditions favorably marry? One says that he is appalled when he reads the records of the divorce courts and of the unhappy homes caused by unfortunate marriages, and is deterred from such a course. And no one can blame him, for too many enter into marriage without due appreciation of its responsibilities. Another says that his position is too insecure; he fears he cannot support a wife. One reason given is that a young man has not found a young woman that he really loves. Such a person should not marry till he does find a suitable lady, but he is apt to be selfish in his search and expect more of the girl than he has to offer himself. A great reason is found in the extravagance of girls. They expect a young man to provide a home fitted with soft carpets, silken draperies, a piano in the parlor and a girl in the kitchen. They want as good a house as they left and are not willing to help to make the home. Some girls would be willing to do this, but the young man dreads to ask them to leave a life of luxury for one of comparative poverty.

Done From Duty.

BY REV. F. D. POWER, D. D.

Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Nelson said to the men at Trafalgar, England expects every man to do his duty; and after he received his mortal wound, assured that the day had gone in favor of his country's flag, he exclaimed, Thank God, I have done my duty!

The story is told that during the dark day of 1780 in Connecticut, the candles were lit in many houses, and domestic fowls went to their roosts. The people thought the day of judgment had come. The legislature was then in session in Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned. In the Council it was also proposed to adjourn. Colonel Davenport objected, saying, The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not there is no cause for adjourning; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish therefore that candles be brought.

The idea of duty here is a noble one. Any action, or course of actions, flowing from the relation in which we stand to God or man; anything that one is bound to perform by natural or legal or religious obligation, is duty. We ought to

love it. It should be all-engrossing all-inspiring. Coleridge says: I remember Bowyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying.

While duty should be precious and dominant, however, duty may be satisfied with its doings, but love has never done enough. Thank God, I have done my duty, says the dying Nelson. Alas! I have been an unprofitable servant, exclaims the dying Christian, after all he has done. This is the radical difference between the Christian and others. William Grimshaw once said: When I come to die, I shall have my greatest grief and greatest joy; my greatest grief, that I have done so little for my Lord Jesus; and my greatest joy, that my Lord Jesus has done so much for me. My last words shall be, Here goes an unprofitable servant.

Love is the great motive, and love makes duty easy and glorious. I make it a point, said Mr. Moody, to go and see my widowed mother at Northfield once a year. Now suppose I should go there next Thanksgiving Day and say, Mother, I did not want to come this time, but a sense of duty compelled me. Don't you think mother would very soon tell me if that was all that brought me I need not come again? and yet is not that the way that many Christians go about the Lord's work? They have no love for it.

Take My yoke upon you, says Christ. That is duty. My yoke is easy and my burden is light. That is duty done in love. The love of Christ constraineth us.

Do all the good you can. (1 Tim. 6: 17 19)

In all the ways you can. (1 Cor. 15: 58)

To all the people you can. (Matt. 5: 44, 45)

At all the times you can. (Prov. 3: 27, 28)

As long as ever you can. (Ecol. 9: 10)

Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God. (1 Cor. 10: 31)

Having done all, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.

Let us keep ever in mind our duty to God and to man. Duty will keep us in the middle of the road. By-path meadow will have little attraction for us if this thought be uppermost. In our parks we sometimes see the sign: "Take notice." In walking through these grounds you are requested to keep the footpath. Crooked ways will be avoided, temptations to stray from the safe road will be overcome if duty is always our guiding star. Let it control us. Let such examples of faithfulness to duty as are given in the Holy Scriptures inspire us. Duties are ours, results belong to God. Do them, and experience will prove, as has been said, that duty puts over every man a blue sky, into which the skylark Happiness always goes singing.—C. E. World.

The Saloon Kindergarten.

BY JOHN F. COWAN.

Some people who are shuddering over the awful fate of the slum children are blind to the conspiracy of the saloon to debauch their own children. Liquor manufacturing plants cannot be enlarged and made to pay dividends unless the children of solid respectability are made ready to help consume the product. The saloon has its kindergarten methods for accomplishing this, and it may be that when solid respectability has its eyes opened to this last straw of saloon effrontery, it will cease to be the conservative drag it has always been in temperance campaigns, and will strike, in sheer self-defence, the blow it has refused to strike in the interests of other people's children.

But have not the children of solid respectability the Sunday-school, the Band of Hope, the Junior Christian Endeavour Society, and the training in the public schools of temperance physiology to fortify them against intemperance? Yes, but what do all these things count for if the saloon goes back of them all, and through the mother inoculates the child with a taste for alcohol before it is born? If this is not a part of the programme of the liquor traffic, then I cannot read signs. The most attractive advertising pages of the most popular magazines are teeming with specious advertisements of Malt Extracts, for nursing mothers, Vin, this, that or the other, for dispensing alcohol through the soda fountain, and all sorts of malted tonics for tired women.

I passed a shop window the other day that bore the novel announcement Liquid Bread, Free Samples to mothers. Of course, it was a liquid lie. The bottle contained a

malt extract that would inevitably create an appetite for stronger stimulants.

But the novelty of the thing and the specious promises of strength as if by magic are not alone relied upon to induce mothers to permit the thin edge of the appetite for drink to enter. The compounds are commended by people in high position. Now it is a poet, whose rhymes are better than his morals, who testifies he does his best work on the strength of this preparation. Now it is some continental artist, whose pictures bring thousands, that tells of the convincing effects of another decoction. Now an eminent jurist declares that he regards Malt Extract as the saviour of his life.

Once the gateway to the mother's blood is unlocked to alcohol in ever so low a percentage, the life of the unborn or the nursing child is contaminated, and well the cold blooded calculators, the wily key manufacturers know that every saloon license will be a gold mine. This is the mothers' department of the saloon kindergarten.

The next step in the deep-aid plot to debauch childhood, before it is born if they can, after it is born but before it can be fortified by temperance teaching, if they must wait, is through the confectionery stores. The Ventura County, California, Free Press tells how a saloon keeper in a town in southern California filled his pockets with small bottles of wine which he distributed free among the boys of the town, in pursuance of the policy enunciated at a recent Liquor Dealers' Association meeting, of making customers of the boys by means of free treat.

But the class of boys that would spurn the offer of a free treat of wine or beer are being reached in a way that, for subtle cunning, matches the serpent in the Garden of Eden. They are tempted by brandy concealed in candy. Here are several specific instances that have come to my notice lately: Olive Peck Shaw writes of the New York Christian Advocate that in teaching the lesson on the miracle at Cana she made the discovery that many of the girls of her class had become familiar with the taste of liquor though brandy drops that the stores sold at a cent each.

James Broderick, a six-year-old boy of Kearney, N. J., was found wandering in the streets deeply intoxicated. The child told, later, how he had bought some candy, full of sweet juice, that made him feel funny all over. An investigation showed that many of the school children were spending their money for brandy drops.

Even the candy that is distributed at our Christmas tree is not always free from this bait of the pit. The kindergarten work of the saloon is to inject enough alcohol into the blood cells of the child to create a predisposition for strong drink that no amount of temperance teaching can neutralize.

And this is the sort of a monster that the Government of this country is coddling on its breast for the sake of revenue, and the politicians are putting in between the sheets as a political bed-fellow of good moral citizens and professed followers of Jesus Christ.—Union Signal.

Too Much Haste.

The preacher should not be tedious or prolix, neither should the people be unduly disturbed at a reasonable time allowed for tarrying at the mercy-seat, or reading God's Word, or for its proper exposition. The clamor that wants the whole service compressed into an hour shows bad taste and bad judgment, as well as little religious feeling. Railroad speed is good in its place, but it has no business in the Lord's house and in the study of his Word. No minister has any right to weary the worshippers, neither have they a right to cheat God of his dues, or decline to duly honor his mercys—at or his Word or his servant or his house or his holy day.—The Presbyterian.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Whatever may be the cause of blanching, the hair may be restored to its original color by the use of that potent remedy Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a good remedy for man or beast. It reduces swelling, allays inflammation, takes out pain, and cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, quinsy, sore throat, etc. Price 25c.

When you say your blood is impure and appetite poor you are admitting your need of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Begin taking it at once.

Better Whistle Than Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and though not hurt he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle. And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

I can't whistle as nice as you Charlie, said he; my lip won't pucker up good.

Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet, said Charlie, but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away.

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—Junior Christian Endeavor World.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

The world is so planned that a man can accomplish more in six days than in seven—if the seventh be devoted to rest and worship.

TOO MUCH

Exercise is as bad as too little for the growing girl. It is very easy for her to overdo, and this is especially dangerous at that critical period of a young girl's life when she crosses the line of womanhood. It is not an uncommon thing to lay the foundation for years of after misery by neglect of necessary precautions at the first "change of life."

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only establishes regularity, but it gives health to the entire womanly organism. It is the best medicine for diseases peculiar to women because it cures the causes of disease completely and permanently. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor any other narcotic. It cannot disagree with the most delicate constitution.

"For a number of months I suffered with female trouble," writes Miss Agnes McGowan, of 1215 Bank Street, Washington, D. C. "I tried various remedies, but none seemed to do me any permanent good. The doctors said it was the worst case of internal trouble they ever had. I decided to write to you for help. I received a very encouraging reply and commenced treatment at once. I had not used your 'Favorite Prescription' a week before I began to feel better, and, as I continued, my health gradually improved, and is improving every day."

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Blouse Waists.

In order to effect a speedy clearance of all our Blouses, we have marked them all at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00. The former prices were from 85 cents to \$2.25. Durig this sale no Blouse will be allowed out on approval, or exchanged. You may take them upstairs and try them on. Remember these prices are for cash only.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

"I Can Eat What I Like"

Many people suffer from pain in the stomach and mouthful they eat.

Dyspepsia and indigestion in constant misery.

After trying the hundred new-fangled remedies without benefit, why not use the old Burdock Blood Bitters and perfect and permanent cure.

Here is a case in point: "I was troubled with indigestion for three or four years almost every doctor round here sent dyspepsia remedies, but got no relief. I then started using Burdock Bitters, and when I had finished a bottle I was almost well, but taking it until I had completely cured me, when I was perfectly well taking B.B.B. I could scarcely think without having a pain in my stomach. Now I eat whatever I like without causing me the least discomfort." — Mrs. THOMAS CLARK, Brussels, Ont.

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