

Show Me The Way.

Show me the way that leads to the true life.
I do not care what tempests may assail me,
I shall be given courage for the strife,
I know my strength will not desert or fall me;
I know that I shall conquer in the fray;
Show me the way.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
Where body shall be servant to the soul.
I do not care what tide of woe or pain
Across my life their angry waves may roll.

If I but reach the end I seek some day;
Show me the way.

Show me the way, and let me bravely climb
Above the grievings for unwonted treasures;
Above all sorrow that finds balm in time—
Above small triumphs of belittling pleasures;
Up to the heights where these things seem
child's play
Show me the way.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace
Which springs from an inward consciousness of right;
To where all conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
And self shall radiate with the spirit's light.
Though hard the journey and the strife, I pray

Show me the way.
—EMMA WHEELER WILCOX.

Every-Day Courtesy.

What a remarkable family! I exclaimed involuntarily as we left the home of a mutual friend the other day. Those brothers and sisters actually show more consideration for each other than they do for their other friends.
And why shouldn't they? demanded my friend sharply. Don't you suppose they care more about each other than they do about strangers?
Why, yes, of course, I hastened to assent. But—well you see, that is just the point. The members of one family usually do love each other, and they are so sure of the fact that they do not feel it necessary to be quite so punctilious in the observance of the little courtesies of life to each other, as they do to other people.

And that is just where they make their mistake, retorted my friend promptly. Because they feel secure in the love of the home circle, they permit themselves to indulge in little unpolitenesses which they would never think of displaying in society, for the simple reason that they know it would not be tolerated. Yet they will thoughtlessly or selfishly inflict them on those they love best of all. Now the boys in that home will spring to offer a chair to their mother, or hold the door open for their sisters as instinctively as they would for the first lady in the land. The girls, on their part, take just as much pains, perhaps a little more, to be bright and agreeable to their brothers as they do to other gentlemen. As for nagging, one would as soon think of biting a piece off her tongue as of saying anything to unnecessarily hurt another. Not that there isn't frank, fair criticism occasionally, but it is taken in the spirit it is given, with no barbed shaft to rattle, and with plenty of good humored common-sense. They are all strongly individual, but they appreciate and respect each other's individuality. Self-control and unselfishness distinguished every one of them. The Golden Rule applied is the key-note of their lives.

Well, it certainly makes a beautiful symphony of life, I thought, as my friend concluded her little homily, and went on.

Politeness has been defined as benevolence in small things, and small things go to make up such a large proportion of life that they assuredly deserve some thoughtful consideration. The little neglects, the little rudenesses, the petty incivilities that rattle in the mind more than a greater grievance, are due frequently more to lack of thought and insight than to intentional discourtesy. Responsibility for the home atmosphere depends largely on the attitude of the parents to each other, and to the children in the first place. The expression of family affections should not be too cold. It does not always suffice to know that behind the crusty exterior lies genuine affection. What is the world richer for the most valuable gold mine, so long as it remains hidden away where nobody benefits by its treasure? There is a possibility of so repressing and neglecting the expression of the emotional side of the nature that it becomes paralyzed from inaction, and it is largely through the emotional that the real living man comes into vitally helpful touch with man.

Don't be sparing of the little amenities of life. Sweetness and courtesy do not mean any lack of strength. It has been said of one

of the greatest English generals that to be denied a favor by him was more pleasing than to receive one from another man. Pour out the oil of courtesy, then, into the crevices of life. If it be true, as Emerson says, that a beautiful behavior is the finest of fine arts, surely it is nowhere more valuable or more to be sought after than in the home, the very heart of national as well as private life.—Chris. Guardian.

The Contented Girl.
BY MINNA STANWOOD.

She accepts what her father and mother can provide, and is thankful for it and contented with it. If it is not as nice in quality, or not as stylish in design, as she would like, she says nothing; for she remembers that father's heart is already pained because his purse is so small, and that a dear, patient, overburdened mother cut the gown and set the stitches. She knows that a bright, contented face will beautify any gown, but that the gown was never made that could transform a gloomy, discontented face. She never finds fault with the food on the home table. If she thinks something could be improved, she sets about doing it, pleasantly, without a word that could wound another member of the family. If it is her duty to share the household work, she does this willingly and promptly, and never tries to shift her part on somebody else. She is not snappish to the little brother and sisters. To be sure, the home cannot be kept as spick and span as that of her friend who is an only child. But what of that? She knows there is more heart happiness in the laughter and mischief of the little folks than in cartloads of polished furniture.

In the church the contented girl is ready to take up the work her pastor thinks she is fitted for. She is not grumbling and envious and balking because he considers somebody else capable of doing more important work. She knows that in the main he sizes up his workers pretty well, and puts them in about the right places. After all, all service ranks the same with God, and it is for God, I hope, we are doing our work in his Church.

Our contented girl may not have great social gifts. She may not be able to take a brilliant part in conversation, or be a conspicuous figure at a convention, or shine in the educational world. Most likely she does not spend much time grieving about this. She is too busy watching for a chance to put in a pleasant, encouraging word that will set the conversation going smoothly again, or making the poor, awkward looking individual in the corner forget his misery for a while, or drawing away the haranguing old lady who has been boring the bashful youth for half an hour. If she happens to be at a picnic, and the rain comes pouring down, she makes the best of it. She knows that lowering skies and frowning faces make a dismal combination. She does not withhold the little she can do to add to anybody's comfort or pleasure, because she deems it little. Wherever she is she does her share and adds her mite cheerfully and modestly. Wherever she goes she radiates a spirit of quiet cheerfulness, on account of her serene contentment, and she adds to the sweetness of the world more than she imagines.

If her father is able and willing to support her, she is glad to remain in the shelter of her home. She knows there are many shelterless, friendless girls besting about the world trying to build little nests for themselves, and she believes she can help them by not pushing out needlessly.

I shouldn't wonder if the contented girl was the girl Mrs. Browning was thinking of when she wrote My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.

Forward.

David's Good-Bye.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers.

Wait a moment, said the latter, as he stepped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. I know who they're for, she said, they're for grandma.

Yes, answered the giver, with my love.

Well, I do declare, observed his friend, as they passed on. You surprise me; I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies.

Just with one old lady, laughingly. You see, it is this way. When

I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house, where I had been boarding, with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away; no one would miss me. I stopped for Dan; that was my chum's name, on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him.

Good-bye, my boy; God bless you, I heard her say. No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

Good-bye, Davie, she said gently, holding out her hand to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell when she called, oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years, Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Dannie's mother? Aren't you, Davie? I turned and took her hands; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

Good bye, Davie, she said; I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.

The gentleman's lips quivered. The world grew brighter to me then and there, he continued. I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. Good bye, Davie, I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you. God has blessed me.

Where is Dan? asked his friend. Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so.—Observer.

How To Be Happy.

Do you see that little brown cottage on the hillside? said my friend, as we drove along the bustling city in which she pursued the busy, anxious calling of a physician. Yes, I replied. How cozy it looks with apple trees at the side, and the old-fashioned garden and front yard.

It is a general restful spot, continued the doctor, and to it I often go to learn lessons of contentment. Two women, a mother and daughter have lived there for many years. The mother was once wealthy, but her husband died, and riches fled. The old story, you see. Since her childhood the daughter has known little of life, but as a hand to hand struggle for food and shelter. But you never hear a word of complaint. I often get discouraged, hard things come into my life, as they come into most lives, and I am tempted to grow bitter and cynical and ask the question, Is life worth living after all? Then I go to Mrs. Jackson's and she is so cheery and bright as she talks about her plants and her work; perhaps she tells me of her early experience in this western country when she was first married, how they roughed it, yet how happy they were. All the time her needle flies along the garments she is making, for she cannot afford to be idle a minute. In some mysterious way the hope and cheer of her brave soul are breathed into me. I look at her and feel ashamed that I ever harbored a discontented thought and I go away quite happy again.

It is for such humble souls, the unnamed millions, that this old world is kept going, rather than for the noisy few about whom everyone is talking. Mrs. Jackson will never know how much her brave endurance helps me; she would not believe me if I told her. Perhaps that knowledge is kept for one of the blissful surprises of Heaven. I am not the only one to whom she has given what no money can buy. Where in all our busy city or in any other far or near, would we go for cheer, hope, courage and endurance?

Truly does the Bible say, Godliness with contentment is great gain. It is gain to those who possess it, and to all upon whom the serene light of their influence falls.—The Presbyterian.

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

One Girl's Influence.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed his course of life:

When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting, a plain man, sat beside him in his domestic service, at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sabbath school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen.

The young man went home with these three broken sentences sticking in his mind: Class in Sabbath school—dollar a month to missions—happiest girl.

The first result was that he took a class in Sabbath school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could, and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But who can count, who can imagine, the sum total? That lawyer was, for almost half a century from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.

Force.

Someone has said of the quiet little woman that she had "not much force."

When the remark reached her—as such remarks have a fashion of reaching the one for whom they were not intended—she only smiled and said nothing. Others of us smiled also, for we knew her and her life—knew something of how many that quiet voice had influenced, and what a transforming power that gentle presence had been in circumstances which called for strength and courage.

It is not the strongest will that is forever asserting itself; the one that can silently resolve and watchfully wait is the one that finally conquers. Bluster is not bravery, noise is not power, and a curt and domineering manner is no sign of resoluteness or force of character. Young persons often make a mistake just here. They are so afraid they may be considered weak and easy to be imposed upon that they adopt a brusque, on-the-defensive air which is far from pleasant.

Look about you and see what people really have power over other minds—whose opinion really carries in home, church and community—and you will learn that gentleness is no bar to forcefulness.—Forward.

Going to Jesus.

One evening, says the 'Baptist Commonwealth,' after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins, but could not feel that she was pardoned.

Suppose, said he, that Jesus was in this room, what would you do? I would go to him at once, she replied.

And what would you tell him? That I am a lost sinner. And what would you ask him? Oh, I would ask him if he would forgive me.

And what would Jesus answer? She hesitated for a moment, and then looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all. Why, she said, he would answer Yes.

And, simply trusting in the Saviour's words, she went to Him there and then, and Jesus said Yes.

There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse.—Talmage.

Cures Croup.

Every mother knows how dangerous Croup is. On the first sign of the Croupy Cough use Hayward's Yellow Oil. It will cure this dangerous disease when nothing else will. Price 25c.

"Safe bind, safe find." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

The Home Missionary.

The minister had preached a sermon urging every one to do something for Jesus.

After the service, a little girl went to him and said: I think I can do something for Jesus.

And what do you think you can do, dear?

If, sir, she replied, you would put some little tracts on keeping God's day into envelopes, and address them to people who keep their stores and shops open on the Lord's Day, I could carry them to them.

The minister did as she suggested, and put the addressed envelopes into the little one's hands, and six places of business which were formerly kept open on Sunday have been closed.—Selected.

In the final judgement of accounts we shall be given credit for the spiteful things other people say about us.

The error we regret are those we can't blame on somebody else.

"This is truth the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

Isn't that what a woman thinks who isn't herself practically laid aside in the heyday of life? A few years of marriage, a couple of children, and she is worn out.

And as she lies weak and suffering, she remembers the days, only such a little while behind, when she tiptoed along the top rail of the worm fence, as active and blithe as a squirrel.

But there's something wrong about this condition. One word expresses it—"unnatural." It's against nature to be in such a condition. The ulcerations and inflammations which sap woman's strength. Cure these and health comes back with all its joys. Diseases of the delicate womanly organs are positively and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women are on record as living witnesses to the truth of that statement.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter without charge. Every letter is held as private and its story guarded as a sacred confidence. All answers are mailed in private envelopes bearing no printing upon them. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. H. A. Alsbrook, of Austin, Lonoke Co., Ark., writes: "After five months of great suffering I write this for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction. I doctored with our family physician without any good results, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicine—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Temperance and General LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Has just closed the most successful year in its history, making a substantial increase in all important items, and can justly claim to be

THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS

E. R. MACHUM, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MARITIME MANAGER.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a dozen of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most terrific attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets, at friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have not been bothered since. I take one Tabule each morning and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take two a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many copies Ripans Tablets will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life. I am same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall. In fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WARRANT—A case of bad health that will not benefit. They had tried every medicine, but the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. Send 3 cents or twelve packages for 40 cents, may be had at any drug store. The samples and testimonials will be mailed to any address for 3 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Company, New York.

STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS

Many persons are in a condition of Phthisis or Consumption by an inherited tendency or other causes, catch cold easily—find it difficult to get rid of an ordinary cough or cold. Worse all such people to use Dr. Norway Pine Syrup. It is a wonderful strengthener and cure of the breathing organs, and fights against serious pulmonary disease. Miss Clara Marshall, Moore, Ont., writes: "I have suffered several years with lungs and could get no cure, so I was discouraged. If I caught cold it would get rid of it. I started using Dr. Norway Pine Syrup, and as a result cough has been cured and my lungs strengthened."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

25c. and 50c. a bottle. All druggists.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. BOSTON

3 trips a week from BOSTON. Commencing May 31st, the steamship company will leave St. John for Portland, Lubec, and Boston MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m.). Connection made at Eastport with the steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Malo. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. F. LAECHLER, Agent.

FREE TO ALL A SILVER PLATED TEAPOT.

Consumer's of National Bland without doubt the best Blend on the market, when you have had it twenty pounds you will receive a Silver Plated Teapot free of charge. The cheapest house in town to get a window.

D. W. Estabrook & Son, York St. and Water Street.

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