

His Workers.

"One more day's work for Jesus," Trilled a little maiden sweet, As laden with fragrant roses...

"One more day's work for Jesus," O'er the steaming tubs one sang, And through the thin, uncertain tones...

"One more day's work for Jesus," A weary one whispered low; Her work to patiently suffer...

"One more day's work for Jesus," 'Twas a grimy laborer's song; He was bowed and aged and toil-worn...

"One more day's work for Jesus," Rose the faithful preacher's prayer, As with fervent heart he labored...

"One more day's work for Jesus," Oh, grant us, our Father, to see That the work that is done 'for Jesus'...

The Boys' Room.

BY MRS. J. W. WHEELER.

She had returned from the Mother's Congress with more than one good idea, but the first and most important reformation took place in the boys' room...

The carpet was badly worn in places, and the shade fastened to a roller that refused to go up or down, was arranged pulley fashion with the remains of a kite string...

She immediately set to work, and in three days one would not have thought it the same room; only a small sun could be spared for the improvements...

The actual cost of the transformation was \$10.05. The boys took up the carpet and beat it, took down the bed and consigned it to the stable loft...

The painted margin also helped along this line, and when the druggist, made from the best breadths of the carpet fringed in a mode, was laid over several thicknesses of newspapers...

A little carpentry work was necessary in putting a partition into the upper drawer and making a deep rounding shelf which was fastened to the wall...

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow the treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

The woman who will take thought and more especially forethought, in details of household management, may save herself much in money and in wear of nerve and muscle...

The thrifty woman does not intend when she has a letter to despatch in haste, to be hindered by lack of writing materials or the final touch of postage stamp.

The large mattress, with the aid of hair from an old rocker, made two fine soft mattresses in regular box fashion and tacked with twine.

The pillow ticks were washed and refilled, and a square table that could be spared from the sitting room was brought up to hold the boys' trumpery.

Waiting Tests Manhood.

BY REV. J. G. GREENHOUGH, A. M.

Waiting is a manly virtue and a womanly virtue. It marks the highest type of man; it distinguishes the man from the child, the thinking man from the intellectual weakling...

On one side I would paint Death on the Pale Horse, his arm wielding the thunderbolt, the fiery hoofs of his flying steed treading down everything fair and lovely; the Garden of Eden before him, a blackened waste behind him.

Opposite the bar should be a lonely and dishonored grave; a lightning-blasted tree should stretch its leafless branches over it; and on some withered bough should perch the melancholy owl hooting to the wintry moon.

Then I would call the rumseller, if he would, to take his place behind the bar; and though a few besotted wretches, hardened in crime, might stagger up to the bar and drink defiance to their fate yet I should hope that the young—the pride of mothers and the light of

The Thrifty Woman.

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Such services may be given ungrudgingly in every case; but that does not alter the fact that in the long run they represent a drain on her pocket-book and her nervous forces which would not have been demanded of her but for her actual superiorities in executive matters.

But when a thrifty woman came to a philosopher, making her moan in some such words as these I have written, the philosopher said, "Well, would you rather be the other kind of woman?" And, on reflection, the thrifty woman owned that, as of old, virtue is its own reward.

How I Would Paint a Bar-Room. BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

If I had the adorning of a bar-room, it should be done somewhat in this wise: On one side I would paint Death on the Pale Horse, his arm wielding the thunderbolt, the fiery hoofs of his flying steed treading down everything fair and lovely; the Garden of Eden before him, a blackened waste behind him.

On the other side I would draw the picture of a wretched hovel, once a happy home, the roof broken in, the window stuffed with rags; in the doorway a weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, piteously beseeching her for bread.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Greville.

It is the little word you speak, the little thought you think, the little thing you do or leave undone, the little moment you waste or use wisely, the little temptation which you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life.—Light on the Hidden Way.

Nervousness is cured by making the blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the sweet, refreshing sleep of childhood.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest.

homes—might turn away as though they had caught a glimpse of the infernal world.—Christian Guide.

Painting Her Portrait.

If I could be such an old lady as that—so beautiful, serene, sweet, and lovable—I shouldn't mind growing old, said a young girl, the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin making her right now, laughed a keen-witted companion. She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry. It has taken a long time to make her what she is.

The merry words were true; and, whether she willed it or not, the girl was already mixing the colors by her portrait, and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood which shall yet brighten or darken the lives round her.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—Forward.

Praying for More Faith.

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayer, very often it is not more faith at all they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight.

What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me? Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it.

Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it. What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid in my way?

Do it and grow by doing it. Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow. In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith although you think it is, but sight?

You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task. Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it;" but, "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only prays him to clasp its hands more closely; does not even ask him for the lighting of the darkness, so that the man may find the way himself.—Phillips Brooks.

A Suggested Outline.

In answer to the question of a correspondent, Can you suggest a good outline for a sermon on John 10: 9? the Rev. C. I. Scofield offers, in the Record of Christian Work, the following felicitous hints:

- 1. I am the door—the simplicity of the gospel. 2. By me—the exclusiveness of the gospel. 3. If any man—the inclusiveness of the gospel. 4. Enter in—the condition of the gospel. 5. He shall be saved—the certainty of the gospel. 6. And go in and out—the liberty of the gospel. 7. And find pasture—the fullness of the gospel.

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WHEEZE IN THE CHEST Mrs. Wm. Young, Frome, Ont., says: "One year ago our little boy had an attack of croup which left a bad wheeze in his chest. We used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and it completely cured him."

Much Like Demosthenes.

Woman, he said, really ought to be a better orator than man.

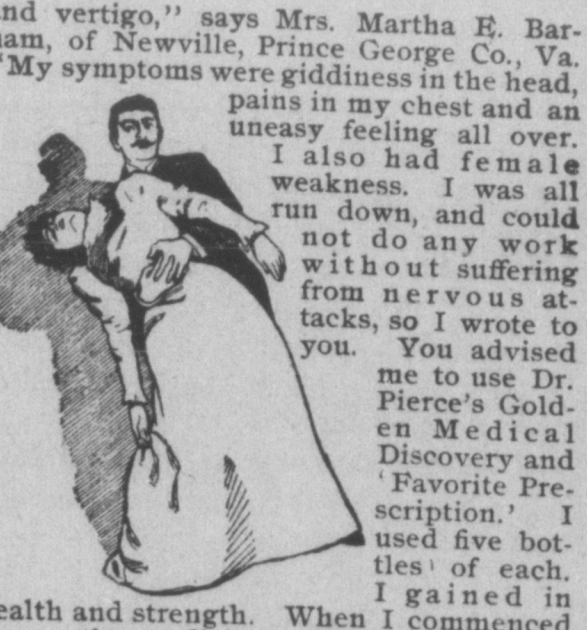
Why so? she asked. Because, he replied, to a certain extent at least, she follows the methods of that famed orator, Demosthenes.

In what way? she inquired, still busy with the finishing touches of her toilet.

You remember, he answered, that Demosthenes used to practice talking with his mouth full of pebbles. She hastily took the pins out of her mouth and informed him that he was a mean old thing anyway.—Chicago Post.

It was pleasantly said by a speaker at a missionary conference held lately in New Jersey: A dime makes as much noise on a plate collection as a quarter, and both make more noise than a bill. If you don't want your left hand to know what your right hand doeth, put in a bill. A sharper point was given to a sentence by another speaker, when he told a story of a stony man who, when asked to give something for a monument to General Washington, refused on the plea that he had Washington in his heart. Well, then, you have got him in a tight place, said the collector.

"I was suffering with what the doctor called chronic indigestion, torpid liver



and vertigo," says Mrs. Martha E. Barham, of Newville, Prince George Co., Va. "My symptoms were giddiness in the head, pains in my chest and an uneasy feeling all over. I also had female weakness. I was all run down, and could not do any work without suffering from nervous attacks, so I wrote to you. You advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' I used five bottles of each, and I gained in health and strength. When I commenced to use the medicines I weighed only 112 pounds, now I weigh 140. My husband and friends all thought that I would die, but to-day I am a well woman."

Mrs. Barham's experience is not singular. Thousands have given similarly strong and convincing testimony. There are no other medicines in the world that have such a long and continuous record of cures.

There are no other medicines "just as good" or "just the same" as Doctor Pierce's. Like all valuable things these medicines are sometimes imitated. Don't be imposed upon. See that you get what you ask for.

If you have any doubt as to the nature of your ailment write fully, giving your symptoms, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. He will consider your case carefully, and will tell you, absolutely free of charge, what to do to get well.

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. 50 CENTS PER BOX. In these days of imitations it is everyone to be careful what he especially in this necessary when of health is involved.

There are so many imitations of Kidney Pills on the market—some absolutely worthless—that we are particularly to see that the full name of the trade mark of the Maple Leaf every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills. It has cured so many severe cases of complaint in the United States, England, and as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. 3 trips a week from BOSTON. Commencing May 31st, the steamer company will leave St. John's, N. B., for London, Liverpool, and Southampton, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

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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.

JULY 18TH

SUMMER REDUCTION

IN

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. Durable 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.