

Dr. Goodcheer's Remedy.

NIXON WATERMAN.

Feel all out of kilter, do you? Nothing goes to suit you quite, Skies seem sort of dark and clouded, Though the day is fair and bright? Eyes affected—fail to notice Beauty spread on every hand? Hearing so impaired you're missing Songs of promise sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon. 'Tis a popular distress; Though 'tis not at all contagious, Thousands have it, more or less; But it yields to simple treatment, And is easy, quite, to cure; If you follow my directions Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking, Add a portion of content, And, with both, let glad endeavor, Mixed with earnestness be blent; These, with skill and care compounded, Will produce a magic oil! That is bound to cure, if taken With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy, If your hope is pale with doubt, Try this wondrous Oil of Promise, For it will drive the evil out Who will mix it? Not the druggist From the bottles on his shelf; The ingredients required You must find within yourself. —Success.

The Highland Shepherd.

Among the comfortable words of Scripture probably none have a securer loggment in the heart than those of the twenty-third psalm. To conceive of Jehovah as a Shepherd was most natural for Hebrew poet. The concept fitted into the life of the people in a remarkable way. Many of them had flocks, as had their fathers before them. They knew all the peculiar characteristics of sheep—their innocences, helplessness, and special needs, as well as their inclination to go astray and to turn everyone to his own way. They knew also what patience was required of the shepherd, what tender solicitude, wisdom, and devotion. When the psalmist, therefore, sang of Jehovah as a Shepherd, who would not permit His sheep to want, but would lead them into green pastures and beside quiet waters, there was an eager response in their hearts. And all down the years these words have been read and pondered by men and women who gratefully relate themselves to Jehovah as sheep to a shepherd, conscious at once of His willingness to succor them, and of their need of His sympathy and loving care.

To some the acknowledgment of such a relation may seem to be a confession of weakness and yielding to the sway of mere sentiment. But those who have felt the absolute need of the soul succor, and have experienced the inability of even the sweetest and kindest human sympathy to satisfy that profound need will declare that it is infinitely more than sentiment that thus induces them to seek the shepherdly influences of Jehovah.

The relation of shepherd and sheep implies dependence of the latter upon the former, and complete and constant obedience. The sheep "shall not want" only as it obeys the voice and follows the lead of the shepherd. There are no green pastures or still waters for the erring sheep. Obedience to the Shepherd brings its own rich and sure reward.

The story is told of an American woman who, in her travels in Scotland, met a Highland shepherd. She saw him lead his flock day by day to green pastures, and noticed that he cared for his sheep as tenderly as though they were children, often speaking of this one and that, calling after one who might be straying from the flock, consoling another that had met with some mishap, and in every way discharging with loving fidelity the various duties of his position. But the visitor noted that the shepherd always carried a young sheep in his arms, and she asked him one day why he did so.

Is that sheep sick, that you carry it every day in your arms? she asked. Well, yes, said the shepherd. That is, you see, its leg is broken. That's very sad. How did it happen to get broken? I broke it.

You did? How cruel! How could you do such a thing? Well, you see, said the shepherd, it was like this. That sheep was a wilful, disobedient, and rebellious creature. She would not listen to or heed my voice. She would run off from the flock all by herself, or lead a few others off with her into dangerous places. She would not be content to feed where I led the flock, but sought out feeding places of her own, where the brambles grew and the grass was poor and perils lurked. Ah, she was a wilful lass, and her example to the flock was bad. And so to save her and to save the flock I took her into my arms one day and broke her

leg, and with the snapping of the bone a great ache came into my heart.

What a pity! said the woman. But why don't you leave her at home? Why do you carry her about?

Well you see, she belongs to the fold. She is my sheep just as much as the others are, and she needs me more now. And so I just gather her to my bosom, and I talk to her as gently as I can, and when I put her down on the grass I gather the sweetest bunches for her to eat, and I bring her the coolest water; and we have moments of sweet communion together, my wounded sheep and I.

Will she always be lame? No, she will soon be well again. As soon as the bone was broken and the sheep saw her helpless condition and appealed to me—O, I shall never forget the look of her eye—I set the leg and the bone has knit nicely, and she will be about again after a while. But she's not the sheep she was. She loves and trusts me now, and she knows my voice better than before, and I'll have no more trouble with her.

And the visitor as she heard the shepherd's story thought of her own disobedience and wilfulness, and the lesson went to her heart. And there came to her mind the passage so expressive of our treatment of the great and tender Shepherd; All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—The Advocate.

Strike The Match.

A traveller lost his way in a dense woods; he sought in vain to find a way out, trying one path after another; he seemed to get further and further into the depths of the forest. The rain began to pour down almost in torrents. Night coming on, the weary traveller's courage failed him; he sat down discouraged, drenched with rain, tired, hungry, with a feeling of helplessness. He looked around for a shelter of some kind, and resolved to make one more effort to find a way out of a lonely forest. As he walked along he saw in the distance a rude hut. He quickened his footsteps and at last reached a place of shelter. The little hut was unoccupied. It had only one room, if it could be called a room; an opening in the wall served as a window. It was a cold, dreary place, but it would afford shelter from the fast falling rain. On the rough stone hearth wood had been placed in order for a fire; a match, the only one in the room, lay beside the wood. As he took the match in his hand to kindle the fire he said to himself, What if this fails to ignite? It is my only chance for life. Tremblingly he drew the match over the rough stone; a feeble flame came forth, the fire was kindled, his drenched garments were dried and he was cheered by its light and warmth. The light was seen from the window of a house in the distance. The lost traveller was soon made comfortable through the kindness of strangers who came to his assistance.

There are many traveling through this world, following paths that will end in the loss of the soul. Remember that the light of a single match may direct them to a place of safety.

The glorious light of the Gospel is shining all around. Jesus says to the hungry, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger. To those in the storms of life God is a refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Let all who are journeying through this world seek more earnestly for the employment of every opportunity. Remember, a single match may light up the way enough to guide the lost one home.

It is no excuse that you have but little talent; but little is required, and you are held responsible only for the little you have. Strike the match and do the best you can in guiding others to the right haven and it may prove just the effort required to set others at work; and the results are not to be computed by the first feeble effort.

Strike the match. It is all you can do, and God will do the rest.—Christian Work.

A Hint From The Queen.

A story told of the early days of Queen Victoria's reign which affords a lesson to all who needlessly deprive others of the day of rest. Let one Saturday night one of the ministers arrived at Windsor.

I've brought down for inspection, said he, some documents of great importance. But I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty tonight, but will request your attention tomorrow morning.

Tomorrow morning! repeated the queen. To-morrow is Sunday, my lord.

True, your majesty; but the business of the state will not admit of delay.

I am aware of that, replied the queen, and as your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if the papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents tomorrow morning after divine service.

Next morning the queen and the court went to church and so did that noble lord, and the subject of the sermon was 'The Rest Day: Its Dues and Obligations.'

After the service the queen inquired; How did your lordship like the sermon?

Very much indeed, your majesty, was the answer of the nobleman.

Well, then, said the queen, I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the elegymist the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon. Not a word was said during the whole of the day about the state papers, but when the queen visited her minister good night she said: Tomorrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, as early as seven if you like, we will look into those papers.

I could not think of intruding upon your majesty at so early an hour, was the reply. Nine o'clock will be quite soon enough. And at 9 o'clock the next morning he found the queen ready to receive him.

Thorough Cure.

A wealthy nobleman, suffering from depressing melancholy, went to consult a famous physician, who told the count he could discover no trace of disease.

That is strange, said the nobleman, this melancholy endangers my reason, so help me. The doctor asked, What subject most occupies your thoughts?

I am a skeptic; I do not believe in the Bible, but one of its dogmas haunts me like a spectre. What one? The Judgment. It is constantly before me. There is Oae on the great white throne whose look of justice terrifies me. What makes you fear? My life is deemed irreproachable, but in the presence of such dazzling purity my best actions seem black. That eye searches my heart and I feel guilty and long to hide. Is this the cause of the melancholy. I suppose so. This terrible vision is always before me.

I have an old book that contains the remedy for your disease, the doctor said, handing him a Bible opened at Isaiah 53.

The count read aloud the first six verses, then stopping at the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all, asked, What does that mean? That the Son of God took the sinner's place, and bore his punishment. He became the willful victim, and God laid upon him the iniquity of us all, and with His stripes we were healed. What! did the Son of God take my place and die for me? I read on a little farther. Reading two more verses, the count stopped and said: Oh, what great love to sinners!

Finishing the chapter, he cried out, I see it clearly—justified by another. Doctor such a salvation could never have originated in the heart of man. None but God could plan it; none but God could carry it out. What love in God—what love in His Son! What grandeur, what beauty! My load is gone. And the count went out of the doctor's office a saved man.—The Christian Life.

Mocked By His Children.

Mr. Moody says; When I was in St. Louis some years ago, there was an old man who had been away off on the mountain of an ungodly life, but in his early manhood he had known Christ. He came into the inquiry-room, literally broken down. About midnight that old man came trembling before God and was saved. He wiped away his tears and started home.

Next night I saw him in the audience with a terrible look in his face. As soon as I finished preaching, I went to him and said: My good friend, you haven't gone back into darkness again?

Said he; Oh, Mr. Moody, it has been the most wretched day in my life.

Why so? Well, this morning as soon as I got my breakfast, I started out. I have a number of children, married, and in this city, and they have families; and I have spent the day going around and telling them what God has done for me. I told them how I had tasted salvation, with the tears trickling down my face; and Mr. Moody, I had a child that didn't mock me!

That made me think of Lot in Sodom. It is an awful thing for a man who has been a backslider to have his children mock him. But it is written: Thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing

and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God.

Study The Bible.

Now I never saw a useful Christian who was not a student of the Bible. If a man neglects his Bible, he may pray and ask God to use him in his work, but God cannot make much use of him; for there is not much for the Holy Ghost to work upon. We must have the Word itself, which is sharper than any two-edged sword. Now, if you read the sermon spoken by Moses before he left the children of Israel you will find it just a rehearsal of what God had done for them, and of their deliverance from the cruel hands of Pharaoh; of the destruction of their enemies in the Red Sea, and their safe conduct through the wilderness; and yet I do not suppose there was a boy in the camp who could not have told it ten times over. And you will find that Joshua did the same, and when Peter stood up on the day of Pentecost, the Spirit of the Lord was in him, and he went on quoting scripture to the people, and that was the arrow that went down into their souls. Then, again, what did the devout and martyr'd Stephen do but just rehearse and expound the Scriptures: from the time of Abraham downwards?—D. L. Moody.

Conquer Your Delusions

It is interesting to look back over a successful life and see how many things, which experience shows were not realities, but simply delusions, have been conquered. They seemed very real when they confronted us in youth, and their ghostly shadows had power to fill us with dread and apprehension.

Ghosts are real to a child; its vivid imagination is full of things which strike terror to its young heart; but, as it grows older, the ghosts are gradually conquered. They become unreal, and exist only in memory.

So many of the things we dread most, which loom up before us as almost insuperable obstacles, are seen when once passed to have been only delusions. To conquer this fear of unrealities, to trample under the foot these bodies of our own creation, is a large part of our life's discipline.—Success.

Shaving Samson

In one of his sermons, in which he emphasizes the duty of preaching the old, old Gospel, Rev. John McNeill says:

Are there not some here who have been lowering their testimony, who have been trying to file their tongues and take the rough edge off the Gospel, and to smooth and trim it a bit? Yes, they say; Samson is very strong, a fine fellow; but he is a little rude and uncouth, and so we will send him to get his hair cut and to shave him. Not a bit. Samson thus shaved is weak, and like any other man. And the grand, old, rugged Gospel, trimmed and lopped and polished, is weak, and like all the philosophies that have gone before it, it will have its day and cease to be. Begin to philosophize it, and you spoil it.

A child from a children's home was attending a morning service in a church. One sentence stuck in his mind, God wants to make every boy here a noble man. It led the lad to become industrious, to go to school, to take a college course, and to go out as a missionary. To-day he is winning many to righteousness and is having a wide part in founding a Christian nation. Where the harvest of that sentence shall end, only God knows. My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

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A Songful Religion

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Athanism is songless; agnosticism has nothing to sing about, the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said, O, come, let us sing unto the Lord; and when Christ came the angels greeted his birth with a song and since then Christian song has gained in fullness and strength of voice with each century.—Advocate.

With the same amount of ink one boy makes a blot, and another rules a page. With the same amount of opportunity one lad fails, and another goes ahead. Luck is the combination of boy and opportunity, not the mere opportunity by itself.

Affliction to be humbled, grieved, distressed, is the lot of all, in some form or way. Trouble comes not from the ground, man is borne to it.

THE TRYING TIME

In a young girl's life is reached when Nature leads her uncertain steps across the line which divides girlhood from womanhood. Ignorance and neglect at this critical period are largely responsible for much of the after misery of womanhood. Not only does Nature often need help in the regular establishment of the womanly function, but there is almost always need of some safe, strengthening tonic, to overcome the languor, nervousness and weakness, commonly experienced at this time.



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I wish to tell you the benefit we have received from using your remedies," writes Mrs. Dan Hall, of Brodhead, Green Co., Wis. "Two years ago my daughter's health began to fail. Everything that could be thought of was done to help her but it was of no use. When she began to complain she was quite stout; weighed 170, she picture of good health, until about the age of fourteen, then in six months she was so run down her weight was but 120. She kept failing and I gave up, thinking there was no use, she must die. Friends all said, 'You will lose your daughter.' I said I fear I shall. I must say, doctor, that only for your Favorite Prescription my daughter would have been in her grave today. When she had taken one-half bottle the natural function was established and we bought another one, making only two bottles in all, and she completely recovered. Since then she is as well as can be."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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