

**DO IT NOW.**

BY HENRY FORCE.

A downtown business man in New York describes much of his success in business matters to his observation of the suggestion contained in the words, "Do it now." They are placed prominently over his desk and greet him every time he sits down to attend to his daily business tasks. Much valuable time is lost by putting off till a more convenient (?) season, the doing of work that has to be done or that one expects to do, sooner or later. Many a business opportunity has been lost because the man to whom it was presented failed to meet it in the present tense. A good many of us appear to forget that the present tense is the only tense that belongs to us. The past is forever beyond us, while the future may dance tantalizingly before our eyes but only to delude us.

Success in life is largely dependent upon promptness, the promptness with which a letter is written and dispatched, an interview is held, a journey is started, or even some seemingly trifling matter is taken up and attended.

These so-called trifling matters are often links in a long chain. "Delays are dangerous," an old motto reads. It might well be said, "Delays are fatal." That "procrastination is the thief of time," who can dispute? Surely procrastination gathers the bulk of its booty by stealing minutes and moments.

In daily life the suggestion to do it now is of large value, while in spiritual life it assumes greater significance. With every prompting to seek forgiveness for sin against God, to render fitting service to the Most High, to forgive an enemy, to resist some evil temptation, to seek strength and help at the throne of grace, to render aid to the needy, to speak loving words of counsel, of consolation, of reproof, it may be, to seek to win to Christ a soul that we may hope to influence, with every one of these promptings there comes the exhortation to do it now. Alas! that with so many of us every tick of the watch ticks off an unused opportunity, a moment lost. Fortunate is it for us if the ticks of the faithful monitor we carry around with us says with plain and unmistakable meaning. Now, Now.

Let it not for a moment be said that now is an unimportant word, because it is so small. It is in one sense only a small word. It is a momentous and destiny deciding word. It has in it the seed of eternity. It takes on the highest importance, and echoes and re-echoes with sublime and sonorous reverberations, as God says, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." With many a soul it is now or never.—N. Y. Observer.



**THE FARMER AND HIS MAN.**

I am afraid a great many Christians do not understand what is meant by serving the Lord. When I ask what is service to God, like as not they will tell me going to church and Sunday school, reading the Bible, singing psalms and hymns and praying and keeping out of mischief.

Imagine a farmer whose hired man spent the early evening, all night and late mornings in bed; who never could get enough to eat, who is always at the table before the bell rings, and has to be begged to leave the table after the meal is over. By and by the farmer says, "I am not satisfied with you." "What is the matter?" says the man.

"You do not seem to appreciate your position."

"Well, I would like to know if I don't. Don't I come first when meals are ready? Don't I eat as if I appreciated your wife's cooking? Don't I stay until you can hardly get me away from the table?"

"No doubt about that," says the farmer.

"Well, don't I go to bed as soon as supper is over at night and stay until the last one is down in the morning, to be sure I don't get into mischief or do any harm?"

"You certainly do," says the farmer.

"Then I cannot see how I could show my appreciation for your nice bed and your wife's cooking any better than I do," says he, in a hurt tone of voice.

"Why," says the farmer, "did you think that is what I hired you for? I furnish you with food and bed so that you may have strength and rest in order to go out into my field and work for me and earn your wages. I don't hire you to eat and sleep."

"Oh," says the man, "if that is the case, I think I'll look for another job."

That is the way with a great many church members. They are there when the bell rings on Sunday morning. They are on hand every time the church is opened. They eat all the sermons that the good man can bake from one week's end to another, and perhaps take some that are only half baked, and then sleep the rest of the week to keep out of mischief.

What is service to God? It is service to humanity in Christ's name. Somebody says, "What is the difference whether I render it in Christ's name or some other name, so long as humanity gets the benefits of the service? If I give a clean shirt to a tramp and a meal of victuals to the hungry, or a cup of water to the thirsty, doesn't he get the benefit just the same?"

Ah, you may give him water and he will thirst again, food and he will hunger again. His clean shirt will soon be spoiled, and he will need it all once more, but if you show him that you do this in the name of Jesus, at whose name every knee at last must bow, and in whose name alone salvation is to be found, the only name given under Heaven among men whereby we must be saved, then he will be led to look up from the giver to the true source of the gift. Your name will die and be forgotten, but the name of Jesus lives forever, his only hope of salvation.—R. A. Torrey.



**A BRAVE ACT.**

The life of a telegraph lineman is one full of peril.

In stormy weather the workman holds his life in his own hand. Some time since a shocking accident drew attention to the dangerous nature of the work. Two men were at work on a telegraph pole standing many feet above a line of railway. A wire had broken and they were busy repairing the damage. Suddenly a strong wind caused one of them to turn in his position. In doing so, he somehow pushed his companion backwards. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over among the wires. For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." And as he spoke a wire broke.

"Well, mate, it's a big drop down into the grass," replied the other man, "but as you're married and have three

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children, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill. You'll get killed surely. Let's hang on a little longer."

But another wire broke, and Bill made up his mind.

"Good-bye, mate," he said to the other who had tears in his eyes. "Good-bye!"

Then he dropped—a fall of forty feet. He fell amongst some bushes and rolled down the embankment. "I'm all right, mate. I'm going for help." The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow who had risked his life for his mate told his tale he fainted away. The doctor said he had broken his arms and a couple of ribs; but his noble action had saved his friend's life and his own.—Ex.



**Wear Brain Workers.**

Fagged out, ideas come as slowly as molasses. You think of things just a minute or two too late. Snap's gone! The buoyancy that made work a pleasure—that's gone too. The doctor would tell you that you are run down, not eating enough, nor digesting enough. Your stomach needs aid, your digestion needs a bracer too. Your blood requires Phosphorus and Iron that it may be formed readily. Now Ferrozone is a wonderful nerve bracer and blood maker. It's food for the blood and nerves, it will make you strong quickly and permanently. Sold by all druggists.

Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

**A Sure Cure for Headache.**—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

The world stands aside for the man who pushes and elbows his way ahead, but the angels open ranks for the man who stopped, and gave his life to help others.

**FACTS PROVE TRUTH.**

One man writes these facts from Black River, N. B., January 4, 1903.

"I had a sore on my leg and went to the hospital for treatment, but left no better. I finally began using your

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together with your Invigorating Syrup and Acadian Liniment. This treatment has removed the soreness from my leg and healed it completely except a very small spot. I think your medicines 'can't be beat.'"

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This merely emphasizes the fact that for sores and skin diseases nothing can be found equal to Gates' Nerve Ointment. Never fail to have a box on your toilet table.

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