

**THE BRIGHT SIDE.**

BY EVELYN JEWELL.

A sunny disposition is generally supposed to be inherited just as one inherits a blue eye or golden hair. It is true some are born with a genius for cheerfulness. It bubbles up as from a perennial spring, rising superior to all the ills and misfortunes of life. But such natures are as rare as musical prodigies like Mozart or born literary geniuses like Macaulay.

However, there are multitudes of musicians and writers who have won immortal fame, with no special talent to start with, and it is just as possible to cultivate a cheerful and even happy disposition as it is to cultivate a taste for music or literature, and it is far more important in view of its far-reaching influence.

In the home circle no trait of character is comparable to that of a sunny disposition in creating an environment of happiness, and the music of a happy home goes ringing down through generations.

The social leader, too, is always he or she of genial manner, broad sympathies, and a bright smile for everyone, whether possessed of any other talent or not.

The same is true in the wider field of business. The man who combines with wisdom and sagacity an exuberance of spirits and a happy disposition, is in the end the successful man, whom no misfortune can daunt and no reverses overwhelm.

Is it not, then, worth an effort to attain this grace of character? How may we do it? By looking constantly and persistently at the bright side of things and people and life. By counting our blessings, training ourselves to appreciate the smallest kindness and courtesy of others, and never losing an opportunity of performing a kind act or of saying an encouraging word. Do this until it becomes a fixed habit of life. And never fret. A wise man was he who gave two rules for happiness: First, "Never fret about what you can't help;" second, "Never fret about what you can help."

The trouble with most of us is, we look down into the shadows where dwell the specters of care and melancholy until we take on a shade of their gruesome countenances. There is always somewhere a bright side, and even if it be but a single point of high light in a somber picture let us keep our eyes fixed upon it. We may be poor, or crippled, or suffering, or neglected; there is always something for which to be thankful, and let us try to preserve a cheerful confidence in the mercy of God. After all, it is not what we have or have not, but our attitude toward it, that brings to us happiness or misery. King Solomon, with the power and wealth of the world at his command, exclaimed, "All is vanity."

John Bunyan in a prison cell wrote an immortal allegory. What would the world have lost had he spent this dark period of his life only in impotent reining? To be cheerful and hopeful is to be happy. To be happy is a duty.

**TO YOUNG MEN.**

Here is a pointer, young man: The Western Electric Company of Chicago has posted notices against certain immoral practices of its employes, among which are these:

Excessive use of liquor and cigarettes. All forms of gambling. Playing the faces. Those who violate the warning will be discharged. Officers of the company

have become alarmed at the prevalence of the gambling fever among the young men, especially the desire to "play the races." Employes are not only ruining themselves, but are lessening their value to the company.

This company employs more than a thousand young men, pays high salaries, gives large opportunities and demands efficiency.

Its action is not that of a moral crusade.

It is strictly business. The company demands satisfactory service. Dissipation interferes with efficiency. Therefore, either the dissipation or the dissipated must go.

And there are others requiring the same high standard of personal morals—railroads, commercial enterprises of all sorts. At every boost of modern business methods decency goes higher.

Formerly we were accustomed to say that the essential elements of success in young men consisted in:

- First, brains.
  - Second, character.
- But requirements have changed the formula. It now reads:
- First, character.
  - Second, brains.

**NO SHIRKS IN HEAVEN.**

A gentleman travelling in England was enjoying one of those coaching trips for which that country is famous. He was sitting on the box with the driver and his attention was directed to one of the leaders that seemed to be shirking his part of the work. "That horse does not seem to draw much," he remarked to the driver. "Not an inch, sir," was the reply. "Why do you have him then?" "Well, you see, sir, this here's a four-horse coach and he counts for one of 'em." Of many a church it might be said: "This is a church of three hundred or five hundred, and this man or this woman counts for one." And if that is all the church is for, if all that is desired is a show, a dress-parade, why the man or woman that doesn't pull an inch is perhaps as good as any other. But the true church of Jesus Christ, as we know, is made up only of those who pull their part of the load. In that church there is no place for the shirk, as there is no place for him in the many mansions. There, as here, it is the workers that count. All the rest go to their own place. The wheat and tares grow together here until the harvest, but then comes the separation. The wheat is gathered for the garner. All the remainder is destroyed. No shirks in heaven.

**THE MORNING MEAL.**

George Mueller, the patriarch of Bristol, began every day of his consecrated life with devout meditation upon the Word of God. Speaking of this habit, he says:

"It often astonishes me now that I did not sooner see this point; and yet now, since God has taught me, it is as plain to me as anything, that the first thing the child of God has to do, morning by morning, is to obtain food for his inner man. As the outward man is not fit to work for any length of time except it take food, and as this is one of the first things we do in the morning, so it should be with the inner man. Not prayer, but the Word of God; and here again, not the simple reading of the Word, so that it only passes through our minds just as water runs through a pipe, but considering what we read, pondering over it, and applying it to our hearts."—*The Evangelist.*

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**AN EVERY-DAY SAINT.**

Speaking of a good woman who had gone to her reward, a friend said: "She never shirked a disagreeable duty. She always went with the children to the dentist's."

A whole volume of praise was in this last phrase. A woman who, heedless of her own comfort, was ready to go to the dentist, with Robbie and Annie on occasion, deserved to be canonized. She may not have had her name on any roll of honor, in any hall of fame, but she was, nevertheless, an every-day saint, and deserved the love that was her reward in the home that she blessed with her gentle presence. Far too many of us shirk the disagreeable homely tasks of life. She who accepts them deserves to be remembered in life and death, with flowers on her grave not only, but the flowers of loving recognition while she is still on earth.

**TOO HIGH UP.**

It is related of the late evangelist, D. L. Moody, that a man rose in one of his meetings and gave his experience. "I have been for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration." "How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?" was the sharp question from Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply. "Have you led any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't know that I have," answered the man. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "we don't want that kind of mountain-top experience. When a man gets so high that he can't reach down and save poor sinners, there is something wrong." The vision on the Mount of Transfiguration must lead to the healing of the demoniac in the valley.

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All men are blinded by reason of sin. Some are still further blinded by a sinful reason.—*Rev. N. N. Harter.*

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