

The Woman's Missionary Society.

[This Department is in the interests of the W. M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

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Rev. J. N. Barnes' Report for October.

I spent the 2nd Sabbath with the church at Lower Queensbury. On account of the rain we had but one meeting. We reached home Tuesday; did our visiting during the week, on Saturday went to Havelock Settlement, in Brighton, and spent the third Sabbath there. Had two meetings in the week. Went to Connell on Saturday, attended Sabbath school next morning, meeting at 11 o'clock and Mission Band meeting at 3 o'clock; and in the evening was with the church at Victoria Corner. Began our special meeting at Havelock Tuesday evening. Bro. Prusser was with us that evening. Bro. H. Hart had one meeting the Sabbath before. Have had meeting each evening since; just one week, and am happy to say that it has been a good week. Wanderers have been reclaimed, and some others have been blessed, and others are seeking. Shall continue the meetings for a time. In the meantime will visit all the Bands I can in this section, and do what other work I can. After I close the meetings here I think of spending a little while at South Wakefield. My health is quite good. Now that past year's work has come to an end, we will not look back at our failures or our mistakes, but as this year opens up before us with all its needs at home and abroad, let us gird ourselves for the battle, not only as pastors and missionaries, but all of the Lord's people all along the line. The blessed Lord has given us as a people a good heritage, and if we will retain it we must be faithful. The fields are ready to harvest. What a field for work we have before us in the dear children of our homes, the Sabbath schools, and the Mission Bands. Dear Superintendents, let not your hands hang down, nor your faith grow weak, for your work shall be rewarded. God has promised, and His word cannot fail.

Summary of the work in the month, after Conference: Meetings held, 12; families visited, 28; prayed with, 26; miles traveled, 250; cash collected, \$12.

J. N. BARNES.

KNOWLESVILLE CRADLE ROLL.

Hazen Knox,	\$0 05
Percy Knox,	05
Laura Blaney,	05
Sterling Knox,	05
Walter Jones,	05
Fay Jones,	05
George Jones,	05
Willie Ebbett,	05

\$0 40

Mrs. J. N. BARNES.

ONLY CIPHERS.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Most time for our quarterly payments to the Missionary Society," said Mrs. Hill, on the occasion of a call on her friend, Miss Maria Tupper.

"Yes, so 'tis."

"And you remember that at the last meeting we agreed to give something towards the support of the Bible reading woman in Japan."

"Well, I'm ready to do my part. I'm going to give to that just the same as to the two societies."

"That's real liberal of you, Miss Tupper. It isn't always them that has that's the ones that's ready to give. It seems to come natural to you."

"I hope I'm not one of the sort that's backward about givin' to the Lord," said Miss Maria, straightening herself a little.

"Not you. It's a real shame how some folks holds back, never givin' a cent more'n they decently can. But there's some I s'pose it comes hard to."

"I s'pose so."

Miss Maria, after the departure of her visitor, took down from the clock shelf a pen and bottle of ink. From the top drawer of the bureau she brought forth a check-book and proceeded with great deliberation and great enjoyment to write three checks for one dollar each.

"One for foreign, one for home, one for the Bible reader. No, they can't ever say I'm not a ready giver. No one ever has to urge me."

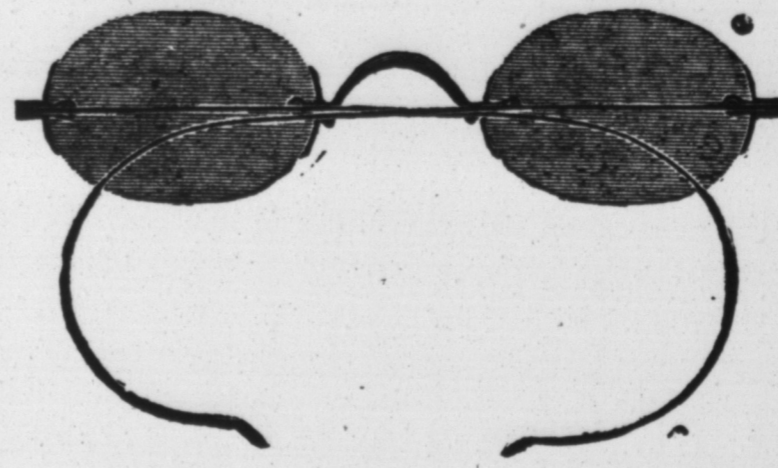
She liked to pay her dues in checks. It bore an appearance of thrift and forehandedness which she liked. Leaning back in her chair, regarding with pleased eyes the three narrow strips of bluish paper, her thoughts wandered far.

She had much food for thought. After a girlhood the principal conditions of which had been hard work and the going without of almost everything which makes girlhood a delight, she had gradually drifted into a middle life of ease and comparative plenty. Parents had died, brothers gone away, sisters married. The most of the farm had been sold in order to make a division with the others, leaving the small house and two or three acres to Miss Maria. Then the gradual movement of the small railroad town in her direction had greatly increased their value. She sold them, invested in a cheaper home, and had enough to live on without care or effort.

Latterly one of her older brothers had died childless, leaving her a legacy of three hundred dollars; and in this sum Miss Maria rejoiced, as over a superfluity ready waiting for a time in which some special need or some special indulgence should make a demand on it.

"I never could understand why it should 'a' been ordered that I have things so easy and mother always had 'em so hard. Poor mother!"

Memories of the past followed each other, one picture slowly taking the place of another—the quiet, patient woman, with little thought in her life outside of how most faithfully to fulfill the duties it had brought to her, how best to bear the burdens laid upon weak shoulders.



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"I can see her face now—as plain—and her hair, half gray at first and then gettin' grayer and whiter. And her shoulders bent more and more as time went on. Never a bit of rest for her year in and year out. And scrimp, scrimp, scrimp, all the while. There was some of the folks that lived 'round us—not many, though—that when the seasons come 'round used to think: 'Now, what do we need to get this year?' But with her it was always: 'What can we go without?' Yes 'twas. And there was no lettin' up of it to the very end. But I think the hardest part of it to mother was the havin' so little to give to the missionaries. I can see her look now as she'd listen to a missionary sermon—when I knew just how her feelin's went out to them poor creatures over the seas, longin' to send 'em some help. An ache in her heart all the time for 'em. Oh, oh wouldn't she 'a' done for 'em if she'd had it!"

The little slips of paper took more visible shape before her eyes, bringing another idea. She talked half to herself, a conscience-smitten look coming into her face.

"If mother could see—how can I tell but what she does see?—would she say that a dollar each was a small thing to give, considerin' what I've got?"

The one-dollar checks seemed to grow narrower with another interval of thought.

"A one and two naughts. If I should put one more naught to those, I should never really feel it—never have a thing less to eat or wear. They'd have to be wrote over, of course."

It came only as a shadowy suggestion at first, but the thought grew on her.

"I like to do things liberal. I get that from mother—she always havin' the feelin', for all she hadn't it to do with. Oh, my—am I gettin' stingy, wantin' to withhold from the Lord a share in what He's give me?"

With slow, steady hands she took three more blue strips, filling them out with the one more cipher.

"And I'm not goin' to begrudge it, though I'm free to confess I never did expect to give like that," crumpling in her hand the discarded slips. "Mother never could see how it was that them that sit in darkness hadn't just as much right to the Lord's light as what we have. She never could see why there should be darkness for some and light for others, except that it give them

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others a chance to send it to 'em. Oh, think of the darkness, and think of all here that lets money lie by 'em and don't send"—

(Continued on Page 12.)

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