

WHOSE MOTHER WAS SHE?

She rose at four in the morning, and made up the fires in the stoves. Her husband and sons were asleep. "Men," she said, "hated housework." She did not call the girls until breakfast was nearly ready, because "young things need sleep." She milked five cows before the sun was fairly up.

The farmer, his five children and two farm hands sat down to breakfast, and she poured out the coffee and baked the cakes which they ate. After they had finished she ate her own breakfast if she cared for any. Then came washing or ironing or scrubbing or baking until it was time for the heavy noon meal which she cooked. Her daughters used sometimes to help a little, but in an idling, half-hearted way. Sometimes she would drive them out with a queer, pathetic smile.

"Young folks like pleasure. They ought to have their fun!" she would say.

There was the morning's work to finish after the dinner was over. It was a large farm, and the men were hearty eaters. She "laid down" great quantities of meats and canned and dried vegetables.

After supper was over, everybody found some recreation but mother. The farmer smoked, the young people visited the neighbors or gathered at one end of the porch, chattering and laughing. Mother was inside at work, sewing or with her great basket of stockings.

She would look out at them smiling.

"They like their fun," she would say. She looked at them again sometimes as if, old as she was, she would like some fun too, but she never joined them. They were with the friends whom they had made at college and school. Mother had been very little at school when she was young. Besides she had no time for idling. Sometimes when she was making shirts for the boys, she worked until midnight.

One evening her youngest girl read her a story, which she thought would suit her mother's intellect. It touched and pleased her greatly. She spoke of it for a year afterward.

One of her days was like all others, except the Sabbath, when she had time to go to church. She was very happy there, but especially when they sang any hymn which she had known as a girl; she would join, scarcely above her breath, for she knew her voice was cracked.

When strangers remarked that she was growing thin, her children replied that it was no wonder. Mother's energy would wear the flesh from any woman's body. Her appetite failed, the very smell of the salt meat and cabbage which she cooked nauseated her. She used to listen eagerly when they talked of the fruits which could be bought in the city. But nobody noticed it. "Mother had always been the motive power, which had kept the whole machinery in motion. It never occurred to anybody that the power could be exhausted.

One day, however, when they came down to breakfast, the table was not spread, and no fires were lighted. For the first time in her life, when she was needed, mother lay in her bed, still and quiet. She would never work for them more.

After they had buried her they knew how much they had loved her. Their grief was sincere and deep. They never wearied in talking of her

unfailing gentleness, her tender patience, her perfect unselfishness.

None of them seemed to think, however, that by any effort of theirs they could have kept her with them still, loving, patient and unselfish.—Selected.



NOT FOR HERSELF.

A charming little story is told of an encounter between the Emperor Alexander of Russia and a quick-witted girl.

During his visit to Paris the Emperor Alexander was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed by the patronesses of the institution to the visitors of the day, and a particularly pretty girl presented her plate for royalty's attention.

The Emperor dropped a handful of gold on the plate, saying to the young girl as he did so, "This is for beautiful bright eyes."

The pretty maid courtesied low and again presented her plate to the generous donor.

"What, more?" asked the Emperor with a smile.

"Yes, sire," was the reply, given with eyes demurely cast down and the mouth well under control, "now I would like something for the poor."

The second handful was even more liberal than the first, and the Emperor evidently felt that his speech had been well met and matched, as he smiled after the pretty girl, who went on her way rejoicing to the next visitor.



THE LITTLE CANDLE.

A little boy was visiting at a light-house. He had come with his mother that morning in a rowboat, and all day had been busy with the brand-new doings in the home on the rocks. "But the night will be the most interesting time of all," he said to his mother. "I wonder if my uncle will let me see the big light shine out?" When the darkness began to gather, sure enough uncle stood at the foot of the narrow, winding stairs and said: "Come." But Freddy was so surprised. In uncle's hand there was no big, blazing light—just a candle burning away with its tiny flame. "Why are you going into the glass room?" asked the little fellow. "I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the uncle. "No ship could see such a little light," said the disappointed boy. But by that time they were in the glass room, and a great light was streaming across the sea. The little candle had lighted the big lamp. You cannot shine very far for Jesus, perhaps, but keep your little light bright and trust him to make use of it.—Selected.



CONQUERING AN ENEMY.

Enmity injures most him who entertains it. As charity blesseth him that gives and him that receives, enmity hurts both, but most him who holds it in his heart.

How shall we conquer our enemy? Well, pray for him. Is that not to be thought of? Certainly we can pray for him some, and sometimes. And presently by God's grace he can pray from his heart: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

How shall we conquer our enemy?

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON, Headquarters for Dress Goods of Every Description. Our Spring and Summer Goods have arrived and we will be pleased to have your earliest inspection. Popular Suitings for Spring and Summer will be Voiles, Etamines, Floconnes, Twine Suitings, Panama Suitings, Glorias, Sail Cloths, Roxanas, Melrose, Oxford Voiles, Striped Sicilians, Irish Satin Cloths, Serges, Venetians, Lustres, Vicunas, etc. We have all these goods in blacks, creams and the newest colorings. Samples sent by return mail on application. John J. Weddall & Son, FREDERICTON, N. B. AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS. HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer. A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

Well, we can ask ourselves honestly if he has not some good points, some good qualities, and we can be big and generous enough to appreciate them.

How shall we conquer our enemy? Well, we can try to put ourselves in his place and honestly ask ourselves. How much better would we have done under like provocation?

How shall we conquer our enemy? Well, by doing him an unexpected service, a good turn by the wayside. And in any event we can be transformed by the love of Christ until old things will pass away and we shall be filled with all-forgiving and all-constraining love. That is invincible.—Central Advocate.



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He who embraces in his prayers the widest circle of his fellow-creatures is most in sympathy with the mind of God.—Dean Goulburn.

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A native of the Punjab, a heathen, said, "The leprosy of Christianity is fast spreading everywhere."

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