

FATHER AND MOTHER AND HOME.

"The family is the bulwark of church, state and society," are words that fall from the lips of preacher, orator and philosopher. If this is correct, then discussing, seriously, the complex and vital problem that has its origin in love and its end in matrimony, may provoke to good. There is no doubt that upon the sacredness of the home depends the welfare of the State, and the propagation of all that is proper in society. The whole universe circles around the home, and it is the duty of parents to make it the dearest spot on earth. Unfortunately, multitudes of parents, if they have provided board and lodgings for their children, think they have performed the round of the whole duty to them.

With many parents the family is raised just as soon as the boys and girls leave school, and further parental vigilance is unnecessary. It is, however, just at this critical time that extra and special attention should be taken in their upbringing. They are just released from the tedious tasks and discipline of school, and their first wild joy of freedom from restraint may be prophetic of future mischief. The evenings, that were theirs to spend part in study and part in fun, are now theirs to do what they like. There are no "home lessons" to study, and nine o'clock is the most uninviting hour for them to retire. The stern schoolmaster can no longer rebuke or correct them for problems unsolved and passages of literature not memorized. They enjoy a feeling of cosmopolitan freedom and utter irresponsibility.

Some of these children during the day will fill places in office, mill, factory, etc. For such, every art of human invention should be brought into exercise to make the evenings pleasant and cheerful, and full of recreation to those thus in daytime removed from home. That is a most dangerous economy which deprives the youth of proper and reasonable pastime. Fill in the evening hours with all the pleasantness possible. Let there be games, amusement, frolic, and delight. Books of music, of art, of learning, scattered plentifully about the home. Study closely the inclination and need of each boy and girl. Make home home, and not a lodging-house, and rest assured the sons and daughters will not seek questionable pleasures abroad.

Quarrels and jangling, scolding and nagging, intended for counsel and direction, will make home most detestable, and don't blame youth if they seek on the street, in the dance-hall, or the saloon, pleasures as substitutes for the good times they should have at home. Be your boy's and girl's "companion," and they will not be crazy for outside associates. Plan and invent until you make home agreeable, and your children will not seek the attraction of the street. This problem solved would reform multitudes of unpleasant associations into which our youth are being driven, and would make home glitter with attractions.—*Chris. Guardian.*

CONFSSION OF CHRIST.

If you are converted, the next step is to confess it openly. Listen: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Confession of Christ is the culmination of the work of true repentance. We owe it to the world, to our fellow-Christians, to ourselves. He died to

redeem us, and shall we be ashamed or afraid to confess him? Religion as an abstraction, as a doctrine, has little interest for the world, but what people can say from personal experience always has weight.

I remember some meetings being held in a locality where the tide did not rise very quickly, and bitter and reproachful things were being said about the work. But one day, one of the most prominent men in the place rose and said:

"I want it to be known that I am a disciple of Jesus Christ; and if there is any odium to be cast on this cause, I am prepared to take my share of it."

It went through the meeting like an electric current, and a blessing came at once to his own soul and to the souls of others.

Men come to me and say: "Do you mean to affirm, Mr. Moody, that I've got to make a public confession when I accept Christ; do you mean to say I've got to confess him in my place of business and in my family? Am I to let the whole world know that I am on his side?"

That is precisely what I mean. A great many are willing to accept Christ, but they are not willing to publish it, to confess it. A great many are looking at the lions and the bears in the way. Now, my friends, the devil's mountains are only made of smoke. He can throw a straw into your path and make a mountain of it. He says to you: "You cannot confess and pray to your family; why, you'll break down! You cannot tell it to your shop-mate; he will laugh at you." But when you accept Christ, you will have power to confess him.—*D. L. Moody.*

FACES AND THE STORY THEY TELL.

Somebody has said that every face is either a history or a prophecy. Whether or not the latter statement is true, there is no possibility of doubting the former. As we go on in life our countenances indicate very clearly how we have spent our years, and to what end. Passion writes deeply disfiguring lines on some faces, cruelty stamps others with its sinister mark, avarice and greed are patent in the wolfish expression of the sordid look of some, and weakness is revealed in the loose hung lips and flabby chin of the man who is vacillating and unstable. A man or woman who has fought a good fight, lived bravely, unselfishly and magnanimously, who has given time, strength and substance for the betterment of the age, and the good of the community, may be plain, or even ugly, but in the face there will be a certain nobility, a clear candor, and a sweet sincerity.

We are making the faces of our later years, and this is a very encouraging reflection for the young. What we are now, if the noonday of our life has come, is the result of what we have been. But we need not be depressed if we have not just the beauty for which we long, for soul dominates body, and if we begin to-day, resolutely crushing the low and petty and mean tendencies and cherishing the lofty and sublime, our faces will soon be eloquent of victory.

What is Dyspepsia?

Qualms, nausea, longing for food yet dreading to eat. You may have the real thing but Ferrone will cure you like it did S. D. Huntington of Hamilton, who says, "I frequently was attacked with such acute dyspepsia that I thought it must be heart disease. I used Ferrone and was cured. My digestion is in perfect order and I can eat anything to-day." Nothing is as good as Ferrone for dyspepsia and those bothered with weak stomachs. Price 50c. at druggists.

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A CHINESE STORY.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling class in India:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly."

The little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark, "He do all same as Jesus."—*Golden Rule.*

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

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