

(Continued from First Page.)

Were it possible to equalize wealth and property, to divide up the millions in the hands of the rich among the poor, and to start them out on something like an equal footing, it would not be a day until there was a wide inequality again.

It is the decree of Heaven for the great mass of the people to be toilers, working-men, and to try to make anything else of them would be to do the unkindest thing you could do for them. Wealth to a man who does not know how to take care of it, and how to use it, is no boon. Power to a man who has been brought up a slave would only make him a tyrant of the worst type. So many of the poor and toiling of the great centers or population, under the leadership of demagogues, rise up and make a dash for power, but what a dreadful thing power is when it gets into their hands, what a cruel thing it is! It is tyranny, anarchy, desolation, woe.

Our Lord comes to the laboring man, worn with toil, crushed with the burdens that are laid upon, and with a sympathy that wins his heart, He says to him: "Come unto me! I will give you rest, I will bless you, crown you, make you rich and happy." And he comes, full of dreams as to the rest that is to be his. He dreams perhaps of a palace-home, a table loaded with luxuries, wealth, power, a life of ease and indulgence. But not so. He sends him back to his work again, to his place in the field or the factory, to his slavish toil, and this is His word to him: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Jesus took His place among the working men, the poor, the toiling, of His day. He went into the rude carpenter-shop, and there he toiled through the years, and He never struck for higher wages or shorter hours, and He did not make His moan that He had it so hard. No! He toiled away with cheerful patience, and He came to be something. And here He says to the working-people: "Come and take your place beside me, and do your work as I do mine. I am not a blustering demagogue who has so much to say about working-men's rights. I never join in the riotous proceedings of the mob. I am meek and lowly; learn of me."

You remember the incident we have in Paul's life of the runaway slave. His name was Onesimus, and he was the slave of Philemon, whose house was in Colosse. Onesimus thought his lot a hard one, and made up his mind to break with it. Perhaps he was led on to it by some other reckless slave. At all events, he ran away, and made his way to Rome, one of the worst places a slave could go to. There he met with Paul, and the good Paul taught him the gospel, led him to the feet of Jesus. He came to be a Christian. Well what then? The question came up as to his future, and it was decided that he go back to his old master, and be the slave he had always been. But then he was to do his work as he had not done it in the past, do it with higher ideas of service, do it to honor the Lord, do it cheerfully, patiently, faithfully; and thus doing it, he would get his reward, not in dollars, but in the blessed consciousness that he was doing right, following Christ, and by and by there would be for him his crown.

O working-men, it is yours from the Lord to labor, to earn your bread by the sweat of your face, to work out your destiny in the humbler walks of life. You envy the man who has wealth, power; who wears the crown, who rides in his chariot and before whom it is said; 'Bow the knee!' you say 'Let him take hold with me, and see what he will be; and put me where he is, on his thorne, in his chariot, and see if I cannot do better for the world than he is doing for it.' Now, I grant, there are mistakes of that kind, men terribly out of place, the wrong man in the furrow and on the throne, but as a rule, men are in their place, and to put them elsewhere would be a mistake all round. With a saw you can serve the Lord better perhaps than I can with a pen. One thing I know, if the saw was taken out of your muscular hand, and a pen put in it, or a sceptre, you could not earn bread for your family. You would feel yourself so utterly out of place, so helpless, that you would pray the Lord to give you back your saw, to put you in your old place again, and you would never find fault with your lot afterward. What we all want to learn is this, that there is a place for us to fill, and a work for us to do and there is no place we can fill so well and no work we can do so well. There are men in the pulpit to-day who were made to be farmers, and after a while they get to know it. They farm and farm, a little more and a little more, and by and by their congregations say: "Well, farm then!" There are men in offices of power, government offices, who ought to be stone-breakers, and the time comes at last, usually, when they find their place. And any work is noble when we enable it, when we do it for the Lord.

"Take my yoke upon you!" the Christ says. Your yoke may be a spade. It may be a trowel. It may

be a saw. It may be the stone-breaker's hammer. You look at it through your tears, and you ask: "Is it this, Master—only this?" And then you remember how poor He was, how He did for you what He asks you to do for Him, and you take hold, and do as He did; and then, there comes to you a peace, a rest, a reward, Oh so blessed, so full! If we are faithful anywhere, we shall find at last a crown the unfading crown. Hence let us find what our hand finds to do, and let us do it with our might, for only thus can we follow Him.

Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.

BADLY TREATED.

Mr Anderson Bradley thought that a mercantile establishment in the Indian Territory could not fail to yield handsome profits. He opened a store in the Choctaw nation about two months ago.

The other day he returned to Little Rock. His clothes were much worn and his manly physique appeared to have received some sort of shock.

Why, Anderson, said a friend, you do not appear to be enjoying yourself.

No, I am not boisterously happy.

What has become of your store in the Indian Territory?

It's up there yet.

Has business been very good?

Middling.

Come, tell me what's the matter.

Well, I wasn't treated rightly. When I went up there I found a man who wanted to sell his store. He offered the establishment at a very reasonable rate and as I had the cash I bought it. I restocked the house and soon thought myself on the road to prosperity.

Several days afterwards a man walked briskly into the store and said: My name is Fowler.

I shook hands with him for he looked as though he might become a good customer, and invited him to sit down.

Why did Piles leave so suddenly? he asked, meaning the man from whom I bought the store.

I replied that I did not know.

He went behind the counter and going up to the desk began to look over my books. He was a muscular fellow and I was determined to treat him with politeness, but I soon found it necessary to say something.

He turned to me and remarked:

As the dull season is coming on I reckon I'll have to get along without you.

What do you mean? I demanded.

I mean that I'll have to discharge you. Piles had no authority to hire any one. He might have waited until I got back.

Will you please explain? said I.

I think, sir, he replied, that you are the one to explain.

I'll do so. This is my house and—Your house?

Yes, my house. I bought it of Piles. Then Piles sold something that did not belong to him. This is my store. Piles was only a clerk.

I couldn't do anything. I went to law, but lost the case. All my money was gone, and I was in a strange country. I had to tramp away. I would tell you more, but Piles is in town.

And you are hunting him?

Well, no, I am keeping out of his way. He says that he didn't charge me enough for the store, and says, so I understand, that he proposes to get even with me physically.

I like a quiet life, you know, and therefore shall not associate with him.

THE CHOICE OF ORANGES.

To very many an orange is an orange, the only variation distinguishable being in size and corresponding price, while those who know the difference between 'Florida,' 'Seville' and 'Messina' oranges are considered experts. The 'Florida Catechism' tells us better than that.

We learn from it that there are 'over thirty' varieties of sweet oranges, not to mention the 'natural stock,' which is a larger and handsomer fruit than the sweet orange, and is excellent for orange-ade and marmalade, but being very sour, is seldom shipped North.

The medium sizes are apt to be the choicest, and 'probably the very sweetest orange that is marketed is the rusty-coated and rather ill-looking orange, which might be considered inferior by an amateur.

Furthermore, The way to detect oranges is to 'heft' them in your hands; pick out the thin-skinned heavy fruit, and you are all right. The light weight fruit is apt to be juiceless, a condition caused either by a slight freezing while on the tree, or, more probably, by the poverty of the soil in which it grew.

All this applies to the sweet oranges. The kid-glove oranges are grown in Florida from two stocks brought respectively from China and Tangiers. Hence they are called Mandrain and Tangerine oranges.

Both are small; the skin is loose and easily removed, and the sections fall apart so readily that a lady can eat one without soiling her gloves; hence the name.

Some other bits of interesting information may be picked out from this Catechism. It is not generally known, for instance, that an orange that is entirely dead ripe in December will hang on the tree until March, and is ready at any time to be picked and shipped; while so far from deteriorating, the longer they hang on the trees the sweeter they grow, and Florida oranges, purchased in February and March, and therefore apt to be better than those procured early in the season.

Again, the notion that, to know what an orange is really like, one must go where the oranges grow appears to be a popular fallacy, as we are told that the orange picked from the tree is no riper or better than the orange of the fruit stall in the North.

A GENUINE LOVE STORY.—This story, told originally by Spurgeon, will we are confident, strike a chord in many loving hearts:—

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal ward robe the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when during the evening, her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.

Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years ago wore the same dress she had on the previous occasion; and, of course, it had been altered and remade, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil and care and motherhood and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of her cheeks and the lithe spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd care-worn and pre-occupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart the ten-year husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude a great sense of all her patient, loving faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand, and placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd, and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before, when she was a bride and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife; their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfused and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured.

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COMPLIMENTARY PRESS NOTICES.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter." This is the title of a neatly-printed book of some 150 pages, from the facile pen of Herman H. Pitts, of the Fredericton Reporter. The story, which savors of the Bad Boy style of fiction, treats of the adventures of Joshua Bangs, from his entry into the office of the Swampton Eva up the inky ladder of journalistic success till he revels in wealth and domestic felicity, the editor of a thrifty village daily. Mixed up with Joshua, from start to finish, is one Spuds, a practical printer, who divides the honors with him. Mr. Pitts boldly lifts the veil that hides from vulgar gaze the mysterious interior of the sanctum and discloses the manner in which the crank of an opinion mill is turned. Only early familiarity with the secrets of a printing office could have enabled the writer to dress up his characters as naturally as he does; indeed one is almost forced at times to believe that Mr. Pitts, in the earlier chapters, has simply torn a few pages from his own autobiography. If for Bangs we substitute the name Pitts, and transform Swampton into Fredericton, the interest in the tale is heightened and its true inwardness made more plain.—St. John Daily Sun.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," is one of the funny books of the season, and having been written by a New Brunswicker and dealing with the amusing incidents of provincial life is calculated to amuse if not to instruct Canadians. This mythical reporter's extraordinary adventures form a story far better worth the twenty-five cents charged for it than many more pretentious publications. It may be purchased at the book stores or ordered from H. H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—Yarmouth Herald, Nova Scotia.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of "Brother Jonathan Sketches." Brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life, it describes the experience of a Reporter, whose numerous escapes, love affairs, etc., make up an amusing story. Published in pamphlet form, price 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamps. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—St. John Daily Telegraph.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," has just reached us. It is from the pen of the author of "Bro. Jonathan Sketches."

This little manual is replete with graphic descriptions of 'Joshua' as a Reporter. We may return to it again.—Victoria Star, Grand Falls.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss"; and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story.

The book is published in pamphlet form, in readable type, and contains 160 pages. Price, 25 cents; for sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamp. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—Carleton Sentinel, Woodstock.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter" is a pleasant companion for a leisure evening, or railway journey. The hero certainly managed to get into as many scrapes as the general run of printers' devils and reporters, and to come through on all occasions with quite the usual sang froid and cool. But there is no need we should relate any of these adventures, when 25 cents remitted to Mr. H. H. Pitts, Business Manager of the Fredericton N. B. Reporter, will secure the volume.—Orillio Packet.

Flattering notices have also been given the work by the St. Croix Courier, Woodstock Press, Chatham World, Summerside Journal, P. E. I. The Watchman, Halifax, N. S., Watson's Illuminator and a number of other Provincial and United States papers.

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