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Beginning in January, a series of Sabbath evening discourses on Moses will be delivered by Rev. A. J. Mowatt, and the sermon will appear each week in the REPORTER.

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MANHOOD.

How Lost How Restored.

JUST published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical curer of Spermatorrhoea or incapacity induced by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself chiefly, privately and radically.

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SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

A Young Wife's Adroit Scheme To Keep Her Husband at Home.

Husband (first night after returning from wedding tour)—"I'm going down to the club to-night, love, and as I haven't seen the boys for a long time, I may be late, so you needn't wait up for me."

Wife (who had been warned by her mother that this crisis in the matrimonial history was sure to arrive sooner or later)—"As you have never left me alone before, dear, since our marriage, I am afraid I would feel very lonely in your absence, so I think I will go to the theatre. If you are home before me you need not wait up for I can let myself in with the latch key."

H.—But you cannot go to the theatre unattended, my love."

W.—"I will not go unattended. Cousin Jack is home from his yachting cruise. I will call on him and ask him to be my escort. If he isn't in, I will find somebody else. You needn't worry about me, dear."

H. (who used to be so dreadfully jealous of Cousin Jack)—"Your cousin Jack is home then?"

W.—"Yes. And you needn't fear that I shall be dull in his company. Jack is very entertaining, you know."

H. (after pondering awhile)—"On second thought I don't believe I'll go to the club, love."

W. (demurely)—"On second thought I don't believe I'll go to the theatre, dear."

—Boston Courier.

AN ENTERPRISING PUBLISHER.

The Strange Liberties He Took with a Great Author.

I have heard of all sorts of liberties being taken with an author, but I don't think that I ever heard of anything quite as "cool" as the conduct of an enterprising editor of a certain youths' paper.

This worthy gentleman, in talking with a friend, admitted that he took Bulwer's novels, changed their names, cut out and added chapters to adapt them to the tastes of his readers, and ran them as serials in his periodical.

The only honest thing about this performance is the absence of Bulwer's name from the title pages of the garbled stories. This omission is due, of course, not to any squeamishness on the editor's part, but to his desire to make the stories appear to be new and original.—Critic.

HER LITTLE MISTAKE.

Encouraging to Young Violinists.

Snifkins, a young traveling man of this city, is trying to learn the violin.

The other evening he was working away with most commendable industry, when a tap sounded at the door of his room.

"Come in," he said, pausing in his wild endeavors.

The door opened and the Irish domestic put her head through the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she remarked in a relieved tone.

"Yes, it is I. What did you want?"

"Nothin', only the missus sint me up to see if the baby wasn't up here tryin' to break yer fiddle."—Merchant Traveler.

Scared Off.

Visitor to sanctum—"How is it, Quillpen? You always used to have ladies dropping in to see you about puffs for church societies, etc. Now there hasn't a single lady been in here this morning."

Editor—"No, I put a stop to that business."

Visitor—"How?"

Editor—"Why, I inserted a paragraph stating that the mice were getting so thick in this office that they frequently ran up the table legs to see if there was any cheese in our pockets. Since then there hasn't been a lady inside the building."—Burlington Free Press.

A Drawback to His Sobriety.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked a lady of a friend whose eyes were red from recent tears.

"Oh, I'm—boo-hoo—in such trouble."

"What has happened? Something dreadful, I am sure."

"Yes. It was something d-dreadful."

"What is it? Has your husband been drinking harder than usual?"

"No, that's just it. He has signed the pledge, and he is so disagreeable when he is sober."

One Way of Disposing of Tramps.

A Visalia Justice of the Peace has hit upon a novel way of clearing his district of tramps.

Arrested and taken before him he lectures them on the enormity of their offense, pronounces them guilty, and tells them to come next day and receive sentence.

Of course, they get out of his jurisdiction as soon as possible.—San Francisco Call.

In Luck.

"Why, Wooden, what makes you so happy this morning?"

"Happy? Well, I should think I could afford to be: I made \$200 yesterday."

"That's good. How'd you do it?"

"Why, I put \$200 into Union Pacific."

"But I thought stocks fell off yesterday."

"So they did; I lost the \$200, but I would have put in \$400 if I had had it. So you see that other \$200 was a clear gain."—Boston Commonwealth.

The Dear Creature's Consistency.

Mrs. Homespun—"I declare I would just like to be able to vote once."

Mr. Homespun—"Why, my dear, I thought you were strongly opposed to woman suffrage."

"So I am; and I would like to vote in order that I might vote against the horrid thing."

Report from the Dining Room.

"Mary, how could you serve up such a piece of beef as this? It is all bone. You ought to have known better than to have accepted it from the butcher."

"Yes, ma'am, I know it, and I told him I wouldn't have taken it if it had been for myself."—New York Truth.

SELF CONTROL.

Its Expression in the Use of the Hands.

There are few people who possess that absolute repose which marks the "Vere de Vere."

A person may be outwardly calm and self-possessed under all conditions and yet find a peculiar sustaining quality and moral support in some small article held in the hand. In this case a woman has the advantage over the sterner sex, as there are countless smelling bottles, bon bonnières and the all powerful fan especially designed for the use of nervous feminine hands.

A man plays with his knife, fingers his watch chain or flutters his handkerchief, and there are few who quite know what to do with their hands when they are entirely unoccupied.

Lawyers are keen observers of human idiosyncracies and one of them in relating a story of a client gave as a point of interest the fact of the absolute repose and quiet of the client's hands. The case was important and the one most interested was a woman.

In talking the matter over with her the lawyer observed with surprise that she kept her hands empty and absolutely quiet. They were not even folded together, but lay in repose on her lap throughout the whole conversation.

The circumstance was an unusual one, as there are few who possess sufficient self control not to feel an increased sense of confidence and self assurance when the hands are supplied with some small article, which seems to render them less obtrusive and takes away any feeling of responsibility their owner may have regarding them.

HEBREW MILLIONAIRES.

The Way in Which They Have Made Their Money.

It is in finance rather than in trade, that the Hebrew millionaires have acquired most of their millions. They may have begun as peddlers or office boys, but when they scraped together a little capital they commenced to use it in the money market to make more.

It is worth noting, however, that Jewish speculators in the sense of mere gamblers on the stock market, are rare among the millionaires. The Seligmans, Wormers and the rest have gained vast profits in stock speculation, it is true, but the foundations of their business are laid on a legitimate and sound banking basis.

Intrepid as the Jew is in taking chances, it is an instinct with him to have some force in reserve, while the average Gentile speculator will gamble away his last dollar, and that of other people entrusted to him, going fairly mad under the excitement of the act.—Boston Home Journal.

By Indirection Find Direction Out.

The new servant girl came to the lady crying and holding on to her finger.

"What's the matter?" asked the lady.

"I've run a fork into my finger, and if it's this plated stuff I'll get lockjaw."

"Don't be afraid. I don't keep any plated ware in the house."

Next morning the servant girl and all the silver were missing, and the table ware was all plated for some time after, until the times were better.

ORIGIN OF BASE BALL.

The Noble Game Had a Humble and Foreign Beginning.

Base ball is merely a development of the old English game of rounders. Except in details the two are precisely the same. Half a century ago base ball was hardly heard of, but rounders was as common as it is in the fields about London; and their identity is more clear than even that of croquet with pall mall, or cricket with the "club ball," that gave exercise to our fathers six hundred years ago.

Rounders was never an aristocratic game. It was not played by the universities. The great endowed schools like Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or Winchester, never thought of it. Even small private schools affected to be above rounders.

It was reserved for the children in parochial establishments and the large class of costermongers, errand boys, etc. in the large cities. But it was a good game nevertheless, and the people who had indulged in it on the other side brought it here and made it what it is.

A Bright and Beauteous Bride.

Old Lady (to elderly bride on wedding trip)—"That young man who just went into the smokin' car seems to be very fond o' you, Ma'am."

Elderly Bride—"Ah, yes, John loves me most dearly."

Old Lady—"It does my heart good to see such affections these days. Is he the only son ye got, ma'am?"

Her Useful Small Brother.

Willie—"What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry our Irene?"

Miss Irene (taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind that Mr. Hankinson has got to say something now)—"Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!"

An Applied Biblical Story.

A little boy laid his stick of candy on the mantel while he buttoned his shoes.

His sister, seeing it, waltzed around the room, reaching the candy as she passed, and hastily ate it.

When her brother had finished buttoning his shoes and reached for it, lo! it was gone.

"You have my candy, miss; give it to me," he cried.

"Brother," she answered, "if you ever eat that candy you will have to be the whale and I'll have to be Jonah."—Babyhood.

Yesterday a young lady riding in a cab in solitary pensiveness from Camden station created a good deal of interest during her progress through the western section of the city by a sign over her head bearing the legend "Not Engaged."

The driver had neglected to take it down when he secured his fare.—Baltimore Sun.

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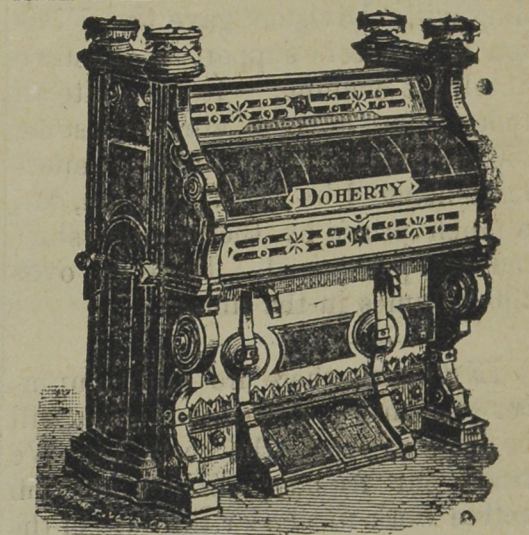
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FRANCIS C. D. BRISTOWE,
 Organist Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton (late of H. M. Chapels) Royal, London, England.
 Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887.

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