If you have a precious thought, That to you has gladness brought, Shrine it not within your breast; Write it and make others blest! Oft ome written thought will reach Hearts grown loath of human speech; Hearts by faithless promise grieved, Hearts by lying lips deceived.

If you have a loving word,
Sleak it where it can be heard.
Souls are languishing to-day,
For the words that you might say;
Early burdens sorely press;
Loving words can make them less.
And no soul can suffer loss,
Thus who lifts a brother's cross!

— Christian at E - Christian at Work.

## A FACE.

Between the curtains of snowy lace Over the way, is a baby's face. It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee, And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry, But in the wonderful by and by, Out from the window of God's "To be." That other baby shall becken to me."

That ever haunting and longed-for face, That perfect vision of infant grace, Shall shine on me in a splendor of light, Never to fade from my eager sight.

A I that was taken shall be made good-All that puzzles me, understood;
And the wee white hand that I lost oae day
Shall lead me into the Better Way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

### WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.

Laura, said young George Van Perkins, tenderly, do you think you could consent to leave this beautiful home, where your innocent childhood was spent, where you have grown to young womanhood, and where you have been surrounded by every luxury that heart could desire or that fond and indulgent fellow sat down, and, stroking his whisk you could leave all these to become the wife of a young man without fame or wealth, and who must go to the far west to carve out his fortune?

I think I could, George, replied

prevail in so-called refined circles are un- and if he finds the occupant of the room look at each other's dresses as they pass his presence he simply sits down and directors assert it is in a thoroughly sound on the street.

Laura in an altered tone, is that the never seen a lightning rod in Russia. This kind of an existence to which you would is not because there is no lightning there, doom me? [Rings for servant.] Vic- but because the people do not believe in toria, show the gentleman out .- Chicago rods to conduct to the ground the dead-Tribune

## THE WATER OF SUPERIOR.

How cold the dark water of Lake Superior is! One evening when we were steaming across that take I asked the mate what was done when a man fell overboard. He coolly replied, Nothing. Why ? I asked, astonished at his heartlessness.

The water of Lake Superior is so cold that a man cannot live in it during the time it takes to stop a rapidly-moving earth, and experts find it impossible to he added: I have sailed on this lake for twenty years. During that time I have known many men to fall off vessels. I known of only one man who escaped death. He was saved by a scratch. The others were apparently killed by the shock produced by falling into such cold water. He picked up an empty can to which a long string was attached and cast it overboard. The can skipped from the crest of one wave to that of another for an instant, then dipped and filled. The hoary headed sailor drew the full can up and handed it to me saying; Take a drink of that, and then you say what you think leads of the safe he added: I have sailed on this lake for and then you say what you think passage to the surface. of your chances of swimming in Lake of mountain ranges, and it is supposed Surperior for 10 or 15 minutes, I drank deeply, and it was as though liquid ice flowed down my throat.

It is alleged, he mate said, that this lake never gives up its dead, that to be drowned in Lake Superior is to be burried for all time. I do not know whether this is true or not, but I do know that I have never seen a coapse floating on the lake. I wonder if that is true? I doubted it, but could find no sailor who had ever seen a dead body floating on ing-tailed and shame-faced. He cared the lake .- Frank Wilkinson in N. Y.

THE EDITOR'S MARRIAGE.

The good book has said that it is not well for men to be alone. It has been saying so for about 2000 years, more or less, but it was only yesterday that we concluded that such indeed was the case, and proceeded to get us a wife. Our readers are acquainted with the Widow Plodger, who keeps a boarding house just around the corner from his effice—

possible occasion exhibited the animal proudly. His sister, Ella, age eighteen, asked him facetiously:

Where did you get that dog?
I bought him from a man for 25 cents, with t'e pride of ownership.

Mercy! The idea of paying 25 cents for that horrid beast!

Charlie's eyes flashed indignantly. He isn't horrid. That shows how much a girl knows. The man told me he is a full-blooded cur.

Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.

Falconer.

Point de Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50; Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.

Falconer.

Plother Co; Golden Rule, 51
Thesday; Jas. W. Colpitts.

Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.

Falconer.

Point de Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50; Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.

Falconer.

Point de Bute, West. Co.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-day; John St. Dich de Bute, West. Co.; John St. John St.

I think I could, George, replied Laura, softly.

You would miss many of the conveniences and enjoyments of city life, pursued George, in a community of hardworking settlers.

I should be one of the workers myself, exclaimed the fair girl with beautiful enthusiasm.

I was sure you would, my noble Laura. With youth, health, devotion to each other, and the future before us, there is no reason why, we cannot be happy, even in a western frontier village, where there are no theatres, no cable cars, no swell dinner parties—None of these things, George, are essentials to real happiness.

None of these things, George, are essentials to real happiness.

And where the trivial customs that never thinks of announcing himself at the door. He enters without knocking, and if he finds the occupant of the room is not expecting him and does not desire his presence he simply sits down and waits, as if he expected to be lifted up by the shoulders and heaved out. I have never seen a lightning there, but because there is no lightning there, but because the people do not believe in rods to conduct to the ground the deadly bolts. They believe it would be triding with the inevitable and defying the invisible. I believe Ajax came from another part of the globe than this.—Omana has Bee.

The Origin of Petroleum.—Processor Medeleef, in Engineering, has advanced the theory that petroleum is of mineral origin, and that its production is going on and may continue almost indeficities.

The Heaters without knocking, and if he finds the occupant of the rodout to the ground the deadly bolts. They believe in would be triding with the inevitable and defying the invisible. I believe Ajax came from another part of the globe than this.—Omana there are not in the well known case of the Maritime bank v. R. A. & J. Stewart, a silent part of the globe than this.—Omana there in the Greer lumber firm, was made Jan. 15th. The amount involved is \$278,000. The bank claims that it advanced the theory that petroleum is of mineral origin, and that its production is going on and may continue almost indeficities.

Chicago, Jan 16.—Sixteen degrees be initely. He has succeeded in making it attributed by a similar process to that which he believes is going on in the earth, and experts find it impossible to instinguish between the natural and the manufactured article.

His hypothesis is that water finds, its And where the trivial customs that the door. He enters without knocking, and if he finds the occupant of the room been ugly rumors about bank's stability known; where women never turn to is not expecting him and does not desire both here and in Montreal, but the What's that, Mr. VanPerkins? said by the shoulders and heaved out. I have

that the upheaval of the hills has dislocated the strata below sufficiently to give the water access to depths from which it is ordinarily shut out. If the center of the earth contains large amounts of metallic carbides we have in prospect a store of fuel against the days when our coal will be exhausted.

H. McAllister.

Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurs day; JohnP. Bell.

Orange Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.

Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E.A. Everett.

Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.

Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.

St. John: Mariners and Mechanics, 38. Thus coal will be exhausted.

Charlie, age eight, brought home a for it tenderly, fixed a dry-goods box in the back yard for a kennel, and on every possible occasion exhibited the animal

good, clean beds and a square meal for 50 cents. There it was in that mansion that shot from Capid's bow was shot clean through our two tender hearts.

Yes, there we saw the Widow Plodger, and it was there we wooed and wen and wedded her. It was a moonlight night

LIFEIN LIBERIA.—There is not a horse or a mule or a jackass in the country. The cows are about as big as Newfoundland dogs and no milk. The oxen are useless. There is not a carriage or waggon or even a wheelbarrow in the republic, and there are not three wedded her. It was a moonlight night republic, and there are not three she approached us with a board bill in plows owned in the whole Tuesday; Samuel Osborn wedded her. It was a moonlight night she approached us with a board bill in her hand, but all undaunted we fell at her feet and poured forth the tale of affection that filled our bosom. Need we say, that the moon looked down with waterv eyes through the dark swaying boughs of the oak? Need we say that the fair head nestled upon our editorial shoulders, and she said she would be ours? No, but such was the case, and to night we are a married man.

The ceremony? Who can tell about it? There was the parson—we promised him \$2; there was the bride, all white flub-and smiles, and there was we—the whole is summed up in the confession that we hereby breathe forth to the brethern of the press—we are no longer we—we are, the press—we are no longer we—we a

hereby breathe forth to the brethern of the press—we are no longer we—we are, us.—Eagle Guleh [Idaho] Warwhoop.

WHAT HE DISCOVERED.

A handsomely dressed young woman entered a crowded street car. A long whiskered old fellow, wearing a dingy slouch hat and a suit of homespun clothes, got up and said: Miss, take my seat. I don't look as well asthese here gentlemen—nodding at several men—but I've diskivered that I've more politeness.

The young woman sat down without thanking the old fellow; and, slyly winking at a woman whom she knew, whispered:

How do you like my gallant country, hoosier I don't row thin, that he would have been been gentlemen. How do you like my gallant country, was all of my said. He had a superstance of the rack, and while looking for his count, my hoosier I don't row thin, that he would have been gentlemen. They could be a superstance of the rack, and while looking for his count, my hoosier I don't row thin, that he would have been gentlement thanking the old fellow; and, slyly winking at a woman whom she knew, whispered:

How do you like my gallant country hoosier I don't row thin, that he would have been gone to the constables, Nearly and Survey (Co.; Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Sumyside, 253 (Aug.; D. A. Jonah. Levis Mountain, West. Co.; Sumyside, 253 (Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday Saturday; Saturday; Saturday; Saturday; Saturday; Saturday; Saturday; Saturday Saturday; Saturday Saturday, Saturday Saturday, Saturday ered:

How do you like my gallant country hoosier? don't you think that he would cut quite a figure in a dime museum.?

Miss, said the old fellow with a smile which clearly bespoke his unconsciousness of the unlady-like ridicule, I believe I left my pocket-book thar on that seat. Will you please get up a minit?

The young woman got up. The old fellow sat down, and, stroking his whisk ers, remarked:

B'lieve I'll jest keep on setting here, Miss. I stood up so much at the dime museum jest now that I'm sorter tired. I've got a leetle more politeness than these here gentlemen but I have diskivered that I ain't got nigh so much

Oil bearing strata occurs in the vicinity f mountain ranges, and it is supposed H. McAllister.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; Milltown, St Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday.

Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; Walter Munford.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; John I Steeves
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.

Hubert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 295

Saturday; James McFarlane.

Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321 Monday; Frank Harper.
Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Satur Clark's Corner, Queens Co.; Clark's Corner, 325 Thursday; Isaac H. Carle.
Fredericton, No. 2 Gordon, No. 326; Wednes: day, Sergt. Major McKenzie.
Smith's Corner, Walker's W. O, Kent Co., Olive Branch 327 Saturday, Ephraim Wheten Berry Mills West Co. Millville, 328, Monday John T. Prince.
Blackville, Northumberland Co.; Blackville, 329; Wednesday; E. W. Gaynor; Black Brook, North. Co.; Silver Stream, 330; Wednesday; Wm. Tait.
Tattagouche, Gloucester Co.; Forest Home, 331; Thursday, Richard Bell.
Bathurst, Gloucester Co.; Ever Onward, 332, Monday, W. R. Johnson.
Dalhousie Junction, Restiguuche Co., Maple

Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Co., Maple Green; 333; Wednesday, Wm. Jamison. View No. Co 334: Monday, Chas. E. Hicks.
Upper Woodstock, Jubilee 335, Wednesday,
John Burpee.

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Lordon, England.
Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887.

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