

"FOR MY SAKE."

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning; Three little words the heart can scarcely hold; Three little words, but on their import dwelling, What wealth of love their syllables unfold!

"For My sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy;

On earth this was my work; I give it thee. If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps, Take up My cross and come and learn of me.

"For My sake" let the harsh word die unuttered That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue; "For My sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For My sake" press with steadfast patience onward, Although the race be hard, the battle long. Within My Father's house are many mansions; There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee, If "for My sake" thou suffer pain and loss, Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee; They only wear His crown who share His cross.

—Hester M. Poole.

A USEFUL OPPONENT.

My husband was a gambler, a member of a prominent club. Night after night I was left alone, while he pursued his calling at the club, presumably a gentleman, yet only intent upon winning the money of his acquaintances.

Time after time I had urged him to give up his despicable business, but he turned my entreaties aside by offering excuses which were not all satisfactory.

"We live well," he said, "and I need money to pay our expenses. You are well aware that when I married you I had no visible means of support, although your parents were laboring under the most delightful delusion that I was a millionaire, and a catch in the matrimonial market worth more than passing attention. Therefore when it came to setting up a house I had to make some money. And money I made by playing cards, which is easy enough when you know—"

A peculiar expression flitted across his face and settled there.

"When you know how," I suppose you were going to say," I remarked, wondering why a sentence should have been begun only to be left unfinished.

"Yes," he answered, "in all games which combine chance with skill, the skill is bound to tell in the long run. With a cool hand and a level head the odds are in your favour, especially when you are playing against men with more money than brains and fonder of whiskey than soda.

"My luck, as you have good reason to know, has been phenomenal. It accounts for the pretty dresses you wear; it accounts for the horses you drive; it accounts for my balance at the bank. It has enabled me to keep you in the best society, in the fashionable circles which surrounded you when you were born—destined to marry a Standard Oil millionaire, or the son of a Sugar Trust Senator, at least, if it had not been for the penniless adventurer who made such capital out of his good looks and charming manners—"

"Good looks and charming manners, indeed," I said, thumping him on the shoulder. "Well, go on."

"That's all," he said.

"Well, and what is there to prevent you from leaving off now without tempting Providence any further?"

"Good gracious, child," he said, quite angrily, "don't you see? The men in the club expect at least a chance of getting some of their money back. They—"

"I don't see the good of winning at all if you feel bound to go on playing till you lose."

"I don't intend to lose," he said, quietly. "Winning back lost money is the most expensive game a gambler plays. It makes him demoralized and reckless. Besides people grow suspicious of a man who gives up play before play gives him up. Society would have nothing to do with us were the ghost of a suspicion cast on my honesty by some evil-minded fellow at the club. The loss of society's smile would be nothing to me, but to you—"

Nothing to him, indeed!

"Horace—"

A neat maid opened the door and brought in a note on a tray. It was unusual for notes to arrive at ten o'clock in the evening, but Horace Linley did not seem in the least surprised.

He took it, read it through quickly, then tore it into fragments, and put them carefully, very carefully, in the fire.

He watched the flames leap upon them, he watched the blackened scraps of paper curl and break into a thousand pieces.

"Thank heaven!" he said. Then he drew a deep breath of relief.

"I shall have to go out for half an hour," he remarked, getting up and holding out his coat for me to put on. He turned as he reached the door and kissed his hand, an unusually serious expression in his face.

"Perhaps I shall manage to take your advice after all," he said, with a forced attempt to smile, "only you must give me time."

I sprang to my feet, but he was gone. Then my pent-up feelings found an outlet and I cried a little to myself, wondering at

the secret trouble which was gnawing at my husband's heart. That look on his face haunted me all night and for many a long day after.

Laurence Cushmore, my husband's friend, told me afterward the end of the story, although he never guessed the truth. About a week must have passed since that nocturnal conversation with my husband, and Cushmore was standing at the window of the Nonpareil Club talking with my brother Lacy.

"Well, if you don't know who the fellow is I'm sure nobody else does," he said. Lacy had the reputation of knowing everybody in the city. "I cannot imagine how he ever came to be elected, or, rather why we never blackballed him. There was a time when we were select at the Nonpareil Club, at all events."

"He plays a confoundedly good game of cards," said my brother. He had an intense admiration for anyone who could make money.

"So much the worse," said Cushmore, turning his pockets inside out with a comic gesture of despair. "He cleaned me out last night. One does not mind losing one's money to a fellow like Horace Linley, that lucky brother-in-law of yours, but when it comes to an interloper like this man Balsam, or whatever the fellow's name is, it—well, you know what I mean. He's confoundedly confident about his luck, too. Brags about it all the time, by Jove, I would give anything to see him fleeced—not that I have much left that is worth having, even at a gift."

"Horace is the only man who could prove a match for him."

"And Linley won't play with the brute, small blame to him, either—"

Both the men turned, and found Jared Henderson at the elbow.

"Don't you believe it!" said Lacy helping himself to a cigar from the new-comer's case.

"It's a fact. They are to play poker—ten dollars ante, and betting unlimited."

Cushmore whistled.

"Horace refused to have anything to do with him last night; whereupon Balsam remarked: 'And just as well, too, if he wants to keep his reputation as the best player in the club,' which brought Linley up to the scratch like the thoroughbred that he is."

"He did, though. Now for dinner at Delmonico's, and then back here to see them play."

And the three young men, casting a look of unutterable disgust in the direction of the great leather chair in which the new member of the club sat reading his evening paper, went out into the roar of Broadway.

The chief card-room of the Nonpareil Club was crowded as it had never been crowded before that night. The news of the great contest had spread abroad, and prominent actors and men about town were there to see the contest between Horace Linley and the comparatively new member of the club, James Balsam.

Lacy and a group of his intimate friends stood just behind my husband's chair, and Cushmore was on the opposite side of the table.

From the very first Balsam was a winner. He had the most astonishing luck in drawing. If he needed a king, or an ace, or a jack, he was almost certain to draw it.

The bets ran high, good hands were the rule, but Linley was in hard luck.

After an hour's play he had lost at least four thousand dollars.

Toward midnight something occurred which made Cushmore raise his eyebrows. He looked across to Lacy. Jared Henderson who was an exceedingly nervous man, turned white to the lips, and suddenly left the room. Balsam had been detected cheating.

With his face darkened by an angry frown, Horace pushed back his chair.

"These cards are marked," he said, quietly; "they must have been smuggled into the club with the connivance of one of the servants—"

"It's a lie!" Balsam hissed. He looked around the room, hoping to find some support among the members, and finding none, he made a sudden movement toward the door.

In a moment Cushmore sprang at him and seized his wrists.

"Not so fast, my friend," he said.

Lacy sent a waiter for a policeman, but my husband called the man back.

"Don't make an ass of yourself," he said; "whatever happens, let us avoid a scandal."

Then he turned to his opponent.

"There's the door," he said, pointing with his finger. "Go."

The other put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a huge roll of bills, and laid his winnings on the table feeling like a whipped dog.

Horace removed a few of the notes—probably a hundred dollars—and handed them to Balsam, without a word.

A murmur of approbation at his generosity ran round the room.

When the door was closed upon Balsam, and those who had witnessed the disgraceful episode had returned to the card-room, my husband begged to be allowed to say a word publicly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to act on impulse. From this moment, and in your presence, I swear solemnly never to touch a

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also to tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—One pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me.

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

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card again for the remainder of my life. Whether I am a fool for my pains or not will probably be a matter of dispute, but my mind is made up. I have never before seen cheating at cards, and never again will I, willingly, submit to such an experience. I am impelled to the course I am about to take, and I take it confident that I shall at least have your sympathy.

There were murmurs of applause, which were drowned in louder murmurs of surprise, and several men said openly that they considered Horace an idiot. However, it was admitted on all sides that my husband had conducted himself admirably.

I never knew until the day of my husband's death the truth of the matter. As he lay dying, mourned by hundreds of acquaintances, and above all by the members of the Nonpareil Club, he called me to him and told me the secret of his life. Ah! how shall I tell the rest?

My Horace, the husband whom I loved, who was more to me than all the world, was the most successful card-sharper of this or any other age. Balsam was his accomplice, and he used him most ingeniously to cover his retreat from the card tables, after he had become a millionaire. Not a soul ever suspected him, or guessed the secret of his mysterious opponent.

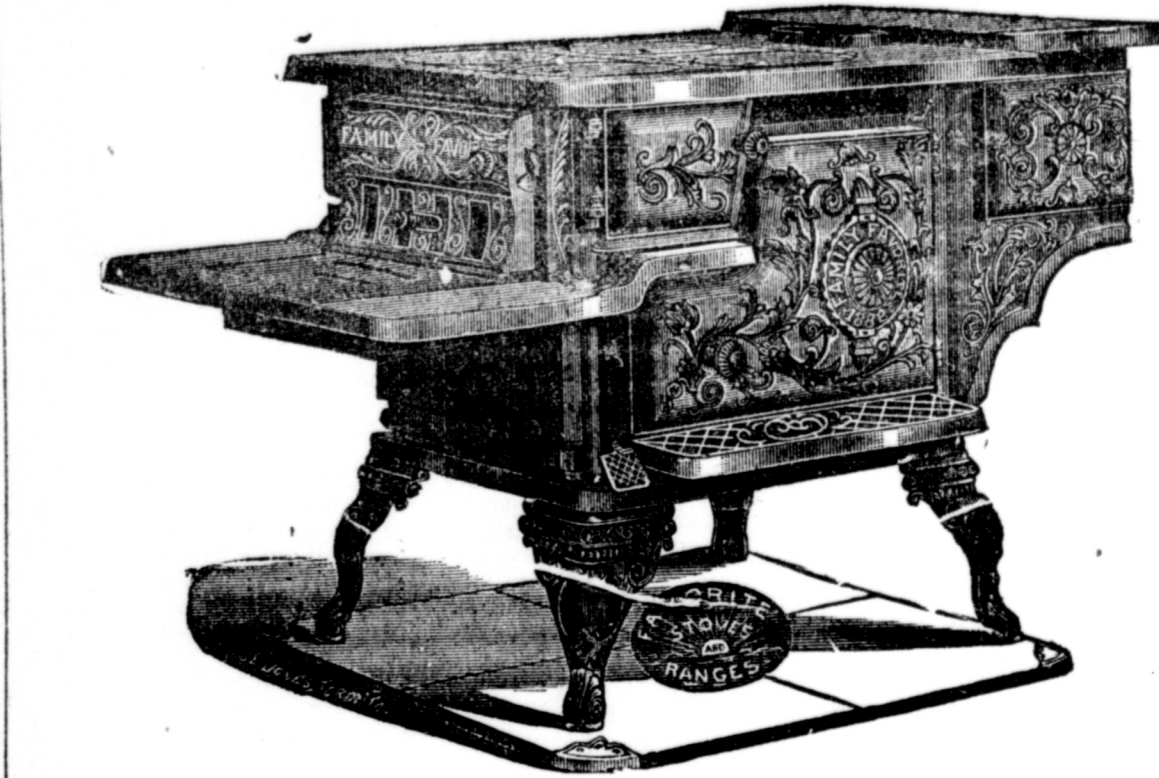
Maritime Shipping.

The Halifax correspondent of the Montreal Witness writes: The shipping of the Maritime provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island,—continues to show a most alarming and deplorable decrease, and bids fair, if the shrinkage goes on at the present rate, to be practically wiped out of existence altogether. During the past eleven years the total tonnage decreased considerably over one third of the whole, or by 366,290 tons; from 890,810 tons in 1884, to 524,520 tons in 1894 inclusive. In the first named year, 1884, Nova Scotia had 3,019 vessels, with a total tonnage of 543,835, while she now has only 2,686, with a tonnage of 369,303. New Brunswick owned 1,096 vessels, with a tonnage of 307,762; now she has 1,008 vessels with a tonnage of but 137,028. Prince Edward Island possessed 234 vessels, with a tonnage of 39,213, and now she has 191, with a tonnage of 18,189. Nova Scotia has 333 vessels, and 174,532 tons less; New Brunswick has 88 vessels, and 170,734 tons less; Prince Edward Island, 43 vessels and 21,024 tons less. The following are comparative figures:—

NOVA SCOTIA.		
Year.	No. Vessels.	Tonnage.
1884	3,019	543,835
1885	2,933	541,070
1886	2,913	527,037
1887	2,840	503,125
1888	2,840	487,364
1889	2,847	464,133
1890	2,784	464,367
1891	2,775	462,304
1892	2,740	425,870
1893	2,717	394,861
1894	2,685	369,303
NEW BRUNSWICK.		
1884	1,096	307,762
1885	1,069	288,257
1886	1,045	270,085
1887	1,026	255,567
1888	1,008	239,789
1889	1,004	221,086
1890	981	210,026
1891	980	194,400
1892	946	182,124
1893	1,011	155,645
1894	1,008	137,028
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.		
1884	234	39,213
1885	224	36,049
1886	225	30,658
1887	215	29,031
1888	218	26,586
1889	224	25,506
1890	232	26,093
1891	195	23,350
1892	196	22,706
1893	188	19,409
1894	191	18,189

The Future of the Earth and Man.

One of the most immediate effects of the progress of sidereal evolution is the impoverishment of the fluid reservoirs that surround the planets. Such a discovery is, of course, very threatening for us, and it may be asked whether our oceans and our atmosphere are rich enough to answer the needs of the rocks that will consolidate hereafter. It is easy to



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make a calculation on this point. The crust of the earth is at present so thin that a hen's egg has relatively thicker walls than our globe. If we suppose the consolidation pushed to its centre, such a consolidation would require many times the amount of water which all our seas can furnish. Our satellite, the moon, which, by reason of its smaller volume, has reached the advanced degrees of refrigeration much more quickly than the earth, is now precisely at that phase in which all that was absorbable is engulfed in the voids of its crust. The day will come, then, when the earth, after having lost its atmosphere and its oceans, after having had enormous rifts opened all over its surface, will be broken up into meteoric fragments. Long before this time, all living beings, and especially human beings, deprived of the conditions necessary for existence, will have been extinguished. Let me note, moreover, that as the law of sidereal evolution is equally applicable to the sun, there will come a time when that radiant star will cease to vivify the planets. If they shall not already have been broken into pieces, they will become, by the extinction of the heat of the sun, unfit to be the dwelling place of living beings.

A distinguished professor whom science lost prematurely, M. Trouessart, whose mind had been much occupied with these questions, explained thus the future which awaits us, and at the same time made known his own preferences among the possible different destinies of the human race. "Some day," he said, "that brilliant torch which is for us the source of light, of heat, of movement, and of life, will be extinguished, and we poor mortals (for how can we be indifferent to the destiny of our posterity?)—what will become of us? After dragging out the remnant of a dying life; after leading the sad existence of the Laps, the Esquimaux, the Samoides; after having retraced all the steps of our development, physical, intellectual, and moral, we shall end with exhaustion, misery, hunger, and cold! A thousand times better for the earth to close its career with a mighty catastrophe, which would make an end of human being while in full civilisation, which would permit humanity to say to the universe which was crushing it, to use the fine expression of Pascal, that it is nobler than the universe; yes, anything rather than such a miserable end, in which thought itself will doubtless be extinguished before the wretched remains of the material life! Yet such a catastrophe science does not foresee, while it foresees the extinction of the sun." The theory of sidereal evolution dissipates this sad perspective. Since we have the certainty that neither the reason nor the sense nor the heart which has been bestowed upon us is an illusion, let us have the confidence that the reality which is before humanity is worth far more than all that we, in our profound ignorance, can conceive of as the best.—A Lecture by M. Stanislas Meunier.

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