

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

By Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins.

Harold Tracy had been a wild youth. The lines of sorrow upon his mother's face attested this. He was her only child, and she was a widow.

But Harold had met and fallen deeply in love with one of those dove-like, Christian girls who have power to change some men's lives. Their very gentleness is Christ-like, and reaches men of a certain type as nothing else can do.

Harold's social and amiable nature, which had made him a universal favourite, now seemed changed. He avoided all his former companions, and, in his determination to master his vices, among which were numbered the love of wine, and a passion for gambling, he grew, for a time, stern and morose.

He joined the church, and, after six months of exemplary living, he wooed Edith Bentley for his wife. When, at the end of a year, she became his bride, it seemed that Harold Tracy was the happiest man on earth.

His thoughtful devotion to his mother was beautiful to see, and all those noble and winning traits which had made him such a promising boy, now blossomed into luxuriant life.

His beautiful little home, which had been a wedding gift from his mother, seemed an earthly paradise, and Mrs. Tracey, in a measure, forgot the years of anguish which had preceded this season of joy and peace.

"It does not seem possible that you were ever the wild, reckless man which Sidney Garland told me, to-day, you were before I knew you," Edith said to him one evening, as she laid her cheek against his arm.

"Sidney ought to know, darling, for he was one of my chums," Harold answered, fondly stroking her cheek. "I'm so glad he, too, has chosen the better way."

"If you should ever touch wine again, dear, or engage in gambling, I believe it would break my heart," Edith said, with a shiver.

"Don't be afraid," he answered. "There is no possible danger."

"Have you altogether lost your taste for wine?" she questioned, gazing earnestly into his eyes.

"I have never touched it to find out," he replied with a laugh. "The craving for it has passed away long ago. Don't let such thoughts fill your head. Your love has so changed me, darling, that I am not the same man I was before I met you."

To him, she seemed content, but a little shadow had fallen upon her heart. Whenever he failed, after that, to be at home promptly, a terror seized her, and she would watch for him with such anxiety as was pathetic to those who knew his past.

As the weeks and months rolled by, however, and Harold showed no symptom of returning to his old habits, the shadow lifted, and she gave herself up to the joy of his tender love and watchful care for her welfare.

A precious child came to them, and God filled their cup of happiness that it almost brimmed over.

"I count every moment I am away from you and the boy as lost time, darling," Harold said, one evening, as he took the baby in his arms, and bent to kiss Edith's smiling lips.

Feeling thus, it was a severe cross to him, a few days after Christmas, to receive a business call which necessitated his being from home for several days.

"But I can get through and be back by New Year's Eve," he said cheerily. "It would be dreadful not to spend that day at home. The Vernors live at Lansing, where I am going. They are old friends of mother's and mine. I will look them up, and they will make my stay in that dreary place less forlorn."

His preparations were soon made, and with tender adieu he turned from the little home which was his earthly paradise.

He looked back, and the pretty picture of Edith standing in the doorway, with the boy in her arms, and his mother behind her smilingly waving her hand to him, almost tempted him to return.

"I must not be a fool," he murmured, and throwing a half-dozen kisses to the little group in the doorway, he hastened down the street.

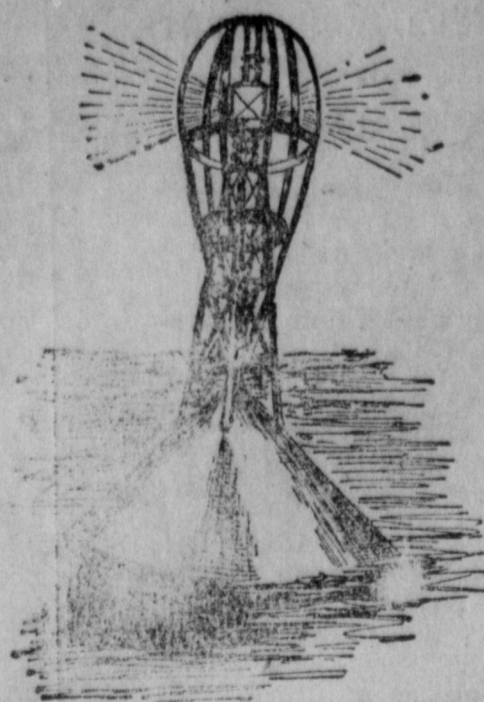
His business was almost completed in Lansing, and he was expecting to take the evening train for home, without having found time to look up his friends, when he met Harvey Vernor on the street car.

"Come and dine with us," the young man said. "Mother will be delighted to see you."

"But I must take the evening train for home. To-morrow is the first day of the glad New Year, you know, and I must be back," Harold replied.

"All right. We'll get you off in time." So, at the appointed hour for dinner, Harold was with his old friends. It was a happy reunion, and the dinner was superb.

"Take a glass of wine," the young host



A Danger Signal.

Just as the lightbuoy is a signal of danger to sailors, and the red light to railway men, so has nature equipped individuals with danger signals of one kind or another when their physical condition is not quite right. It may simply be a tired feeling, a slight cold, weakness of the muscles, fickle appetite or some other sign—slight at first—which indicates that your condition is not a healthy one. If the danger signal is not heeded, serious results will follow and a complete collapse may occur. In nine cases out of ten the direct cause of trouble is impoverished blood, or weak nerves. You need something to brace you up—to make your blood rich and your nerves strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this promptly and effectively. They strengthen from first dose to last.

Mr. John Siddons, London, Ont., says:—"I can speak most favorably of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They prove invaluable in strengthening and toning up the system when debilitated. Having used them for some time past I can speak most favorably of their beneficial results. As an invigorator of the constitution they are all that they claim to be."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

said, reaching for the delicate glass by Harold's plate.

Seeing hesitation upon her guest's face, Mrs. Vernor said:

"It is home-made, and therefore harmless. Try it. It will be good for you, especially as you are going to travel this cold night."

Thus urged, Harold took the wine. Home-made or not, it had the old flavour Harold so well remembered. A new light came into his eyes, and he needed no urging to have his glass filled the second time.

His pulses were bounding with an unnatural life as he bade his friends good-bye, and walked rapidly down the street towards the depot. A delightful exhilaration possessed him.

"Mrs. Vernor was right. I needed the wine to keep out this bitter cold," he thought, drawing his muffler more closely about his throat. "I wish I had taken another glass."

He was just opposite one of those gilded palaces of hell, through whose portals myriads of young men annually drop into perdition.

The old thirst was upon him, although he suspected it not.

"I will step in and get one glass of champagne," he said. "It can't hurt me, and this cold is intense."

Need we go on? The reader guesses what followed! It is an old and oft repeated story.

That glass of champagne awoke the fiend within him. He tossed off three glasses without pausing, and then he was ready for the gaming table, to which a polite youth, seeing the evidences of affluence in his appearance, cordially invited him. Daylight saw him a ruined man. He had gambled all night. He lay for hours in a drunken stupor, and, at last, as the shades of that New Year's Day were closing about him, he roused to a sense of his degradation and ruin.

He had gambled away everything—his money, his watch, his handsome shirt-studs, and last, and most awful truth of all, the large sum of money he had just collected for his employees.

As the full extent of his ruin dawned upon him, he groaned aloud. His mother, his wife and boy, were not only beggared, but disgraced, and by the one they loved best upon earth.

As he pictured his mother's face of sorrow, and Edith's heart-broken anguish, despair seized him.

He was in just the condition for it to do its deadly work.

He looked about him. Some one had carried him, while insensible from drink, into a small room adjoining the gambling hall. Two other young men were beside him. Both were still in a drunken sleep. Harold saw the butt of a pistol protrude.

Surgical Operations as a Cure for Piles...

Are Painful, Expensive and Dangerous—The Only Certain Cure is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Besides the acute misery produced by the itching and burning of piles, this horrible disease is the more dreaded because a surgical operation is commonly considered the only effective cure.

Fortunately this is a mistaken idea, for physicians have learned to use Dr. Chase's Ointment instead of applying the knife, not only because it is less expensive and less risky, but also because it is a more effective cure.

It frequently happens that after people have endured the torture of piles for years and submitted to operations, that they are finally cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only guaranteed cure.

Among persons operated on for piles and afterwards cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment we would mention Rev. J. A. Baldwin, of Arkona, Ont., H. H. Sutherland, Truro, N.S., and W. D. Thornton, Calgary, N.W.T.

Dr. Chase's Ointment truly works wonders for it positively cures the worst cases of blind, itching, bleeding and protruding piles and all itching skin diseases. Get a box at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

For bronchitis, croup, coughs, colds and asthma no remedy can be compared to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

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ing from the pocket of one of the sleepers. Instantly he drew it out, and examined it. I was loaded.

With a groan, he placed it against his forehead.

"I can face death, but not the despair of Edith and my mother," he said.

The next moment there was a report, and Harold Tracy's soul was in eternity.

The price of his soul had been one glass of wine, offered him by a friend, and urged upon him by a professing Christian and a lady.

Is this a horrible story? The most harrowing thing about it is its awful truth. It is being enacted, day by day, in some one of its sad details, all about us; and yet men vote the saloon into existence, and God's people offer no practical protest.—Christian Observer.

NEW IDEAS.

There is a fortune awaiting the inventor who can discover a successful method for the preservation of eggs. The long severe winter in this region renders it absolutely essential to preserve eggs, if they are to be had during this season.

The principle involved in preserving eggs is the preservation of the mucilaginous coating, which naturally covers the shell, and which prevents the entrance of the germs of decomposition. When this coating is removed, the egg begins to become "stale", and the process of decay actually begins. The use of lime and salt as means of preservation, never entirely successful, does not preserve the protecting covering on the shell and no process can be successful unless it does this. Experiments have shown that water glass comes more nearly being a perfect preservative than anything that has hitherto been employed. There is always danger of the bursting of the shell of an egg that is thus preserved, when in hot water, but this disadvantage may be overcome by carefully piercing it with a needle. The question will naturally arise, if the preservation of the surface of the shell in its natural condition is all that is necessary to preserve the egg, why could it not be coated with some preparation that would answer that purpose. It could be. Vaseline will preserve it and might be used on a small scale, but it would require too much time, and consequently expense, to use this means extensively.

(Communication of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of patents, New York Life building, Montreal.)

Danger In Perfumes.

Many women are a great deal too fond of strong scents for the comfort of their friends and acquaintances, and also for their own safety. It is not half widely enough known that strong perfumes are injurious to the sense of smell and that by their frequent use the secretory glands of the throat and nose are overtaxed and weakened. One day the lover of strong scents notices that the hearing is less acute than usual, and that the sense of smell is defective. This state of things is put down to a cold, and not much importance is attached to it. After a time the whole head is affected, and throat and lung complications follow, likely to end in chronic illness. Smelling salts are a fertile source of deafness, and they, as well as all other strong and pungent odors which act on the secretory processes, should be avoided as much as possible.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Hints For Nurses.

Sick people don't like to be stared at. They are morbidly sensitive. To look surprised at the change sickness has wrought is annoying, and, worse than that, it is disheartening and makes invalids imagine their case to be worse than it is. Therefore don't stare at a sick person, and don't stand at the back of the bed to make him turn his eyes around to see you.

Always sit by the bedside, for the patient feels more at rest than if you stand up tall before him. And don't whisper; don't talk in a low voice; don't follow the doctor or a caller out into the next room. The invalid will be absolutely certain that you are discussing him. Don't wear garments that rustle or are made of rough clothing, to come into contact with hands made tender by sickness, and don't wear creaking boots or thick soled boots.

Made Her Father Governor.

Mr. Young and some friends had been discussing the political outlook in Kentucky at Mr. Young's house in Louisville one night, just on the eve of the Democratic state convention, several years ago. When the party broke up, Mr. Young's daughter, then about 18 years old, now married, who had been an interested listener during the discussion, spoke up:

"Why don't you run for governor, pa?"

"Why, my child, they would never think of me for that office. No one cares enough about me for that."

"But, pa, would you accept the nomination if it were offered you?"

"Why, of course I would; nobody would refuse the honor."

Miss Young said no more at the time, but quietly slipped out of the house and started in the direction of The Courier-Journal office. Colonel Henry Watterson being an intimate friend of the family. It happened that she met the veteran editor in the street.

"Ah, Uncle Henry, will you do me a favor?" the young woman asked impulsively.

"Anything in the world that I can do I will."

"Well, I want pa to be governor of Kentucky, and can you get him the nomination?"

Colonel Watterson turned back to the office and sat down and wrote a spirited editorial, demanding in the interests of the Democratic party that John Brown Young be nominated by the convention soon to meet. The result was in accordance with the noted editor's wishes. Mr. Young's election being a foregone conclusion.—Chicago Chronicle.

Good and Bad Eels.

"So you think that little eels are sweet and that big eels are rank and strong, do you?" said a fish dealer. "Well, you're off. It isn't the size of the eel that governs his taste. It is his habitation and way of life. But most people think as you do, and throw away the big eel and cook the little one, and then, if the little fellow is strong, they think it is because he wasn't little enough. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"The eel that inhabits a stream with a hard, clean, sandy bottom is sweet and edible, be he as big as your leg or tiny as your finger, for this eel finds food scarce, and he must exercise and keep sober and hustle—else he will starve—and this active career makes him healthy and wholesome. But the eel that lives in the mud, where provisions are plentiful, is unfit for the table, for his life is sluggish, his habits and organs are bad and his flesh, when cooked, tastes and smells of the muddy element. That is why the Schuylkill eel is worse than carrion for table purposes, while the eel of the upper Delaware makes a dainty dish."—Philadelphia Record.

More Miles Than You Can Count.

Statements as to the distance of the pole star from the earth which have appeared in some of the newspapers lately have been ridiculously inadequate. One of the estimates made is 253,000,000 miles. Now, if one will remember that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away and that its light comes to us in eight minutes, he will see that if the foregoing estimate of the distance of the pole star were right its beams could reach us in about 15 days. It would be only about 2,700 times as far off as the sun.

Light travels 6,000,000,000,000 miles in a year, and even the most modest guesses as to the parallax of Polaris make it 35 light years. Pritchard's estimate in 1887 was 90 light years, but he has since modified his figures. Hence, if one will write 210 and add 12 ciphers thereto he will have the number of miles which the most conservative authorities believe intervene between the earth and the pole star.—New York Tribune.

Shakespeare's Father.

A paper entitled "Shakespeare and Sanitation" was read at the recent provincial meeting of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health at Stratford-on-Avon. Among other things the author related the following: "It is interesting to find that the name of John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, first appears in the records of the municipality as owing a fine of twopenny for having made a dirt heap with his neighbors, Adrian Quincey and Henry Reynolds, in Henly street, and on another occasion he 'stood amerced' in fourpence for failing to keep his gutter clean."

None Better Than All.

Miss Gingham—And I suppose they have bargain days in Glasgow, Mr. McIvor?

McIvor—Ma conscience, no! It was na do ava!

Miss Gingham—Indeed! Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people!

McIvor—That's juist it. It would suit them ower weel. If they had bargain days, naebady wad buy anything on the ither days, ye ken!—London Telegraph.

An Unexpected Answer.

In the course of an address Dr. Conan Doyle told a quaint experience of his in the Sudan. Wishing to find out whether one of the black soldiers was a Mohammedan or a pagan, he asked him, "Whom do you worship?"

"I worship my colonel," came the answer, pat.

The lessons of history would suggest to a Sherlock Holmes that the man was a Mohammedan.

Only One Fault.

"There's only one fault to be found with your comedy work, old man," said the dramatic critic.

"What's that?" asked the aspiring young actor.

"It's tragic."—Chicago Post.

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

"I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me."

"WITH PERQUISITES."

STUMP SPEAKER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS SERVICES REWARDED.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Senator Pomeroy used to tell of a local preacher in Kansas who had forced himself upon the stump after Lincoln's nomination and who demanded recognition of the party for his services during the campaign. He said he would like to be sent as minister plenipotentiary to England or France, and when told it was impossible, insisted upon being appointed consul to Liverpool. Finding that the "powers that be" considered that equally preposterous, he was quite offended at what he considered a lack of appreciation of his services in a state that nothing could have turned against the republicans. Finally, Senator Pomeroy said to him: "I'm going to Washington in about two weeks' time. Think the matter over, and if you should light on something in reason, I'll aid you in getting it." In ten days he called on the senator again, his head still away up in the clouds, and being assured of the impossibility of getting what he thought was about his due, said:

"Senator, can't you think of some place that would suit me?"

"Yes," said Pomeroy, "I've thought of a place that would suit you and that you would suit, and there is possibility of getting it for you. It's an Indian agency."

"An Indian agency? What's that?" queried the preacher.

"Well, you are to look after the welfare of our red brothers and see that their supplies are promptly and honestly delivered to them."

"What is it worth?"

"One thousand five hundred dollars and perquisites," returned the senator.

"Perquisites—what perquisites?"

"Well, you see, my friend, the government contracts for so many head of beef cattle averaging so many thousand pounds. Now, in delivering these cattle, they are counted while being driven into the inclosure, and if a yearling should happen to slip in now and then, you are not to make too much fuss about it, and there you will find your perquisites. Think it over."

"I'll take it," said the reverend gentleman. "I've already thought it over, and do you know, senator, I think veal is a blamed sight better than beef for Indians, anyway."

TEST THE URINE.

If you have backache and there are brick dust deposits found in the urine after it stands for 24 hours you can be sure the kidneys are deranged. To effect a prompt and positive cure and prevent Bright's disease, suffering and death, use Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, the world's greatest kidney cure.

E. L. Pease had been appointed general manager of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax with headquarters at Montreal. At the next session of parliament applications will be made to change the name to the "Royal Bank of Canada."

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PLASTER

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.

Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

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Free hack attends all trains.

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R. H. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.

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This well known Hotel has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished for the accommodation of transient and permanent guests. Good Sample Room and Livery Stable in connection.

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Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

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HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept B., LONDON, ONT.

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