

Sunday Reading.

A REAL PHILANTHROPIST. A Georgia Turfman who Benefited Two Orphan Girls.

Nobody would have suspected 'Old Man' of having any sentiment in his composition. He was regarded by the score or more of Northerners who were at all familiar with him as an open-hearted, hospitable Georgian who was fond of owning a race horse that could win a few races, and who took great delight in seeing his favorites gallop home in advance of their competitors every year at Monmouth Park.

The plainly dressed, quaint spoken little man in the suit of grey was for many years an unobtrusive figure at Monmouth Park's meetings, and but few of the thousands who bet on his thoroughbreds, which ran in his name, knew the owner of these animals by sight. He appeared to be content to spend a placid eleven months in Georgia, and then to give way to a month of pleasure at Long Branch, where he met congenial spirits. He was unutterably happy in the society of his Northern friend, and said upon his departure for home each season that the intervening eleven months would pass all too slowly for him.

When Monmouth Park closed its gates, somehow his interest in racing seemed to wane, and he has sent fewer horses to the post, although he has always had something in training. He has not been on a race course in the vicinity of New York in some years. During all the time he spent in the North nobody ever heard him mention a woman's name, but a golden deed in which the little man appears in the light of a philanthropist has just come to light. The war was over and he was sitting in the door of his stable in Augusta one morning when a friend, a doctor, passed by. After exchanging salutations, the physician said: "Poor John—hasn't come home, and now I'm afraid his wife is going to die and leave two little girls. She's very low this morning."

The good doctor returned the same evening, bringing the intelligence that the woman was dead and the little girls, aged 5 and 3 years, were orphans. "I would be a great thing for some good man to adopt one of those girls," said the doctor. "I'll take 'em both," said the horseman, and take them he did. The doctor was bound to secrecy and the children were sent to a boarding school. It was stipulated that all moneys for their support should be paid through the physician, and that the girls should never know the name of their benefactor. As the years passed by the girls grew to womanhood and were sent to Vassar to complete their education. Their guardian had never seen them, but the doctor assured him that they were a credit to him, and oftentimes pleaded with the old man to make himself known to them and pay them a visit.

This he steadfastly refused to do, saying: "What would young women of society care for an old man like me?" Time passed on, and the physician died, but feeling that death would absolve him from his promise he had communicated with the young woman and told them whom they had to thank for their education and support. They wrote a most touching letter to their guardian, asking permission to visit him, but he was so timid that he put them off until he could give the matter further consideration.

About a year later he was waded upon one day by a smart-looking young man of 30 who introduced himself as a lawyer in a well-known New York firm. The visitor explained his errand in a few words and asked for the hand of the elder of the two sisters. It was a novel situation. Here was a young man he had never seen before asking for the hand of the ward whom he had never seen, and for the first time in all the years the responsibility of the situation dawned upon him. He made some inquiries concerning the young lawyer, found that he was as he had represented himself to be, and gave his consent to the marriage. The ceremony, but there was no costlier gift on the list of presents than that which bore the card of the plain old Georgia horseman. He had a life experience a few years since, and now there are extra inducements for the old man to visit New York.

THE SOUTH HONORS LINCOLN. A Christian Editorial From the Fredericksburg "Free Lance."

It will not be regarded as rank treason on this, his natal day, in this generation, to publish of him in a Southern community that he was a great and good man. He measured up to the work he was called on to do, and when he turned to obey the final summons he had written his name among the Immortals. He held to the belief that he was elected president of the whole country as it existed when he was elected, and should see that the laws of the Union were faithfully executed in all the states. This was the pivotal idea of the war for the preservation of the Union. It was peculiarly and emphatically Lincoln's idea, and how well it prevailed let history say.

With the lapse of time has come to us a clearer vision and broader views, and we have come to recognize him as one of the earth's great ones, whose laurel-laden brow, made for the morning, drooped not in the night.

It would be fitting to make this, his natal day, a national holiday, for all men have come to know that to Abraham Lincoln was it chiefly due that a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people

did not perish from the face of the earth. This suggestion, coming thirty years after the war from Virginia, that it was wasted an hour that struggle, might well be a democratic congress, that, by this single graceful act, would render its record forever memorable for the doing of one thing that the whole world would approve.

CANON FARRAR'S TEXT. From Which He Preaches a Splendid Little Sermon.

Sate in Port: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Psalm cxxv., 28-30.

Five times in the brief space of this impressive psalm, the Hebrew poet urges men to praise the Lord for his common goodness; the goodness that makes every morning beautiful and every night serene. Again and again he marks how prone we are to forget God when all is bright and fair, but the moment our sky is clouded we rush to God in our despair and cry aloud our misery. This is hardly worthy of intelligent beings. There is a cowardliness about such conduct that is certainly far from magnanimous. One marked and impressive illustration is gathered from the perilous life of the sea. When all is fair and calm how little God is thought of. But when the wild winds weep the sea, then in very terror men cry aloud for help and deliverance. And it is perfectly wise and worthy that they should do so. God is our only refuge and defence in the day of trouble. But he is the God of the sunlit sea as well as of the stormy main. Ten thousand vessels come safely into port, but we have no anthem on our lips; no Te Deum filling the air. But a vessel overduress throws us back into agonizing sorrow. The safe returns of La Gascogne this week has thrilled the heart of the world. And though we know none of the passengers of the gallant ship that has out-riden the storm, we all join in songs of gladness. One touch of Nature has been enough to make the whole world kin. A common sorrow has had power to kindle the best and noblest instincts of the human heart. Filled as our ears are with the noises of the factory and the mart, they are still quick to hear the cry of sorrow, and choked as we sometimes think our hearts are with selfishness and care, there is still an element of tender sympathy with sorrow and loss. All the world is glad La Gascogne came safe to port, because the heart of the world is still true in its deepest instincts to him who first breathed into it the breath of life.

Petty Tyrants. God's children have no time to devote to finding fault with the shortcomings of others. They try to mend them, if at all, peaceably, and without hurting the feelings. It is usually the sluggard and idler who stands about and watches others work, who can suggest a dozen ways in which they can do better. In proportion to their lack of actual knowledge do such persons presume to set themselves up as dictators to the others of the household. If the household dictator is the mother of the family or an older sister, she steps aside from her legitimate sphere to argue and dictate to her husband or brother in matters of business, about which she often knows nothing at all, and neglects her housework. If the husband or brother is inclined to exercise petty tyranny over the rest of the family, he is in nine cases out of ten a man who fails to furnish the quota of support to the family, and works off the energy which might be employed in a wiser cause dictating to the others how they should work. As a rule, the rest of the family where such a dictator makes his abode are too accustomed to the nuisance to make active protest, and go stolidly on their own way. Yet, like the dropping of water on a stone, which in turn leaves its mark, such arguing is a source of annoyance and wears upon the nerves of the listeners, however they have schooled themselves to bear and forbear.

Rough Habits. There are many ways of bringing children to see that they are in fault, and making them sorry for their sin, far better than by personal chastisement, and while with some dispositions it is not well entirely to put aside the rod of correction, it is always best to let it be the very last resort, and to use it sparingly and prayerfully. Rebellion and lying are almost the only faults that should be thus corrected. And if by solemn remonstrance, and putting a child away from the family assembly for a time, you can lead him to see and be sorry for his fault, your end is gained. You do not want revenge—that is sinful—you want to prevent your child committing the fault again. Its mind and heart have been wrong, and the way to impress a child is not by blows. But there are rough habits sometimes that ought to be checked. Speak mildly yourself and see it that your children speak and act mildly to each other. Halt the quarrels in life arise in coarse, angry words. Stop them!

Little Untruths. The custom of instructing servants to say to visitors that the master or mistress of the house is not at home when the opposite is the fact is unfortunately a very general one. Devised to meet a social exigency, it is none the less a lie, however plitely told; a d'coartedly received. Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, gave some illustrations to this phase of social life in a recent address to a British audience. He had visited a city, he said, where the mistresses complained that they could not trust their servants, but he told them bluntly that they could not complain if they taught their servants to lie. In France, the undesirable caller is politely told that monster or madame "is not visible," i. e., not to be seen, which conveys the necessary information and avoids the untruth. There are many people who get over the awkwardness of the situation by simply instructing their servant to inform the caller that "Mrs. —begs to be excused."

Counsel With Your Boy.

Let your boy feel that you are always ready for him, always interested in his plans, however wild they may be. You can no longer command him. It that has been your only hold, then may God have mercy on you and on him. His judgment is beginning to grow, perhaps. Encourage it. Take him into your counsels. It will not hurt you to ask his advice about family matters. See how kindly he will take to being looked up to. Do you not like to have your friends put confidence in you? He is only another you. If his self-respect be small, you are cherishing its growth.

Talmage on Revivals. When a candidate for admission comes before my church officers in revival times, I ask him only seven or eight questions; but when he comes during a cold state of religion, I ask him twenty questions, and get the officers to ask him as many more.

I have more faith in conversions under special religious conversions than under ordinary. The best luck I ever had in fishing was when I dropped the net, brought up at one haul twenty bluefish, with only three or four mossbunkers, and the poorest luck I ever had was when, after standing two hours in the soggy meadow with one hook on the line, I felt I had a bite, and began to pull, more and more persuaded of the great size of the captive, until I flung to the shore a snapping-turtle. As a gospel fisherman I would rather run the risk of a large haul than of a solitary angling. I can soon sort out and throw overboard the mossbunkers. Oh, for great awakenings all over Christendom! We have had a drought so long we can stand a freshet. Let the Hudson and the Thames and the Susquehanna rise and overflow the lowlands, and the earth be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the seas.

THE END SEAT IN THE PEW. It is the Place Occupied by the Protector of the Family.

"It is common enough," said Mr. Gratebar, "to see a man sitting in the aisle end of a pew in church get up on the arrival of some other member of the family, step out into the aisle to let the late comer in, and then resume his seat at the end of the pew. It seems to me that I have read that this custom originated in New England in the early days, when the men all sat by the aisle so that they could seize their guns and get out promptly in case of attack by Indians. We don't have much to fear from Indians nowadays, but the seat by the aisle is still occupied by the head of the family. He stands in the aisle while the others pass in, and then calmly takes his place in the end seat, at the head of the line, as a sort of general protector.

"Sometimes in these days (we are so free from Indians now) the head of the family thinks it is safe for him to stay at home when he has a headache, and then the young son takes his place. I imagine that he talks it over with his mother on the way to church, so that it is all understood. When he gets to the pew he stands in the aisle while his sisters and his mother pass in. I fancy that his sisters are rather glad when they are all seated and no longer conspiuous, but upon his mother's face as she brushes past him into the pew there is a smile of affectionate pride; and then he takes his seat in his father's place and sits there with fine boyish dignity."

HOME RELIGION. Let Family-Prayer Time be Spirited and Gladly Solemn. Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work that we bustle the children together. We get halt through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for water. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with men for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading, you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the Sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn, if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate and gladly solemn.

Silent Fathers.

A father who is habitually silent in his own house may be in many respects a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the light of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beet and wheat and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad and keep their duties for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

Talmage on Revivals. When a candidate for admission comes before my church officers in revival times, I ask him only seven or eight questions; but when he comes during a cold state of religion, I ask him twenty questions, and get the officers to ask him as many more.

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PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John and County of Gloucester: Greeting: Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick, of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament, made by John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, both by his petitions dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, WHEREFORE THE SAID PETITIONER REQUESTS TO cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

William Ducan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick; Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John; Charles H. Duncan, aged 55 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America; Hunter Dunen, aged 53 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York; Susan Duncan, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York; Robert Hunter, aged 54 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John; John McManus, aged 52 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John; Mary Hunter, aged 52 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province of New Brunswick; Elie Maud Arnett, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid; Louisa Louise Arnett, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of Simonds; Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds; Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Moulder, resident in the said City of Saint John; John McManus, aged 29 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Machinist, resident in the said City of Saint John; Elizabeth McConnell, aged 56 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottown in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America; Jane Lahey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lahey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John; Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America; George Henry Hunter Eston, aged 31 years, Hostler, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine; Eva May Easton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid; Ann Osborn, aged 73 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of Saint John; Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America; Margaret Roxborough, aged 68 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts; Elizabeth Lynch, aged 60 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston; William Bunker, aged 59 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Ma Ida McKenzie, aged 58 years, wife of Archibald McKenzie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America; James Burke, aged 54 years, Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada; Mary Burke, aged 53 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island; Martha Davison, aged 39 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York; Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Mary Jane Giggly, aged 16 years, wife of William Giggly, resident at Long Reach, in the Province of New Brunswick; Ship Carpenter; James Rodgers, aged 84 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Margaret Spearin, aged 62 years, wife of John Spearin, aforesaid; William Spearin, aged 59 years, in said Province of New Brunswick; Sarah Ann Sallinger, aged 59 years, wife of John Sallinger, aforesaid; resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid; Isabelle Halse, aged 47 years, wife of John J. Halse, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid; Alexander Rodgers, aged 44 years, Farmer, resident at Erbs Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick; David Rodgers, aged 43 years, Farmer, resident at Cranford's Landing, Belleisle, aforesaid; Clara Halse, aged 42 years, wife of Alexander Halse, brass founder, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts; Hannah Leitch, aged 38 years, wife of Geo. Leitch, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; George Howard, aged 36 years, painter, resident at Stoneham, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Edwin G. Hunter, aged 36 years, Ironman, resident of St. John, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America; Augusta R. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. B. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick; John T. Hunter, aged 32 years, barber, resident at Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid; George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid; James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mariner, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Amanda Hunter, aged 23 years, Spinster, resident at Kingston, aforesaid; Herman G. Hunter, aged 23 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid; Ernest Hunter, aged 22 years, Spinster, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Maggie M. Hunter, aged 18 years, Spinster, dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Annie F. Worden, aged 17 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kings-ton, Kings County, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Dalzell, aged 3 years, Spinster, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid; and every other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Pugsley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the Thirteenth day of May next at the hour of two o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same are in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January, A. D. 1895. ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Judge of Probate.

J. JOHN McMILLAN, Registrar of Probates for said City and County. A. P. BARNHILL, Proctor.

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