

Sunday Reading

A Hospital Incident.

The recollections of thirty years have taught us something of the sacrifices of the Civil War, but much of the glorious history of those peaceful heroines, the hospital nurses, remains to be written.

A young soldier, not more than nineteen years old, was brought in, wounded in the shoulder. Although he had been tightly bandaged, he was already pale from loss of blood.

About his cot stood the surgeon and several nurses, full of pity, but helpless before his hurrying late. Only the steady pressure of that thumb kept him from immediate death.

'How long can I last, doctor?' he asked in a feeble whisper.

'Only a few minutes,' the doctor replied with grave honesty.

'I cannot die yet,' wailed the boy. 'I—I have never been baptized.—I—must give myself to Christ first.'

The last words were almost inaudible, but the surgeon searched piteously for something which he wanted and could not see.

The surgeon looked at the nurse who was holding the blood in check. She was faint from weariness and sympathy.

'Another nurse should be here at once,' he said. 'Carefully!' as she made a transfer of hands upon the gaping wound. Then he hurried out of the room.

In a few minutes he returned with the army chaplain. Another nurse had now taken her place. The dying lad glanced up with wan happiness at the minister, who immediately began to read the service, abridging it as much as possible. To the necessary questions of faith the soldier answered as firmly as he could, but every one could see that the excitement was telling on him fearfully.

'I am ready now,' he said, with great distinctness. 'You may take away your hand.'

He closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was dead.

A soul is not saved merely by a ceremony, nor does the seed of the religious faith which sanctifies the ceremony always spring at once to life. It may have been sown years before, in the boyhood home; it may have lain deep hidden in the nature, half-consciously preserved, perhaps; but it will show vitality in the great emergencies of life and in the greater emergency of death.

The Silent Example.

It is an education to come in personal contact with a good man. He may not utter a precept, but his example is an efficient teacher. The Rev. Robert Balgarnie an English clergyman who preached at Scarborough once rendered unknown to

himself, a great service to a young man by the influence of his silent example by the Rev. Newman Hall, in this 'Autobiography.'

A lady wrote to Mr. Balgarnie, saying that she owed him more gratitude than she could express. She had a son who was struggling against the habit of drinking. She dreaded his going to Scarborough lest the customs of society might lead him away. She dreaded the example, not of the worldly, but of Christian professor, who took wine.

Her son had written to say that he had been at an evening party where wine was handed round. He was about to take it, following the example of some respectable and good people, when he saw that Mr. Balgarnie refused it. This fortified him to resist the temptation, which with him might have led to ruin.

Mr. Balgarnie's silent example not only saved the mother's boy, but expressed the rule of the great apostle: 'If meat make my brother to offend [to stumble], I will eat no fish while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'

Beginning a Business Career.

No problem confronting a young man on the threshold of a business career is of such vital importance as his choice of the kind and class of trade toward the mastery of which he is prepared to direct his mental and physical energies.

Upon his decision in this matter rests, to a greater extent than is commonly credited his future failure or success in the world commercial. In the very act of deciding his special bent he will have shown his character (or his lack of it), and a wise decision will prove him a person of sound judgement and self-reliance; and these are primal qualifications in the business life.

Every young man who has not been especially trained for a profession has a latent talent for some particular branch of trade, and it is for the professors of this talent to discover its character and quality, and then apply it where it will do the greatest good to himself and others.

The shores of traffic are strewn with the wrecks of those who have tried to make the round peg of their qualifications fit the square hole in their occupation. There is neither fun nor money in the following a business that is distasteful. The salt-water fish in a fresh-water pond is not a happy or a long-lived creature, and commands but little respect from his fellow-fishes. Just so is the position of the man who has mistaken the purpose for which Mother Nature has set him down in the bustling world.

Having decided upon the business he is to compass, it behooves the sagacious young man to cultivate modesty. In other words he must be content at the outset to accept a small salary and fill an unimportant place in the enterprise upon which he is embarked.

It is not easy to hold ambition in check, for ambition belongs to youth, and is a reckless steed which, given free rein, will throw its rider at the first ditch. Though the initial position which a young man is given to fill may seem to him altogether undignified and unworthy of his calibre, he should not take the matter to heart; it is the way of all things. A man is unrecognized until he proves himself, no matter what his work.

First must come the bud and then the flower: the acorn precedes the oak, and nothing that is worth while springs into existence without a prior state of comparative insignificance. The commercial history of the world is filled with the names of kings who started literally barefooted in the race for the wealth and position that they hold to-day. Andrew Carnegie, John D Rockefeller, Roswell P. Flower, Russell Sage, John Wanamaker, D. O. Mills,—hundreds of other men famed in finance and in trade—began their careers in places that were humble almost to degradation. These men knew that time as a factor in their development was something to be utilized, not ignored.

In the testimony of men who have 'arrived,' there is but one guarantee against failure, and that is work,—hard work,—and again, work. The world is still doling out set-backs to the over-zealous, and administering hard knocks to be worthy and unworthy alike. Only the worker survives and is happy.

Fame and fortune in any pursuit is given grudgingly to the newcomer. The youth who wins his way even to moderate success must be callous to misfortune, and learn to fight for himself single-handed and alone.

One thing is to be remembered, and it is not so pleasant as true,—the business world will permit no trifling on our part, no carelessness in the way we manage the affairs with which we are entrusted. Friends may condone our blunders and excuse our

shortcomings, but the big, cold world will make us suffer for them.

Our lesson of life must be learned from the book of hardships in the school of experience, and there are few favorites and no exemptions in the great primary class. We cannot look to our friends for much help, and it were better in the end for us to refuse all friendly aid. One must be strong to stand alone, but he will like himself the better for it some day.

Unpleasant experiences may be avoided by starting low down the ladder and climbing very gradually to the top. This will enable a young man to gain a firm grip on the rounds, and what he learns will be his 'for keeps.'

If you want to be a banker, take a clerkship and learn the alphabet of that business; if your inclination points to the manufacturing business, begin as low as your pride and pocket will permit, and don't let a detail escape you. A publisher should begin a printer's apprentice; an editor as a reporter; a dry-goods merchant as a clerk; a railroad president as an office boy; and so on.

Even if your father is a multi-millionaire or your mother supplies you with unlimited pocket-money, you will make no mistake in starting at the very bottom of a business. That man is master of his trade who can perform as much work or more than any one of his employees.

If it were possible to name the qualities which contribute most largely to the success of every business man they would surely be a quick mind, attention to details promptness, absolute honesty, and that never-say-die spirit which holds to a task until it is finished. Endowed with these qualities and good health no young man worthy the name of an American can fail utterly. The extent and brilliancy of every man's success is of course regulated by his personal strength of character, his mentality and his industry.

A comprehensive guide-book to success has not yet been compiled, and that is one printed lie we have all been spared. People who know men and conditions as they really are rebel against the smug complacency of advice peddlers; every man with warm blood in his veins must refuse to be fed on the diluted pap of 'don't do this,' and 'always do that.'

However, a few little hints from the life-leaves of great business men, taken for what they are worth, may not be without some helpfulness to the commercial tyro. The cream of these hints from a hundred sources seems to be that it is best to be honest, best to keep cheerfully busy, best to be economical, and to eschew even the milder vices.

Doing one thing well, working not more than ten hours a day, taking advantage of present opportunities, paying attention to manners, moral and health,—these are the requisites for business success upon which all who should know base their own achievements and pin their faith in the rising generation of commerce conquerors.

Not Quite so.

'There's a rather funny circumstance connected with the elopement here last week,' remarked the loquacious landlord of the tavern in a remote Sussex village, addressing a cyclist who had stopped for refreshment.

'A young man who hadn't known her so very long ran away with the Squire's eldest daughter, and a day or two later the old gentleman sent this message by letter to his new son-in-law:

'All is forgiven. Come home.'

'To this the young fellow telegraphed the reply:

'All won't be forgiven till I have kicked you well for letting me elope with your daughter. You'd better not be at home when I come that's all.'

Women Need Not Suffer

From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery. Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor.

Here is an instance: Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: 'The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the joints, together with general weakness and loss of appetite. I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist.

I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered.

HER SAUCER CAME BACK.

A Woman was Convinced that she had been Tricked by her Grocer.

'There are tricks in all trades but ours,' remarked one member of a group seated in the lobby of a hotel last night, 'and I might add there are a few in ours.'

The speaker is the head of a well-known firm of wholesale grocers.

'Not so long ago,' he continued, 'when I was still in the retail trade, we had a shrewd Irish woman as a customer. One day she ordered a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of the brand, but I told her we could send her a barrel of another brand equally as good.

A week or so afterward she came into the store and declared that she didn't like the flour and insisted on having it taken back and the brand she wanted sent instead. Well, we hauled the flour back to the store, and, being still out of the brand wanted, filled up the returned barrel, put in a new head and carted it back to the woman again.

'We heard nothing more about the matter for three weeks when one day she came into the store in a highly indignant frame of mind.

'I want you to send up to my house and haul that flour away,' she exclaimed. 'I told you it was no good.'

'No good,' I replied. 'Why, you know it is the brand you ordered.'

'The woman glared at me.

'It is no such thing!' she blurted out. 'You sent me back the same barrel I had.'

'Of course I denied it, laying particular stress on her value to us as a customer and how we would not risk losing her trade on account of a measly barrel of flour. 'Why, madam,' I ejaculated eloquently, 'how could you think of such a thing? Ours is too honorable a house to cheat its customers or to ask them to accept a substitute for something they liked!'

'Then the woman grinned at me. 'Hub!' she retorted, 'that's all very fine. But I had two bakin's out of the first barrel before I sent it back.'

'Yes,' I assented, and you got a full barrel in return. Doesn't that prove—' 'Prove nothing,' she interrupted. 'The first two bakin's out of the barrel I got the second time were all right. But I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with a saucer. When I got down to the third bakin' out of the second barrel I—'

'Yes,' I interposed: 'what did you do?' 'I found my saucer,' was the answer. 'Then she swept out: and it was well she did, for I came near falling in a faint. It was months before that woman would condescend to trade with us again.'

TWO YEARS ABBE.

Eight Years of Rheumatic Torment—South American Rheumatic Cure Drives out the Torment in a Day.

Mrs. John Cook, of 287 Clinton street, Toronto, says: 'For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism. For two years I lay on my bed and could not so much as feed myself—I was so helpless. The torture was indescribable. I doctored and tried every remedy I could hear of but received no lasting benefit. I am grateful for the day when a lady friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I was able to sit up in bed. I continued its use and to day—look at me—I am as strong and active as ever in my life.' For sale E. C. Brown and all druggists.

A Voluntary Target.

James Collis was a gunner of the 66th regiment in the Afghan War of 1880. During the retreat from Maiwand the troops toiled on through the black night, the Afghans continually charging upon them. The gunners were frequently obliged to unlimber the guns and stand them to check these furious assaults, which they did as coolly as if at drill on Woolwich Common. Many of the guns had been turned into temporary ambulances, and were loaded with wounded and dying men. Collis had all day been carrying water to the wounded through the sharpest of the deadly firing, and came up to his gun just as a hot fire opened upon it from two sides. With one glance he saw that unless this fire could be diverted, there was no possibility of saving the lives of the wounded men. Collis was unwounded, and borrowing a rifle, he deliberately opened fire on the enemy, making himself the target for their guns. There he stood until he had fired thirty-two rounds, the bullets falling thick and fast around him, but not a hair of his head was harmed. The tired horses made an extra effort, the gun thundered out of range, the ranks closed up and the weary march went on.

Railways Sixty Years Ago.

The oldest railway guide is 'Bradshaw's' which has been in existence now for sixty years. When it first started eighty-two pages sufficed to contain all the requisite railroad information, while the present number of the popular guide has more than 1,000 pages. In those days there were only 1,100 miles of railways, whereas now they have extended to 21,000, and while in 1841 the average weekly takings for traffic were £60,000, the total now is somewhere about £1,600,000. The third-class carriages in the first trains were merely open trucks, more often without than with seats, and, of course, the occu-



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Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is sold in one and two-pound cans, and is guaranteed to be the best coffee grown.

pants were altogether exposed to suns wind, rain, or snow. Even second-class compartments, though covered at the top, were open at the sides, and there were no cushions to the seats.

Would Have Stopped it.

Some time ago the wife of an old inhabitant of a Durham village died, leaving a grown-up family behind her. The father remained a widower for about eighteen months; then he entered the matrimonial state again. The youngest daughter aged about twenty, on the day of the wedding went to the village butcher's. After the usual courtesies the butcher asked her, 'Is it true your fether gat married agyen?' 'Ay, its ower true!' said the girl. 'Didn't ye want him to get married agyen?'

'No; we wor aall agyen it, but the ald ftyl wad hev his aan way. But Aa back if ma muthor had been living she'd ha' put a stop tiv'!

The Queen's Fruit Gardens.

Most of the fruit consumed in the Queen's household is grown in the Royal gardens at Windsor. Some statistics published not long since show that the Queen's gardens supply in one year no fewer than 20,000 dessert apples, besides 400 bushels of eating apples of a commoner kind. The grapes produced in one season weigh two tons and a half, the strawberries a ton and a quarter, the red and white currants a ton, and the cherries half a ton. Of the rarer fruits about 250 pine-apples, 400 melons, and between 6,000 and 7,000 peaches are gathered each year.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
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W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A little girl sat on the floor crying. After a while she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, she said, 'Mamma, what was I crying about?' 'Because I wouldn't let you go down town.'

'Oh, yes,' and she set up another howl.

Doctor: 'I would advise you to take a walk every morning before breakfast.' Sappy: 'But, doctor, I—ah—never get up until after breakfast y'know.'

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the house. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Relieves Every Form of Inflammation. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. Parson's Pills. Best Liver Pill made. Positively cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver and Bowel complaints.