

BURDENS GROWN TO WINGS.

How a Minister Helped a Woman by Good Advice.

"I cannot bear it another day!" exclaimed a young woman to her minister, one Sunday after service.

"Come home with me to dinner," said the minister, "and we will talk it over. Wipe your eyes now, and send word to your home that you will not return."

"I told them this morning that I should not come back. They will not expect me to-day."

"So much the better. You will spend the night also with us, and go to your work to-morrow from the parsonage. It will give you a little relief, perhaps."

Protesting but grateful, the girl accepted. After dinner the minister's wife talked pleasantly for a time and then sent her to the guest chamber for a nap. Not till after the evening service was there any allusion to her trouble. Then the three sat together in the study, and the minister said, "Now tell us all about it."

"I cannot make you know," replied the girl, "and I am ashamed to tell what kind of a home I have. My father died when I was small, and for five years I have earned more than half the support of the family."

"At times I have been their sole dependence, and as you know I have worked my way to a good position. My brother now has a small salary, and my sister has a situation now and then. She earns about four dollars a week in a department store, but she soon flares up and leaves, or gets so spiteful that they discharge her. My brother wants to do right, and comes to church with me, but he gets discouraged often."

"How is it at home?"

"There is no order or economy or ambition. If mother could put off the landlord and grocer she would never pay. I have to sell to the rent and forbid the grocer to sell me more than I can pay for."

"My mother and sister quarrel incessantly. They even fight and swear and throw things at each other. And I—they both seem to hate me because I am trying to rise above the level of the life about us. This morning we had a dreadful scene, and I told them I would never come back."

Much more she told, and it was all too true and sad. Then the minister said:

"Your duty is hard, but it is still your duty. Improvident, ungracious as your mother is, she is your mother. And between your sister and ruin I see only God's love and your example and sisterly care. Your brother, too, kind and manly, but without your experience or stability—he needs you. You must go back to-morrow night and take up your burden, and God will help you to save your home."

The girl wept silently. Then the minister's wife put her arm around her and said, "Do you remember, dear, the fable of the birds, how they were created at first without wings, and God showed them wings and said, 'Take up these burdens and bear them for duty's sake,' and they took them, and to their wonder and joy, they were not burdens at all, but helped them to fly? So shall yours do."

So the girl went back to her hard lot. Much she suffered, and was often tried; but the years have gone, and have not been wholly sad ones. The brother has grown manly and strong. The sister is less wild and willful. The mother has fitful strivings for better things. But the heroic girl who is saving the home has found not only daily grace for her burdens, but has developed, through and because of them, a character full of womanliness and Christian strength. Her burdens have grown wings.

The above true instance reveals a condition too frequently found in the "homes" of the city poor. It shows how much may be done in such a family by a single member who is controlled by sacred ideals of duty and sacrifice.

An Effective Advertisement.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the author of a recent volume of delightful Samoan stories most of which are so little fiction as to be merely picturesque adaptations of truth, is better acquainted with the characteristics of Polynesian natives and Americans of the Pacific coast than with those of New Englanders. Nevertheless, he knew in Samoa at least one "down easter" who was a thoroughly-going New England rustic type. He was a Jack of all trades, one of them being that of driver.

On one occasion a ball was given at the German Consulate which Mr. Osbourne and his sister attended, being driven over from Vaialinta. It was a formal affair in honor of the officers of a visiting German warship, and they went in their best attire, prepared to discard the unconventionality of island life for all the elegance and correctness of demeanor they could achieve.

When the time came to return, their carriage was driven up to the door and Miss Osbourne promptly took her seat;

but her brother, occupied in bidding lively adieux to a group of pretty girls on the veranda, lingered somewhat unduly. The horses were restive and the free-and-equal, not to say free-and-easy, citizen on the box soon became impatient. He did not lose his amiability, but he considered that it was high time the inconsiderate young man was hurried up, and he proceeded to hurry him.

Oblivious of the grins of gorgeous officers and the titter of gauzy dsmels, he signalled violently with his whip; then, failing to receive attention, he sang out in a tone of indulgent derisive banter:

"Wal, Lloyd, I guess ye might's well be startin' along! It's gettin' late, an' them gals'll be tired of ye by this time, sure!"

Mr. Osbourne's exit was scarcely as dignified as he would have liked to have it, but he obeyed the summons.

A Photographic Speed Detector.

A Parisian inventor, Monsieur Gaumont, has devised a hand camera by means of which the speed of a passing bicycle or automobile can be ascertained. The camera shutter has two slits, separated by a fixed distance, each of which in turn makes an exposure as the shutter flies across. The result is a picture containing two nearly superposed images of the moving object. The time elapsed between the exposures being known from the velocity of the shutter, it is only necessary to measure on the negative the distance between the two images of a hub, for instance, in order to have the data for a simple calculation which will show the speed of the vehicle at the instant the photograph was made.

Fish Enemies to Mosquitoes.

Now that special efforts are being made to exterminate mosquitoes, owing to the belief that certain species of these insects are responsible for the spread of malaria, the fact that small fish are great destroyers of mosquito have assumed increased interest. This fact is vouched for by Dr. L. O. Howard of the Department of Agriculture. He tells of two small lakes formed nearly side by side in Connecticut by an invasion of the sea, one of which contained half a dozen small fish, while the other was fishless. Subsequent examination revealed tens of thousands of mosquito larvae in the fishless lake, but the other contained none.

Disappearance of the Chamois.

Attention is called in French scientific journals to the disappearance of the chamois from the French Alps. These graceful animals, in spite of the fact that they conceal their homes and places of refuge in the most inaccessible spots, at heights varying from 2600 to 11,500 feet, are mercilessly hunted out and shot down, so that there is danger of their complete extinction. In Italy there is a large reserve on which the chamois are protected, and the formation of a similar reserve in France is advocated.

Sawdust for Fuel.

In some parts of our country sawdust is burned at the mills, not as fuel, but simply to get rid of it. But in Europe a better use has been made of sawdust. In Austria for instance, sawdust is impregnated with tarry substances, and then heated and pressed into briquets, which are really sold for fuel. These briquets, weighing about two fifths of a pound each, bring from 95 cents to one dollar per thousand. In heating power they equal lignite, and they leave only four per cent of ash.

Russia's sulphur Mounds.

There have lately been discovered near the Amu River, about 100 miles from Khiva, in the Transcasian province, huge mounds of native sulphur scattered over an area of about 23 square miles. The mounds are described as dome-shaped and about 300 feet in height. It is estimated that they contain more than 9,000,000 tons of sulphur, making this one of the richest sulphur deposits known. The "ore" is for the most part sandstone, and yields about 60 per cent. of sulphur.

Far-Away Tremor from Great Guns.

The interesting question of the greatest distance at which cannon can be heard having been raised in Nature, Mr. J. W. Mallet writes, from personal experience, that during the bombardment of Charleston, S. C., by the Federal forces in 1863, the firing of the heavy siege guns was heard as far inland as Augusta, Ga., a distance of 122 miles, while at 60 miles the sound was accompanied by a general feeling of tremor.

Obticken Teeth.

Any saw edges on your collar? None on ours. Our modern machine finishes the top of your collar the same as the side. Neckband replaced. Hosiery darned. Repairs made All Free. Try us, Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

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Painter and King.

Anders Zorn, the artist, whose paintings were so popular in this country during and after the World's Fair, is said to be a man of marked peculiarities, one of them being a pronounced frankness, not to say bluntness, of speech. He had painted a full length portrait of Oscar II of Sweden, and the king was so well pleased with it that he sent one of his chamberlains to the painter to inform him that his majesty desired to sit again, this time for a bust portrait.

"Yes," answered Zorn, in his usual shrill nasal tone, looking anything but pleasant. "Yes, yes—all right! But tell his majesty that I don't want to paint him in uniform. I don't want it, and I am not going to do it. Will you be sure to tell his majesty that?"

"Yes," replied the chamberlain, with a smile; and then he returned to the castle and told the king that Zorn was overjoyed at the honor shown him, and would be happy to begin work on the new portrait at a stated date and hour.

The king who possesses in fullest measure the politeness expected of princes, was more punctual at the first sitting than the artist. When Zorn, a little late was ushered into the royal presence, he discovered that the king was in uniform.

"Why," he exclaimed, unhesitatingly, in pretty much the same tone he had used to the chamberlain, "I said I didn't want to paint your majesty in uniform!"

"I heard nothing about it!" declared the king, with a glance of surprise at the indiscreet artist.

"Well, well, well!" muttered Zorn, while he put his easel in order. "But then, I'll tell your majesty something. If I have to paint your majesty in uniform, I shall have to charge my large price."

"How much is that?" inquired the royal customer.

"It is twenty-five thousand francs, your majesty," explained Zorn. "But if your majesty will change clothes, I'll only charge my small price, which is ten thousand francs."

"Well," mused the king, trying to look very serious, "that's a very big sum—twenty-five thousand francs. Why, my dear Zorn, I'll tell you what I'll do! I think I shall have to change clothes."

The king retired to his private apartments for a short time, and when he came back to resume the sitting he was dressed as a private citizen.

Crossing a Guzzle.

Francis Parkman had an intense love of nature, and as long as his health permitted made trips into the wilderness. Such excursions furnished amusing incidents as well as trying ones. In Farnham's life of the famous historian we find a quotation from his diary of 1841, in which Farnham tells how his friend Slade and himself crossed a "guzzle" on their tramp up the Magalloway.

A muddy creek, two rods wide and of uncertain depth, extended back from the river directly across our path. The only means of crossing were three or four slender poles projecting from each side and meeting in the middle, where a floating log contributed to their support.

We stood in horror and amazement, wondering how a man of ordinary weight could place his foot on such a structure without "slumping" in. With a countenance of direful import, my friend strapped his knapsack firmly on his back, grasped a long pole, one end of which he planted in the mud at the bottom of the stream, and cautiously advanced upon the frail bridge.

When he was about two yards from the bank the poles began to sink beneath his weight, but he continued to advance until he gained the log in the middle. The water was now above his knees, and fast rising to his waist. The poles began to glide like eels from beneath him. If he stood still the bridge was too weak to sustain him; if he moved he lost his foothold.

He felt his fate inevitable, and with a dismal imprecation sprang desperately to-

ward some loose logs and brushwood that floated near the opposite bank.

The logs tilted up, there was a heavy splash, and my friend appeared, struggling and floundering amid the ruins of the demolished bridge. He grasped a root that projected from the bank, and drew himself up wet and belimed from head to foot, but with a temper in nowise affected by his misfortune, for he responded most heartily to the laughter with which I saluted him.

My companion was over six feet tall, and as he declared that he felt no bottom to the gulf, my own situation looked rather awkward. I repaired the bridge, however, and managed to get over, although wet to the knees.

Little Mahala and the Lizard.

In the looking up of old records and the retelling of family anecdotes brought about of late by the patriotic and genealogical societies, many curious happenings of old-time school-days have come to light; and in surprisingly many of them the master figures as a tyrant, indulging a cruel temper with little regard for justice. The narrow escape of one little girl from dire punishment quite undeserved is related by her descendants. She had certainly in flicted a singular indignity upon her teacher.

Little Mahala Mackey went to school in a log schoolhouse, built in the middle of a great tract of pine lands in South Carolina. The logs were unpeeled, and under the bark and in the crannies and chinks of the wall lived a numerous population of crawling things.

One day, as little Mahala was sitting with her back to the teacher, on a long bench of pine planks that ran across the room, a green lizard darted out of the wall and ran along close beside her.

She had a horror of bugs and reptiles. Too much startled to consider the possible effect of what she did, she uttered a shriek of dismay, and catching the intruder by tip of its tail, flung it wildly over her shoulder.

Then, terrified at the commotion she had caused, she turned to apologize, and beheld the schoolmaster dancing about the platform, yelling with pain and with tears streaming from his eyes, while he tried vainly to pull away the lizard from the end of his nose, where it swung and clung, with its teeth locked firmly in his nostril!

Without pausing for bonnet, books or farewells, Mahala gave one glance and fled, never slackening speed until she was safe at home.

Her flight proved a wise precaution. Innocent as she was of all intention of harm, the aggrieved teacher would not consider the idea of pardon; she must come back and take a whipping, and a thorough one or she must not come at all.

Her father, fortunately, had clearer ideas of justice, and would not allow her to receive punishment for an accident. She was sent to another school, where lizards did not mingle with the pupils, and the outraged master's swollen nose went unavenged.

It Paid.

Training at Tuskegee is eminently practical. There the blacksmith learns to dissect a horse's hoof, in order to see exactly why and how the animal may be injured by unskillful work. The girl who wishes to become a housekeeper follows the details of her task until she reaches economic principles. The method pays. Men and women quipped with this sort of scientific training do no haphazard work save through their own carelessness. Again and again does the system prove its value.

At one time the owners of a certain creamery were in need of a new superintendent, and Tuskegee had just graduated a man perfectly fitted for the place. Still he was as black as black could be, and it was with some doubt that he made application.

"A colored man?" said the owners of the creamery. "Oh, that would never do!"

The applicant replied very politely that he had not come to talk about color, except, perhaps, the color of butter. He dropped into the details of dairy work, and finally something in his speech seemed to the gentleman practical and significant.

"Well," they concluded, "you might stay for a two weeks' trial, but there's no possibility of our hiring a colored man permanently."

The first week's make of butter was shipped, and when the returns came back it was found that it had sold at an advance of two cents a pound on any price the creamery had previously been able to obtain.

"This is very singular," said the owners. So they waited for the next week's return. Then it was found that the butter had advanced still another cent, three cents more than the creamery's best record.

The new man's methods had produced their effect, and he was at once engaged as superintendent. The color question sank into oblivion.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Bay du Vin Wharf," will be received at this office until Friday, February 15th, 1901, inclusively, for the reconstruction of the outer end of the Wharf at Bay du Vin, Northumberland County, Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., and C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at Bay du Vin, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for eight hundred dollars (\$800.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
JOS. R. ROY,
Acting Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, January 17th, 1901.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

126, 3 t.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor has given \$25,000 to the army relief fund in England. The English accept Mr. Astor's money with more grace than they do his apologies.

'Dar sin' no use o' tellin' a man dat riches don' bring happiness,' said uncle Eben. 'No quantity o' talkid' is gwinter keep ev'body f'um wantin' to try de 'speriment fob hisself.'