

## Anita: A Page From Life.

THOMAS GAMBLE, JR.

Phew! How the wind whistled around the corner, cutting and chilling one to the marrow. Overhead, dark, scudding clouds bespoke a storm for the morrow—an inauspicious opening for the new year. Now and then a belated pedestrian might be met, hurrying along toward home and comfort, with collar up and head down, breasting winter's cold blast. Faintly through the howling of the merciless storm came the tolling of the State House bell. Only an hour more and the old year, with its joys and sorrows, pain and anguish, would be a thing of the past, and the new year—a repetition of the departed—enter, to view the same old scenes and run the same old course as its predecessor.

Down by the river in the old tenement fronting Water Street, the window casements rattled, and the wind, sweeping through broken panes and open doorways, converted itself into a moan, now hollow, and then screeching; sinking down until it seemed like the last gasp of a dying man, and a moment later suddenly rising until one shivered at the thought of the terrible shout of anguish it seemed to convey.

From the attic of what appeared, even in that woe-begone, poverty-stricken district, the most desolate possible of human habitations, a light twinkled through the window, a solitary gleam piercing the darkness without. I called my friend's attention to it as we hurriedly passed up the street on our way to the ferry. We but seldom visited this section of the great city and had even now only stumbled between the long lines of forbidding houses by mistake. "What a horrible place to live in," said he, and I mentally answered, "What a terrible den to die in." The cold blasts that swept down the street, and the icy pavements, full of ruts required all our attention, and after a simple "Yes," we lapsed into silence.

We had reached the house, and in a moment would have passed beyond, but the doctor, for such was my companion, stopped glanced a moment in the open doorway, and then, without a word, entered. Surprised, I followed. Standing in the long entry, but a few paces from the entrance, was a little tot of a girl, scarcely three years old. The light of a street lamp, penetrating in the depths of the gloom beyond, cast a halo of silvery light upon what, even then, I recognized as beautiful golden hair. Her face was dirty, her eyes red with crying, while two thin fists vainly essayed to stop the flow of tears. The ragged clothing failed to cover the little body, and the feet, that had known no shoes for many days, were white and numb.

Taking her in his arms, the doctor started up the stairs. They groaned and creaked under our weight, and, as we went higher and higher, seemed almost to sway to and fro, while the great gusts that swept through the yawning gaps where windows had once been, made it hard to keep our feet. The little line of light from under the door led us to the garret. The bareness of the room was appalling. In the center was a small stove, from which the heat of fire had hours before departed. On a heap of rags in the corner lay a woman. A brief examination sufficed—she was dead.

We followed the usual line of procedure. The coroner was notified, an inquest held, and a verdict rendered of "death from alcoholism." Nothing could be ascertained about her history. She had come to the house but a few days before, and rented the room. The three or four other tenants had wasted no time or attention upon the two. The doctor had her buried at his own expense, and, having no children, adopted the little girl, who, when cleansed and properly dressed, turned out to be a beautiful, lovable child. Her name, she said, was Anita.

I met the doctor yesterday on Chestnut street. I had not seen him for several years, and could not repress surprise at the change in his appearance. It was the same kind, affectionate friend. Of that there could be no doubt. The cordial grasp of his hand, the smile of welcome that beamed from his eyes and ran over his face, the tone of gladness, all assured me that I had made no mistake. But where were the fine, stalwart form, the strong eye, the steady grasp that thrilled and revived. They were gone. After the first joy of meeting had subsided, and I had time to leisurely look him over, I noticed it. He smiled sadly at my critical gaze and said, "What's the matter, you look as if you had seen a ghost," in an affected tone of case in which the anguish was not half concealed.

Saying nothing I took his arm and turned down a side street. Soon we were out of the bustling, rushing throng, and almost alone. Tell me all," I said, and he did.

It was not a long tale. The most momentous events in the annals of our lives are oftentimes those that require but the fewest moments to relate. It was brief, oh, how brief, but the words seared furrows in my brain as deep as the wrinkles it had wrought upon his face. She was dead, Anita, whom I had last seen three years before, on her return from school, bright, accomplished, beautiful and still as affectionate as in the early days of childhood. One year after my departure she had married. Eighteen months later she slept upon the hillside in the peaceful country churchyard where the family dead had been laid for a century past, a broken-hearted drunkard's wife.

He knew, he said, at the time of the wedding, that the young man drank moderately, but thinking, like many other misguided men, that it was but a transitory phase, and that with the possession of a home of his own he would drop all such frivolities, had offered no objections to the solemnization of the nuptials.

Time passed on—one, two, three months, and all was well. Then came a club dinner, and he came home—drunk. No one knows what she suffered. Anita said nothing, but he heard of it on the street and rebuked him. It was the same old story. He was repentant, and promised never again to allow himself to become intoxicated. One month of abstinence and the tempter once more prevailed. Down, down, down, he went like the star that shoots from the zenith of the sky to the darkness of the horizon below, carrying with him the life of his wife. There was no suffering from want, but Anita faded perceptibly. She made no complaints, and all attempts to induce her to say even a word, failed. Two days after the birth of a little girl, she died, while the poor, recreant, degraded husband lay upon a lounge in an adjoining room dead to all surroundings from the effects of rum.

"Do you wonder," said the doctor, as I parted from him, "Do you wonder that I nightly invoke the curse of God upon rum and those that dispense it to our loved ones? I am no longer a half-hearted temperance advocate—I am a fanatic—I hate it! I hate it!"

A few days ago when I stood in the lonely cemetery beside her grave I repeated his last words. The graven letters upon that cold, white stone tell naught to the visiting stranger of the sad fate of the fair girl that lies beneath; they whisper no warning to the idler as he passes by; they are mute to all but a few. But as long as the evil exists—as long as it stalks through the land clasp in its foul embrace the choicest of the flock, the innocent as well as the guilty, so long should such pages from life's history be revealed.—*Chris. Standard.*

## Talks to Young Men.

## THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN

The differences between men as to success in life are due not so much to ability or opportunity as to ambition. By ambition is not meant "self-seeking," which is the first form of selfishness, but excellence of spirit. It is proper for a young man to seek honest employment and receive deserved honors, but honors should come unsought. The scrambling for office, seeking a nomination or electioneering for promotion in any way, is beneath all true manhood. In such things, let the place seek the man and not the man the place. A man loses his dignity and the respect of his neighbors who asks another to vote for him. All honors thus gained are but transient glory, like tissue-paper flowers. When the offer of position comes to a man unsought, then it may be proper for him to assist his friends in all honorable ways in securing it; but true ambition aims at being so worthy that honors are cast as a free gift at one's feet.

I do in the best possible manner the specific work to be done. True ambition means thoroughness. If you are a "boot-black," be the best one possible make boots shine all you can and be sure and black the heels as well as the toes. If you are a carpenter, make every joint fit, and finish your work as though done for the Queen. If you are a clerk, be the best salesman you honestly can, so that your employer and the public will both be satisfied. Are you a physician? Go to the bottom of each disease; put all your mind and heart and skill into each patient's situation as though it were the case of your own sister or child. Are you a farmer? Make the most that can be made from your land. Have it the best cultivated piece of soil in all your region. Are you a preacher? Preach every time the best you can and as though it might be your last sermon; by such preaching you will preach the better the next time. Are you a student? Master each day's studies as soon as possible. Be sure you master them. That was Charles

Summer's motto and the secret of his success—*Do the best you can.* Do as perfectly as possible the particular work of your life. Good workmen have employment.

2. Not only be thorough in your specific work, but make the most of your manhood. One of the evils connected with all the good attendant upon the modern system of education is its partiality, its one-sidedness, its tendency to make men accurate and sharp, but not broad. The old-time watchmaker could make a whole watch, but now one man works only upon one part; his thoughts and skill are confined to a wheel, or a pin, or a hand. Thus the division of study and labor so narrows one's growth that while in his trade he is sharper, in his manhood he is smaller. Against this tendency a young man should guard, being none the less faithful in his trade but watching the growth of his whole nature. While in his work he is to be a man of one idea, in his culture he is to be many-sided. A man who is a minister, and nothing else, will be a narrow man. He who is a merchant or mechanic and confines his thinking and interest to his particular trade alone, will fail to develop his manhood. As one's body consists not only of bones but also of nerves and muscles and blood; as it has eyes and ears, feet and hands; and physical culture includes all of these and trains and nurtures them all,—so the culture of manhood includes body, mind, and heart—the physical, mental, social, moral and spiritual natures. The tree whose sap flows all into one limb, however strong and large that limb may become, is ill-shaped, with less beauty and fruit than the full rounded tree whose branches stretch out on all sides. Moreover, the culture of all the parts adds strength to each particular part. The brain helps the heart and the heart helps the body and the body helps the brain and heart. Thus, not merely when a man's skill in work is increasing but when his general information is growing and his sympathy with all that is good is enlarging, then, however humble his position or limited his talents, his manhood is expanding. Such is true ambition—to make the most of one's self, to gather into one's life on all sides, so that people shall say, "He is more than a farmer or a carpenter or a merchant or a lawyer or a preacher, he is a man—a manly man."

The glory of an organ is that all its keys respond to the master's touch and the ambition of the organist is to sweep the whole board and draw out all its harmonies. So man was not made for any particular trade or science or art, but to be a man. To be a full-rounded man, growing into the image of Jesus Christ is the great loyal ambition which includes body, mind and heart, skill and character, time and eternity, our relations to humanity and to God. Be ambitious to be a man, and the most of a man you can.

## Binding Off.

The expression is a domestic one. It is connected with knitting needles and crochet hooks, which are being vigorously plied just now for the Christmas season. When the young lady who has crocheted a beautiful afghan with which to surprise some of her male friends on that morning has made one of its stripes of the requisite length, her work is not completed till she has "bound it off." It is an application of the hook on the last row, which prevents it from unraveling out. Without it, a little tension on the end of the yarn would pull out the labor of weeks. The process is a suggestive one.

It is worth while in life to bind things off, to take those stitches which shall secure to us permanent the fruit of previous labor. A good deal of our work is constantly unraveling for want of this process. It is so in intellectual culture. Hours and weeks may be spent in the acquisition of a language; but the habit of reading or speaking is not kept up, and in a comparatively short time it unravels out. The woman who gives up her music on marrying, when perhaps she had most need of it, finds her facility soon unraveling at a rapid rate. In intellectual acquisitions, we cannot unfortunately take a few stitches at the end of our studies, and be sure that henceforth they will be permanently on us. The method of "binding off," so far as the memory is concerned, is repetition and review. A few minutes each day may thus preserve to us some possession of memory or facility or power which is worth retaining.

It is equally true with moral effort. To "bind off" is simply to clinch the nail; to furnish a holdfast; to drive home a conviction; to settle a cause upon solid foundation; to embody a principle in an institution where it may have permanent value. How many men are there who spend years in the acquisition of money, and then, at

their death, let their fortune ravel out, frittered away among a lot of quarreling heirs, when they might have bound off, and retained forever the moral and beneficent value of that fortune, by generously investing it in some nobler enterprise! Such a gift, when bound on earth is bound in heaven.

Be sure that you engage in some work which is worth doing, and that you seek to preserve those results which are worth preserving. Every man and woman has this opportunity to lay up treasures which shall not fade.—*Christian Register.*

PERSONAL WORK.—On a cold winter evening I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said, "What an awful night for the poor!"

He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, he said, "Please hand these, for me, to the poorest people you know."

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added, "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?"

The sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me that I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a life-time.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

## SOME STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Several Good Stories Which Convey Very Useful Morals.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Union reports having this dialogue with an eminent physician:

"Can you cure a cold for me?"

"I dare say; where is it?"

"Do you treat yourself for colds?"

"That depends on how bad they are. I had one last week and fixed myself up a dose, but I didn't dare take it. I kept it over night and gave it to a 'deadhead' patient the next day."

"Then you don't dare take your own medicine?"

"No! I don't dare, and I have no family physician."

A gentleman, a short time ago, consulted his physician about a severe rheumatic attack. As he was leaving, the doctor said:

"Should my prescription afford any relief, let me know it, as I am suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."

The best of physicians now have the frankness to admit that the schools have not yet mastered all there is to know about the causes of disease, and the best methods of cure. There has been a great advance, no doubt, in medical science, in the last fifty years. Doctors themselves do not take their own physic, even though they may saturate the systems of their patients with poisonous drugs, nor do they bleed, blister and torture, as formerly.

Byron died, it is claimed, because of over-bleeding by his physicians. Washington met the same fate!

Scientific investigation shows that most ailments proceed from derangement of primary organs, of which the kidneys are the most important. Every drop of blood coursing through the system passes through these organs, and if they are deranged, the blood speedily becomes impure, and carries the seeds of disease to every part of the body. If we keep these organs regulated by the use of a simple vegetable compound like Warner's safe cure, which Prof. Lattimore, New York State board of health analyst, of the Rochester University, says: "I find entirely free from mercury and all poisonous and deleterious substances"—there is little danger of bright's disease, apoplexy, rheumatism, or any of the common ailments, nearly all of which originate in or are made fatal by diseased (though unsuspected) kidneys. This great remedy has the reputation, which seems well founded, of curing more diseases than any one other remedy ever known. It restored the son of the Dan'sh vice-consul Schmidt of 69 Wall Street, New York, from Bright's disease, and General Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., Bankers of New York, who knew of the case, pronounced it a wonderful remedy.

As appropriate to the doctors who give to their patients what they will not take themselves, we quote this story:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, help me out," exclaimed a young lady at a church fair. "I've sold a tidy lot for \$15 that only cost 15c. What percentage is the profit?"

"Percentage, madam?" exclaimed the lawyer with merriment. "That transaction is beyond percentage—it is simple larceny!"

The professional man who takes one's money when he can do one no equivalent service will understand the moral.

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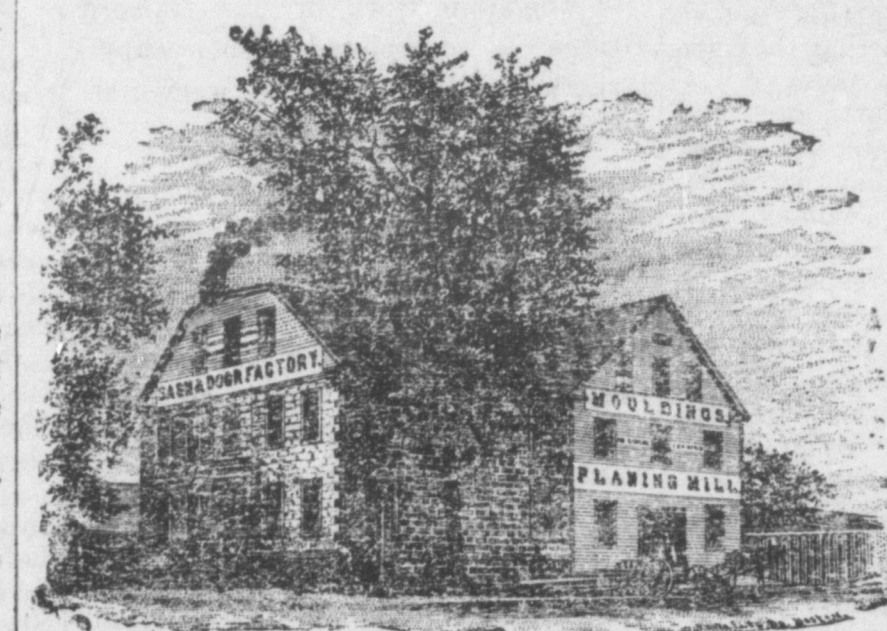
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