

A Word About Words.

Ah! these terrible tongues of ours,
Are half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike, or the hint may fall?

The latest chirp of that "little bird,"
The spicy story "you must have heard"—
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash!

What fumes have been blasted and broken,
What pestilence sinks been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only an idle word?

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—
They are poisoned shafts from an ambush-
ed bow;
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
They pierce the mail of the great and brave;
Yain is the buckler of wisdom and pride
To turn the pitiless point aside:
The lip may curl with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.

Ah! what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone—
To only God is their virtue known.
They can lift from the dust their abject
head.

They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close barred with passion and
pride

Will sing at their knock its portals wide:
And the hate that blights and the scorn
that sears

What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love have been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word!

A Maternal Outrage.

We are often irresistibly drawn
to wonder what sort of nerves a
certain class of mothers can have—
mothers who sit down quietly and
allow their children to make them-
selves nuisances to every one else
about them, while they themselves
pursue life with placidity, and chat
and sew and read and eat and amuse
themselves as if they had not the
least responsibility in the case, and
whomsoever else the children's be-
havior annoyed it did not annoy
them. The child of any of these
mothers in question is of an inquir-
ing disposition; it handles every
small article that it is able to lift,
and leaves its finger-marks in bold
relief on embroidered book-cover or
delicate table scarf, on polished fur-
niture, on the piano keys, and on
all the dainty bric-a-brac impartial-
ly; and the owner, or even the chance
beholder, lives in constant fear of
seeing brittle glass smashed to atoms,
china cracked, lamps overturned,
books made unreadable, fans ruined,
boxes broken, unable in politeness
either to express anxiety beforehand,
or reproof or condemnation or regret
afterward, and all this while the
tranquil mother, content that the
child amuses itself, never observes
that anything out of the way at all
is taking place. Moreover, the
child's inquiring turn of mind does
not stop short at handling and
fingering and soiling; it calls in
allies of the voice and of a pertain-
ity equal to a wasp's; it queries and
wonders and argues and discusses
and contradicts, and becomes a liv-
ing interrogation point, and makes
its victims feel that their innermost
secrets are not safe from the cross-
examination of the prying little
tongue, which may at any moment
turn up an unexpected treasure,
and which all the time, as the
Irishman said of his corn, is a per-
fect thorn in the side.

At the table this easy-going
mother pursues the same easy path;
the child speaks up unrepressed,
and expresses its preferences and
commands its own dishes, and keeps
the waiter running, and consumes
time in making selection, spills the
salt, spills the gravy, upsets glasses
of water, makes a mess all around
its plate, monopolizes conversation,
and renders rational enjoyment out
of the question; and the mother,
used to it, never considers that the
repart is being injured, the appetite
destroyed, and the pleasure taken
away from every one else at the
board who likes some peace and
quietness with the meal.

We are not saying anything at
present about the injury wrought
upon the poor child by this extreme
unwisdom, nor of the fact that it
causes the little creature to be
generally detested, and to receive
the avoidance and harshness of
which well brought-up children
know nothing. But is it not an
outrage on the rest of the house-
hold, and does it not inflict harm
on every member of it who has any
auditory nerves, or, indeed, any
nerves at all—harm that makes the
sufferer feel like a candidate for an
insane asylum, and if not quite mad
enough for that, mad enough, at any
rate, if the child must be let alone,
to shake the mother?

No mother has any right to take
the feelings of other people for grant-
ed, to inflict the disagreeable portion
of her child upon them, as if it were
something of the common circum-
stances of the place, the atmosphere,
the walls, and as if it were one's part
and lot and duty, being totally with-
out responsibility, to endure it all.
If the child were put under the
bonds of self-restraint and respect
for others commensurate with its
capacity, it would be different, no
one would resent its behaviour, even
when the petulance or fatigues of

childhood had got the better of it;
every one of proper feeling would
rejoice in its sunny presence, and
try to increase the reason for sun-
shine. Were it ill, no one would
refuse to help and care; were it sorry,
every one would hasten to soothe its
little sorrows, and every one would
be glad to assist the mother in look-
ing after its well-being. It is not
the child's behaviour after all, that
is the question; it is the mother's, in
her desire to get through life in the
easiest way possible, combined with
a total disregard of the desires of
every one else to get through it with
no more vexations than naturally
and inevitably belong to that one's
share. She has no right to allow
a child to finger and handle the
things that are not hers; she has no
right to allow the child to ask per-
sonal and impertinent and wearying
questions; she has no right to allow
it to annoy and disgust others at the
table; she has no right to hear its
lessons in public; she has hardly the
right to allow practicing, but no
shadow of right to allow drumming
on the piano, where it can disturb a
mortal or immortal soul. We do
not dwell on the child's part of it,
as, of tender years, it has little or
no real accountability yet. But one
of the duties of motherhood is to rear
one's children so that they shall not
be in peril of making themselves dis-
liked, and may have the chance of
carrying through life all the liking
it is possible in them to gather on
the way, and without which they
will find life itself a very heavy
burden to carry.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OIL.

When the threshers came to my
place last fall, I noticed that they
had not only an engine, a separator
and a full complement of men and
horses, but a five-gallon can of
oil. I said to them, "You seem to
use a good deal of oil in your busi-
ness." "Oh, yes," was the reply,
"we could not do anything without
it. Why, we should lose half of
our power, and wear out our ma-
chinery in a single season, if we
didn't keep oiling all the time. We
have to fight friction and oil is our
ammunition. I would as soon have
no fuel for my engine, and no water
for its boiler, as no oil to lubricate
its journals. My machinery would
set itself on fire if it were not well
oiled."

"You say 'well oiled,' what do
you mean by that? How do you
know when you have applied
enough?"

"We keep applying it all the
time. The moment that we hear
any creaking of the machinery, we
hasten to fill all the oil-cups. It is
only when all of them are full, that
we are sure that there is enough."

And then I thought that many of
us might learn a lesson from those
threshers. There is a great deal of
friction in all social intercourse and
in the working of all human organi-
zations. And when we feel the
rough rubbing, or hear the harsh
grating, we ought to think at once
of the oil. But we are tempted to
fight friction with friction, and to
meet harshness with harshness,
rather than give the soft answer
that turneth away wrath. We are
apt to forget that meekness and for-
giveness are elements of Christian
manliness, while retribution and
vengeance are the vices of barbarism.
Gentleness, patience, forbearance
and charity are as essential in
civilized society as oil is to the
working of machinery. Give up oil
and you must give up engines and
separators.

Several months ago neighbor
Jones came to me in great trouble.
He started to reap his grain, but
his reaper would not work. Some-
thing was wrong, and he could not
find out what. I went over with
him to look at it. I saw at once
where the trouble was. The reaper
had been exposed to the weather
for nearly a year. It was rusted.
It creaked and groaned with fric-
tion. It needed cleaning and oil.
I took it apart, removed the rust,
set it up again, tightened the bolts,
oiled it thoroughly, and it worked
well.

Last week this same neighbor
came to me with a load of trouble.
Nobody seemed to treat him well.
He had got into difficulty with his
hands, with the merchant to whom
he sold his grain, with a neighbor
whose cattle had broken into the
field where his hay was stacked,
and so on. I heard him patiently,
and said: "Do you remember com-
ing to me when your reaper was all
out of sorts?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are yourself in just
the condition that your reaper was.
You have got rusty. You have
allowed little things to vex you.
You have kept thinking them over
and over until you are in a morbid
state of feeling, and, of course,
everything goes wrong. Now, I
cannot take you apart and oil you
as I oiled your reaper; but you can
do it. Go to those people who you
think are treating you badly, in a
Christian spirit—go to determined
neither to give offense or to take
offense; talk the matter over

pleasantly, realizing that, though
they have fallen human hearts as
well as yourself, yet it is possible that
you may be just a little in the
wrong. Try this oiling process, and
I think you will feel better." He
went away thoughtful, if not con-
vinced.

To-day I met him again. He
looked cheerful and happy. He said
he believed that oil was good for
people as well as for reaping ma-
chines, and that he meant to use
more of it hereafter.

Now, I may have some readers
who are like my neighbor Jones. If
so, I advise them to lay in a fresh
supply of oil. We are all tempted
to magnify our own rights and in-
terests, and to minimize those of
others. The knowledge of this fact
ought to make us patient and char-
itable. I do not advise the yielding
of any right or the compromise of
truth in the slightest degree. Our
Christian principles ought to be as
firm as the iron axles and journals
in a factory. But as those hard
surfaces need to be kept well oiled,
just because they are hard, the man
of adamant principles needs to be
gentle and loving in his spirit. This
is the combination which se-
cures true manliness, true useful-
ness and true happiness.—*Seneca
Smith in Journal.*

Choosing Companions.

The world judges us by the com-
pany we keep; judges all by the
worst of the company. Nor is this
so far from wrong. There is more
probability of our becoming bad
than of the worst becoming good.
A man owned a swearing parrot, and
to reform him kept him in the com-
pany of another that never used
bad language. It was not long be-
fore both parrots became very pro-
fane. Vice works more quickly than
virtue, and sticks more closely.

The world not only judges us by
the company we keep, but is ready
to treat us as the worst of our com-
panions deserve. Success or failure
in life depends very much on the
company one keeps. What, then,
must be done to have good com-
pany?

Choose your companions. Do not
take whoever may choose you, but
choose for yourself your own com-
pany.

Choose those whom you know.
You would hardly trust strangers
with property; will you trust them
with that which is worth far more
—your comfort, your reputation,
your life, your soul?

Choose such as you can trust. He
who deceives or flatters others may
flatter and deceive you. If he is
unfaithful to another, what assur-
ance can you have of his faithful-
ness to you?

Choose such as tell you kindly,
yet frankly, your faults. Only true
friends will do that. "Faithful are
the wounds of a friend."

Choose those who respect their
parents and are loved at home. No-
where is there such an opportunity
given to study one's character so
closely studied, as at home. Those
who respect their parents will re-
spect what is worthy and good in
you, and those whom the little ones
of home love and trust you may re-
gard as worthy your confidence.
Respect for parents and love and
care for little ones are rarely found
in hearts that are very bad.

Choose true Christians. They
live from principle, and believe that
God's eye is upon them. Being
friends of God, they will bring you
into the best company; and they
will be likely in their prayers to
keep you before the mind of the
Almighty, so that you may share in
their own blessings. Their friend-
ship will last. They are everlasting
friends, for heaven—the place you
hope for—is their home. You
never need say a last "Good-bye" to
such friends.

Ignorance of Girls.

If a girl never hears a word about
economy from her birth, and is con-
scious that to secure the means to
gratify her slightest wish she needs
only to stretch out her hands and
they will be abundantly filled, how
can one expect after marriage that
she can have the faintest knowledge
of the duties that must belong to
her in the care of her household?
She had never been called upon to
know anything about her own ex-
penses. What she fancied she want-
ed she bought without a thought
that it might be well to learn whether
she could afford the money. How
money came, how it was always
ready for her when she asked, were
questions she had never been taught
that she ought to ask and understand
the answer. As far as any teaching
she has received, she might imagine
that money grew in the woods, and
her father had gathered for her
as wanted—and of course her hus-
band would do the same. No edu-
cation before marriage ever taught
her anything more rational.

With such a girlhood, free from
every thought save that of her own
personal gratification, what reason
can there be for surprise if she makes

many mistakes—well for her if they
are not irremediable. Duty was
something never mentioned to her
when a girl. After marriage her
husband gives her no insight into
his business affairs, no cautions as
to the expenses, never talks to her
or consults or advises with her about
their mutual expenditures. The
same cruel love and indulgence—or
it may be indifference—surrounds
her in her new home, and thus she
continues to be left in utter igno-
rance of all practical knowledge,
simply a toy, a butterfly seeking only
sunshine and personal enjoyment.

And yet, under proper training,
what a noble specimen of woman-
hood she, perhaps, was capable of
being made!—*Mrs. Henry Ward
Beecher.*

Neatness in Dress at Home.

The importance of neat and taste-
ful house-dressing cannot be over-
estimated. The matron who appears
before the members of her family in
a shabby, soiled wrapper, and makes
the excuse—if, indeed, she takes the
trouble to make one at all—that "it
is so much more comfortable," has
little idea of the possible consequen-
ces of such a course. Could she but
realize that her dress is an evil ex-
ample to her daughters, and one pro-
ductive of consequences that will
reach far beyond her own span of
life; that her husband and sons can-
not fail to draw comparisons between
her dress and that of the ladies they
meet in other homes, and that these
comparisons cannot fail to decrease
their respect for her, she might be
induced to give more attention to
her personal appearance. Not even
the burden of care and constant em-
ployment can furnish a sufficient
excuse for careless personal habits,
for few things are more important
to the well-being of a family. There
is an old saying to the effect that an
untidy mother has disobedient child-
ren; and while neither parents nor
children may realize the why or
wherefore of it, yet there is also a
lack of respect and an indifference
to the authority of a mother who
takes no pride in her personal appear-
ance. And it is not the mother alone
upon whose shoulders rests the bur-
den of responsibility for home neat-
ness and order in dress; the father
has his duties to look after as well,
and should never fail to insist upon
the younger members of the family
presenting themselves with well-kept
hands, clean faces, neatly-brushed
hair, and orderly dress, at least at
every meal where the family as-
semble.—*Farmers' Home.*

The efforts of the church should
be directed not only to the children,
but pre-eminently to the young peo-
ple, who are passing through fasci-
nations and allurements, and who
are being prepared for the duties of
mature life.

How to employ them is the press-
ing problem. They will be busy.
Society calls, amusement invite,
business demands. If the church
neglects them, their interest will be
enlisted elsewhere, and their fervor,
tact and activity will be lost to the
cause of Christ. When we think of
their number and of the immense
probabilities involved, who can es-
timate the magnitude of such a loss?
Experience proves that young con-
verts, to whom active duties are at
once assigned, develop into a strong
and useful Christian manhood, while
those who are neglected, or who de-
cline to work at once, are seldom of
much value to the church. Some
churches die of official dignity and
age. A few men, good and true, do
all the work, fill all the offices, en-
joy all the honor, and the masses do
nothing. They fear to trust the
young, and the young ceases to care
for the church. When the aged
die, there are none prepared to fill
the places. But when the young are
employed they are trained under the
eye of age, and a place is found
for every one. The church expands
and grows, new enterprises are car-
ried forward, and when an Elijah
ascends, his mantle falls on a faith-
ful Elisha.—*Temple.*

Every day a little knowledge. One
fact in a day. How small is one
fact! Only one. Ten years pass by.
Three thousand six hundred and
fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The
thing that is difficult to do to-day
will be an easy thing to do three
hundred and sixty days hence, if each
day it shall have been repeated.
What power of self-mastery shall he
enjoy who, looking to God for grace,
seeks every day to practice the
grace he prays for?

Every day a little helpfulness.
We live for the good of others, if
our living be in any sense a true
living. It is not in great deeds of
kindness only that the blessing is
found. In "little deeds of kindness,"
repeated every day, we find true
happiness. At home, at school, in
the street, in the neighbor's house,
in the playground, we shall find op-
portunity every day for usefulness.
—*Our Church Home.*

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and all the various ailments of the system. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Sun Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872	\$48,210.93	\$546,461.95	\$1,076,350.00
1874	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,937.05	1,411,004.58	7,030,878.77
1886	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1887	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN, President. R. MACAULAY, Managing Director.

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

THOS. W. SMITH
has completed his stock of
Fall & Winter Cloths
CONSISTING OF
Melton, Knapp, Bever, Pilot and
Worsted Overcoatings, English,
Scottish and Canadian Tweeds,
French and German
Suits,
And he feels confident that he can get
up the cheapest and best fitting
OVERCOATS, REEFERS,
and Suits of Cloths that can be had
in this city. In Ready-made Over-
coats, Reefers and Suits, he is selling
Overcoats from \$5.00 up;
Reefers from \$4.00 up;
Suits of Cloths from \$5.50 up;
Pants and Vests at the same ratio;
Knit Overshirts, 50 cents each.

Call and examine before purchasing
elsewhere.
Hats, Caps and Gents' Fur-
nishing Goods marked down to the
very lowest prices—No second price.
Inspection of stock respectfully soli-
cited, and will be cheerfully shown.

THOS. W. SMITH.
Over 6,000,000 people believe that it
is the largest and most reliable house, and they use
Ferry's Seeds

D. M. FERRY & CO. are
acknowledged to be the
Largest Seedmen
in the world.
D. M. FERRY & CO.'s
Illustrated Descriptive
Circular and Flower Seed
Catalogue, sent FREE
to all applicants, and
without ordering it. Incol-
orated. Every person using
Garden, Field or Flower Seeds
should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

STEAM SAW MILL
FOR SALE AT
Victoria Corner, C. Co.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his Steam
Saw Mill, situated on the bank of the
St. John river, at Victoria Corner, C. Co.,
consisting of Rotary Mill and Edger,
Shingle Machine and Lath Machine, with
good steam power sufficient to run the
above machinery; also power for a grist
mill. There being a good opening for a
grist mill in the locality, their being no
mill on the west side of the river for a dis-
tance of twenty-three miles. Any person
wishing to engage in the milling and lum-
ber business, this is a good opening, as the
property will be sold at a bargain and on
easy terms.

JAMES W. BOYER.
Victoria Corner, C. Co., Sept. 6, '88.

500 BUSHELS
P. E. I. OATS
LANDING THIS DAY.

For sale by
ELY PERKINS.
Fredericton, Aug. 22.

CHASE & SANBURN'S
COFFEES.

Dingman's Electric Soap.
Autumn Leaf Soap.
Benson's Prepared Corn Starch.
Pure Gold Paste Blacking.
Rising Sun Stove Polish.
Brown and Straw Wrapping
Papers.

Pure Gold Flavoring Essences.
Brooms, Pails, Tubs, &c.
"Latherine."
Royal Yeast Cakes.
Royal Baking Powder.

—FOR SALE BY—
A. F. Randolph & Son,
Fredericton, June 13.

MEAT CHOPPERS.
THE latest and best Chopper out. It
does not crush or tear the meat, but
as their name implies—chops it, precisely
like the snipping process of a pair of scis-
sors, their work is perfect and cannot vary,
and it is impossible for any strings, sinews,
fibres, or gristle to pass through them with-
out being chopped fine and even.

We challenge competition in this
respect.
Sausage meat, mince meat, hash, cod-
fish, scrap meat for poultry, &c., &c.
Cuts one pound of meat per minute. Just
the very thing the doctor orders for family
use.

Just opened at
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

The Little Giant Meat Cutter.
THIS Cutter does not mow and grind
the meat but keenly cuts, severing
the meat into separate pieces.
It is a household machine and indispen-
sable in chopping any description of meat
in the most suitable manner for Sausages,
Scrap, Chicken, Fish, Hamburg Steak,
Veal Loaf, Beef for Tea, Hash, Suet
Tripe, Ham, Cheese, &c., and also for
nearly all kinds of cooked meats.

For sale at
NEILL'S Hardware Store.