

The Empty Chair.

When all is over—all the tender yearning,
The hopes and fears that words could
never tell;
When from the last look love, in anguish
turning,
Hath measured all the misery of farewell;
When blinds are opened, and with tear
worn faces
We meet the aching light of every-day,
Knowing that from the dear accustomed
places
The loved one hath forever gone away,—

Across that throbbing sea of separation
Whereon we drift alone, uncomfited,
There comes a voice of hope and consolation
That whispers softly, "Blessed are the
dead!"

And suddenly, with clearer vision gifted,
We see them radiant on the farther shore;
All burdens from their weary fingers lifted,
From pain and death set free forevermore.

And, reckoning thus the bliss of our
departed,
Though grief still claims its bitter meed
of tears,
We can go forth, no longer broken-hearted,
To face the strangeness of the altered
years;

All love for us made sacred by that sadness,
All hope henceforth a purer thing to be;
Till we too stand where, in undreamed-of
gladness,
Death shall be swallowed up in victory!
Sunday at Home.

Daily Sunshine.

"Here's a letter for you father,"
said Reuben Silver, coming into the
kitchen at tea-time on Saturday
evening, having been to the country
post-office for the weekly paper. Mr.
Silver was busy lathering his chin
before a small, square looking-glass
which hung near the window, and
showed no interest in the letter,
although letters were rare in that
household.

Mrs. Silver was finishing pies for
the Thanksgiving dinner, and though
she looked a little anxiously at the
letter, as a possible bringer of bad
news, she said nothing about it at
the time.

"Have you read the letter, John?"
she asked some hours later, as her
husband was pulling off his boots
preparatory to going to bed.

"Letter?" he replied in surprise.
"Laws me, no, I forgot," and sit-
ting down in his stocking feet he
drew out the crushed envelope, and
put on his spectacles with the
sheepish air of a man who has recent-
ly come into the possession of such
things.

His wife got ready for bed, cover-
ed the fire, bolted the doors and
windows, and finally put her head
on the pillow, while the man still
sat over his letter with an anxious,
unhappy look on his face.

"Who is writing to you, John?"
asked Mrs. Silver, when at last the
letter was returned to the envelope.

"It's no matter," he answered
briefly. The tone was not unkind,
but the wife relapsed into a hurt
silence, and several hot tears which
would not stay back slid down to
the pillow unseen by Mr. Silver.

They had been married fifteen
years, and the marriage had been in
most respects a happy one. They
were kind, conscientious and sensi-
ble people; they loved one another
sincerely; their worldly affairs had
prospered; their children were
promising. John Silver, in his un-
demonstrative way, was a happy,
contented man, and he thanked God
in secret with far more emotion than
he ever showed in public for the
blessings which crowned his life.

And the woman? I cannot say
that she was unhappy, but year by
year the joyous brightness of the
girl John Silver had married grew
dimmer; she knew her husband
loved her, but her warm, affectionate
nature needed the expression of it as
a flower will keep alive in cloudy
weather because the sun is actually
in the firmament but cannot thrive
and bloom without the warm shine
of its rays.

Several days passed after the
reception of the letter, marked only
by a restless inquisitiveness on
John's part: "How's your head,
Mary?" or "Does your back ache?"
or "When did you get that cough?"

The wife answered these unusual
queries with surprised protestations
that she was perfectly well and
wondered in secret what had come
over John.

And now comes her turn to re-
ceive a letter and to keep it to her-
self. Mr. Silver saw her open the
letter and quickly thrust it in her
pocket, much as he had done him-
self, but it was not until he had
asked her where her letter was from
that he remembered the coincidence.

"It's no matter," she had answer-
ed in his own words, looking, how-
ever, strangely red and confused.
But it did seem to matter; at least,
something from that day wrought a
marvellous change in Mary Silver.

Hereafter the look of patient
sadness, a faint color crept back to
her cheeks, her very step seemed
brisker, and every hour in the day
she might be heard singing.

John, busy, dull, unobservant
fellow though he was, could not miss
seeing the change, and it so pleased

and gladdened him that he stirred
out of his ruts. He hitched up his
old buggy and took Mary out
driving; asked her company when
he went about the farm; and finally
left Reuben and Molly to keep the
house while he took the mother on a
visit of several days to her old home.
It was while they were enjoying this
unusual holiday together that Mr.
Silver found out about his wife's
letter. It was from her sister Sue
who had married and gone to
Virginia to live:

DEAR MARY:—I don't know as
I'm doing right in sending you this
letter, but here's how it came about:
I had a letter from Caroline Coles
not long ago, and says she: "Your
sister Mary ain't long for this world.
She's been a fortunate woman, has
Mary, and a blessed; but in spite of
her comforts and earthly blessings,
she looks weakly. You wouldn't
know her for the same laughing girl
that used to tease John by pretend-
ing to look another way." Well,
you may be sure, sister Mary, I felt
uncommon bad about the letter and
so I sits down and writes to your
John to ask about you and this here
letter is his answer. I don't know
just how I come to send it back to
you; but I'm a wife myself, and
when my old man gets stirred to
say something like this to me, why
I know it does me good all over—
more than a shop full of physic; so
I've just made up my mind to try it
on you and if I'm doing wrong, I
hope you'll both forgive me as I
know you will.

Your sister, SUE.

And the letter she inclosed. It
was perhaps the longest letter John
Silver had ever written in his life,
for he was a poor hand at writing
letters, as he would have told you
himself; but it flooded his wife's life
with the sunshine for which she had
been pining. It gave zest to her
work, it sweetened her rest, brought
color to her cheeks and light to her
eyes. You'll think, may be, that
Mary was a poor, silly thing to care
so much for such a commonplace
letter but here it is:

DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW:—Your let-
ter has taken me all aback. The
idea that my Mary could ever get
sick and die just makes a baby of
me and a sick baby at that. Now I
come to think of it, she is a long
sight whiter and thinner than she
used to be, but I thought it was
'cause we were both getting older.
You women has sharper eyes;
Caroline Coles may be right—may
the Lord help me! You know
what Mary is, the sweetest creature
he ever made; just havin' her in my
house has made me a happy man
for fifteen years and now if I've got
to lose her, why I want you to ask
the Lord please to take me and the
children too. Tell him I can't stand
it, and no more I can't. Your
affectionate brother,

JOHN SILVER.

I don't think John ever began to
understand what it was in this let-
ter that made such a change in his
wife but he did make out that what
she needed to keep her bright and
happy was a little old-time "lovin'";
and after this "working together"
of Providence and Sister Sue there
came a great change over John. He
might be awkward and clumsy, his
grammar might be at fault; but in
one form or another he always man-
aged to give Mary her share of daily
sunshine.—Interior.

Strange Uses of Paper.

Paper is now made to serve for
steel and iron. When strong fibre
is used it can be made into a sub-
stance so hard that it can scarcely
be scratched. Railroad car-wheels
are made of it more durable than
iron. A store in Atlanta, Ga., has
been built entirely of paper. The
rafters, weather-boards, roof and
flooring are all made of thick, com-
pressed paper boards, impervious to
water. On account of the surface
of the paper being smooth and hard
it cannot catch on fire as easily as a
wooden building. It is found warm
in cold and cool in hot weather. The
Breslau fireproof chimney has
demonstrated that cooking and heat-
ing stoves, bathtubs and pots, when
annealed by a process fireproof,
become more lasting than iron, and
will not burn out. Cracks in floors,
around the skirting boards, or other
parts of a room, may be neatly filled
by thoroughly soaking newspaper in
paste made as thick as putty, and
forced into cracks with a paste-knife.
It will soon harden and can be
painted.

Black-walnut picture frames are
made of paper and so colored that
no one can tell them from the
original wood. A paper piano has
lately been exhibited in Paris. The
entire case is made of compressed
paper, to which is given a hard sur-
face, a cream-white brilliant polish.
The legs and sides are ornamented
with arabesques and floral designs.
The exterior, and as much of the
interior as can be seen when the
instrument is opened, are covered
with wreaths and medallions paint-
ed in miniature. An Italian monk has
succeeded in constructing an organ
where the pipes are made of paper

pulp. It has 1,400 pipes of various
sizes. The American Cottonseed-
Oil Trust are now running a mill
for making paper from the hulls
remaining after all the oil has been
squeezed out of the cottonseed. They
are contemplating the erection of a
100-ton mill for the same purpose.
These hulls have heretofore been
considered worthless. It has so far
proved so successful that the trust
propose erecting mills at different
points in the cotton-raising country.
Of course, this will somewhat
revolutionize the paper trade.

A new mill for the manufacture
of paper from moss has been recent-
ly established in Sweden. Paper of
different thicknesses and pasteboard
made of it have already been shown,
the latter even in sheets three-
quarters of an inch thick. It is as
hard as wood, and can be easily
painted and polished. It has all the
good qualities, but none of the
defects of wood. The pasteboard
can be used for door and window
frames, architectural ornaments and
all kinds of furniture. The ceiling
of the Assembly Chamber, at Albany,
N. Y., is made of papier-mache. It
is a model of its kind, and appears
so like marble as to deceive the most
expert eye. The latest idea is to use
paper instead of wood for lead-
pencils, by using a patent prepara-
tion by which it can be cut as easily
as the softest wood.—St. Louis
Stationer.

Plain Talk.

Of all men in the church to-day,
the most deplorable is the man who
dares not go where his conscience
bids him, or who dares not speak
what he believes for fear of losing
temporal support. The man who
will not help when he knows the
need, or will not seek to know the
facts for fear it will disturb his ease
and luxury, he is a parasite. The
church can do very well without him.
Verily, the Scripture is fulfilled,
when "men shall be lovers of self,
lovers of money, lovers of pleasure,
rather than lovers of God; holding
a form of godliness, but having
denied the power thereof." If some
of the time spent in contemplating
the "awfulness of the mystery of the
Godhead" were spent in relieving
the "awfulness" of the sin and
crime and degradation of the masses,
we might gain a point in this contest
with sin. The masses are in revolt
against endless theories of religionist
and evolutionist and philosopher,
and crying out with Dr. Holland,
"O God, give us men!" We want
less of slavery to belief, more tolera-
tion of men, that we may give the
lie to the statement that "the
preacher's lips are padlocked, and
only the golden key of temporal sup-
port can open them." The facts are,
that many of our churches are
practically owned and operated by
capitalists in the interest of the
stockholders; that many a church is
so far committed to a policy befitting
a fashionable club house that to
preach such doctrines as "the sanc-
tification, without which no man
shall see the Lord," creates well-
simulated surprise, and would find
horse and guard ready to conduct
the pastor to Calvary. When men's
names continue on the church roster
who have robbed a partner in busi-
ness of all he had; when men delib-
erately get into debt without pos-
sibility of paying; defraud their
grocer, grind their washer-woman,
or rob the laborer of his hire; when
usurers, swindlers, and dishonest
real-estate men, flock into the church
to make merchandise of the member-
ship, they should be rebuked. Lying
real-estate men need a sermon on
the fate of Ananias and Sapphira.
Usurers need a sermon from Proverbs
28: 8 or Ezekiel 18: 13 or 22: 12.
Some landlords need a sermon from
this text, "Woe unto you, scribes
and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye
devour widows' houses, even while
for a pretense ye make long prayers;
therefore ye shall receive greater
condemnation." When these men
make their business principles Chris-
tian principles, a mighty step will
have been taken toward evangeliz-
ing the masses. Imagine Paul in a
gorgeous pulpit, at a salary of \$10,
000 per year, a \$5,000 choir, pew-
rent as high as house-rent, a few
pews down by the door for the poor,
and then attribute the absence of
the poor to total depravity! The
masses are right. They do not want
a gospel that can be bought and sold.
If we are to rescue the fallen to day
in our cities, we must first of all
scourge out the money-changers
from the temple.—Exchange.

A Bad Fire.

"Jones, have you heard of the
fire that burned up the man's house
and lot?"
"No, Smith, where was it?"
"Here in this city."
"What a misfortune to him! Was
it a good house?"
"Yes; a nice house and lot—a
good home for any family."
"What a pity! How did the fire
begin?"
"The man played with fire, and
thoughtlessly set it burning him-
self."

"How silly! Did you say the lot
was burned too?"

"Yes; lot and all; all gone; slick
and clean."

"That is singular. It must have
been a terrible hot fire; and then I
don't see how it could have burned
the lot."

"No, it was not a very hot fire.
Indeed it was so small that it at-
tracted little attention, and did not
alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire
burn up a house and lot? You
haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more
than twenty years. And though it
seemed to consume very slowly, yet
it consumed about one hundred and
fifty dollars' worth every year till it
was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet.
Tell me where the fire was kindled,
and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on
the end of a cigar. The cigar cost
him, he himself told me, twelve and
a half dollars per month, or one
hundred and fifty dollars a year, and
that in twenty-one years would
amount to \$3,150, besides all the
interest. Now, the money was
worth at least ten per cent., and at
that rate it would double once in
about every seven years; so that
the whole sum would be worth more
than ten thousand dollars. That
would buy a fine house and lot in
any city. It would pay for a large
farm in the country. Don't you
pity the family of the man who has
slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew! I guess you mean me;
for I have smoked more than twenty
years. But it doesn't cost as much
as that, and I haven't any house of
my own. Have always rented—
thought I was too poor to own a
house. And all because I have
been burning it up! What a fool I
have been!"

The boys had better never light a
fire which costs so much, and which,
though so easily put out, is yet so
likely, if once kindled, to keep burn-
ing all their lives.—Selected.

Pushing On.

The Lord never builds a bridge
of faith except under the feet of the
faith-filled traveler. If he built the
bridge a rod ahead, it wouldn't be a
bridge of faith. That which is of
sight is not of faith.

There is a self-opening gate which
is sometimes used in country roads.
It stands fast and firm across the
road, as a traveler approaches it. If
he stops before he gets to it, it won't
open. But if he will drive right at
it, his wagon wheels press the springs
below the road-way, and the gate
swings back to let him through. He
must push right on at the closed
gate, or it will continue closed. This
illustrates the way to pass every
barrier on the road of duty.
Whether it is a river, a gate, or a
mountain, all the child of God has to
do is to go for it. If it is a river it
will dry up when you put your feet
in its waters. If it is a gate, it will
fly open—when you are near enough
to it, and are still pushing on. If
it is a mountain, it will be lifted up
and cast into the sea—when you
have come squarely up without
flinching to where you thought it
was. Is there a great barrier across
your path of duty just now? Just
go for it in God, and it won't be
there!—H. Clay Trumbull.

Promise.—The wise in heart shall
be called prudent; and the sweet-
ness of the lips increaseth learning.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Jos. Beavrin, M. D., Hull, P. Q.,
writes:—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
commands a large and increasing sale,
which it richly merits. I have always
found it exceedingly helpful; I use it
in all cases of Rheumatism, as well as
fractures and dislocations. I made use
of it myself to calm the pains of a
broken leg with dislocation of the foot,
and in two days I was entirely relieved
from pain.

Will positively cure sick headache
and prevent its return. Carter's
Little Liver Pills. This is not talk,
but truth. One pill a dose. See ad-
vertisement. Small pill. Small dose.
Small price.

NOW FREE FROM PAIN.

DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled
with Lame Back for about six months,
and thought I would try Hagar's
Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am
now free from all pains, and recom-
mend Yellow Oil very highly.
FRANK PALMER,
Winona, Ont.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned
by the want of action in the biliary
ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach
to secrete the gastric juices without
which digestion cannot go on; also,
being the principal cause of Headache,
Parasitic Vegetable Pills taken be-
fore going to bed, for a while, never
fails to give relief and effect a cure.
Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont.,
writes: "Parasetic Pills are taking
the lead against ten other makes which
I have in stock."

Doctors may differ in opinion as to
the cause of that feeling of languor
and fatigue so prevalent in the spring;
but all agree as to what is the best
remedy for it, namely Ayer's Sassa-
parilla; it makes the weak strong,
and effectually removes that tired feeling.

1891 SPRING 1891
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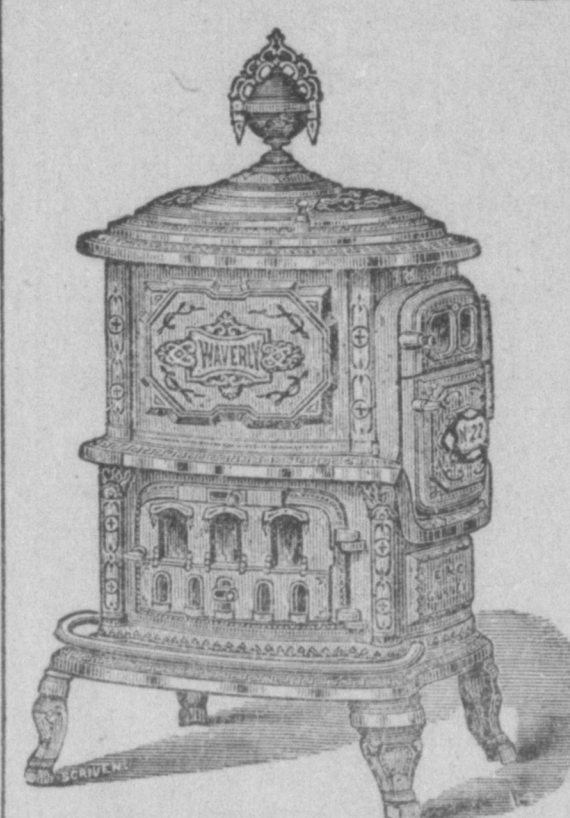
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HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

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	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
1886.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1888.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1889.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,164,383.08

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Joseph Rogers & Sons' Celebrated Cutlery.

JUST received for my Christmas trade—
48 sets of Rogers & Sons' Carving
Knives and Forks.
6 sets J. Rogers' Gans Carvers.
24 dozen J. Rogers' Ivory and Celluloid
Table and Dessert Knives.
Children's Knives and Forks.
Steak Knives, Bread Knives, Butcher
Knives, in great variety.
Also, a fine assortment of the celebrated
Wm. Rogers' Plated Ware, Spoons, Forks,
etc.
Also—Granite Iron Teapots, for sale at
the usual low prices, at

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Brandram's White Lead and Oil.

JUST RECEIVED—
TONS Brandram's White Lead;
2 tons Colored Paints;
5 Barrels Paint Oil;
2 Barrels Turpentine;
10 cases Ready-Mixed Paints;
2 cases Brushes.
For sale wholesale and retail at
NEILL'S Hardware Store.

TAR, PITCH AND OAKUM.

5 BARRELS Tar;
5 barrels Pitch;
20 bales Oakum; at
NEILL'S Hardware Store.



1888 UNIVERSITY 1888

New Brunswick
And all COLLEGES in the Mari-
time Provinces.

The Plays of Moliere, at Hall's Book Store
The Plays of Racine, "
The Works of Corneille, "
The Works of Chateaubriand, "
Turrell's Lessons Francaise, "
Pujola French Class Book, "
G ammaire Francaise par F. P. B., "
Le Luthier De Cremonne, by Coppee, "
La Joie Fait Peur, by De Girardin, "
Casseries Avec Mes Eleves par
Sanvear, "
Saintebery Primer of French
Literature, "
Spier and Surennes French and
English Dictionary, "
French Treasur by De Porquet, "
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Porquet, "
Elementary French Grammar,
Daval, "
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Next door to Staples' drug store, Fisher's
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Just received from the manufactory—
25 D OZHEN D & Z H Steel Shovels.
For sale low at
NEILL'S Hardware Store