

The Winner of the Race.

I saw them start, an eager throng,
All young and strong and fleet;
Joy lighted up their beaming eyes,
Hope sped their flying feet.
And one among them so excelled
In courage, strength, and grace,
That all men gazed and smiled and cried:
"The winner of the race!"

The way was long, the way was hard;
The golden goal gleamed far
Above the steep and distant hills—
A shining pilot star.
On, on they sped, but while some fell,
Some faltered in their speed;
He upon whom all eyes were fixed
Still proudly kept the lead.

But ah, what folly! See, he stops
To raise a fallen child,
To place it out of danger's way
With kiss and warning, mild.
A fainting comrade claims his care,
Once more he turns aside;
Then stays his strong, young steps to be
A feeble woman's guide.

And so, wherever duty calls,
Or sorrow or distress,
He leaves his chosen path to aid,
To comfort, and to bless.
Though men may pity, blame, or scorn,
No envious pang may swell
The soul who yields for love the place
It might have won so well.

The race is o'er. "Mid shouts and cheers
I saw the victors crowned;
Some wore fame's laurels, some love's
flowers,
Some brows with gold were bound.
But all unknown, unheeded, stood—
Heaven's light upon His face—
With empty hands and uncrowned head,
The winner of the race.

Sunday-School Times

Too Late.

"Ah! neither blame, for neither
willed.
Or list what first with dawn appeared."

Always, when night is lone and drear,
I recall his pleading smile,
his outstretched hand; and yet he
hesitated in a last step toward me.
Poor boy! He needed to doubt a
sister's greeting. And how amus-
ing he strove to be, with his store of
gossip,—that little budget, usually
of such laughing interest to me!
But that night I was wifely in-
different, too unreasonably out of
sorts, to profess to care, or even
heed. I recall how perversely I
repelled his hand, when, nearing a
gloomy doorway, he would have
drawn me closer to his side. Still,
I could not repress a nervous start
when, a moment later, I saw that
long streamers of crape fluttered at
one dingy corner. We were scarce
another moment in passing; but,
for all time, I shall remember that
dreary spot and those drearier em-
blems, not flaunting, alas! even vir-
gin service in the cause of common
woe.

"I am so sorry you saw it, dear,"
he said, while patting the hand he
had forced within his arm when we
crossed the road where an under-
taker's wheels had cut deep ridges.
"I wished to prevent you seeing it,
for I know you dread such things.
Dear sister! I'd never let you see
anything disagreeable if I could help
it. If I were only clever, in a work-
aday way, or—only—strong."

I laughed then. I laughed,—
more's the pity. Then in defiant,
and, yes, rude in tolerance, I de-
manded his *new* old story, demanded
the latest history of his rapid
struggles,—a seeming struggle for
work, but which, when found, was
never suited to his capability or
strength. I remember, too, that I
taunted him with his lack, his wilful
lack, of nerve and power. I had
expected him to do as I had done,
—grasp the briars and force success
in the very teeth of a callous world.

We were orphans, this weakly
brother and I. Young, indeed, had
we been cast upon the world, to sink
or float as best or ill we might. Per-
haps my sturdy spirit, my audacious-
ly fought and gained success, had
made me vain-glorious, had left me
less tolerant of his puny efforts
(efforts to be great as I had mapped
out for him.) But he had plans,
senseless dreams, and different from
mine. I never had time or inclina-
tion to waste upon waking dreams.
Neither could I comprehend a long-
ing for any life but that which
necessity had foreordained for us.
Thus, latterly, I had almost for-
gotten how to tolerate his vagaries.
His aspirations exasperated and
wounded me. And yet—he was
never evil. He was only meek and
simple and weak.

Now, as I listened to the old, old
story of failure, and realized anew
his childish plea and craving for
sympathy and advice, and impatient-
ly heeded his dreamy schemes for
a future, I felt a terrifying arro-
gance surge over my lips, "O pity-
ing Lord, what have I done ill in my
life that I should be afflicted with
this cross!"

Again he had taken my hand, as
though to coerce the kindly word his
dependent spirit craved. I attempt-
ed to wrench myself roughly free;
but he held me fast.

"Don't be so impatient, sister. I
feel that I am a sore trial to such a
wise and clever girl as you; but—
Spite all my coldness, I could not

fail to know that tears trembled on
my lashes. I had loved to muse
when he was a fair little child. Ah!
surely, surely, an evil one had full
possession of my spirit that fatal
night, else had I been gentle. And
he my brother.

A hot, quivering tear splashed
down upon my restive hand. It
maddened me.

"I have only you," he goes on,
"and I need you, sister, so much.
I am not brave like you, but some
day, you will see, we will have a
home together; and to-morrow I
have a chance, at last, to suit me.
To-morrow!"

"To-morrow?" I sneered. "To-
morrow! That is your word, the
good-for-nothing word. Bah! There
is no to-morrow for a drone such as
you! And poor me! I could wish
that I had no brother to fret and
mar my every hour of leisure!"

Spitefully I tore myself free of
his affectionate clasp. Then I sped
swiftly along the deserted street.

"Good-night, sister, and God
bless you!" he called.

I would not heed. But—those
beckoning streamers of crape
fluttered every shadow; and the
glance of the moon fell pale and
chill. With throbbing heart, I had
turned to enter my door, when a
splash of moisture startled my
cheek. Fearfully, I looked upward.
A few stars peeped, half troubled,
from a darkish haze, and there
seemed no source for tears. Safely,
I closed the door, and in the bright
light of my own room, forgot all but
a hundred petty schemes for my
own daily existence.

That next morning the sun shone
clear and bold, careless that it en-
hanced both joy and desolation, and
made more ghastly that poor door
where I had seen death reign pre-
minent.

And my brother? He, too, lay
dead.

"A good chap was Eddy," avowed
the acquaintance who had volun-
tered to reveal the details to me,
the sister. "But Eddy had no
sand. He needed a home and a
loving hand. There, there, miss,
no one blames you. We all know
you had to look out for number one;
and we all got to be a bit selfish
about it, too. But, you see, Eddy
was very delicate-like; and some-
one—some one—hurt his feelings
last night. I noticed it when he
came to my room. I never thought,
but—but, in fun-like, I laid a re-
volver on the table. It was a self-
cocker. All of a sudden he raised
it, and—and—whether a purpose or
not only God will ever know,—he
—he!"

Alas! I have no brother now: I
have only regret,—regret forever.
Chris. Register.

What the Money Did.

Mrs. Wray, the village doctor's
wife, who had not a large sum for her
household expenses, had contrived
to save ten dollars during the month.
She resolved to spend it in plush
and silk—materials for making an
embroidered table cover which she
had long coveted. She was just
starting out to buy them, when a
bill for ten dollars was brought in
from Pitts, the carpenter.

She scanned it impatiently. "Tell
Mr. Pitts he must wait, Mary," she
said. "I will pay him next month."
But before the maid closed the door
she called her back.

"Here is the money," she said,
adding to herself, "I would rather
see a bare table before me than an
unpaid bill."

Mr. Pitts' debtors were not
always so prompt. He took the
bill with a chuckle of surprise and
satisfaction and walked down the
village street in high good humor.
As he turned the corner he met
Sarah Good, the tailoress, who had
done many little jobs of sewing for
him, for Pitts was not married.

"Here, Sarah," he called; "I will
settle that bill I have been owing
you since Christmas, and here is a
little over. Those button holes
were so neatly worked that my
Sunday coat looks like new."

Sarah turned the bright new dol-
lar over in her hand as she left him
with a sudden joyous consciousness
of unexpected wealth. She had
almost given up hope of ever getting
any part of Mr. Pitts' bill, and here
it was in full—with a dollar which
might almost have dropped from
the skies!

At the door of the station stood
the Carrsville stage, a Jersey wagon
which Jim Bold drove to Carrsville
once a week. Jim was standing by
his horses, awkwardly cracking his
whip, while beside him waited a
bent, shabby little woman, who
carried a baby.

"I can't do it ma'am," he said.
"The stage ain't mine. I'm only the
driver and the owners don't allow
me to take no free passengers."

"How far is it to Carrsville?"
asked the woman in a feeble voice.

"Eight miles. There's a storm
coming up. You can't walk it."

"What's the matter?" asked Sarah
stopping on the sidewalk.

"This woman came down from the
city on the train, an' she has no
money. She didn't know as she'd

have to stage it to Carrsville," ex-
plained Bold.

The woman came up to Sarah
trembling and pale. "It is my hus-
band that is at Carrsville. He has
been drinking hard—he ran away
from me a month ago. He was
hurt last night—they sent me word
to come if I would see him alive—
and I can't go—I can't go!"

"You shall go," said the little
tailoress. "How much is it, Jim?
Fifty cents? All right. Open the
door for her."

She watched the wagon drive
down the street and then took her
way home, her money jingling in
her pocket, and her heart beating
glad and warm in her bosom.

Three months later Sarah had
business in Carrsville. As she
passed a snug little cabin, a woman
came running out and caught her
by the hand. Her face was plump
and rosy; she laughed with excite-
ment.

"Here you are! I can thank you
at last! My husband did not die.
They said my nursing saved him.
He is hard at work now—he does
not touch a drop! Come in and see
the baby and our house."

She brought her in, and placed
her by the fire and put the baby on
her lap. "I am such a happy
woman," she said, "and it was your
money did it all!"

As Sarah rode home that evening
she thought, "It was not my money,
but that dollar which Pitts gave me."

Pitts, perhaps, would have traced
it back still farther. So little do
we reckon when we plant a single
seed of good, into what forests it
may grow.—*Selected.*

A Sermonette on Etiquette.

One hardly likes to say the word
"etiquette" when the question is
that of being kind and lovely in
one's own family. Yet if members
of the same household used a little
more ceremony toward each other,
no harm would be done.

What true gentleman would treat
his mother or his sister with less
courtesy than he would a chance
acquaintance?

No one would greatly respect a
boy whose custom it was to let his
sister trot about on his errands—
run up stairs for his handkerchief—
fly hither and thither to bring his
bat or his racket.

I well remember the surprise of a
young lady when, in a certain
family, the brother sprang up to
light the gas for his sister; and when
the latter attempted to put some
coal on the open fire, quickly took
the hod from her hand and did the
work himself.

"You wouldn't catch my brother
being so polite to me!" she said.
"So much the more shame to
your brother!" I thought.

Every boy ought surely to feel a
certain care over his sister, even if
she be older than he. As a rule,
he is physically stronger, and con-
sequently better able to bear the
burdens of life than she.

There is nothing more charming
than the chivalrous protection which
some boys (bless them!) lavish on
their unfortunate "women folks."
And nothing is so attractive to
other girls as to see a boy gentle
and tender to his sister.

As for you, dear girls, you would
never be so rude as to fail to ac-
knowledge any courtesy which your
brother paid you? If you would
deem it extremely un ladylike not to
thank any person who gave up his
seat in the horse-car to you, or who
helped you across an icy spot on
the sidewalk, you should blush to
be less grateful for a similar kind-
ness on the part of your brother.

If he is ready to place a chair, or
to open a door for you, to make
sure that you have an escort after
dark, to take off his hat to you on
the street, surely you are eager to
please him—to sew on a stray
button, or mend a rip in his gloves;
to thank him for taking pains to
call for you and bring you home
from a friend's house; to bow as
politely to him, and to accept him
for a partner with the same pleasant
smile which you would have for
someone else's brother.

A boy should learn the habit of
easy politeness in all circumstances;
but if there be one place on earth
where one should use freely his very
best manners, it is in his own home.
—*Mary S. McCobb.*

Advice to Young Men.

Young man, if a friend asks you
to join a card party, where the
stakes are small, just enough to
make it interesting, you know, don't
you do it.

There are more gamblers in the
world now than can make a decent
living. You are under no obliga-
tion to become one, and of course
you don't want to deprive any man
of his means of livelihood. To be-
come an expert gambler it takes a
great deal of patient study and ex-
perience. You have got to give up
reputation, home and heaven. Don't
you do it.

If you are invited into a saloon to
take a drink, don't you do it. There

are really too many drunkards in
the world now; too many dying
every year; too many broken and
deserted hearthstones; too many
starving widows and children; too
many criminals in State prisons;
too many murderers being hung;
too much misery and shame and sin
on every side. Don't you do it.

That drink means very little to
your friend or the saloon keeper,
but it may be the first step in a
stairway that always leads down,
never up, and the bottom is never
reached.

If there are any vacancies in the
ranks of the drunkards you might
be excused for becoming one, but
really the recruiting is going on so
briskly that good people the world
over are trying to put a stop to it.

That terrible army can do so well
without you that there is no neces-
sity for you to join it. So don't
take that drink. Don't you do it.

If you are with some young men
who are depreciating the honor of
women, and you are tempted to join
them, don't you do it. Think of
your mother and sisters and leave
the crowd. They can stain you,
but you can't stain them; they are
soiled almost beyond redemption.

The young man who habitually
speaks lightly of women has found
his data in a society not recognized
as legal or respectable.

If you value your own happiness
and the approval of your own con-
science, don't join the gang. Don't
do it.

A Lesson in Sincerity.

Do not mistake rudeness for sin-
cerity, and try to administer lessons,
like the minister in the following
story, unless you are a minister, or
at any rate, have some right to cor-
rect others. The lesson, however,
is a capital one, and might be ap-
plied to many foolish and insincere
little forms of speech nowadays.

A Rhode Island clergyman, noted
for his frankness and eccentricity,
once cured a female parishioner of
this obnoxious habit; Sister B—
had invited him to tea. Her table
was bountifully spread, but the
foolish woman, as she ushered her
pastor into the tea room, remarked
that she had "really nothing fit to

eat. Without a word the minister took
his hat and walked to the house of
a neighboring parishioner. There
he asked to be permitted to sup with
the family, saying:

"I had intended to take tea with
Sister B—, but there was 'nothing
fit to eat,' so I've come over here."

Of course this strange speech
took wings and stirred up the parish.
As Sister B—, mortified and
offended, reproached the pastor for
his extraordinary conduct, he calm-
ly replied:

"Why Sister B—, you said
you had nothing fit to eat; and since
I always took you for a woman of
truth, and since, moreover, I had
a marvelous good appetite, was I
not constrained to seek a supper
elsewhere?"

Sister B— was never known
afterward to speak depreciatingly
of her own table.

Sir Edwin Arnold says of the
Japanese: "Their simple joy of life,
their universal alacrity to please and
be pleased, their utmost divine
sweetness of disposition make them
models of dignified and elegant
behavior above all other nations."

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

GROCERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO guaran-
tee that the "Royal" Flavoring Ex-
tracts will give satisfaction

You need not cough all night and
disturb your friends; there is no oc-
casion for you running the risk of con-
tracting inflammation of the lungs or
consumption, while you can get
Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.
This medicine cures coughs, colds,
inflammation of the lungs and all throat
and chest troubles. It promotes a free
and easy expectation, which immedi-
ately relieves the throat and lungs
from viscid phlegm.

NICOLET NOTES.

"I suffered continual pain from
canker of the stomach and my face and
body were almost covered with pimples.
I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, the first
dose occasioned slight pain, but I soon
found relief, and after taking 5 bottles
I became completely cured. I think
B. B. B. the most powerful remedy
known to science."—Stephen Edge,
Nicolet, P. Q.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope,
Orkney, Scotland, writes:—"I am re-
quested by several friends to order
another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil. The last lot I got from you hav-
ing been tested in several cases of
Rheumatism, has given relief when
doctors' medicines have failed to have
any effect. The excellent qualities of
this medicine should be made known,
that the millions of sufferers through-
out the world may benefit by its pro-
vidential discovery."

A man's wife should always be the
same especially to her husband, but
if she is weak and nervous, and uses
Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for
they make her "feel like a different per-
son" so they all say, and their hus-
bands say so too.

1891 SPRING 1891
JOHN J. WEDDALL.

AN IMMENSE STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

-Dress - Goods-

A MAGNIFICENT SHOWING.

PRINTS AND SATEENS

Ahead of any former year and that means a great deal.

JACKET CLOTHS.

All the Newest Materials in TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS.

We always take the lead.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

STOVES. STOVES.



Cook Ranges and Stoves

Both to Burn Coal or Wood.

Self Feeders Hall & Parlor Stoves

FOR COAL OR WOOD.

Dining & Bedroom Stoves

For sale at the usual low prices.

CALL AT

NEILL'S

STOVE WAREROOMS,

And examine his large and well-assorted
stock of Stoves. Remember the old stand,
just opposite the County Court House,

348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

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.....	3,374,693.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,831,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,075,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	10,875,777.09
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	11,931,300.6
1888.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	17,184,383.08
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	20,698,589.92
1890.....	574,254.96.....	2,911,014.19.....	

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

THOMAS WORKMAN,
PRESIDENTR. MACAULAY,
MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

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

The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.

The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT. The Great Church LIGHT.