

The Value of Smiles.

A sunbeam from the morning skies
Kissed gentle Kathleen's sleepy eyes—
It kissed her eyes, and mouth and nose
Until the little maid arose.
"I'm going to try," it heard her say,
"To be good-natured all the day."

When softly by her brother's bed
She stood and soothed his aching head,
Her weary mother whispered: "Dear,
Your smile is medicine and cheer."

In school she bent a happy look
Upon the lesson in her book,
And heard at night her teacher say:
"You've made me happy, too, all day."

With patient, kindly words she smiled
Upon a fretful little child,
Who straight forgot to cry a space,
And gave her back a pleasant face.

And thus the little maiden wrought
A blessing far beyond her thought,
Unconscious that a gentle grace
Was beaming in her happy face.
She felt the world was kind, nor knew
Her own sweet nature made it true.

Pass Them on.

Mrs. Stone had just begun to clean
house when an old and dearly-loved
aunt arrived unexpectedly.

"I had meant to send you word,
my dear," said Aunt Eliza, "but I
could not tell positively whether I
should be able to get away until this
morning. Now that you are at
house-cleaning, and I am here, you
must choose between two things—
let me help you, or let me go to
Niece Rose Hunter's until you are
through with your cleaning."

"Are you really in earnest, auntie?"
asked Edith Stone.

"Certainly I am."
"Well, then, you will please to
help clean house," laughing, "for I
cannot give you up."

"Where are you working at present,
my dear?"

"Up in the attic; I am looking
over things, and it's such tiresome
work. I just hate it. To-morrow
Becky Still will be on hand to wash
the attic windows and mop the floor,
so I would like to get everything
looked over to-day."

"Well, then, let us be about it,"
said Aunt Eliza; "I'll be ready in
five minutes to help," and she went
to her room.

A transformation scene took place
in Aunt Eliza's bedroom. When
she went in, she wore a pretty gray
silk traveling dress, with lace at neck
and wrists. When she re-appeared
in the sitting-room, she was dressed
in a neat gingham, with a long apron
of the same material. Her beautiful
silvery hair was entirely concealed
under a dusting-cap.

"Now I am ready for the battle,"
she said, smiling.

"Right here in this corner I have
made a beginning," said Edith, as
soon as they reached the attic, "but
I really do not know what to do with
all this clothing."

Aunt Eliza picked up a pretty
winter dress from the back of a chair
and looked it over critically.

"This looks to be in good repair;
you will wear it again next winter,
I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Has it been aired?"

"Yes; it was on the line a whole
day."

"Well, then, that is easily dis-
posed of. We will put it between
these clean papers in the tar-lined
box. Now what is this?" lifting a
second garment.

"That is Bertha's coat; she has
outgrown it entirely, and I suppose
it must be picked away. There is
no one to take it."

"No one in this house you mean.
But as long as it is of no use to
Bertha, and you have no younger
daughters to save it for, why not
pass it on?"

"Pass it on?"

"Yes, to some needy young girl;
you doubtless know some one to
whom it would be a God send."

"Oh, Aunt Eliza, I thank you for
your suggestion; I will send the
cloak today to Bessie Thom. She,
poor child, will be rejoiced."

"What had you thought of doing
with this flannel tea-gown? I see it
is much worn—frayed around the
bottom and holes through the elbows.
Will you make it over, my dear?"

"No, indeed; I shall never wear it
again in any form."

"Has this Becky Still who is
coming to clean house, any little
girls?"

"Well, I should say so; she has
five, from ten years down to two.
Poor soul, she has her hands full to
take care of so many."

"It will be nice for Becky. Then
this flannel tea-gown, she can make
it over if you pass it on," and Aunt
Eliza smiled.

"Becky shall have it," and Edith
smiled too; "and these gingham
dresses, too. They are a trifle faded
but they will make a nice pile of
aprons for Becky's little girls."

Occasionally some garment was
neatly folded and laid in one of the
tar lined boxes, or, if a daintier gar-
ment, into the cedar chest. But
most of the articles were laid on a
pile to be passed on. There were
winter skirts frayed at the bottom,
outgrown sacques and dresses, and
shoes, hats and stockings—all to

make glad the hearts of the children
of poverty. A neat gray suit out-
grown by Arthur, Mrs. Stone's
young son, was laid aside for Willie
Morris, a poor boy, whose heart
would leap for joy when it should
come into his possession.

After all the clothing had been
looked over, there were many other
articles needed attention. Great
piles of newspapers, magazines and
old books were pulled down and
packed in a wooden box to be passed
on.

"This good reading will be like
bread and meat to the starving,"
said Aunt Eliza, and so it proved.

"There is that old couch and that
bureau," Edith remarked nodding
her head toward a good, serviceable
couch that was faded and tarnished,
and an old-fashioned bureau, "I wish
I could pass them on."

"So you can, my dear, and they
may prove a veritable mine of wealth
to those who receive them."

And they really did. It was
Dennis Manning, an invalid, poor
and worthy, who received the com-
fortable couch, and thanked God and
Mrs. Stone heartily for it. And it
was Dennis's hard-working and kind-
ly wife who was made possessor of
the bureau. She was so glad with
the two gifts that she sat down and
cried for joy.

"I've a place for the childer's
clothes at last," she said, "an your
things, too, me 'Dinnis, dear, an'
mine; an' those nice drawers'll kape
'em so clane an' orderly. An' that
nice couch, 'Dinnis, you'll be gettin'
better now, I'm sure. God bless
them folks for their kindness to the
likes o' us."

A pile of strips of old carpets fold-
ed on a bench attracted Aunt Eliza's
eyes.

"Are you making use of these,
Edith?" she asked.

"No, I do not use them at any time.
I will conserve these strips of carpet
to use, Aunt Eliza. I will pass them
on."

The day was closing; everything
in the attic had been looked over.

"I am so glad you came, Aunt
Eliza," said Edith, as they went down
stairs together; you have been a
wonderful help to me, and have
taught me a wonderful lesson."

Aunt Eliza remained with her
niece all through house-cleaning;
and all through it, through her in-
fluence, things no longer needed
were passed on. A shabby chair
proved a great boon to a sick child.
A picture no longer desired bright-
ened the way to the tomb to a weary
suffering woman. Some curtains
made a barren room look more home-
like. Children's worn picture books
and building blocks and well-worn
dolls found their way to eager little
hands, and carried joy to little hearts
that had known but little of it.

When at last Aunt Eliza said she
must go and see Niece Rose Hunter,
Edith put her arms around her neck
in a loving embrace.

"Auntie," she said, "the Lord
must have sent you here for a purpose
—to teach me to be less selfish and
thoughtless, and I really believe the
purpose is accomplished. I think I
have learned that the Lord wishes
me not to lay aside things for moth
and rust to corrupt, but to pass them
on for His sake."—*Christian Intelli-*

gencer.

Be Cheerful.

"Half of the battle of life," says a
writer, "consists in keeping up a
cheerful spirit." How true! They
who complain of ills and disappoint-
ments and assert that "life is not
worth living," are lacking seriously
in cheerfulness. They have not
learned one of the most important
lessons—that life has a character for
good or ill, according to our habit of
viewing it. Some years ago we at-
tended a religious service on Sunday
in a church near our residence but
to which we rarely went. But the
discourse that was delivered by the
aged minister interested us deeply,
from beginning to end. It was not
a brilliant discourse, yet full of the
thought and earnest comment that
proceed from long experience. The
subject was "Thankfulness," the
speaker dwelling upon the healthful,
comforting influence of that cheer-
ful habit of mind that sees something
to inspire thankfulness in every
event of life. A day or two later
we learned that the aged minister
had left the dying bed of a daughter
that very morning to perform the
duties of his ministry, and when the
service was concluded, he hastened
back to her side.

What help can a depressed, melan-
choly spirit afford? How unreason-
able to expect anything at all bene-
ficial from a tone of mind that is
desponding, morbid and gloomy? The
simplest, practical wisdom warns
against the indulgence of such a
temper. Admitted that circum-
stances are unfavorable even to the
degree of desperation, does it pay to
cultivate misery by brooding upon
them, and hugging, as it were, close-
ly to our heart the horrid corpse of
our misfortune? No, the wise course
is to turn away from the ills and
sorrows, and with an upward, cheer-
ful face energetically address our-
selves to the duties of our station.

That dyspeptic, irascible old Scots-
man, Carlyle, could appreciate the
value of his princely virtue—for he
says in his inimitable manner:

"Wonderous is the strength of
cheerfulness: altogether past calcula-
tion is its power of endurance. Efforts
to be permanently useful,
must be uniformly joyous—a spirit
all sunshine—graceful from very
gladness, beautiful because bright." Probably he had before his mind's
eye when he wrote this, his much
tried, yet always calm, and good-
natured wife!

If the heart is kept cheerful and
bright, no experience of evil fortune
can daunt its courage and its hope,
and in time the clouds that seem to
threaten overthrow and ruin break
before it and disclose the sun of
success and joy shining in the peace-
ful heaven.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Boys.

A son of the Rev. Dr. Talmage has
just been ordained a as Presbyterian
minister. In the *Observer* Dr. Tal-
mage expresses himself as follows
respecting early piety and boys:

Have at least one book in your
library in which all the good children
did not die. My early impression
from Sunday-school books was that
religion was very unhealthy. It
seemed a terrible distemper that
killed every boy and girl that it
touched. If I found myself some-
day better than common I corrected
the mistake for fear I should die;
although it was the general opinion
that I was not much in danger from
over sanctity. But I do believe that
children may have religion, and yet
live through it. A strong mustard
plaster, and a teaspoonful of ipecac
will do marvels. Timothy lived to
grow up, and we are credibly in-
formed that little Samuel woke. In-
deed, the best boys I ever saw oc-
casionally upset things and got
boisterous, and had the fidgets. The
goody-goody kind of children make
nearly-pamper men. I should not
be surprised to find that a colt which
does not frisk becomes a horse that
will not draw. It is not religion
that makes that boy sit by the stove
while his brothers are out snow-
balling, but the "dumps." The boy
who has no fire in his nature may,
after he has grown up, have anima-
tion enough to grease a wagon wheel
but he will not own the wagon nor
have money enough to buy the
grease.

A Happy Childhood.

Dear mother, do not, I beg of you
try to make your little woman "lady-
like." Nature will do that in spite
of you. Of course you will teach
her good manners, as you do your
sons; but do let her enjoy her youth
unconscious of what custom has de-
creed "proper" for girls. Let her
develop a strong, healthy body to
endure the strains which must come
upon it later. Don't add another
"broken-down" woman to the world.

Let her romp; encourage her to
climb; fit her for tramps in the
country with her brothers; try not
to let her suspect her hereditary
bondage to clothes. This is one of
the hardest things to accomplish,
for public sentiment is all against
you; but do your best. Dress her
as strongly and plainly as she can
bear, and not feel herself unpleasantly
unlike her mates; and then let her
run and grow, and forget that she
is doomed to be banded, and swathed
and pinched, and made uncomfort-
able all the days of her life after her
happy school years. Give her a free
careless, happy girlhood to look back
upon, to keep in her mind as a sunny
picture forever.—*Selected.*

The Engineer.

I remember a few years ago an
engineer upon the express train
from Boston to New York, had
passed through a severe trial in the
loss of his wife, a praying Christian
woman. He was a godless man,
and very profane, but he recognized
the obligation of courtesy to those
who had been so kind to his com-
panion, and so he invited the pastor
who had attended her to ride with
him upon the engine. The pastor
accepted the invitation. He was a
man watching to use his lips for his
Master, and as he sped swiftly over
the country, the engineer holding
the throttle in his hand, letting on
and shutting off the steam, and
managing the engine like a thing of
life, and yet with apparent ease, he
said:

"Sam, why don't you let Jesus
Christ run you as you run that en-
gine?"

"Can't do it."
"It was for just that purpose He
has come. Will you let him enter
soul and body? At twelve o'clock
I shall kneel and pray for you, and
will you also at the same hour say,
Lord Jesus enter in and run me as
I run my engine?"

Afterwards he said that at twelve
o'clock he entered his room alone,
and knelt before the God whom
he knew his wife had loved and
served, and then said, meaning it
for the first time, "O Lord Jesus,
enter in and run me as I run my
engine!" And from that hour of
honest surrender Christ was mag-

nified in that body, and for years
after he was known through all that
region as one of the most godly men,
"instant in season and out of sea-
son," in labors for the Master, and
in death glorifying his Redeemer—
Times of Refreshing.

Disappointed.

A dear old lady who was taken
to see the sights, not long ago, in
the city where her children live, was
one night passing with her daughter
a huge building full of electric light
"plant." They paused by a base-
ment window and looked down
among the swiftly whirling bands
and moving wheels.

"Is this a factory?" asked the
mother.

"No; it's where they make elec-
tricity for the electric light. I
don't know just how they do it, but
John will explain it to us when we
get home."

"What turns the machinery,
Malviny?"

"Steam, I suppose. There's an
engine on the other side of the road.
I've often seen it from the back
windows."

"And does all this have to go on,
night after night, for the city to be
lighted?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, I don't want to hear
another word about electric lights,"
said the old lady, emphatically. "I
thought electricity was a gift of
nature, free to all, but according to
this you've got to work as hard for
it as if 'twas common gas or kero-
sene."—*Youth's Companion.*

Don't Scold.

A clouded face
Strikes deeper than an angry blow.

And often a scolding tone is a
more cruel punishment than the rod
can possibly inflict. Says the *Sunday-*

school Times:
Many a father who will not strike
his child feels free to scold him. And
a scolding mother is not always
deemed the severest and most unjust
of mothers. Yet, while it is some-
times right to strike a child, it is at
no time right to scold one. Scold-
ing is, in fact, never in order, in
dealing with a child, or in any other
duty of life.

Scolding is always an expression
of a bad spirit and of a loss of temper.
This is as truly the case when a
lovely mother scolds her child for
breaking his playthings wilfully, or
for soiling his third dress in one fore-
noon by playing in the gutter which
he was forbidden to approach, as
when one apple-woman yells out her
abuse of another apple-woman in a
street-corner quarrel. In either
case the essence of the scolding is
in the multiplication of hot words
in expression of strong feelings that
while eminently natural, ought to
be held in better control. The
words themselves may be very dif-
ferent in the two cases, but the spirit
and method are much alike in both.
It is scolding in the one case as in
the other; and scolding is never in
order.

Pithy Truths.

There are parents who work for
their children too much, and talk to
them too little.

The Devil feels proud of his work
whenever he looks at a man who
never has a kind word for his wife.

If you don't live your religion at
home, it won't do your wife and
children much good to hear you talk
about it in prayer meeting.

There are thousands of men who
would do brave things in an emer-
gency, who make their wives get up
every morning to kindle a fire.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

The entering wedge of a complaint
that may prove fatal is often a slight
cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral might have cured at
the commencement. It would be well
therefore, to keep this remedy within
reach at all times.

Fagged out.—None but those who
have become fagged out, know what
a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All
strength is gone, and despondency has
taken hold of the sufferers. They feel
as though there is nothing to live for.
There, however, is a cure—one box of
Parnelle's Vegetable Pills will do
wonders in restoring health and
strength. Mandrake and Dandelion
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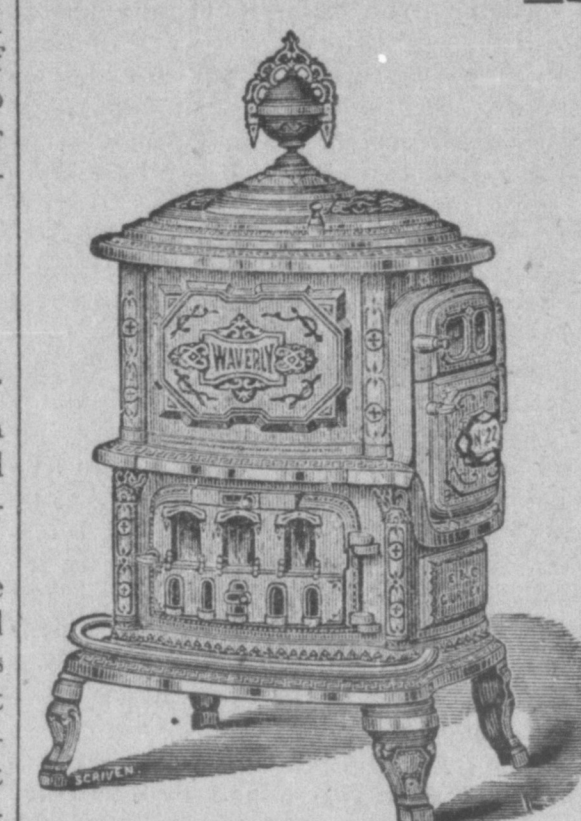
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1876.....	102,822.14.....	718,944.64.....	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,673,027.10.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
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