

Strive With A Purpose.

Strive with an earnest purpose,
In every task to excel;
That which is worth the doing,
Is worth the doing well.
Where there's the will for winning,
Surely the way will come;
That which is worth beginning
Is well worth being done.

Think that however humble
Tasks which around you lie,
Half-hearted work will ever
Yield but a poor reply;
Then let us strive with fervour,
Toil with whole-hearted zest;
That which is worth the doing
Is worth our very best.

—Mary L. Warner.

What Is A Gentleman?

A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

Never imagine that the swaggering braggart can move the world—he is as feeble as he is loud. Jesus Christ was the strongest man who ever lived and the gentlest. He would not have hurt the feelings of a child, and yet He could conquer hell.

What is a gentleman? First of all, let me tell you what he is not. He is not that well-known youth, with vacant expression, gorgeous necktie of many colors, immense cuffs, tiny shoes, and a huge button-hole. It is an old saying and a true one that "Fine feathers do not make fine birds." A decorated donkey is a donkey still.

No; ladylikeness of exterior and a sort of "got-up-regardless-of-expense" appearance are not the outward and visible signs of gentlemanliness. Some of the roughest and most erratic men possess the truest hearts and the tenderest spirits. Some of the most useful and delightful men I have met have been afflicted with the unhappy knack of occasionally doing the right thing in the wrong way. What a gentleman this erratic kind of fellow sometimes is! How sunny his smile, how loving his heart, how honest his voice, how firm the grip of his hand, and, alas, how unreliable his promises! We all know the man, nimble-minded and keen-witted. His career is only hindered from being a conspicuous success by his erratic and disorderly methods. But look at him and tell me if he is a gentleman. See how he dries the falling tear; look at him as he puts himself to the bitterest inconvenience in order to do a service for a man who is "down;" notice how he stints himself that he may help any prodigal who happens to be "hard up;" see how the tiny children love this great-hearted, merry, boyish fellow, climbing all over him, caressing his rough face, and pulling his grizzly beard. Yes, this man knows something of the gentlemanly Carpenter of Nazareth, or he could not be so refreshingly frank, so transparently sincere, so sublimely unselfish. After all, I would rather have the rugged warmth of a firework than the prim and pompous frigidity of an iceberg.

But now let us come to close quarters and inquire into some of the indispensable characteristics of a gentleman. In the first place he is brimming over with brotherliness. Not only is this the first indication of gentlemanliness—it is the very essence and heart of true Christianity. The Apostle John evidently thought so, for he said, in his frank, straightforward way, that "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar;" and again, "Let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God;" and then, in a burst of indignation, he declares that the man who hates his brother is a murderer. I firmly believe that the crowning necessity of the Church to-day is not an austere and unbending Puritanism, but a large-hearted, cheerful spirit of Christian brotherliness. The shallow critic cannot save the world—even the skilful theologian cannot do it. What we want is sympathy.

Then you will always notice that a gentleman possesses a dexterous and most delightful tact. The story occurs to me about Grant, who avoided taking Lee's presentation sword at the capitulation without either "clumsy bluntness or caddish showiness," simply by adding this to the terms, "All officers to retain their side-arms." A third example is given by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who has told us how Wellington, meeting Marmont years after Salamanca, was asked by the agreeable marshal his opinion of the battle. "I early perceived," was his gentle reply, "that your excellency had been wounded." I mention these incidents to explain what I mean by a "dexterous tact"—a consideration for the feelings of others, a desire to put people at their ease, and to make the best of a trying situation. After all, this is summed up in the Christian law of bearing one another's burdens, and of doing to others as we would that others should do to us.

But if we imitate the gentlemanliness of Jesus we shall go further, we shall look for the good in men,

we shall try to ignore their weaknesses, and our judgments will be very kind. We must remember that no man is utterly and irretrievably bad. We all have a good side to our character—a Dr. Jekyll, who is generous and charitable and upright. And, alas! what life is not embittered and hampered by a ghostly Mr. Hyde, black with iniquity, terrible with hatred, scorched with hell! No character is altogether bad. The worst part of a man's nature may have caught our attention, and we instantly condemn him as a most hopeless and degraded sinner. What blind injustice! He may all the time be fighting a winning battle with a thousand temptations of which we know nothing. So we must cultivate a gentlemanly kindness in our criticisms, knowing that we shall often experience the pain of defeat ere we know the glory of ultimate victory.

Among other unmistakable indications of true gentlemanliness are chivalry and unselfishness. He is no gentleman, but the meanest and most contemptible of creatures, who is unclean in thought and unchaste in life. One of the most remarkable characteristics of gentlemanliness lies in the fact that it is not so very far removed from womanliness. It has a sacred modesty, a tender regard and respect for weakness and loneliness and inferiority, a deep and genuine reverence for the innocence and purity of womanhood. Vice is no mark of cleverness or manliness. It is a shameful, devilish thing that scars the soul, wounds the heart, rends the whole life asunder and turns the future into darkness.—Abridged from "Christian World."

Effie's Invitation.

She was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked school-girl, and as the town's people saw her sauntering home from school with one and another friend, they would nod smilingly toward her, and say to each other,—

"There goes a pleasant little girl. Good scholar, too; and she does have about the best time in a quiet way when school is out."

But even these kindly-disposed people didn't give Effie credit for some solemn thoughts which crowded upon her as she considered her responsibilities in life. Only a few months before she had given that life to her Saviour, won by His great and marvelous love for her; and, as always happens, she wanted all her friends and school-mates to participate in that love. She had found a new pleasure in the weekly prayer-meeting of the scholars, although she had always been a regular attendant before her conversion; but now she was one of the workers, and their hands were full of new plans for winning others to Christ. Only last Thursday all the Christian boys and girls had pledged themselves to ask at least one school-mate, who did not usually attend the meetings, to come the following week, and to secure their attendance if possible; and now the week was almost gone, and still Effie hadn't given her invitation. Don't think the child meant to shirk! Oh, no! but there were so few of her friends whom she had not previously invited, and they occasionally attended the meetings. So this had been a great subject for Effie's prayers, and as yet she had received no answer. One or two positively refused, and others carelessly answered, "Perhaps."

She was thinking of this on Thursday afternoon as she hastened up the street to school, and realized that she had only one more recess for her effort, when she was suddenly joined by a tall youth who just then emerged from one of the yards fronting the street. They had hardly exchanged friendly greetings, when there came a great choking in Effie's throat, and her heart thumped as loud as the school-house bell, for she knew that here was her opportunity. Like a lightning-flash all the old excuses went through her mind: "What will he think? I know he won't go; I shall only get laughed at," and so on indefinitely, as all the while they were gaily chatting and rapidly nearing the school-house. Almost before she knew it she said as they turned in at the gate,—

"Won't you stop to our prayer-meeting to-night? They are real interesting, and Charlie B. leads this time."

A wondering look passed over his face, but he answered in quite a new and gentle tone, "I don't know. I can as well as not. Do you stay?"

"Oh, yes, always," was the prompt response, as they hastened to their respective desks.

Outwardly Effie was calm and studious and attentive all that afternoon, but there was a subdued inward excitement, which was only partially quieted by the frequent petitions which arose from her inmost heart; and as the closing bell was rung, and twenty or more of the scholars repaired to their usual place of meeting, she didn't even dare to raise her eyes to see if Bert C. were coming.

Yes, he *did* come; and that was

only the beginning. He came again and again, and in a few months he had asked his school-mates to pray for him, and soon joined the church he had always attended.

Can anything ever sound sweeter to Effie's ears than Bert's words one afternoon, after they had been to the meeting and were quietly talking it over on their way home? As they parted, he suddenly grasped her hand and said,—

"How can I thank you? You did it!" and was gone.

Effie is not the only gay and happy school-girl who looks up and then lifts up her companions.—Herald.

The Best Policy.

"Honesty is the best policy" has been proved so often to be one of the most reliable of worldly maxims as well as an obvious moral truth, that it seems unnecessary to quote such a well-known proverb. Every generation, however, has to learn the same fundamental principles for themselves; and an instance which might "point a moral and adorn a tale" was told not long ago where false pride and a want of truthfulness involved very unpleasant consequences.

During the course of the winter's entertainments a gentleman who is somewhat known in financial circles happened to sit at a dinner next to a very talkative and sprightly young lady. As it fell out they were not introduced, but on reading the card by her plate his interest was excited by the name, and he promptly engaged her in conversation. He found her more interesting than she dreamed of, as her boastful little mendacious tongue ran on about a new pair of ponies she intended buying, a proposed trip to Europe to fit herself for her Newport season, and so on—a lot of purely imaginary nonsense begotten solely of the wish to shine and dazzle. Seeing that she made an impression, she chatted on, quite flattered by the pronounced interest with which he listened to her prattle. When the ladies rose to go, and her neighbor drew back her chair, he said, gravely: "I am very glad to have met you, Miss A. I know your father; pray tell him I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance." Quite pleased with her supposed conquest, Miss Vanity returned home, and at the breakfast-table the next morning told her people of her dinner and Mr. —'s message. Her father, who had seemed careworn and pale of late, looked up with sudden interest. "Mr. —, do you say?" he asked, quickly. "I hope you made a good impression; that man's opinion is worth more to me to-day than any one's in New York." For the poor man had been battling against the current of financial troubles for months past, and had finally nearly effected an arrangement which would float him into calmer waters. By one of those curious coincidences which seem like the veritable irony of fate, the "impression" which his daughter gave to his chief creditor of extravagance and luxurious living completely upset his combinations and defeated his hoped-for plan.—N. Y. Tribune.

Family Failings.

Turning everything into ridicule. The habit of viewing everything in a ridiculous light, is one of the family failings to be guarded against. It too often leads to an unamiable desire to detect and hold up to ridicule the faults of others; and it almost always destroys the finer feelings of admiration for what is beautiful, and the tender and more lovable, of putting the best construction on the actions of others, etc.

An irksome mode of carping and contradicting one another. No harm is meant, and no offense is taken; but what can be more irksome than to hear two sisters, for instance, continually setting each other right upon trifling points, and differing from each other in opinion, for no apparent reason, but from a habit of contradiction? It is generally on such trifles that this bad habit shows itself, so that it may seem needless to advert to it; but as a family fault, and should be watched against, for it is an annoyance though but a petty one, never to be able to open your lips without being harassed by such contradictions as, "Oh, no! that happened on Tuesday, not Wednesday;" or, if you remark that the clouds look threatening, to be asked in a tone of surprise, "Do you think it looks like rain? I am sure there is no appearance of such a thing." Narrate an incident, every small item is corrected; hazard an opinion, it is wondered at or contradicted; assert a fact, it is doubted and questioned, till you at length keep silence in despair.

The Evils of Scowling.

I have a special message for women—one don't—small as a word, but mighty in its influence. It is this: Don't scowl. Scowling spoils faces. Before you know it, my sister, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowl to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think.

There is no denying, there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It betrays our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy?

There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad-iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Flirtation.

You are looking forward to marriage in the near distant future. What marriage will bring you in life and joy when it comes depends in a very large measure what you are in youth. I see young men and women in regard to whom one would be almost safe to prophesy that marriage will bring them but a scant blessing. They are spoiling themselves for their future by flirtation. I do not mean to include in that word what may grow to be the budding of a true and deep conjugal love. But, outside that, there is such a thing as playing at love, or trifling with love. Granted even that both of you understand that it is only a little bit of play you are engaged in, is not love too serious a thing, too sacred a thing this to be trifled with? You are cheapening one of God's best gifts, you are rubbing off the bloom from the fair sweet flower of love; and that bloom once rubbed off you will scarcely restore in after years. Love is too precious to be frittered away for amusement. You will want all its strength and freshness when you give your heart to another. Keep it sacred. It is a treasure to be guarded for that other to whom you life will be linked—not to be dribbled away in unmanly and unwomanly trifling. Squander it now and you run the risk of bankruptcy in the future. The flirt we call heartless, and rightly; there is no high ideal of marriage there, no reserve of love to make it successful. No man or woman who feels what conjugal love may be, and what it may accomplish, will dare to trifle with it.—Rev. D. M. Ross.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that loathsome complaint, and the result, in nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

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Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence, writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

A CANADIAN CASE.

The case of Mrs. E. A. Storey, of Shetland, Ont., is remarkable proof of the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in Headache. She writes: "For over 40 years I was a martyr to headache, having severe attacks about once a week. Have now used 3 bottles of B. B. B. and have had no attack for 4 or 5 months."

The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

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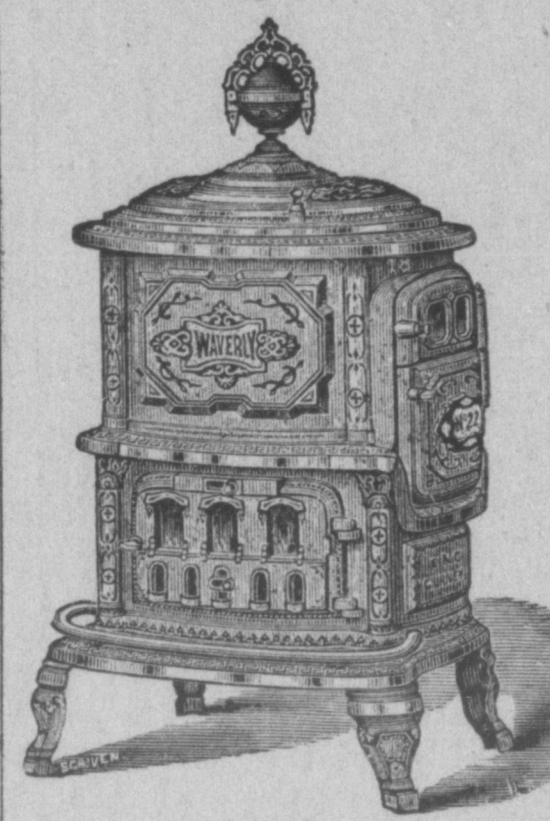
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1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
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