

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house,
As busy as ever a bee.

When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so, your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white;
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of the days in the morning,
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence;
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim;
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk.
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

How She Lost Her Boy.

Mrs. Mason had one son and three daughters. She was a very careful and devoted mother, and wanted to do the very best for her children that could be done. Frank, her son, was a nice boy, rather delicate in his physique, fond of books, pets, and pictures. He had a blooded spaniel when he was about ten years old, which he loved dearly; but the dog was as much pain to him almost as pleasure.

"Frank, Frank, don't bring that dog into the house," his mother would say. "Frank, Frank, don't disarrange that library." "Frank, Frank, (always repeating his name twice when nagging him), "don't leave the door open;" "don't bring your muddy feet into the house;" "don't lie down on your face to read; sit in a chair like folks;" "don't be saucy," if he expostulated.

So it was don't and don't and don't all the time till there seemed hardly anything that had not some kind of restriction attached to it. His school-teacher saw how matters were going, and tried to do something about it. One evening when she called she asked to see Frankie's dog, for she was very fond of dogs. "You know," said she to the lad, you are to tell to-morrow all about a dog's hind-foot, and how it differs from a cat's."

So Frank's mother consented to have the two little animals in the parlor, and they lay on the sofa between Frank and his teacher all the evening, as contented and well behaved as a cat and dog could be, and Frank was really happy that evening.

He got out his pictures, too, to show to his teacher, and he arranged them on the piano, as he was fond of doing, so as to bring out by contrast and harmony the best effects. He was really an embryo member of some "hanging committee" in some Academy of Design yet to be, and he liked to cover the carpet with his pictures and arrange and rearrange them till they suited him. But his mother couldn't bear to have the rooms "all littered up with things," and so Frank had to suppress himself and his pictures, and his outgrowings in so many directions that he got tired of it all.

As he grew into young manhood he liked to go to the Soldier's Home, not far from his own home, and hear about the war for the Union. The old soldiers thought it was fun to teach a lad how to smoke and chew, and the tobacco habit he formed before his parents knew he had any leaning in that direction. But the old soldiers didn't keep nagging him, and he liked them.

When he got well into his teens he asserted himself more and more, and at last insisted on having his room entirely to himself. He locked it, and would let no one but one of his sisters enter it. In his room he hung his pictures where and as he wanted them. He read lying on his face if he wanted to, with his feet in the air and his head resting on his hands, and he smoked as he read.

Nagging had lost its power over him, and he simply shut himself away from it, and grew according to the law of growth within his members. If his mother could only have let him alone a little while, keeping him close to her, and have left him to amuse himself in all harmless and boyish ways, humoring

his innocent fancies and indulging his boyish freaks when they possessed him, she might have had unbounded influence over him. She just nagged it all away, and while he was the apple of her eye and the pride of her life, she made him so uncomfortable that he was happiest when he was inaccessible to her.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

Had an Eye on Him.

"That young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."
"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints," if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colors. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on the Sabbath, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said,

"Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer:

"To prayer-meeting."

Brown's father and his teacher were both questioning as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself:

"He'll do. He's a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christians, others watch to see if you are true, if you'll do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through His strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix an eye on Him, and he will keep you in the way.—*Selected.*

How They do it.

In the Calvary Baptist church of Washington, D. C., there is an organization of young men pledged to do Christian work. One part of their work is to go around to the hotels on Saturday afternoon, and obtain the names of the young men who are to be guests over the Sabbath. To each of these they send a personal letter of invitation to church and Sabbath-school. They are on hand to welcome any one who accepts the invitation. One incident of considerable interest occurred. One young man took his invitation from the post-office box, glanced at it and threw it away. The clerk picked it up, put it in a new envelope and laid it again in his box. At tea-time he had his second invitation; he glanced at it and threw it away, but by the kindness of the clerk it was again put in an envelope, so that at bed-time he had his third invitation. He was astonished, but threw it aside. However at breakfast the invitation in a new envelope was beside his plate. The fourth invitation was accepted. Vigilance is the price of liberty, and perseverance is sometimes the price of a soul won to Christ. St. George's Episcopal church, New York city, has a band of sixty-four young men. They agree to do their best each week to bring some one to church and Sabbath-school. The result is, there are more men than women in the congregation, and more boys than girls in the Sabbath-school.—*Selected.*

From Rich Richard Almanac.

Have many acquaintances and few friends.
Pay promptly; you will save interest thereby.

Never oppress the poor; even the poor have votes.

Never criticize your neighbour; he may be a fighter in disguise.

Lend your friend money at a fair rate of interest, but endorse for no man.

Associate with the rich; a man is mistaken for the company he keeps.
Look after the dollars and save time, for every dollar contains ten times.

A haughty carriage concealeth an empty pocket often from impertinent curiosity.

Do not pay dear for your whistle; you may never have a chance to make it dearer to some one else.

If you must be charitable, be charitable in public. It sets good example and you get some return.

Be not over-hasty to take offence at the doings of great corporations, for they generally own the Legislature.

Do not form habits of extravagance. If you are not extravagant yourself you will be better able to profit by the extravagance of others.

Do not judge a man by the clothes he wears, nor govern your choice of associates thereby. It is well to avoid the society of a man in rags.

A Story of Stephen Girard.

A characteristic story of Stephen Girard was that he induced a boy to work for him till he was twenty-one years old by promising to give him a good start in life afterwards. When the time came, the young man claimed the promised reward. The eccentric old merchant looked at him for a moment and then said, gruffly, "Go and learn a trade." Considerably cast down, for he had expected a very different start, the young man turned away; but after some reflection, knowing something of the other's peculiarities, he decided to do as he had been bidden, and learned the cooper's trade. When he had mastered it, a year or so later, he presented himself again, and the old man gave him an order for two barrels. He made and delivered them, and Mr. Girard examined and praised them. "Now," he said, "you have a capital that you can not lose, for you can always fall back, on your trade if you meet with adversity," and then he advanced his protégé a considerable capital with which to start in business.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Sister's Influence.

A girl in the house, to my mind, can wield a wonderful influence. I cannot conceive a more beautiful sight than the affection of a sister for her brother. A sister's love is one of the sweetest flowers planted by God in the heart of a girl. It is born of filial sympathy and confidence, and ripens into a spiritual love different from any other affection.

Powerful as is the influence of a mother, there have been innumerable cases where the presence of a sister's sweet and tender love, or the memory of a sister's holy affection, have been the saving grace of a brother's life. The sister's love in the home often formulates the brother's estimate of her sex. A sister can have a softening influence upon a brother where everything else fails. She raises his opinion of woman by her actions towards him. A young man can be made pretty well what his sister chooses to make him. As he sees her in the home, so he judges the sisters of other brothers. She is often his standard whereby others are measured.

OAKS.

You have read of the eccentric old abbot who wanted to purchase a plot of ground near his abbey, but the proprietor would not sell. The abbot made liberal offers, but to no purpose. Finally he persuaded the owner to lease the ground to him upon condition that he should hold it until one crop of whatever he might sow should come to maturity. The bargain was closed. Then the abbot had the land sown with acorns. The oaks which sprang up are growing still.

There is a good deal of talk about young people sowing "wild oats." But it is acorns that many sow. From these acorns oaks spring up, oaks of appetite, and habit, and passion. Presently they become deep-rooted and strong, and scorn the most herculean efforts to tear them up. This seed sowing time is a serious time. How many are living recklessly, unmindful of to-morrow's harvest. But the harvest will come. The reaping will be pain, remorse, sorrow. The experiences of other acorn sowers should make us think. Are we stronger than they? Dare we run greater risks? The seed you sow today will never stop growing. Beware! Beware!—*Epworth Herald.*

The Two Men Inside.

An Indian being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now. The good man say, That is not right; the tobacco is yours, not the money. The bad man says, Never mind, you got it; go buy some dram. The good man say, No, no, you must not do so. So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep

talking all night and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel glad."—*Selected.*

SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.—A prominent Presbyterian, in conversation, said: "When a boy I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the Bishop said: 'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help, but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' Of that," said he "I have thought every day of my life since." Continuing, he remarked: "Sanford Cobb, the missionary to Persia, helped me in another way. Said he: 'Do you ever feel thankful when God blesses you?' 'Always,' 'Did you ever tell Him so?' 'Well, I don't know that I have.' 'Well, try it, my young friend; try it, try it. Tell Him so; tell Him aloud; tell Him so that you are sure you will hear it yourself.' That was a new revelation. I found that I had been only glad, not grateful. I have been telling Him with grateful feelings ever since to my soul's help and comfort."

NEVER GIVE UP.—Never sit down and confess you're beaten. If there are difficulties in the way, struggle with them like a man. Use all your resources, put forth all your strength, and "never say die." The case may seem hopeless, but there is generally a way out somewhere. Are you bound and fettered by brutal habits? Do not despair. You can't do much to help yourself, it is true, but there is One who never fails to strengthen the young man when he makes an honest attempt to overcome temptation and master every evil passion. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." That is the experience of thousands of fellows who have felt their feet slipping, who have begun to sink in the quicksands of sin, and have reached out a hand to accept the loving help of the strong and gentle Christ. While He lives and loves, no man need ever give up.

THE LOVE OF GOD.—As men grow older it is natural that they should become more sober. The illusions of their youth gradually vanish away. The hopes that burned in their hearts like stars in the sky fade out in darkness. The friends that started with them on the road of life drop off one by one, and leave them to pursue their journey alone. The children that brightened their homes grow up to mature years and become absorbed in their own interests. Unforeseen sorrows and disasters sweep down upon them in battalions. All earthly things change. Only one thing abides—the love of God. Happy is he who has it in his heart!

ENCOURAGE all invalids by telling them how many you know with the same ailments who got well, and not by telling them of their sunken eye, or asking them whether the color of their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning cases in which that style of disease ended fatally, or telling them how badly they look. Cheerful words are more soothing than chloral, more stimulating than cognac, more tonic than bitters. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

A PROMPT RESULT.

DEAR SIRS.—Two years ago I was very ill with jaundice and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try B. B. B., when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured.

CHARLOTTE MORTON, Elphinstone, Man.

COMING EVENTS.

Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagar's Pectoral Balm which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says:—"His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmentier's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief is given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

German Lawn Tennis!

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

Racquets! Balls! Nets! Croquet! Fishing Outfits!

Oiled Silk and Silk Lines for Salmon and Trout; Flies—best home make; Hooks of all kinds; Gut; Casting Lines; Reels; Bait Boxes; Fly Books; Landing Nets; Bamboo Poles; Good Poles.

Base Ball Goods.

Bats, Balls, Masks, Belts, Gloves, Hammocks.

All of which will be sold low to close out stock.

HALL'S BOOK & NEWS STORE
FREDERICTON.

BELYEA HOTEL

253, 255 and 257 Prince William St.,

Saint John, N. B.

JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING.

Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.
Permanent and Transient Boarders Accommodated. Terms reasonable.

For the Christmas Season

—WE ARE OFFERING—

F-U-R-S IN ALL STYLES AND VARIETIES.

In LADIES' CAPES, COLLARS, MUFFS, LADIES' CLOTH AND FUR-LINED CLOAKS, ASTRACHAN JACKETS, etc., NEWEST STYLES IN DRESS GOODS, JACKET CLOTHS, ULSTERINGS, etc.

A large stock of Gent's Fur Coats, Sleigh Robes, Lap Robes, etc.

ALSO A SPLENDID SELECTED VARIETY OF

NOVELTIES AND FANCY GOODS

For our Christmas Trade. Come early and make your selections.

Tennant, Davies & Co

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 22nd.

DAILY OPENINGS

—OF—

FALL GOODS,

—AT—

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

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
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	373,500.31	1,573,027.16	9,413,358.07
1889	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1888	525,273.68	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
1889	563,140.62	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
1890	889,078.87	2,911,014.19	20,698,589.92

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

R. MACAULAY, PRESIDENT MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent

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

The Great Church LIGHT.
FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Best Light Known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.
L. P. FRANK, 551 Pearl Street, N. Y.