

Scandal.

A woman to the holy father went, Confessions of her sins was her intent; And so her misdemeanors, great and small, She faithfully to him rehearsed them all.

The holy father for her other sins Granted the absolution asked of him; But while for the rest her pardon gave, He told her this offense was very grave.

The woman thinking this a penance light, Hastened to do his will that very night, Feeling right glad she had escaped so well, Next day but one she went the priest to tell;

Then said: "There's something still for you to do; These little thistle seeds which you have sown, I bid you reap them every one."

The woman said: "But father, 'twould be vain To try to gather up those seeds again; The winds have scattered them far and wide,

Over the meadow vale and mountain side, The father answered: "Now I hope that this The lesson I have taught you will not miss;

You can not gather back the scattered seeds Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds; Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown By any penance be again undone."

The Gossip. Three Little Words—And A Shrug. "Don't ask me," Mrs. Patterson smiled significantly into her friend's blue eyes, then she gave her shoulders a little shrug.

"But if you know anything against Mrs. Bryce you ought to tell me, Mabel." Hannah stood still by the door swinging her garden hat with an impatient hand.

"I shall not say another word," said the little woman in the sewing-chair. "O, tell your mother I expect her over to supper to-night. Mr. Patterson will go to meeting with us."

The tall girl by the door, seeing that this was all she was likely to receive in the way of information, went slowly off, and by the time she had reached home her mind being quite made up.

"I would not rent the cottage to Mrs. Bryce, father," she said, going in by the side door to his small writing-room. "Mrs. Patterson has told you enough to prove her an undesirable tenant, eh?"

Mrs. Prescott gave a sigh. She was one of those weak Christians who lament in sackcloth and ashes their inability; meanwhile, the work goes steadily on without a finger's help from them.

"I shall throw myself into this new work he is opening for us in the mission chapel," continued Mrs. Patterson, in her most energetic way, "and shall begin to-morrow to canvass a district."

"You do so much," said Mrs. Prescott, helplessly. "O, no," protested Mrs. Patterson, yet immensely gratified, and she passed into the lecture room with a serene expression of duty well done and took her seat, settling back to well earned enjoyment of the service.

"The tongue is a little member; behold how great a fire it kindleth." For hearts made tender by communings with the divine giver of all grace, their pastor's words were full of earnest, solemn inspiration as he opened up the text to them. Hannah, in her seat back of the piano, weary and depressed, bent her head upon her hand to lose herself in the words that seemed meant for her.

They burned themselves into her soul, attacking, like tongues of fire, all idle or unkind speech that thronged her memory. "Help me, O my Father," she prayed, "so to watch the door of my lips that nothing evil can issue from them."

"What a beautiful exhortation!" breathed Mrs. Patterson, as they came out, "so spiritual and inspiring." At this moment a woman was sitting in her widowhood, her head bent over a letter in her clasped hands and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"God forgive me; I thought I could bear anything; but I was so sure of this. O my Dorothy!" The letter read: "Dear Madam:—It will be impossible for me to rent you the cottage under consideration, and I hasten to inform you without delay. Trusting that you will be able to secure a house that will please you, I am

Yours respectfully, MAYBURY. ROBERT PRESCOTT. The child on the bed in the corner stirred fretfully and murmured in her sleep. The mother shivered at the sound. "She would have been so happy and strong there," she sobbed. "She was so delighted that we were going, and I could have opened my little school and had a chance of life for us two.

But now—O God, help me, for I know not where to turn." "Hannah," said Mrs. Patterson one morning, a month or so after, as the two were busy over the intricacies of a new knitting stitch, "what has changed you so, lately? Confess, what have I done?"

"Mabel," the girl dropped the skein of wool she was winding and impulsively sized the strip of fancy work hanging from her friend's fingers. "I cannot rid myself of Mrs. Bryce. I am haunted by her constantly." "Mrs. Bryce?" cried Mabel, with a laugh. "Silly child, you are too imprudent; the idea of taking such a violent fancy to a woman you have met but once."

"It is not a mere fancy," cried Hannah, earnestly. "Her gentle face keeps appearing to me, and always reproachfully. Mabel, why isn't she a trustworthy person? She ought to be, with such a face." "She is trustworthy enough," said Mrs. Patterson, carelessly. "Don't ask me anything more Hannah. You are positively disagreeable now."

"Is trustworthy?" began Hannah, springing to her feet, her blue eyes flashing. "Why did you insinuate to the contrary, then, when I asked you about her?" "I didn't say anything," cried Mrs. Patterson, in an injured way. "Do stop, Hannah, you put me out. One, two, three, four."

"And you can go on counting those miserable stitches," cried Hannah, a storm of remorse making havoc with her naturally sweet temper, "just as if a woman who needed our help as we need hers had not been turned away. You don't know what you have done Mabel, by that shrug."

her queer ideas about training Dorothy, but I never thought of anything like this. What have I done, O Hannah! And I call myself a Christian," she moaned. "We will repair this evil," said Hannah, quickly, and bending to drop a kiss on her friend's bowed head, "for father hasn't rented the cottage—and it will teach us both a lesson."

"But it was too late to give a helping hand to the widow and her child. The letter dispatched in the next mail from Maybury was, after long delays, answered from a Western city. "My Dorothy is in the green fields that the Father has prepared for His little ones," wrote the crushed mother. "She longed for the sweet air and a life with the birds and flowers, and he has given it to her. She died one week ago here, where I came to be with relatives, as I could find no other place. God had my treasure and He will comfort me in His own time."

Only three little words and a shrug but they made two Christian women jealously watchful for all future time lest any wrong impression should be given by them that they would not be willing to express in words. And they became so habitually carefully of the reputation of others that the Maybury church to which they belonged, following their Christlike example, worked together in the spirit of unity that held up most effectively their pastor's hands the parish work. —Margaret Sidney, in Congregationalist.

Some Simple Remedies. There may be some among our readers who will be glad to have a list of simple remedies that have been found useful by women who have raised families of children. For such this article is written.

For small cuts, bruises, contusions, we have found nothing better than arnica tincture, which is thus made: Steep five cents worth of arnica flowers in a pint of whiskey for a few days. Dilute the tincture with half water, and apply externally. Extract of witch hazel or Pond's Extract is perhaps equally good.

Failing both, warm water makes a very good application for bruises, and if the applications are frequent and persistent will prevent discolorations of the skin. For burns there should be in the medicine box a bottle of sweet oil and lime water mixed. It the skin is broken apply it with a feather, and renew the application frequently.

Scraped or grated potato is very cooling and healing when applied to a burn. It should be frequently renewed till smarting ceases, and then a bread and milk or corn meal poultice applied. Burnt alum pulverized and sprinkled on a burn will keep out proud flesh. To burn alum put it on a hot stove, cover till the water of crystallization has evaporated, then pulverize and apply. Common cooking soda is also good for a burn. Put on the soda and keep it moist till the pain ceases.

A great many suffer this season from contact with poison ivy. A solution of sugar of lead applied to the poisoned parts is the allopathic remedy. More efficient than this, and we have tried both, is the homeopathic rhus tox in the triturated or powdered form or in the tincture. A few drops of this in a glass of water, given at intervals of an hour and persisted in, will soon effect a cure. Some use for ivy poisoning only baths of strong soapuds and with good results.

For the stings of bees, mosquitoes, and in fact all poisonous insects and worms, there is nothing better than ammonia and sweet oil mixed in equal quantities. Keep up the application till the pain and swelling cease. The bottle in which ammonia is kept must have a rubber or glass stopper, or else the ammonia eats the cork and escapes.

For small cuts and abrasions, court plaster should always be kept at hand. If in a case with scissors, it is always ready. For serious cuts one should have some kind of sticking plaster to close up the wound. A bottle of tincture of acetonite is good to have in case of slight fevers. A few drops of the tincture in a glass of water, and given at intervals of a half hour or an hour, will soon reduce a slight fever. Either the allopathic or homeopathic form of tincture may be used; we prefer the latter.

Ordinary cases of diarrhea may be cured by dieting. Give toast and boiled milk in small quantities. What is known as the "Sun Cholera Mixture" is very efficient in checking bowel complaints, and is relied on by many travelers to prevent inconvenience from change of drinking water. It is a mixture of camphor, opium, and cayenne, and was used in the East with most happy results in the cholera epidemic of 1833. It can be had in almost any drug store for fifteen cents the small bottle.

For toothache, fill the cavity with alum and salt on a bit of cotton, or

with cotton dipped in laudanum. For ordinary cases of earache, have a bottle of sweet oil and chloroform mixed, and closed with a glass or rubber stopper. Dip a tent of cotton in this and put it in the ear.

For canker sores in the mouth, we have found nothing so efficient as the homeopathic remedy (M-rcur-ius viv.) Get a fifteen cent bottle of the trituration, and give what would stand on the end of a pen knife two or three times a day. The sores disappear as by magic.

In all cases of serious illness, of course, a physician should be called in; but, if taken in their very beginnings, many cases of serious illness may be prevented by the use of simple remedies.

How it is Divided. One of the best temperance lectures ever delivered fell from the lips of a little child in Covington, Kentucky—the child of a reformed man. "Father," said she, "are you always going to wear the blue ribbon?" "I hope so, my dear," was his reply.

"So do I," said the little one. "Why do you hope so?" asked the father. "Because I never had so many strawberries in my life as I've had since you signed the pledge and put on that blue ribbon."

Men who are not feeding saloon-keepers' children can afford luxuries for their own. Looking at the following figures, and I think you will understand why it is that saloon-keepers grow rich. The products of one bushel of corn made into whiskey is four gallons, worth sixteen dollars, out of which The Government gets \$3 60 The farmer gets 40 The railroad gets 1 00 The manufacturer gets 4 00 The saloon keeper gets 7 00 The drinkers' share is the delirium tremens. But there still remains much to be apportioned. The drinker's family has a share—misery, poverty, suffering.

The community has a share—it loses honorable and useful citizens, and gets in their place sots and vagrants. Total result—loss of manhood, health, happiness, comfort, sustenance, labor, money, peace, order. Who gains when all lose so heavily!

THE PERFECT Christian is a working Christian and his works always tell for the upbuilding of Christ's spiritual kingdom in the hearts of men. And, by the way, this is the kind of Christian it is the duty and the privilege of every man and every woman to be. God's grace is sufficient to make every one who desires and seeks its perfect in all the Christian virtues to the full extent of their several capacities; and they who live below this standard of Christian perfection live beneath what it is their privilege to attain to and beneath what Christ, for their own employment and usefulness, exhorts every one to attain to. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

He who has acquired the art of making the best of everything, will make everything best, and will hence, relatively to his thoughts and feelings, have the best all the time. He will of course be a contented and happy man, no matter what may be the environments of his early condition.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. THE ENVY of her friends, a lady who uses "Lotus of the Nile." Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

A PERFECT COOK. A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after you use Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form. There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills, those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc, should try them.

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. The system is rendered malaria-proof when the blood is kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. At this season, all should have this admirable preparation at hand. Malarial poison is harmless when Ayer's Sarsaparilla is used.

"August Flower" Lawn Tennis! Racquets! Balls! Nets! Croquet Fishing Outfits!

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Aves., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years.

MARCH 25th. TENNANT, DAVIES & Co.

We have received and are now opening over 50 packages of SPRING DRY GOODS.

NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW PRINTS, NEW COTTONS, NEW CLOTHS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATTS, LACE CURTAINS, Portiers, &c., Curtain Poles. Window Shades, &c., &c.

Tennant, Davies & Co

JULY 20th.

-BARGAINS- SUMMER GOODS This Month.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

Sun Life Assurance Company. HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

Table with 3 columns: INCOME, ASSETS, LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE. Lists various numbers and corresponding values.

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 Melopodes give the Most Powerful, the Softest, the Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Stage Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc.

IF I were a girl, Just budding There's many a And number I never would fr down, For the crease But sing like the dark— Keep a glow I If I were a girl, With father o I would walk at pride, That never So helpful to I'd have thag That the streets compare With the chan If I were a girl, With father o I would walk at pride, With ever a k Not a secret I'd ceit, Not a thought Not a friend my I would trust Boy Wanted—a b These very o Wanted—a b Wanted for e as 'hat the n 'orrow th 'for the time The boys mus Wanted—the And she offer Honor, wealth A useful life, Boys to shape Boys to guide Boys to forwa For the world The world is Not just one. Whose heart To work his l Honest, faith To good advantage Heart of gold Wanted—the Ger "I don't mamma; I ne word before, an impatient I don't me, mamma was ju the thought of o mamma's me the bundl tied with a pi In a little maiden came her hands. I was stubborn wait until ma know what sh her after a bu when she had Sunday-schoo "Do you knamma asked nvelope add rom the pa where her dat There is one she always us "Yes; or, at of nk to re written both "Why don't mamma ?" in ooked curiou sheet. "Is sh "No; not o he can see to the doesn't r, been writte, oen hard it n "Why, I th lay was a p fishing, one write as well "It isn't would be plain ere alone, b first, and is written over "There, th know that! another stopp other letter somewhat app sad that, car to read ever gain. "Yes, dear, have been re no one else ther writes, that it was. "But I can sa; it isn't n day's, thoug s's letters a eps write su the end of "Oh, that's ever letter f don't look m our copy-bo less papas, w