

Two Baby Feet.

Only two baby feet, so pink and fair,
So small I hold them both within my
hand,
And bending low, I kiss them tenderly,
With thoughts which none but mothers
understand.
I note each line of dainty baby grace,
Which those dear feet unconsciously pos-
sess;
Dear dimpled feet! how long or short a
way
You have to journey; who can tell or
guess?

Dear little feet that lie yet all unstained—
By contact with a world by sin defiled—
My mother heart prays God fervently
That he will guide those restless feet, my
child.
And bending o'er thy peaceful couch, I ask
Unanswered questions if thy future days;
I long to know if these dear feet will tread
Upward or down, through rough or
pleasant ways.

I cannot tell; it is not mine to know
What God, in wisdom, for my child hath
planned,
And it is best, dear one, that it is so;
For human reason might not understand.
But he who guides the timid sparrow's
flight
When it has fluttered from its sheltered
home,
Will not forget my child, by day or night,
Where'er or far those baby feet may
roam.

A JUDAS.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Luke Estwick was lying in the
cool shade of a big oak tree in a
green lane, his hat pulled over his
eyes, and a terribly despondent look
on his young face. He had been
very angry an hour before, but he
had cooled off now, and was sorry
he had lost his temper. In losing
that he had lost his situation, also,
and that went very hard with him,
for he had a sister to support, and
had been very proud of his ability
to provide a cosy little home for
her. He felt sure it would be use-
less to ask Mr. Simons to take him
back. The superintendent of the
express office was not of a forgiving
nature, and in his passion Luke had
said some very unwise things. He
had resented being called careless,
but now that he thought the matter
over dispassionately he acknowledged
to himself that the charge had
been a just one. If he had only
accepted the superintendent's re-
proof in silence. But wishes were
useless now, and he sighed heavily,
remembering with shame that the
last thing he had said to Mr. Sim-
ons was that he would make him
sorry for having discharged him.

He waited until dark before he
went home. There was a lamp
burning in the kitchen of the little
cottage, and Esther was moving
around briskly, singing to herself
as she prepared supper. There was
a smell of freshly-baked biscuit, and
in the centre of the table was a big
bowl of black raspberries and a
plate of jumbles. The old clock
was ticking away in the corner, and
the big dog Bowser rose from the
step to lick his hand in welcome.
Such a cosy home! It seemed to
Luke that he had never really ap-
preciated it until now.

"Blessings brighten as they take
their flight," he muttered, bitterly,
as he stepped up on the little vine-
covered porch.

"Well, Luke, I thought you
were never coming," said Esther.
I told Bowser, only a few minutes
ago, that we would have to go out
and hunt you up. What kept you
so late?"

And then Luke had to tell her
what had happened.

Esther took it very hard. Luke
had been six years in the express
office, and she had looked upon him
as a fixture there. The tears rose
to her eyes and rolled slowly down
her cheeks as she listened to her
brother's story.

Of course they couldn't eat much
supper. Neither of them had any
appetite, and the raspberries and
jumbles were not tasted.

"Perhaps if you made a humbly
apology Mr. Simons would take you
back, Luke," Esther said, as they
rose from the table.

"I hardly think he will, but I'm
ready to try it," rejoined Luke.
"I'll go to the office the same as
usual in the morning. There will
be half-a-dozen fellows after my
place, though."

"Why not see Mr. Simons, to-
night?"

"Oh, I'd have to go to his house,
and he mightn't like that?"

"The sooner one atones for a
fault the better," said Esther. "You
are going out anyhow," as Luke put
on his hat.

"Yes, I want to get my coat. I
came off in such a hurry that I for-
got it. I was stacking up some
empty boxes in the yard this after-
noon, and hung it in the stable.
When I went into the office again I
put on this old seersucker, and
never thought of my coat again un-
til just now."

"Better go and see Mr. Simons
night, and have it over, Luke."
Luke shook his head, and went
not dreaming what bitter rea-

son he would have to wish that he
had taken his sister's advice.

It was not a long walk to the ex-
press office, and the stable was just
back of it. The door was not lock-
ed, and Luke went in and found
the coat just where he had left it.
The four big fine horses were in
their stalls. Gray Charley neighed
when he heard the familiar step, and
Luke stopped long enough to pat
his flank affectionately. Australian
Sam, the hostler, insisted that Gray
Charley had a bad disposition, and
that it was as much as a man's life
was worth to take care of him; but
Luke had never found the horse
anything but gentle. He thought
Sam rough to all the horses, and had
once seen him kick Gray Charley
brutally because the horse had re-
fused to back with a heavy load.
Luke had said something very sharp
on that occasion and the hostler had
never liked him since.

As he left the stable he thought
he saw Sam standing on a corner of
the alley, but he did not speak. He
went on to the next street where his
friend Harry Elms had a little room
over a grocery store.

Luke felt sure of finding Harry
in, for he had been ill for several
weeks with a slow fever. He had got
out of money, and as he was almost
a stranger in the town he had very
few friends. Luke had called to
see him often, had paid his room
rent, and had brought him delicacies
Esther had made to tempt his
appetite. Luke wanted to tell
Harry all about his trouble at the
express office; but when he reached
the little room he found it empty.
Thinking his friend would not be
long away, he sat down to wait for
him, and was reading quietly when
Harry came in.

Harry seemed greatly embarrass-
ed at seeing Luke, and apparently
could not recover his equanimity.
Luke told what had occurred at the
express-office, and wondered that his
friend did not appear at all surpris-
ed. He played with a knife on the
table all the time Luke was talking,
and did not raise his eyes once to
meet those of his friend.

"What would you advise me to
do?" Luke asked in conclusion.

"Esther says I ought to apologize."

"Oh, it wouldn't be of the least
use for you to apologize—Simons
wouldn't take you back, said Harry.
"He isn't that kind. You'd only
eat humbly pie for nothing."

Somehow, Luke felt chilled and
depressed. He had expected com-
fort and encouragement, but had
received none.

"Must you go?" Harry asked as
Luke rose.

"Yes, it is ten o'clock," and Luke
glanced at a little time-piece on the
mantle. "Esther will be anxious."

"I hardly thought it so late,"
said Harry, "but then it must have
been nine o'clock when I came in."

Where did you go?" asked Luke
carelessly.

To his surprise Harry grew crim-
son.

"Just out for a walk. I've been
cooped up so long, you know," he
said stammering a little.

"Any chance of finding work?"

"Oh, I've heard of several places
—the thing is to get just what I
want," said Harry.

Luke wondered as he walked home
why Harry had seemed all the even-
ing so unlike his usual self. He
could not account for it. He was
still thinking of it when he fell
asleep half an hour later.

He was waked next morning by
his sister, who was pale and agitated.

"Luke," she said, "an officer is
down stairs. He has come to arrest
you. One of the horses belonging
to the express office was dreadfully
cut last night, and bled to death.
They accuse you of doing it. Mr.
Simons says who threatened to take
him sorry for having discharged you,
and some man says he saw you go
into the stable about ten o'clock."

"It wasn't eight," said Luke,
"and I went after my coat."

"If you could only prove that"

sobbed Esther, who was completely
overcome by this dreadful trouble.

"But everything seems to be going
wrong."

Luke found himself in a very
serious position, indeed. It was
Gray Charley who had been killed,
and it was proved that the cutting
had been done between nine and
ten o'clock the previous night.

David Sloan, one of the drivers,
who slept in a room over the stable,
had come in about half past ten,
and hearing the horse groan had dis-
covered what had been done.

"As if I would do such a cruel,
dastardly deed!" Luke said indig-
nantly. "Why I loved Gray Charley
better than I did all the rest of the
horses put together."

But the evidence against him was
overwhelming. The superintendent
testified to the threat the boy had
made. Australian Sam declared
on oath that he had seen him leave
the stable 'on or about' ten o'clock,
and it was discovered from Esther
that he had been absent from home
from eight until after ten o'clock.

"But I spent the whole evening
with Harry Elms," said Luke.

Harry Elms was summoned. It

appeared that he had been given
Luke's place in the express office,
and had gone on duty that morning.
As soon as he heard this Luke knew
where his friend had been the previ-
ous evening, and why he had seem-
ed so embarrassed, and had advised
him not to make an apology to Mr.
Simons.

"But he will prove an alibi for
me, and so I will forgive him every-
thing else," Luke thought.

What was his astonishment and
horror when he heard Harry assert
that he had no recollections what-
ever of having seen him the previ-
ous evening.

The accused was accorded the
privilege of asking the witness some
questions; but he did not take ad-
vantage of it. He stood in silence,
and pale and haggard received a
sentence of six months in jail.

A week later Harry Elms walk-
ed slowly along the quiet street on
which Luke had lived and when he
had come opposite the little cottage
which Esther had made so bright
and cosy, he stopped and leaning
against the little gate, looked at the
house long and earnestly. It was
closed now, and on the door was a
sign "For Rent." Esther had moved
out the previous day and had
gone to the next town to find work
in a big paper mill.

Suddenly Harry put both arms
on the gate post and bowed his head
upon them. He stood in that posi-
tion a long time. When at last he
walked away it was with a slow,
uneasy step.

People began to look at Harry
Elms with pitying eyes, he seemed
so changed. Pale, haggard, hollow-
eyed, he went about his duties with
a listless air that showed he was
very far from well.

"I don't believe you've ever real-
ly got over that attack of fever you
had Harry," Mr. Simons said one
day. "You ought to go to the sea-
shore for a month or rough it in the
mountains. Can't you manage it
somehow? I'll keep your place for
you."

"I want to resign the place, Mr.
Simons," Harry said, "I'm not fit
to do the work. I can't go to the
seashore, but I have an aunt living
in the country who will take me in
until I am strong again—if I ever
am."

"Come, don't get despondent,"
the superintendent said. "Go off
for a few weeks. You'll come back
fat and hearty."

So Harry gave up his position,
and that very day left town. But
he did not come back at the end of
a few weeks. Four months went
by, before Mr. Simons heard from
him. Then came a letter that caused
the superintendent a good deal
of emotion. It was a confession.

In words of bitter repentance Harry
acknowledged having told a false-
hood in declaring that he had not
seen Luke Estwick the evening that
Gray Charley was killed. He de-
clared positively that Luke had
spent the time from a quarter of
nine until ten at his room over the
grocery.

"If you will only get him out of
jail, Mr. Simons," concluded the
letter. He never touched the horse,
I know. I was tempted to tell the
falsehood in order to keep my place
in the express office, but I have
never known a happy hour since.
I have felt myself a Judas."

Three days later Harry lay on
his bed in the dusk, watching with
weary eyes the flies settling on the
walls for the night, when the door
opened softly, and some one entered.

Harry turned around and then
gave a gasping cry. It was Luke
Estwick who stood before him, gaz-
ing at him with eyes of love and
pity.

"Harry I did not expect to find
you like this!" Luke said, kneel-
ing beside the bed.

Harry could not answer. He had
his hand over his eyes, to conceal
with boyish shame the tears that
had risen there.

"Can you ever forgive me, Luke?"
he asked at last.

"If I hadn't forgiven you I
wouldn't be here now," Luke an-
swered. "And I wish you had
written long ago, Harry, you wouldn't
have had to suffer so. I've been
out of jail over three months, and
every one knows I didn't kill Gray
Charley. It was that wretch, Sam."

"How did they find out?" asked
Harry.

"David Sloan heard him in a
passion with Brown Dick one day,
and heard him say, 'You behave
yourself or I'll serve you as I served
you mate. David thought it over
for a while, and then accused Sam
of having been the one to kill
Charlie. He confessed, and was
frightened to death, offered David
all he possessed to keep quiet about
it, and when he found out David in-
tended to tell it, he sneaked off in
the night, and hasn't been heard of
since. Of course that got me out
of jail, and I'm in my old place, and
Mr. Simons has raised my salary,
too. He is as good as gold. He said
I was to bring you back with me,
Harry, that there was room for both
of us. So the sooner you get well
the better."

"You can't know how mean I
feel Luke. I don't deserve to have
you forgive me. But if I can only
get well now, I have this weight off
my mind I'll show you how I ap-
preciate you. Never, as long as I live,
will I tell another falsehood."

Harry did get well, and never for-
got his promise. There is no man
in L—more highly respected and
beloved today than he who once be-
trayed his only friend.

The Papyrus Plant.

Of this most useful plant *Harper's
Young People* says:

One of the most useful plants the
world has ever known is the papyrus
plant. The chief use to which it
was put in the olden times was for
writing. The Egyptians, in whose
wonderful country the plant flour-
ishes "like a green bay tree," used it
largely for this purpose, and much
of our knowledge of the ways of this
romantic people is derived from the
almost indecipherable scroll of this
material, which has been found by
those in search of records of a by-
gone age in the land of the pyramids.
The Egyptians also use it for other
purposes. From its roots they de-
rived their food; from its bark they
made their ropes, their baskets and
their boats; and from the fine skin
of its inner bark, glued together in
strips, was made their paper. Our
own word paper, as is easy to see, is
derived from the old form papyru.

A writer on the subject tells us
that this material was imported into
Rome for the use of her famous
scribes, and was by them called
"liber," which gave the Latin name
liber to what we term books, since
all their books were made from
sheets of liber or papyrus. The
cases in which these Latin books
were preserved were called libraries,
whence comes our word library;
though why we should accept the
Latin word through the French
library instead of having a term
entirely of our own make, such as
"bookery," for instance, is not clear,
except on the ground that the word
library has a softer, sweeter, and
more musical sound than "bookery."

Imported into Greece, papyrus
became in the tongue of that coun-
ty byblos, whence the word Bible,
the Holy Scriptures being written
in Greek, naturally taking the Greek
word for their name in collected
form. So come to us also the words
charta, charts, and cards; for the
word charta, according to our author-
ity, is nothing more than the strips
of this Egyptian reed glued together
into the papyrus sheets, upon which
should be written whatsoever it
pleased the scribe to record.

How to Keep Eyes Bright.

A French woman who knows
what she is talking about has this to
say on the subject of eyes:

"Never rub your eyes, nor allow
your children to do so from their
cradles. Veils are bad for the eyes,
especially those spotted or covered
with a pattern; so eschew veils when
you can, or wear the softest, clearest
net when obliged to do so. Never
read in bed or when lying on the
sofa. Sit with your back to the
light when reading or working. Pale
blues or greens are the most restful
wall papers for the eyes, whereas
red is exceedingly fatiguing. Do
not read, write, or work longer than
two hours together without resting
your eyes and closing them fully five
minutes. Be most careful to live
in a dry house on dry soil. Attend
to the digestion, for did not Milton
declare his blindness to proceed from
dyspepsia."

Minard's Liniment cures
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the stable or hen coop.

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with rheumatism in spring and fall.
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at a time, but since using B. B. B. I
have not suffered from it at all. I also
suffered from the dyspepsia, which has
not troubled me since using the B. B. B.
and I therefore think it a splendid
medicine."

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justice to confound that standard healing
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salves. They are oftentimes inflam-
matory and astringent. This Oil is, on
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place where we are
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Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the
Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up
of Blood. I have tried many differ-
ent kinds of cough Syrups in my
time, but let me say to anyone want-
ing such a medicine—German Syrup
is the best. That has been my ex-
perience. If you use it once, you
will go back to it whenever you
need it. It gives total relief and is
a quick cure. My advice to every-
one suffering with Lung Troubles is
—Try it. You will soon be con-
vinced. In all the families where
your German Syrup
is used we have no
trouble with the
Lungs at all. It is
the medicine for this
country."

John
Franklin
Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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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
1890.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1887.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
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