

An Old Legend.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak over clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch to the camp fire's light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred,
He draws his sword as he stands on guard;
But who is this with a white wan face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar, faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find;
Never his wallet with gold is lined;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain;
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against the storm!
He snatches it off without a word;
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart—
"And half for me," and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides
along,
Daring the worst of the sleet, and snow—
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer time;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Jesus beamed on his dazzled sight.

"I was the beggar," the Lord Jesus said,
As he stood by the soldier's lowly bed;
Half of thy garment, thou gavest me;
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."
And Martin rose from the hallowed trust,
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

—Harper's Young People.

Ross Carson's Courage.

Shouting, laughing, pushing
against each other, the boys rushed
out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted
Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended
alarm, "there's a spider on the
pump handle! Run, quick, it may
bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at
this would-be witty remark, and the
eyes of a score or more thoughtless
boys were bent upon the figure of
a slender, delicate-looking lad, who
had been one of the first to get out,
and who had approached the pump
for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully at
Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the
head that held the tin drinking-cup
trembled perceptibly, and his lips
scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather
than double up his fist," cried Tom,
and, crowding close to Ross, he de-
liberately knocked the books from
under his arm. The slender lad's
face flushed at the insult, but he
said nothing. He stooped, picked
the books up, and then walked on
again.

He was quite aware of Tom
Lane's great anxiety to pick a quar-
rel with him, but was determined to
give him no excuse for doing so.
For Ross knew that he could not
with safety enter on a trial of
strength with a boy so much older
than himself. His lungs were weak,
and the doctor had said they could
bear no strain whatever. But it
was hard to be called a coward, to
bear insults of every description
without open resentment, to feel
that he was looked upon with con-
tempt by his companions because
he taunts or sneers could induce
him to fight. And he was too sensi-
tive and shy to explain to them his
reason for not doing so; knowing
well that his explanation would be
greeted with ridicule and laughter.
So he bore his various trials in
silence, and not even his mother
knew what he endured. He did
not know that his forbearance showed
him possessed of true heroism,
for, like most boys, he had a strong
admiration for deeds of daring, and
a little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring
boy among them all. He boasted
that he had the coolest head, the
strongest arm, and the greatest
amount of courage of any fellow of
his age at Hillsboro, and none dis-
puted his claim. He was always
ready for a fight, and generally
came off victor in any contest. He
had no pity for weakness, no charity
for timidity, and thought all those
who feared him fair game for his
power of teasing. Ross might have
been fairly treated by the other
scholars but for Tom, who was
never weary of exciting enmity
against him, and understanding
how to magnify the veriest trifles,
was ever showing him up as "the
biggest coward in Hillsboro Aca-
demy."

But retribution was near at hand,
and Tom was to be strangely pun-
ished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town hall was being built
in Hillsboro, and a very high, im-
posing edifice it was to be, with a
steep second to none. Tom Lane
heard his father, who was the con-
tractor for the building, say that a
magnificent view could be obtained
from this half-completed steeple,
and the next day, at noon recess,

Tom proposed to half a dozen of
his young friends to go up and take
a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he
said, "and the carpenters won't
make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was
easily made, for a narrow, winding
stair led up to it; and the boys soon
attained a height that made their
heads swim as they looked down,
breathless, and saw how small ap-
peared the people on the pavement
below.

"A good place for a suicide,"
said Tom, as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice
in a tone of entreaty, and, looking
around, the boys saw Ross Carson
standing near. He had come up
the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little
coward?" asked Tom rudely.

"The carpenter gave me leave to
come up," answered Ross, quietly.
"I did not know any one was up
here, and I was anxious to see the
view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," sneer-
ed Tom. "You'd find the head of
a barrel a dangerous place. As for
me, I'd like to see the place where
I wouldn't go. Boys, do you see
that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which
had been erected about the steeple
for the use of the workmen. It
projected several feet and overhung
the vast chasm below.

"We see it, but what of it?"
answered Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answer-
ed Tom, "It's a jolly place to dance
a hornpipe," and before his com-
panions could realize his intention
he climbed out upon the scaffolding,
and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amaze-
ment at such recklessness, and beg-
ged him to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only
made Tom more anxious to show
his boasted courage, and he began a
rather feeble imitation of a sailor's
hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to
the pavement?" he said.

As he spoke he looked down—a
fatal thing, for his head, which had
until now been so cool and steady,
began to whirl strangely. He could
not remove his eyes from the awful
chasm below him. It seemed to
fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in
horror. They saw the terrible
danger that menaced him; they
knew it was only a question of
moments now before he must fall
and be dashed to atoms on the pav-
ement below. He stood in a kind of
stupor, looking down into the fasci-
nating gulf, his eyes wild and star-
ing, his face white with terror. He,
too, knew the awful danger in which
he stood, but he was powerless to
help himself. The slightest change
of position, even the raising of his
eyes, and he must fall. The gulf
seemed drawing him on; his brain
grew more torpid every instant, and
his eyes seemed starting out of their
sockets. Back of him shuddered
his horror-stricken comrades, await-
ing, in agony of suspense, for the
fatal end of his terrible drama; be-
fore and below him yawned the
great chasm, at the bottom of which
the people moving along looked
like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement
among the boys, and Ross Carson,
with white face and set teeth, climb-
ed quickly and noiselessly out of the
steeple, on to the scaffolding, and
with steady step approached the boy
who stood on the brink of such a
fearful death.

"If he touches him, Tom will
fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was Ross
heard it, and he turned his head to-
wards Louis, pausing a moment as
if to think. Then he made a quick,
firm step forward, and, throwing
his arms about Tom's waist, dragged
him backwards.

It was all over in an instant. In
the face of a fearful, imminent
danger, Ross saved his enemy, and
aloud, carefully, for every step was
peril, drew him back to the steeple,
and with the help of the other boys,
got him inside once more, white as
a corpse, it is true, and utterly un-
nerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one.
In silence Ross helped Tom to de-
scend the winding stair, and then
walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go
to school again this afternoon," he
said to his mother, "so I'll weed out
your flower-beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Car-
son; "I'm afraid your study is too
hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw
off his coat, and began to weed the
beds, hoping by hard work to over-
come the nervousness that possessed
him ever since leaving the new town
hall.

He was still weeding a couple of
hours later, when he heard the
tramp of many feet, and looking up
he saw about a dozen of his school-
mates coming in at the little wooden
gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon,
Ross Carson," said Tom, holding
out his hand. "You've taught me
this day what true courage is, and

made me see what a cowardly sneak
I've been."

Tom's lips quivered as he made
this humiliating confession, and his
eyes were moist with tears which
he could only restrain with the
greatest effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in
a warm and hearty grasp as he said:
"I'd have done that much for
any one, Tom. Don't make so
much of it. But I'm out and out
glad to be friends with you."

And friends, fast and true, they
were from that time forth, and no
one ever again whispered that Ross
Carson lacked courage. The story
of that brave deed of this on the
scaffolding about the new hall had
borne testimony to his courage
which was sufficiently convincing,
and the people of Hillsboro were
proud of their townsman. In their
eyes he was a hero. But I think
that the noblest thing about his
brave act was that he risked his
life to save that of his enemy.—*Illustrating Christian Weekly.*

Gough and the Cigars.

The least meddling with liquor or
tobacco should be avoided. A
famous temperance lecturer, who
once in a while indulged in a cigar,
tells us that, on one occasion, he
had engaged to attend a meeting of
children. Before he went, a friend
said to him,

"I have some first-rate cigars;
will you take a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do, take half-a-dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in
your cap."

I wore a cap in those days, and I
put the cigars into it, and at the
appointed time I went to the meet-
ing. I ascended the platform, and
faced an audience of more than two
thousand children. As it was out
of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear
of taking cold, and I forgot all
about the cigars. Toward the close
of my speech I became much in
earnest, and after warning the boys
against bad company, bad habits,
and the saloons, I said—

"Now, boys, let us give three
rousing cheers for temperance and
cold water. Now then, three cheers.
Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap, I waved
it most vigorously, when away went
the cigars right into the midst of
the audience. The remaining cheers
were very faint, and were nearly
drowned in the laughter of the
crowd. I was mortified and ashamed,
and should have been relieved could
I have sunk through the platform
out of sight. My feelings were still
more aggravated by a boy coming
up to the steps of the platform with
one of those dreadful cigars, saying,

"Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste
liquor or have anything to do with
it, without being found out, indeed
all secret sins sooner or later come
to light. Those who think they can
take a little on the sly and escape
detection, are not likely to practice
that sort of thing long, without be-
ing discovered and disgraced.

The president of a college once
had reason to suspect that some of
the college boys had planned to rob
his hen-roost. Near the henhouse
were two large apple trees, so he
went quietly out at night and wait-
ed near the trees. And after a while
two of the boys came, one went up
a tree while the other remained be-
low. When they commenced oper-
ations, the doctor made a slight
noise, and the one below took to his
heels. The one in the tree asked
in a whisper—

"What's the matter?"

To which the doctor replied, also
in a whisper, "All's right."

"Here, catch hold," said the
upper one, handing down a rooster.

"Here's old Prex."

And handing down a hen, "Here's
Mrs. Prex."

"And here," handing down a
chicken, "Here's Miss Prex; I
guess that'll do."

The doctor quietly got over the
fence with the fowls and went to his
house. The poor robber of the hen-
roost descended to find his com-
panion gone. The next day the two
young gentlemen received a polite
invitation to dine with the president
—an honour they could not very
well decline. When they sat down
at the table, they saw three roasted
fowls, and we can imagine their
sensations when the doctor said,

"Now, young gentlemen, will you
have a piece of old Prex, Mrs.
Prex, or Miss Prex?"—*The Tem-
perance Battle-Field.*

Doing One Thing Well.

A man who is said to be a "Jack
of all trades and master of none"
does not command as much respect
as does the man who can do but one
thing but does it supremely well.

There is no demand in any mar-
ket for amateur work, save in those
rare instances where the worker
has a touch of genius, and where
his faulty production are but step-
ping-stones to more perfect ones,
and he very soon ceases to be an
amateur.

It is very desirable that young
people, especially young women,
should be able to do at least one
thing absolutely well.

We demand this of young men
more than of the opposite sex, but
now that so many young women are
remaining unmarried, and yet have
the problem of their own self-sup-
port to solve, the solution they can
find to this problem becomes of
vital importance.

Whatever work they enter it will
pay them pecuniarily, and in every
other way, to make themselves ex-
perts in their work. It cannot be
said that too often that "there is
plenty of room at the top."

A trained nurse should not only
be familiar with usual diseases and
know what to do in common emer-
gencies, but should study rare cases
of sickness, and know what to do
at peculiar times, when even the
physician may be momentarily puz-
zled.

There is a small army of incom-
petent stenographers trying to get
work, and when they do get posi-
tions making mistakes and going so
slowly that they cause more irrita-
tion than their work atones for.

The advertisements in the papers
for stenographers with the closing
phrase, "Only competent parties
need apply," ought to teach the
amateur stenographer that it is
shortsighted for him to take a posi-
tion unless he can write one hundred
words a minute and read his notes
quickly and accurately.

Better stay in the shorthand
school or studying at home a little
longer, and then start out well
equipped and confident, than to haz-
ard your reputation, and worse, lose
confidence in yourself by premature
haste to obtain a position which you
are not competent to fill.

Young ladies who do not expect
to have to earn their own living
will, nevertheless, find it greatly to
their advantage to know how to do
one thing well.

There is no satisfaction in being
able to "paint a little," "play a
little," talk poor German or faulty
French, or in needlework to make
botchy garments or embroider im-
possible flowers.

There is more satisfaction and
happiness to be obtained from the
ability to do one even very simple
thing well than to do half a dozen
more presumptuous pieces of work
poorly. A true workman, whether
he be mechanic or artist, despises
poor work, whether it is his or
another's. This is not saying that
a person should know nothing but
his trade; it is saying that before
he can command his own respect or
that of his fellow-men he must be a
connoisseur and not an amateur in
at least one thing.

FORGETTING PROMISES.—A prom-
ise made should be kept, no matter
how hard it may be to keep it. "I
entirely forgot my promise," one
says, as if forgetting it were much
less a sin than deliberately breaking
it. We have no right to forget any
promise we make to another. If we
cannot trust our memory, we should
make note of our promises and en-
gagements on paper, and then keep
them scrupulously, on the very min-
ute. To break even the slightest
promise is grievously to wrong and
hurt another life.—*J. R. Miller.*

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

SUDDENLY PROSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN,—I was suddenly pro-
strated while at work by a severe at-
tack of cholera morbus. We sent at
once for a doctor, but he seemed un-
able to help. An evacuation about
every forty minutes was fast wearing
me out, when we sent for a bottle of
Wild Strawberry, which saved my life.
MRS. J. N. VAN NATTER,
Mount Brydges, Ont.

Public Speakers, Actors and Voca-
lists find, and state that Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil relieves hoarseness and
irritation in the throat better than
remedies specially advertised to relieve
that difficulty. This Oil has a wide
scope, since it cures external hurts,
corns, sores, frost-bite, piles, and a
variety of other unhealthy conditions.

There are so many cough medicines
in the market, that it is sometimes
difficult to tell which to buy; but if we
had a cough, a cold or any affliction of
the throat or lungs, we would try
Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.
Those who have used it think it is far
ahead of all other preparations recom-
mended for such complaints. The little
folks like it as it is as pleasant as
syrup.

Prompt relief in sick headache, diz-
ziness, nausea, constipation, pain in
the side, guaranteed to those using
Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.
Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Do you feel as though your friends
had all deserted you, business calami-
ties overwhelmed you, your body re-
fusing to perform its duties and even
the sun had taken refuge behind a
cloud? Then use Northrop & Ly-
man's Vegetable Discovery, and hope
will return and dependency disappear.
Mr. R. H. Baker, Ingoldsbay, writes:
"I am completely cured of Dyspepsia
that caused me great suffering for
three years. Northrop & Lyman's
Vegetable Discovery is the medicine
that effected the cure after trying
many other medicines."

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We have selected two or
three lines from letters
freshly received from pa-
rents who have given German Syrup
to their children in the emergencies
of Croup. You will credit these,
because they come from good, sub-
stantial people, happy in finding
what so many families lack—a med-
icine containing no evil drug, which
mother can administer with con-
fidence to the little ones in their
most critical hours, safe and sure
that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of
Alma, Neb. I give it
to my children when
Harrodsburg, Ky. I
troubled with Croup
and never saw any
preparation act like
it. It is simply mi-
raculous.

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man Syrup among their children.
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little folks must be a treatment for
the sudden and terrible foes of child-
hood, whooping cough, croup, diph-
theria and the dangerous inflamma-
tions of delicate throats and lungs. @

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-BARGAINS-

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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
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77
1886.....	373,600.31.....	1,573,027.16.....	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.68.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,164,383.08
1890.....	889,078.87.....	2,911,014.19.....	20,698,589.92

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