

A Wonderful Pair of Glasses.

Gottlieb Schmitz, so the Germans say, invented some glasses one summer day. Of a wonderful pattern, unknown before. They were aids to sight, as in days of yore; but the strangest thing, and you'll own it was queer, Enabled their owner to think and to hear.

To think and to hear and to see; but, alas! Some fatal spell had induced the glass. Its lines were warped 'neath the circling blue.

Distorted images met his view; And the sounds that he heard, whether mirth or joy, Were blended with sorrow, like base alloy.

Nothing was beautiful quite, it seemed. The very sunset that flushed and gleamed On the western hilltop was out of line. In the moaning music of wind and pine, And even in the song of the happiest bird, Were chilling disorders that Gottlieb heard.

And, saddest of all, it transformed his mind. He was harsh in his judgement of all mankind. To truth and duty each day more blind, Till he broke the glasses in sudden ire; But visions no longer would change at desire.

The magic lens he had worn too long: Each line was deflected, each angle wrong. And dissonant still was the lark's glad song.

Is the story a true one? I cannot say. I only know, should you come our way, In street or market you'd surely find Legions of men who are deaf and blind To the light and beauty and love and joy Of unselfish lives. And there's many a boy—

And I'm loath to confess, but I fear, some lassies— Unconsciously looking through Gottlieb's glasses.

—Independent.

A True Dignity.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"She is such a careless little thing."

"And such a hopeless rattle brain."

"And yet I can't help loving her; she is so frank and outspoken," said Hester Burr. I think there is something very taking in her way of letting out exactly what she feels, no matter what the consequences may be or what people may think of her."

"I can't say I feel that way," said Margaret Maynard, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "I don't fancy people who tramp around without ever stopping to care how they step upon."

"But she has never presumed to tread upon yours, Maggie. Even Dorothy knows better than to assault such dignity as yours."

The remark might have borne a tinge of criticism coming from some quarters, but Margaret and Hester were too close friends for any offence to be intended or taken.

"But, dignity or no dignity, is there no way of reaching her?"

"Not through any of our ways, I am afraid," was the sober response. "She hasn't been in the Bible class for several weeks."

"No," she told me that as long as they kept to the regular business of studying the Bible she didn't mind going, as all the other girls went and it was lively and pleasant. But since 'things have got so serious and long-faced,' as she expresses it, she keeps away."

There was a pause in the talk. Half-a-dozen girls of the school had lately, through the efforts of a Bible-class teacher, been led further than the business routine of Bible study. And having first learned their need of a Saviour and then been blessed with the peace which belongs with full acceptance of his grace and consecration to his service, the natural consequence followed, of anxiety for those who stood outside still refusing the gracious call.

"There she is," as a laugh and a merry shout proclaimed Dorothy's approach.

"Stop," said Hester, seizing her hand as she would have passed. "Wasn't there some kind of a promise out to me that you would come back into class yesterday?"

"Well, only half a promise," said Dorothy, laughing. "When I make a real out and out promise I always keep it, for all," she added, with a saucy nod of her head. "I'm not one of your goody-goody kind."

"But I felt hurt at your not coming," said Hester affectionately.

"Did you, dear? Well, row, I hate to hurt you. I'm not worth your feeling hurt about."

"I guess you're right there," said one of a number of girls who were gathered near our friends. "You'll say so when you know where she was yesterday, Hester. How did you enjoy the steamboat excursion, Dorothy?"

"See," said another, pointing to Dorothy's face, "she didn't want us to know. She thought none of us would hear of it. Our nurse-girl went, worse for me, for I had to tug with the children all day."

The deep flush which arose to Dorothy's face gave evidence that she would have preferred that her

companions should not know of her manner of spending Sunday. At the certainly annoying allusion to the nurse girl a flash of angry came to keep company with the embarrassment.

"It is nobody's business how I spent Sunday," she declared, hotly. "You needn't look at me as if you thought I was a heathen. I don't think it the worst thing in the world to go on a Sunday excursion. I shall go again if I want to."

Stung by a little look of contempt which she perceived on Margaret's face, she addressed herself particularly to her.

"Nobody said it was, I think," said Margaret, quietly.

"But you looked it," said Dorothy. "None of you are under any obligation to look after my morals."

"I don't think it merely a question of morals," said Margaret, in a voice which showed a slight stir of excitement.

It was so unusual a thing to see Margaret aroused to retort that the girls crowded closer in a little hush of expectation. She was evidently a little nettled by Dorothy's defiance.

"We are so used to hearing of such things and so used to knowing that there is a large class of people who have no respect for the sacredness of the day," she went on with the calm manner which always gave her words weight, "that it does not surprise us. But I think that even people who are not at all religious think it an offense against propriety and good taste to do such things on Sunday."

A color had come to her own face with the feeling she had been led into saying more than she had intended, and that she was saying it very awkwardly.

"That's just like your narrow minded set," said Dorothy, in a paroxysm of anger. "Everything is a sin but what they do their own sweet selves. Dear me! Do you suppose such high-toned goodness is catching? I must be careful."

Gathering up her skirts in ludicrous mock fear she flounced away. Hester and Margaret walked down a garden path in silence.

"You said exactly the right thing," said Hester. "She needed a pretty keen thrust."

"I don't think so," said Margaret, after another short period of silence. "I said too much."

"Not a word too much," said Hester in a decided tone. "Any one might talk to Dorothy all day about the duty of keeping the Sabbath holy, and she would politely snap her fingers at you. But when you come to an offense against good taste and the proprieties you set a pin in her tender spot. Whew—didn't she get into a little fury?"

"I made a mistake," said Margaret, declining to join in Hester's light view of the matter. "I was angry, and when we allow ourselves to get angry we are sure to do harm instead of good."

"I'm sure you kept your dignity all the time," said Hester. "Any one else would have broken out at her when she was so snippy and saucy."

"My dignity!" Margaret spoke in deep self-condemnation. "Your self control, then, dear, if you like that better. Your avoidance of saying angry things when you feel angry. The most of us," she added, with a sigh, "will need a good deal more grace before we can get to that."

"But you see, Hester, I did say the very thing which provoked her most," said Margaret. "And just when we were wondering how we could reach her and bring her to where we stand. Why, don't you see that I may have done the very thing to set her against everything we hold so precious?"

"Don't take it so hard," said Hester, moved by her friend's distress. "Dorothy never stays angry long."

"I must go and apologize to her," said Margaret.

"You don't mean it," Hester gazed at her in surprise. "You wouldn't let yourself down to apologize to such a girl as Dorothy."

"If I let myself down to the giving of offence I shall surely get no lower in trying to make amends for it."

"I wouldn't do it," persisted Hester.

"Are you here? May I come in?" Margaret tapped on Dorothy's door, and then slightly opened it.

"Certainly," said Dorothy. She arose and politely set a chair for her visitor, but remained standing, still with a reserve of anger on her face.

"I have come to say," said Margaret, "that I am sorry for having said what I did. I don't wonder you were angry—any one would have been. I hope you will forgive me, and that you will believe—that I know I spoke as a Christian never should speak."

She would have said more, but the words had come with great difficulty. It had been a much harder fight between her pride and her conscientious determination to honor the faith she so dearly prized than even Hester had dreamed in making her protest against it.

Dorothy gazed at her for a moment in amazed silence, then, with her usual impetuosity threw her arms about her neck.

"You saying that to me, you dear thing! You, of all girls in the world. O Margaret—then there must be something in it."

"Something in what?" asked Margaret.

"Why, in this that's taking you all so hard lately. Your religion, you know. I always thought that it was a nice, namby-pamby way of girls letting on that they're unnaturally good and sweet and all that—trying to be interesting, you know—But—"

"Dorothy," said Margaret, breaking in on the rattle, "try it a little for yourself, dear."

"I'm not one of that kind," said Dorothy, soberly. "I don't take to those things. But, Margaret, if I ever do it will be all because of you."

That Last Kiss.

On the day of a great fire, which occurred not long since in Boston, a bright lad, sixteen years old, was running from his home at the south end of the city to catch an electric car, which would take him to his daily work in one of the large wholesale houses of the city.

The boy's mother was a widow with small means, who lived on the upper floor of a neat little house, and earned, by sewing, what she could to increase the small income which her hard-working honest husband had left to her.

Her son William had been kept in school until he was fifteen years old, and, as he was ambitious and studious he made the most of his opportunities and graduated from the high school with credit. During the summer following, he took a course of study in one of the commercial colleges of the city, and was thus enabled to accept a position offered him, and earn a few dollars a week, with a promise of promotion, and better wages another year.

William was devoted to his mother in every way, and he seemed so happy to be able now to earn something himself, and to begin to repay her for all her self-sacrifice, and loving care of him. Every Saturday night as he started for home with his week's pay in his pocket, his first thought was of his mother, and it was his delight to carry her a little fruit, or a few flowers, or some little token of his thoughtful love.

He knew well how she appreciated these attentions and he was conscious many times during the day of her loving thought for him, and her real gladness in working for him.

William was always in the habit of kissing his mother good-bye as he left her in the morning for school, or for business, and of greeting her again on his return at night in the same loving manner.

On the morning of the fire William had inadvertently hurried off without kissing his mother. He ran for an electric car on Shawmut avenue and was just about getting on to it when he suddenly turned about, and ran home again.

As he hastily opened the door, he exclaimed, "I ran back for my kiss, mother, for I would not feel just right all day without it!" and, taking it, and with a bright, happy face waving a farewell, he ran again for his car.

That afternoon the fire broke out in the building in which William was at work.

He was almost choked with smoke as he tried to find his way to the staircase, which was, however, enveloped in the flames, and his only chance of life was in leaping from a sixty story window, hoping that a fireman or a policeman might catch him. He leaped and fell to the pavement dead. * * * His mother sits now in her little home broken-hearted and desolate! Her husband was taken from her many years ago, and now the son upon which she leaned, in whom her heart delighted, who had helped her to bear her grief, and for whose comfort she had joyfully worked, was suddenly taken from her. The sorrow of that desolate mother's heart none can know but those who have been afflicted. But she thanks God every day for the blessed memories which comfort her, and many times a day, and in the twilight hour.

"When the forms of the departed enter at the open door, The loved ones, the true-hearted Come to visit her once more."

She sees the happy face of her boy, as he came running back from the car, and bounded into the room to get that last kiss from his mother.

So amid her sighs and her tears, in her loneliness and in her sorrow, she still lives over again the sweet hours she has spent with her boy, and the thrilling memories of his many acts of devotion to her, and the loving thoughtfulness on that last morning, as her solace and her comfort now.—Standard.

You cannot be a good leader until you have been a good follower.

How Mary Learned House-keeping.

For many years previous to her marriage Mrs. Barnes was a teacher in a young woman's college. She observed that when her pupils were in the transition period, passing from girlhood to womanhood, they were of very little account as scholars. This was in the South, where maturity comes earlier than in the latitude of New York. In the freshman year she could stimulate her pupils with good effect, and required a high degree of excellence in their recitations without injuring them. But as they passed into the sophomore year the whole aspect of affairs changed. Some of them kept on without flagging, but the majority would have been very trying if she had not known the underlying reasons of their failures and made allowances for them.

Headache, nose-bleed, nervous depression, fidgetiness, capriciousness, sentimentality, fits of crying or laughing, these were constantly found in various degrees and manifestations during the sophomore year. In the junior year all this was changed. The "dignified juniors" was the favorite epithet applied in that institution to the members of the third year class, and they deserved it.

Mrs. Barnes resolved then that if she ever had daughters to educate she would take them out of school during the sophomore year and occupy them in something besides books. So, years after, when her daughter Mary began to lengthen her dress skirts, she was taken from school and kept at home. She was given entire charge of her room and the parlors, so she learned to sweep and dust, to wipe windows, and keep everything in order. Mrs. Barnes could not very well send her down into the kitchen to learn to cook there with the servants, but she sent her to a cooking school, where she was taught the preparation and cooking of food, and these lessons she gave practical illustrations of in dishes which appeared on the table from time to time. She kept up her lessons in music and her practice, finding in this accomplishment a delightful outlet for her various moods.

Mary had a natural aptitude for sewing, and taking advantage of this, her mother permitted her to join a class the members of which were instructed in all the mysteries of dressmaking. They took measures, had a chart, and all the facilities for cutting and fitting with accuracy, and were taught to put together and finish perfectly one dress.

In the management and care of the younger children Mary took many lessons during the year at home. When it was over she was in fine health, and ready to take up her studies with earnestness and assiduity. The year which, if spent in study, would have been largely lost, or have permanently impaired her health, was one of the most profitable years of her life.

"Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain," remarked a Mountain-street man to his wife, a few evenings ago, when she was arguing a point with him. "I don't know about that," she said, testily. "Well, I'm certain of it," he replied, so emphatically that she laughed in his face; and he has been wondering ever since what she thought was so funny about it.

Timothy Straws.

Don't expect to feed your mind on buzzard's food, and then mount up on eagle's wings.

Some people say they are building a temple to God, but they live in the basement story of it.

You cannot flee from Satan; the only safety is to make him flee from you.

The weakest-kneed coward is the man who is afraid to let people suspect that he does not know it all.

The man who when he is among Romans does as the Romans do, never makes much of a Roman, and loses his title to be called much of anything else.

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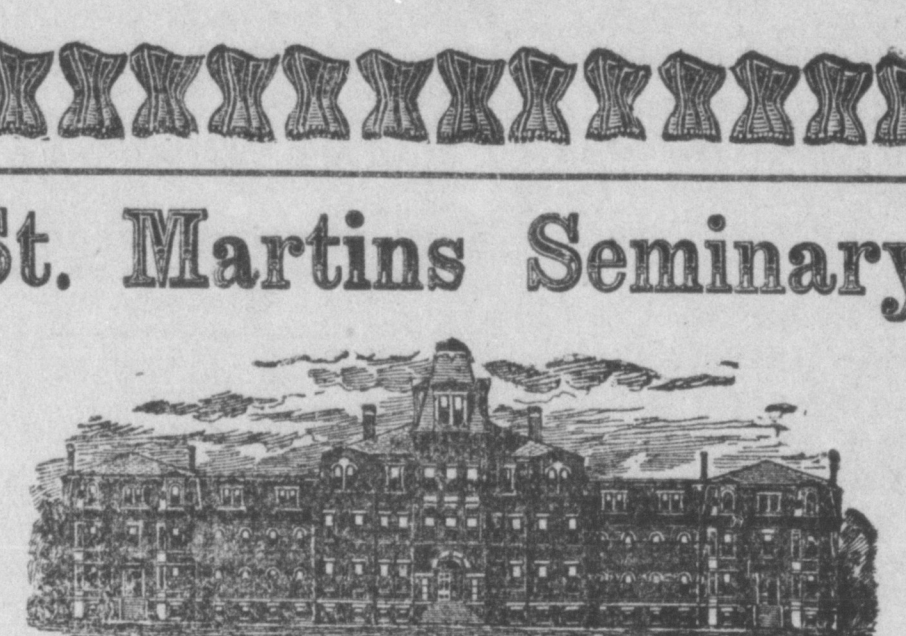
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