

## Take the Safe Path.

"Take the safe path, dear father;  
I'm coming after you."  
Rang out in silvery accents  
From a dear boy hid from view.  
His father climbed a mountain  
Precipitous and wild,  
Nor dreamed that in his footsteps  
Pressed close his only child.

His heart stood still one moment,  
Then rose in prayer to God  
To keep his boy from slipping  
In the path his feet had trod;  
And soon upon the summit,  
His darling child he pressed,  
With rapture all unspoken,  
Upon his throbbing breast.

"Take the safe path, dear father,"  
Rings clearly out today  
From many a little pilgrim  
Upon life's rugged way.  
They're pressing close behind you,  
O, fathers! take good heed;  
Their lives will closely copy  
Your own in word and deed.

"Take the safe path," ye fathers,  
Nor ever dare to slip  
The cup that seems so tempting  
To many a youthful lip.  
Take Christ for your example;  
Then, if they follow you,  
Your children's lives will also  
Be noble, grand, and true.

—American Rural Home.

## A Boy Misjudged.

"Don't be hasty with Charley,"  
said Mary Thomas to her husband,  
as she heard him sharply order him  
not to be late home from school.

"But I mean to let him know I  
will be obeyed," was her husband's  
reply, as he added: "Now, then,  
be off to school, and come straight  
home, or I'll know why."

Charley started off with the tears  
stealing down his cheeks. He was  
a bright, mainly fellow of some nine  
years of age, full of health and vigor,  
and therefore naturally disposed to  
forget that "boys will be boys," or  
that it would be unnatural in such  
a lad not to be buoyant whenever  
an occasion presented itself for the  
display of his youthful vigor.

He had, however, to learn it to  
his cost. During the afternoon busi-  
ness matters had become somewhat  
trying, and he went home with a  
vexed spirit. He was by no means  
unkind, but easily annoyed if things  
did not go exactly to suit him, es-  
pecially little ones. Prompt and  
exact himself, he could not put up  
with the absence of such qualities  
in others.

Sitting by the fire in rather an  
unhappy mood of mind it was made  
worse by his wife coming in and say-  
ing in rather an excited manner:

"I do declare, Charley has just  
come home in a perfect mess. He is  
covered from head to foot with  
mud and drenched to the skin!"

"Where is he?" asked the father,  
sternly.

"In the kitchen shivering over  
the fire. He was afraid to come in  
because the servant told him you  
were at home."

"I don't wonder at his being  
afraid. Why, it was only yesterday  
I told him to keep away from the  
river, and that he was on no account  
to get near the edge on his way  
home from school. So tell him to  
come in this instant."

A moment after Charley entered,  
perishing with cold and fright. One  
glance at his father's face was  
enough to tell him what to expect,  
from experience.

"Did I not tell you never to go  
near the river? It serves you right,  
and in the morning I'll let you know  
what I think of your conduct in  
such a way you won't forget."

"But, father," said the little fel-  
low, "do let me explain and tell  
you—"

"Not one word—go to bed at  
once."

"I only want to tell you, father,  
that—"

"I tell you, not a word," said the  
father, and with a wave of his hand  
he added, "go to bed or you will  
regret it."

Slowly the boy obeyed, and crept  
supperless to bed. When he had  
left the room, his mother said gen-  
tly:

"I think, father, you ought to  
have heard what Charley had to tell  
you. My heart ached when he  
turned away. You know he is  
generally obedient, and if he does  
something wrong, it is more from  
want of thought than wilfulness of  
heart."

"Still he ought to do as I told  
him, as I did so plainly about not  
going near the river."

Somehow a cloud seemed to come  
over the home that night, and a re-  
straint crept between them and  
their usual method when alone.  
When at length they retired to rest,  
as they passed the bedroom of the  
little fellow, something prompted  
the father to look in.

Creeping in and sheltering the  
candle, he went in and gazed upon  
his boy's face as he calmly and  
sweetly slept. A feeling of regret  
at his own harshness sprang up in  
his mind, which he tried in vain to  
suppress by saying that "a sense of  
duty" required him to be firm. On

talking over the matter, however,  
with the mother, he promised before  
proceeding to extreme measures in  
the morning he would listen to what  
the boy had to say, and, if it was a  
reasonable excuse, make amends to  
his wounded spirit.

Alas, the opportunity never came,  
for when they awoke in the morn-  
ing it was to discover the lad tossing  
with brain fever, from which he  
never recovered, and in a few days,  
although they watched and waited  
in speechless agony and the most  
intense desire for some recognition,  
he passed away.

When the news reached the school  
one of Charley's most intimate com-  
panions called, and after a while  
said:

"I was with Charley when he got  
into the water."

"Indeed," said the father, "then  
you can tell me how it happened."

"Yes. Two boys were fishing,  
and somehow one slipped in and  
raised a cry for help. Charley threw  
off his cap and jumped in, and, after  
a deal of trouble, got the boy to the  
side of the river and waded through  
the mud, where I helped them both  
ashore. Charley told me not to say  
anything about it, for you had  
warned him not to go near the  
water, and all the way home he kept  
saying: 'What will my father say  
when he sees me? But I felt I  
must try and save Tom.'"

"My poor, brave boy!" exclaimed  
the father. "That was what he  
wanted to tell me, and I cruelly  
refused to hear him, owing to my  
hasty temper. God forgive me."

Hot and bitter tears rolled down  
his cheeks, and for years the sight  
of Charley's toys, school books and  
other things sent many a pang to  
his heart which might have been  
saved if he had been willing to  
listen before he condemned his poor  
boy.—The Christian Commonwealth

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY  
The Great Blood and Nerve  
Remedy.

## "Where's Mother?"

When the tired father returns at  
night from the office or the shop,  
when the children come home from  
school, the first question is always  
—unless she stands in the very hall  
before their eyes—"Where's mother?"  
It is often said that the mother is  
the home. This question is one of  
the many proofs of the truth of this  
proverb. Unless the mother is in  
the house, the vital principle of the  
home seems to be lacking. She  
comes, and comfort, love and joy  
seem to enter with her. She goes,  
and there is a sort of breathless and  
uneasy waiting-time until she comes  
back again.

To the true mother, the knowl-  
edge that she is thus indispensable  
to the loved ones should be one of  
the choicest possessions. It is only  
by cherishing the spirit which  
prompts the question, "Where's  
mother?" that she can properly in-  
still into the hearts of her children  
that "passion for home" which one  
of our great writers has called the  
"first characteristic of manly nature." And yet not infrequently a tired  
mother will exclaim impatiently:  
"I wish that I could stir without  
having an outcry, 'Where's mother?'  
To one who sets true value upon  
life and its duties and pleasures,  
such words come with an awful  
shock. Pearls seem to have been  
cast wastefully before the feet of  
such a woman.

But even if a mother hold most  
dear this precious tribute of love,  
how many are there who take pains  
to be at home when the children  
come? Or, if she must be absent,  
to leave word for them; or to tell  
them before they go in the morning  
or at noon that she expects to be  
gone when they return, with the  
reasons and regrets. It is only by  
mutual thoughtfulness in these so-  
called trifles that the harmony of  
the home life can be preserved, and  
woe to her who does not appreciate  
them at their true value. It is im-  
possible that the busy mother of a  
family, with shopping to do, calls  
to make, and meetings of various  
kinds to attend, should always be  
in when the children come home  
from school. It would show an un-  
due regard for sentiment if she were  
to shut herself away from the out-  
side life which every woman needs  
so much, and which she needs espe-  
cially for the benefit of her family.  
But by following this rule, to tell  
the children in the morning, when-  
ever she can, just where she is to be,  
and how soon she will be at home,  
she may keep alive and still foster,  
though she is absent, the sacred  
flame which she so highly prizes.

A lady was calling recently upon  
a friend, when a small boy came  
bounding in at the basement door  
about four o'clock in the afternoon,  
with the usual inquiry: "Where's  
mother?" "O, I remember," he  
added, immediately, "she said she  
was going to the mothers' meeting  
this afternoon. I wish she would  
hurry up and come back!"

"She didn't go," said the good-  
natured Irish girl to whom he had  
been speaking; "she had word there  
wouldn't be any meeting."

"O, goody!" cried the urchin,  
leaping up the stairs two at a time,  
and bursting into the room where  
the ladies were sitting. His face  
was wreathed in smiles—but his  
shoes were muddy.

"O, Tommy!" exclaimed his  
mother, in a reproachful voice, as  
she pointed to the tracks which he  
had left behind him.

"Well, I was so glad you were  
home," he explained, as he saluted  
her visitor in boyish fashion, and  
imprinted a resounding kiss upon  
his mother's cheek. "I'm sorry  
about the mud, but here's my ball  
for you to sew up, and here's the  
geography you were going to cover;  
and may I go over to Will Smith's  
corner with my roller-skates?—  
there's such a daisy sidewalk over  
there!"

Verily, well may the mother for-  
give much in such a case. And  
blessed is she who can answer the  
children's question with a glad  
"Here I am!" and hear their sweet  
words of joy in her presence.—The  
Congregationalist.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY  
The Great Blood and Nerve  
Remedy."Marrying A Man to Reform  
Him."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has little  
confidence in this popular type of  
philanthropy. In the *Ladies' Home Journal* she says:

I think the best and surest way  
to reform a man is to begin with  
his grand-parents. If the young  
woman who is contemplating mar-  
riage to-day will take this into con-  
sideration and act accordingly, she  
will be saving some other woman a  
century hence the trouble of re-  
forming her grandson.

Nothing is more absurd than for  
two young people to declare that  
their love affair is entirely their  
own business. Results are every  
day convincing us that the mar-  
riage of any two people is an affair  
which concerns the interests of a  
whole community. The young man  
who runs away with a dissi-  
pated or a dishonest man, and mar-  
ries him against the wishes of her  
friends, is not merely causing her-  
self sorrow, but she is causing sor-  
row for women unborn.

Therefore, I say, if we wish to  
reform the world, let us begin with  
the grand-parents of unborn genera-  
tions.

I would not advise any woman to  
marry a man with an idea of re-  
forming him. I have seen this ef-  
fort too often end in ignominious  
failure. And yet I know men to  
reform, and to stay reformed,  
through the influence of a good  
woman.

I have always felt convinced,  
however, that the man who was re-  
formed by a woman would have  
eventually have reformed himself,  
at all events he could have done so.

The man who has contracted  
vicious habits in early youth be-  
comes disgraced with them and  
himself before he reaches thirty,  
if he is not almost wholly domi-  
nated by his lower nature. When he  
reforms it is because his spiritual  
nature has the ascendancy. When  
a woman succeeds in reforming him  
it is because his spiritual nature is  
influenced by her. The very same  
influence—patience, devotion and  
self-sacrifice—would not have ef-  
fected a reform in a man whose  
higher nature was less developed.

I believe that every one of us is  
connected with divinity by a spark  
of light within. In some it may  
be a mere speck of light. In others  
it may be a steady flame, in others  
a burning fire, and the physical  
nature is a mere grate which con-  
tains this fire.

Perhaps the man within whom  
the spark is very small and feeble  
may conceive a mad infatuation for  
some woman who believes she can  
reform him through this love. But  
if he is merely infatuated with a  
woman in whom the divine principle  
is feeble, his reformation is liable  
to be on an unsound foundation.

The Kind of Preaching  
Needed.

Six days in the week we are face  
to face with the hard facts and vain  
theories of the world. We take  
our daily papers that give us all the  
news, and more, and our weekly  
periodicals and monthly magazines  
in which the topics of the day and  
the mooted theological questions are  
discussed—begging your pardon—  
more ably than most of our pastors  
can do it. These we can digest at  
home, or you can aid our digestion  
by week-night lectures; but they  
are dry husks at best. When we  
come to church we want the sweet  
kernel of the Word of God. We  
need to stay ourselves on a "Thus  
saith the Lord." After a six days'  
comparative fast, we are hungry,  
whether we are conscious of it or  
not, and a re-hash of men's opinions  
does not "touch the spot." We  
want you to do what we have not  
time to do for ourselves, to "bring  
out of the storehouse things new  
and old" to restore our famished  
souls. We want help in settling

every-day questions of right and  
wrong, practical questions of our  
duty to God, to man, to ourselves—  
Christianity applied. We want to  
be calmed and refreshed and streng-  
thened by fresh glimpses of God.  
"Milk" or "meat"—whichever each  
one requires, your storehouse should  
contain both. But let it always  
be food, something that will satisfy,  
so that we shall not go away from  
the feast you have prepared more  
hungry than we came. And it  
would be well if there should go  
with it the suggestion of such un-  
bounding reserve stores that we shall  
not only be filled to-day, but be as-  
sured that there is a supply for all  
the to-morrows. If you will but give  
to us of that which feeds your own  
souls in their varying conditions and  
experiences, you surely will not go  
amiss.—"Deacon Pugh," in the *Ad-  
vance*.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY  
The Great Blood and Nerve  
Remedy.

## A Foolish Custom.

There is a disagreeable custom in  
some families of continually refer-  
ring to the mistakes and wrong-  
doings of the various members. A  
child does wrong, repents and is for-  
given, but the parents talk of the  
matter for weeks afterward, and  
even in the presence of guests. An  
older boy has been unsuccessful in a  
little business venture or in some-  
thing he has tried to make.  
Brothers, sisters, and even father  
and mother take care that he shall  
not forget it, and, although the al-  
lusions may be good-natured, they  
hurt and the effect upon the char-  
acter is most unpleasant. A sensi-  
tive child draws back into his shell  
and becomes morbid, self-conscious  
and given to concealment. Another  
is made sullen, while discouragement  
is the evident effect upon a third.  
Surely an offense forgiven  
should be forgotten, or else the for-  
giveness is of little worth. And  
making fun of the mistakes of chil-  
dren seldom does any good. To be  
sure, they often do foolish and  
laughable things, but they do them  
in good faith and deserve no ridic-  
ule. A reproach once given should  
be left to do its work. Silence and  
the custom of ignoring past mis-  
deeds have worked wonders in  
the characters and life of more than  
one child.—Congregationalist.

## A Word With the Discouraged

We applaud those who in any  
striking emergency demonstrate  
that they are masters of the situa-  
tion, but we do not commonly  
realize that the situations in which  
most of us are to demonstrate our  
mastery are not public and dram-  
atic, but that they arise in the com-  
bination of events which make up  
daily life. Every heart knows its  
own bitterness. Each man has his  
peculiar temptations, trials, and  
limitations. The harness rubs some-  
where. The victory that God sure-  
ly intends that we shall win is in  
the field in which his providence  
has placed us.

There is much comfort and in-  
spiration in this. We can imagine  
some reader glancing over these  
lines whose personal difficulties  
seem too great to be borne. At  
times it seems to him as if he must  
give up the struggle and own him-  
self defeated. Mothers have trials  
in the management of the home and  
in the training of children that tax  
patience and faith to the utmost  
in these days of financial distur-  
bance many a business man feels as  
if his situation was too much for  
him, and as if it would be better to  
give up and let some one else stand  
the loss. But this is the situation in  
which we are to prove our mastery.  
This is the field on which God in-  
tends that we shall win our victory.  
He does not make any situation too  
hard for us to master if we keep  
our faith in him and go forth to the  
work with a steadfast heart.

Do not give up, do not envy  
those who appear to have an easier  
time of it, do not give place to  
gloomy forebodings. Expect to  
master the situation which God  
has put you in, and count on his  
help to enable you to do it.

Minard's Liniment cures  
Distemper.

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For fifteen years we have used Dr.  
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry  
as a family medicine for summer com-  
plaints and diarrhoea, and we never  
had anything to equal it. We highly  
recommend it.

SAMUEL WEBB, Corbett, Ont.

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SIRS.—About two years ago I took  
rheumatism in the knees, which became  
so bad that I could hardly go up or  
down stairs without help. All medi-  
cines failed until I was induced to try  
B. B. B. By the time I had taken the  
second bottle I was greatly relieved,  
and the third bottle completely remov-  
ed the pain and stiffness.

AMOS BECKSTED, Morrisburg, Ont.

To get relief from indigestion, bil-  
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without disturbing the stomach or  
purging the bowels, take a few doses  
of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will  
please you.

AUGUST 8TH.

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—AT—

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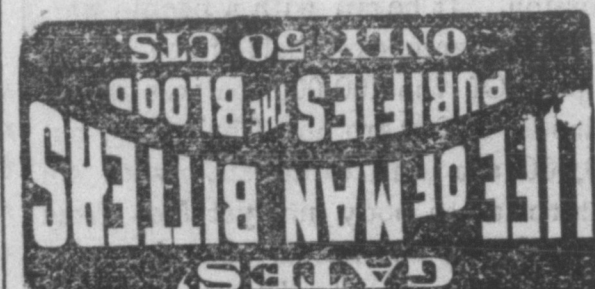
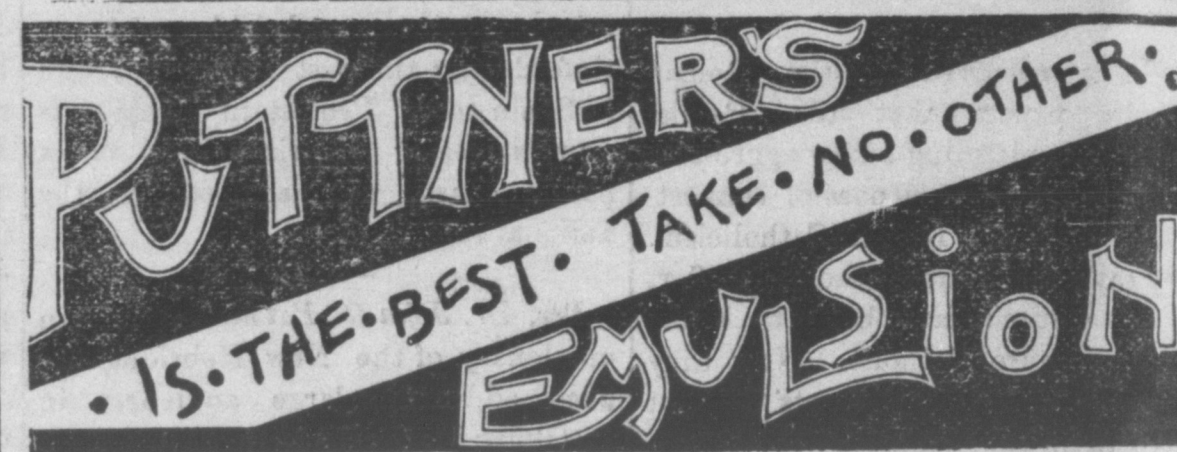
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## The Methods are Thorough and Far-Reaching.

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FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE.

GAINED 30 LBS. IN FLESH.

Canada Creek, Dec. 14 1892.

Messrs C. Gates & Son  
GENTLEMEN.—This is to certify that I  
was sick for over two years and was unable  
to work, having a fearful cough and no  
appetite, and friends thought I could not  
live long. In April last I took about six  
bottles of your Life of Man Bitters and  
Invigorating Syrup. My appetite soon re-  
turned, system worked well, and I am now  
over thirty pounds heavier than when I  
commenced taking the medicine. I am able  
to do my work and feel altogether like  
another man. I intend taking some more  
of it now, and believe there is none as good  
in the market to day.

CHAS. E. EATON, J. P.

Middleton, Feb. 15, 1893.

C. GATES, SON &amp; CO.

DEAR SIRS.—I have been using your valu-  
able Life of Man Bitters & No. 1 Invigor-  
ating Syrup for Indigestion, etc., since  
1885, and have found no other medicine  
equal to it, and think it my duty to in-  
form you of this fact. I never allow my house  
to be without it. Wishing you increased  
success. Yours truly,

CAPT. J. R. HALL.

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Folding Chairs and Stools,  
Dandy Red Rockers,  
Hammocks, Croquet Setts, Silver Plated  
Ware for presents or picnics, beautiful  
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Dinner and Tea Sets, all the leading lines  
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Bicycles. For Spot Cash Goods very  
cheap at

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our present standing  
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(1) By giving the most  
complete Business Course,  
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training, and the best Pen-  
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able in Canada.  
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tire time, energies and skill  
to the interests of our stu-  
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ises we have not kept.  
Genuine specimens of  
Penmanship, and Circulars  
giving full information re-  
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study, etc., mailed free to any address,  
KERR & FRINGLE,  
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Form of Flattery."

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good repute with the public, is that it is so  
extensively imitated. These imitations re-  
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appearance only. They lack the general  
excellence of the genuine.  
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Lake Blacksmiths Coal  
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Ladies Fine Shoes, in Black, Tan and  
Red shades.  
GENTLEMEN! call and see our  
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Balmorals and Congress and also  
Oxford Ties.  
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able styles. Also Ladies and Gen-  
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