

Do Your Best.

Do not worry, do not fret,
I will not help your case one bit;
Work till tired and then rest—
Always do your level best.

Life can not be always bright
In this world. We need the night
That we may, when day we see,
All the brighter, happier be.

Clouds sometimes obscure the sun,
Just as tears destroy our fun;
But the clouds soon disappear,
Just as joys dry up our tears.

Do your best. 'Twill not be long;
Time sweeps swiftly, so be strong;
To the right your powers bend,
Three score years will have an end.

And if one more score be given,
Soon they'll fly, and then to heaven
You'll be taken, ever blest,
If you truly do your best.

The Lottery Ticket.

It would be utterly impossible for any one living outside the State of Louisiana to estimate the extent of the evil brought upon it by the legalized gambling corporation known as the Louisiana Lottery Company.

The wise action of Congress and the trend of popular opinion, both North and South, has probably given this vile monopoly its coup de grace; but for many years it has been the distinctive power in our midst.

It is not on the rich and prosperous that the evil falls. The hard-working artisan whose gains are insufficient for his needs, the farmer whose crops fail to meet his debts, the poor widow who toils over her sewing machine, are the ones who are tempted by the plausible inducements held out by the lottery.

A sad little story has just come to me which I transcribe for my readers, though it is only one among thousands far more tragical in their ending.

Tom Armstrong, an intelligent, industrious young mechanic, married, at twenty-two, a girl in his own class of life, very pretty, with some little education, and a burning ambition to rise in life.

"She ain't going to be satisfied till we own a nice house and lot, and have money in the bank, and I am at the top of the ladder," Tom would say laughing. "She is always at work. I tell her she's in too great a hurry to be rich; but she says if she don't have money when she young enough to enjoy it, she don't want it at all."

"Well I suppose you are laying up something," the friend to whom he was speaking answered.

"Oh, yes, I get good wages, and I'm never sick, and Linda keeps the purse. I don't really know how much we have, for Linda will not tell me for fear I might want to borrow some," he said, laughing. "Well, it is a good thing when a woman is so saving and industrious as Linda," his friend said. "The purse is safest in her hands."

Several years rolled on, and two children came to the Armstrong household. Tom had had one or two attacks of illness, and was not as strong as he used to be. The doctor said there was valvular trouble with his heart, but by avoiding all excitement he would probably live to a good old age. So he worked on steadily, and continued to lay up money every year. Neither he nor his wife had any confidence in banks or investments, so the money accumulated and was kept in the home.

They had enough to buy a modest cottage, but that did not suit Linda's ambition. "Well hold on, Tom, till we can buy real valuable property," she said, "and then when Mary and Edward are grown, they'll have a home to be proud of. I don't want any half-way house, but a roomy, nice home, with gardens back, and flowers in front."

So she worked on cheerfully till one evil day, when Tom found her in the greatest excitement. "Oh, Tom!" she cried, "what do you think! Harry Eldridge has drawn a prize in the Louisiana Lottery. He borrowed five dollars, and he bought the fourth of the ticket that draw \$100,000! Now he is worth \$25,000! Just think of it. Poor, shiftless Harry Eldridge, that never could make both ends meet, and his wife too lazy to mend her children's clothes, or get a decent meal for them. She ran in her to tell me the good luck; and they're going to buy Smalley's handsome house, and she says they're lookin' round for a housemaid. Oh, dear! to think how we've toiled and moiled for so little, and those people, who never did anything to help themselves or anybody else, having so much money!"

She burst into a passion of tears, to Tom's dismay and astonishment. "What's come to you, Linda," he said, "that you are crying over Eldridge's good luck? I'm not sure of its being good luck, either. I've never seen real good come to those who win money by gambling. If they gain in one thing they lose in another, and I'm opposed on principle to lotteries, as I've always

told you. Wait and see if Eldridge is the better for that money."

"I wish I had it," she cried, defiantly; "I'd take the risk. If you wasn't so full of ridiculous old-fashioned notions, we would have a chance of getting rich, too. I'm sick to death of this life!"

She flung out of the room, leaving her husband too stunned to answer her. Rarely before thought their happy married life had there been a harsh or recriminating word.

"Poor little woman," through Tom, after a few minutes, "I reckon she's nervous and overworked, and it does seem hard those people should be so much more favoured than she."

From that day a change took place in Linda. She continued to work, but sullenly, and as it were under protest, and became harsh to the children. One night when she and Tom were sitting silently by the fire, for she had lost her chatty ways, she turned suddenly to him. "I'm goin' to ask you a favour, Tom," she said; "and I don't think I've asked you one before, and you musn't say no."

"What is it you dear?" Tom asked, rejoiced, at this restoration of harmony.

"I want you to buy a lottery ticket or let me buy one. I dreamed of a winning number last night, and I can't rest until I have my chance."

"Then I'm afraid you won't rest," he said, sternly provoked at her insistence. "Haven't I told you what I think of gambling in every shape or form? And neither you nor any one else will ever tempt me to do what I know is wrong."

She turned from him angrily and left the room. It was altogether a miserable state of affairs, and the visits she paid to the new house of the Eldridges only added to her misery.

"Why don't you buy a lottery ticket?" Mrs. Eldridge drawled. "You'll have as good a chance as we had."

"Tom won't listen to it," she answered gloomily.

"Well, I wouldn't ask him. You keep the money, and goodness knows it's as much yours as his, for you've worked hard enough for it. Buy a lottery ticket, and don't tell him that you have it. If it turns up a prize, I bet he won't fuss about your gettin' it."

Linda made no answer, but her mind was made up. She thought of the anger of her husband if he ever found out that she had disobeyed him, but her mania was too strong upon her for her to weigh it in the balance. Of course the ticket she bought came up a blank, but the gambling demon had taken possession of her, and month after month the hoard diminished, and the grew fiercely eager to redeem her losses and prevent discovery.

One morning her husband came in smiling and jubilant.

"I've just been paid for Ross's big house I've been building," he cried, laughing. "That's \$300 clear, little woman, and I want you to come back to your old self, and give up pouting. Thought I had forgotten you, didn't you, and all the time I've been working and planning to give you a surprise?"

"You remember Lawson's beautiful house you used to long for? Well, I bought it this morning, and with this three hundred and the money we've saved up we've got very nearly enough to pay for it cash down. Get out the pocket-book dear; I'm in a hurry to go back and get the bill of sale made out. My God! What is the matter with you, Linda?"

White-faced and wild-eyed, Linda had thrown off her husband's hand, and stood there trembling in every limb and grasping for breath.

"I've been too sudden with my good news, dear," he said, tenderly, trying to take her in his arms.

But she struggled from his grasp, and covered her face with her hands.

"There's no money left!" she cried, wildly. "I spent it all for lottery tickets. I thought I must win at last, and I took it, and took and lost every time."

At first he did not seem to comprehend the meaning of her words, but, as it broke upon him, he put his hand to his weakened heart, and with a gasping sigh sank on a seat which stood near. It was all over in a minute, poor Tom's hope and despair; but as the miserable woman, with a piercing scream, fell on her knees beside him, and took the dead hand, which had worked so faithfully for her, in her own, she realized the evil she had wrought—day by day by the lottery in once happy homes and among united hearts, the evil whose end no man may see.—*The Household.*

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

From David, learn to give thanks in everything. Every furrow in the Book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanks-giving.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Are You Drifting?

Some years ago there was a vessel coming down the Niagara River, which, when a few miles above the falls, took fire. It was soon found there could be no particle of hope for saving her, so the crew and passengers were taken ashore in boats, and the vessel abandoned to her fate. It was night, and the scene is said to have been grand beyond description. The banks were lined with people who waited in breathless suspense for the inevitable moment as she swept toward the awful verge. At length, with a frightful plunge and hissing sound amid flashing fire and gleaming spray, she made the bound, and disappeared in that awful flood.

How sad it is, but it is none the less true, that there are hundreds of young men in our cities and villages just as hopelessly on fire with evil habit; and through the dark night of temptation they are floating down with the current toward a more awful plunge. But surely this is not a manly course.

There can be no glory in mere drifting—going with the current. Floating is essential weakness. A cork can do that. Going against the current is strength. Surely no manly young man needs ever to be convinced that moral weakness is a disgrace, and moral strength is pride and glory.

And let it not be forgotten that vacillation in regard to beginning the Christian service is as unworthy, if not more so, than any other. If you have not done so, my brother, you owe it to your manhood to begin a decided Christian life. You know it. Your reason, your heart, your conscience, all tell you so. You not only owe it to him—but you owe it to your own self to take this step, if you have not, and to do so at once.—*The Young Christian.*

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

Remarkable Conversion of a Roman Catholic.

A young man belonging to a Roman Catholic Monastery, and holding the highest testimonial from the superior of his order, began to entertain doubts as to the papal infallibility and the immaculate conception, which he tried his utmost to suppress, but in vain. He was sent to a retreat and underwent the most rigid mortification, but he got no peace or satisfaction, and sometimes passed the night in bitter tears, not knowing where to go for relief. He put himself into communication with several well-known Ritualistic clergymen, who not merely advised him to go back into the Roman Catholic Church and to believe without scruple what the church believed, but actually wrote to Roman Catholic bishops to get him back. This testimony is borne out by most incriminating letters now in his possession.

Being in Portsmouth on Thursday evening, June 1, he was directed to a certain Ritualistic clergyman, but by mistake, or rather by God's providence, as he now sees it, he called at the manse of the Presbyterian minister, Rev. A. Halliday, (one of the secretaries of the late National Protestant Congress). Mr. Halliday was engaged at a meeting, but Mrs. Halliday seized the opportunity of speaking to him about Christ as the great need of the soul. His attention was arrested and Mr. Halliday afterwards came in and spoke in a similar strain adding, "There is an Episcopal clergyman, a friend of mine, the Rev. Lindsay Young, of Portsea, would you like to see him with me to-morrow morning?" To this he willingly agreed. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday called that evening on Mr. Young, and narrated the whole circumstances, and he arranged to meet the young monk at the Presbyterian manse the next morning.

Mr. Young did so, and after opening up from the word of Truth, the finished work of Christ and God's way of salvation, which was most eagerly listened to by the young enquirer, they all knelt down together, and in the solemn moments of prayer, the poor distressed Roman Catholic was enabled to claim and receive Christ for his Saviour, and to be filled with joy and peace in believing, and to break with the Church of Rome. The interview is thus described in the words of the monk:—

Mr. Young showed me clearly from God's word that I could at once grasp salvation, or to speak more correctively, to allow myself to be taken up into the bosom of the kind, loving Shepherd of mankind, and to be borne to the true fold. Then, and then only, I had the happiness to find that salvation so long, and apparently so hopelessly, sought after, and in that salvation I find now true joy."

There is much joy among the humble instruments who have been used by God as connecting links in helping this Roman Catholic into

the light and liberty of Gospel salvation, and they feel that the circumstances are so remarkable that it was the work of the Holy Ghost throughout.

A touching scene occurred in St. John's Church, Portsea, on Sunday evening, at the prayer-meeting, after service, which was attended by the Rev. Mr. Halliday and the convert from Romanism. The latter, coming forward to the lectern, earnestly thanked God in prayer that he could now call Him Father, and for having revealed Jesus Christ to him as a personal Saviour. He then gave an impressive address, telling the narrative of his past life and his recent conversion; and what peace and joy he now experienced, and how there was an end to all the years of weariness and longing to know the peace of God. "He said: 'I could not get it in the Church of Rome, for there is no living Christ there. I could not get it from the Ritualistic clergymen, for they don't know Christ; but now, thank God, only a few days ago Christ found me, and while rejoicing in him, I press His salvation on your present acceptance who have had the privilege of hearing about it all your lives.'"

"I warn you of the Ritualists, they are more deceptive than Roman Catholics; I warn you against Romanism, you don't know what it is, the wearisomeness of the different ceremonies which can never satisfy the soul. Oh! pity and pray for the poor Romanists and Ritualists and try to lead them to Christ."

The address was most impressive and solemn, and moved many to tears of joy over the marvellous grace of God.

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

A Mother's Resolutions.

A loving and pious mother framed for herself the following which may serve as a hint to other mothers:

"That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be prayer to God, especially for strength and wisdom to properly instruct, guide and govern my child.

"That I will never permit my child to willfully disobey me, or to treat me with disrespect.

"That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment, but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see and truly perform my duty to my child.

"That I will devote a certain portion of my time each day to self-instruction, in order to be able to properly instruct my child.

"That I will watch over my temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my child, that I may thereby gain his love.

"That I will devote my time especially to those pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my home and forward the best interests of my child.

"That I will study the health of my child, reading on the subject and asking the advice of those who are more experienced than myself.

"That I will not yield to discouragements from failure, but will persevere, putting faith in the promise of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully strive to do their duty."—*Christian Herald.*

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

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

ANOTHER RECORD MADE.

For nearly forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been the leading and surest cure for cholera, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery and all summer complaints. It is a record to be proud of.

GENTLEMEN,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

MRS. DAVIDSON,
Winnipeg, Man.

He has tried it.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Messrs Stott & Jury, Chemists, Bowmanville, writes: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well-known house are among the most reliable in the market."

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

JUNE 6TH.

In the Leafy Month of June.

"Infants Wardrobe," dainty and useful, "Bridal Trousseau," Wedding Garments, etc., etc. "Mourning Goods" and Funeral Requisites.

FRED B. EIDECOMBE
192 & 194 Queen Street.

St. Martins Seminary.



The FALL TERM opens on the 15th of SEPTEMBER.

IN its healthful situation, its invigorating atmosphere, and its beautiful surroundings, this school cannot be surpassed. All the courses of instruction are BROAD AND LIBERAL.

The Methods are Thorough and Far-Reaching.

And are in touch with the movement of the times. The teaching is sound, fresh and vigorous. The staff of teachers for the coming year is exceptionally strong. All departments are under the care of specialists.

Calendars and all desired information may be had by applying to

AUSTIN K. DE BLOIS, Principal.

PUTNERS
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
EMULSION

WAS SICK OVER 2 YEARS
FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE,
GAINED 30 LBS. IN FLESH.

Canada Creek, Dec. 11 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 returned, system worked well, and I am now over thirty pounds heavier than when I commenced taking the medicine. I am also 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 & CO.,

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

CAPT. J. R. HALL.

June 28th, 1893.

A beautifully cheap line of Carriages.

Chi drene Waggon and Caris, Folding Chairs and Stools, Dandy Red Rockers, Hammocks, Croquet Setts, Silver Plated Ware for presents or prizes, beautiful decorated China Goods, Japanese China, Dinner and Tea Setts, all the leading lines of Furniture, Ice Cream Freezers, a great variety of Picnic Baskets, etc. English Bicycles. For Spot Cash Goods very cheap at

Lemont & Sons

The Great Church LIGHT.

FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the most powerful, the cheapest and the most light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Ball Rooms, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.

L. F. FRANK, 551 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Our Annual Summer Feature.

The Teachers' and Students' Summer Course will be conducted as usual during the coming vacation season.

This course has been taken advantage of by many teachers and students with most satisfactory results. It affords an unsurpassed opportunity for acquiring proficiency in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Shorthand Typewriting, etc., etc.

This year a special discount of 20 per cent. from catalogue rates will be allowed teachers and students during the holiday season.

Send for circulars and specimens of penmanship.

KERR & PRINGLE,
St. John, N. B.

Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

THE best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is so extensively imitated. These imitations resemble the genuine MINARD'S LINIMENT in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the genuine.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations, liable to produce Chronic Inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT because they pay a larger profit. Insist upon having

MINARD'S LINIMENT

remembering that any substitution by the seller of an article SAID TO BE THE SAME is to his interests.

BLACKSMITHS COAL.

JUST RECEIVED Fifty Chaldron Grand Lake Blacksmiths Coal

For sale by JAMES S. NEILL.

Ladies or Gentlemen

Wishing a good Comfortable Shoe should go to

Lottimer's Shoe Store.

He has a splendid assortment of Ladies Fine Shoes, in Black, Tan and Red shades.

GENTLEMEN! call and see our Russert and Tan Colored Boots in Balmorals and Congress and also in Oxford Ties.

He has the latest and most fashionable styles. Also Ladies and Gents Lawn Tennis Shoes.

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