

"He Careth For You."

Do you doubt it? Oh, no, no!
Never treat the dear Lord so;
Take into your heart of hearts,
All the joy th' truth imparts:
Child of Grace H'll give to thee,
Truest love and sympathy.

Are there trials in thy lot,
Crosses, burdens? Murmur not.
Jesus trod this way before,
Sadder grief than thine He bore;
Now, enthroned, He pleads for thee,
More than conqueror to be.

Trust in Him what'er betide,
Closely cling to Jesus' side;
He will grace for grace supply,
No good gift will He deny;
By the way He deemeth best,
He will lead thee to His rest.

Some glad day, all sorrow o'er,
You will reach that tearless shore;
Through the gates of pearl you'll pass,
Stand upon the sea of glass,
Gaze into His face so fair,
Thank Him for His changeless care.

Aunt Rachel's Treatment.

Crash! An ominous sound came from the kitchen as I was sitting for a quiet talk with my friend, Mrs. Morrison. We had just been enjoying a well-prepared dinner at her table, and the two or three gentlemen guests had gone.

"Something's broken," I said.
"It sounds like it," she replied.
I expected her to get up, and run nervously to the kitchen, but she quietly continued the conversation. A moment after there appeared at the door a Swedish servant with a most weebegone look on her face, and a tear on either cheek. I could not forbear an exclamation of dismay at perceiving that in her hand she held the fragments of my friend's largest meat dish, belonging to her fine dinner set.

"Broken?" asked Mrs. Morrison, looking at it as she might have looked at the wreck of a kitchen bowl. "You might have selected something else to break, seems to me, Lena," she added, with a little shake of the head, but still with a smile.

"It slipped right out of my hands," said the girl in great distress.
"Oh, don't stop to fret over it, Lena. You don't break many dishes. No, it's no use to save the pieces. It can't be mended."

"Well, Ruth!" I exclaimed, as Lena, greatly comforted, took her departure. "Pope must surely have known some ancestress of yours when he wrote:

"And mistress of herself when china falls."
Any one would think to see how coolly you take the ruin of that handsome dish that you could have a new set any day, if you want it."

"Which is very far from being the case, as you know," said my friend, soberly. "I am afraid I cannot match the dish, and if I can, I can scarcely afford the money for it just now."

"But you do not seem to mind the accident at all," I persisted, quite unable to understand her equanimity.

"Oh, yes, I do—after a fashion," she went on very deliberately. "That set was a present from dear Aunt Rachel, and I am sorry to see any piece of it broken. But if you are wondering because I do not fret over what can't be helped, I can only assure you, Eleanor, that I can not afford to. It is bad enough to lose the dish without that."

"Any one will admit that fretting is of no use," I said. "But you are about the only woman I have ever seen who really lived up to the idea."

"I didn't begin that way," replied Ruth, settling back into her chair with a thoughtful expression on her pleasant face. "I was very much given to fretting over small annoyances when I was a good deal younger. It was that same dear old Aunt Rachel who cured me by vigorous treatment."

"I should like her recipe, if you can give it to me."

"Oh, it is only the same old one you may hear or read any day of your life: 'Don't fret; it is thankless, rebellious, and utterly useless, never does a bit of good, and always does harm,' with plenty more such plain truths. I think it must have been the sturdy administration which affected me. When we were first married, Fred and I began housekeeping in our pretty little house with everything nice about it, and were as happy as young people usually are. But my habit of worrying over trifles began putting little blots here and there on the smooth surface of our lives. A broken dish, a stained table cloth, a poorly ironed article, the flies, the dust, the soot, any petty annoyance, would bring a cloud over me which shut out the brightness all about me. I could see that Fred was hurt and fretted by it."

"Well, real trouble came at last. Our baby was sick for weeks and weeks, and we thought he never would get well. How I looked back on the days which had been blessed, and I wondered how I had ever

been able to find trouble in trifles! As I prayed that the shadow of death might not so early darken our home, I believed I should never again allow myself to be moved by small troubles. I did not have an opportunity to test my resolution very soon; for as baby recovered, I became ill. For many a day I lay far beyond all resolving for the future; almost, indeed, beyond all hope of any future, so far as this world is concerned. The winter had passed before I won my way back to life, and began to take up its cares again one by one.

"I held well to my good resolutions as I rejoiced in being able to oversee the house-cleaning, until I came to the parlor carpet. The room had been shut up for months, and had not been properly aired and swept, and the moths had made fearful ravages all around the edges of the carpet. You'll be astonished to hear, Eleanor, that all my equanimity broke down at sight of it."

"No," I said, sympathizingly. "I don't wonder at all. I've known women who would be fairly sick over such a thing."

"It was a beautiful carpet, and I had been very proud of it. I did not find that anything else had suffered from neglect through my illness; but forgot all the other pleasant facts in view of this distressing one. Even when the baby crept over it, crowing in delight at the bright flowers, and trying to pick them with his chubby little hands, I forgot how much I would have given, not so very long ago, to hear a merry note from him. Well, just as I was at the very culmination of my 'pet', Aunt Rachel's kindly face beamed upon me for a week's visit."

"Thankful to see thee so well, dear," was her greeting. "The Lord has been good to thee. Not that I don't mean that he would have been good if thee hadn't got well."

"Yes, I'm very well now, thank you, Aunt Rachel," I said, after the first inquiries were over. "Well, enough, you see, having got past my great troubles, to settle down to small worries. Look here, isn't this good if thee hadn't got well?"

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"It's a pity," she remarked, viewing the mischief.

"Of course some things had to be neglected while I was sick," I continued, petulantly; but I never dreamed about such a thing as this.

"She looked at me with her quiet eyes, always so full. I used to think of the very piece of Heaven."

"Surely, Ruth, thee isn't going to make the matter worse by vexing thy immortal soul over a mishap?"

"Oh, it's very well for you to talk that way, Aunt Rachel," I replied. "But I can't afford a new carpet just now."

"Thee doesn't need one. The bad places don't show much."

"But I shall always know they are there, and it will take away all my peace of mind."

"The eyes looked a little straighter into mine as she talked on, something like this: 'Thy peace is worth little, to thee or to any one else, if it be so easily broken. Ruth Harvey thee is starting out in life; beware that thy disposition to fret thyself about small things does not prove a curse to thee and thine. Every thought of discontent about matters beyond thy control is not only a sin against the God who orders for thee, but a sin against thy own soul, and an added weight to every annoyance. If cherished, such thoughts become a nest of stinging serpents in thy breast. Thee will grow old and wrinkled and gray before thy time. Thee will be peevish, complaining and fault-finding. Thee will be a terror to thy husband and children.'

"Yes," continued Mrs. Morrison, "she said all that, and more. She said: 'Is one thread of that carpet woven into thy real peace of mind? Can it, or other small things, really concern thy welfare, or that of those dear to thee, either for this world or the next?'"

"I never heard it put so strongly before," I said thoughtfully, as my friend paused. "And if I hadn't seen you, I should have said it was very good talk indeed, but that no woman could live up to it."

"I had a week of it, you see," said Mrs. Morrison. "When Aunt Rachel went away, one of the last things she said to me was: 'I want thee to bear in mind what I said, dear—that every fretful thought thee wastes on small accidents is only so much added to thy burden.'

"I think I took it well to heart, for I concluded, Eleanor, that life's burdens are heavy enough without any such addition. And I will tell you one thing I have observed," she added with a laugh. "I do believe that four-fifths of the woman that frets, do it because they think it a solemn duty."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"They do," she persisted. "You notice the next woman you meet to whom some mishap occurs. See if a great part of her worrying is not because she thinks she is expected to worry, and that it might be taken ill of her if she didn't."

I wonder if Mrs. Morrison is right!—*Congregationalist.*

Living Beyond One's Means.

Upon the subject of living beyond one's means, Samuel Smiles, the author of the English work entitled "How to Get On in the World," says:

There is another class of people living up to their means, and often beyond them. They desire to be considered "respectable people." They live according to the pernicious adage, "One must do as others do." They do not consider whether they can afford to live up to or beyond their means, but they think it necessary to secure the "respect" of others. In doing so, they usually sacrifice their own self-respect. They regard their dress, their establishments, their manner of living, and their observance of fashion as the sole tests of respectability and rank. They make an appearance in the eyes of the world, though it may be entirely hypocritical and false.

But they must not seem poor! They must hide their poverty by every effort. They spend their money before it is earned—run into debt at the grocer's, the baker's, the milliner's, and the butcher's. They must entertain their fashionable "friends" at the expense of the shopkeepers. And yet, when misfortune overtakes them, and when the debts have become overwhelming, what becomes of the "friends"? They fly away and shun the man who is up to his ears in debt!

Poverty is more than half disarmed by those who have the moral courage to say, "I can't afford it." Fair-weather friends are of no use whatever, except as an indication of the depth of snobbery to which human beings can descend.

What is a "visiting connection"? It is not at all calculated to elevate one in social or even in business life. Success mainly depends upon character and the general esteem in which a person is held; and if the attempt is made to snatch the reward of success before it is earned, the half-formed footing may at once give way, and the aspirant will fall, unalighted, into the open-mouthed dragon of debt.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.**Discharged for Willie's Sake.**

There are often pathetic incidents in real life which never get into books. Here is one clipped from a Chicago paper which will appeal to all the children who read it, and make them appreciate better than ever before the father who has no bad habit, and is an honor instead of a disgrace to his children.

At the armory yesterday morning, when Justice Lyon opened his mail, he found the following letter written in a boyish hand: "January 21st, 1893.—Judge Lyon—Kind Sir,—If my papa's case comes before you, will you please be easy with him, as my sister Leila and I have no one to care for us. He is kind and good at all times. His only habit is drinking. Please oblige—Willie Jordan." When the case of O. S. Jordan, charged with disorderly conduct, was called, a bright-faced, sunny-haired boy, not more than ten years old, who had been watching the faces of the prisoners as they were led into the dock, gave a cry of joy and rushed into the arms of the prisoner. Child and man wept, and there was a suspicion of moisture in others' eyes when Justice Lyon inquired in a subdued tone what the defendant had been doing. "It was a simple case of drunk," replied Sergeant Ward. "Well, he's discharged this time for Willie's sake," said his honor, and Willie led his father from the dock. At the door leading from the court room the two were joined by the golden-haired Leila, who wept for joy.

What a beautiful picture of the way in which sinners are discharged by the just judge and freed from the sentence of condemnation. It is Jesus who intercedes on our behalf, as Willie did for his father, and concerning every saved soul it may be said—"Discharged for Jesus' sake."—*Sol.*

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.**Be Happy To-Day**

If we are very happy in this life, we must enjoy what every day brings us. It is far too common to see people working and saving, denying and stinting themselves of many comforts, in order to lay up money to buy more land, or to build a larger and finer house, thinking that when they have gained these things they will begin to take actual comfort.

How much better to use the good things of life as we go along! Don't starve today, either body, mind or soul, in order that you may feast to-morrow!

Don't hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life, that you may be generous in your will!

Make the children happy to the utmost extent of your resources while they are under the same roof. Let every moment of your lives while you are together be as full of cheer and brightness as it is possible to make them.

Don't keep the parlor shut and live in the kitchen, unless you want the boys and girls to be anxious to leave you. Take time to read, and rest, and to enjoy the society of friends, and, above all, the companionship of your children.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.**A Father's Power.**

You may remember the story of the blowing up of the rocks that were in the channel called Hell Gate, in the East River, that separated Long Island Sound from the ocean. General Newton worked for years and years until at last he had the cavern made and stored with explosives, and the line, the magic wire, running from the explosives to the bank. Then, sitting on the bank, he called to him his daughter, Mary, a little child two years of age, and taking her in his lap, he told her to press that magic button. The little girl put forth her hand and pressed upon the button at her father's word, and instantly there came the mighty sound, the upheaval of the earth and rocks and water, and the channel was partially free. Helplessness itself was that little maiden, but power itself was the father on whose knees she rested. O child of utter weakness, if thou wouldst but place thyself within the Father's love, the Father's plan, the Father's thought's, then indeed would the Father's power flow through thy weakness until thou shouldst read the rocks of pride, and prejudice, and passion; and even the gates of hell shouldst not prevail against thee.—*B. Fay Mills.*

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.**Surprising A Preacher.**

A young lady organist in a church in Colorado was somewhat captivated with the young pastor of the church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eyes. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings, carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this [morning] by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop."—*Ex.*

Ruined by Her Teacher's Wine Glass.

In the course of our pastoral work we had occasion a short time ago to visit one of our benevolent institutions for the unfortunate. There we found a young girl in the last stages of disease. Still in her teens, she had led for two years a life of dissipation and crime. Hers was the old story of seduction and abandonment. When we asked what was the first step taken in the path of vice, she replied, "A glass of wine," and that because she saw her Sabbath-school teacher take one. She soon began to like it, and thrown into society, the way for her downfall was easy.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

MOTHER AND NURSES.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

THE SAMBRO LIGHTHOUSE

IS at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hart writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good. I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B. B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known many lives would be saved."

No article takes hold of Blood Diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C—, Toronto writes: I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver, only one pill a dose.

AUGUST 1ST.

EDGECOMBE'S REMNANT SALE

Begins To-Day.

BARGAINS EACH DAY THIS WEEK.

The CARPET SALE will be for 10 Days.

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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

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PUTNERS
IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
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Was Sick Over 2 Years

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 returned, 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 I 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 SIR,—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.

Children's Waggon and Cart,

Folding Chairs and Stools,

Dandy Bed 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

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PINK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Safest, Cheapest and the Most Light Known for Churches, Schools, Store Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, 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.
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