

Beginnings.

Alas, the beginnings,
The very first sinning,
That scarcely are noticed today;
But they lead to worse doing,
And dark, utter ruin
By a short but a sure and straight way.
One step, little brother,
And then just another;
You go faster with every one;
Down hill you are sliding,
And the evil betiding
You scarcely believe till it's done
And, O, the beginnings,
The true upward winnings,
When we start with the right step first;
The pathway grows brighter,
And duties seem lighter,
As we tread in the way of the just.
One step, little brother,
And then just another,
And upward you steadily climb,
And strength will be given,
For your Father in heaven
Is watching you all the time.
Which way are you going?
Is the sin in you growing?
Are you treading the downward way?
Or do you, the rather,
Reach up, little brother,
Growing stronger and better each day?
—Temperance Banner.

Nat's Prayer.

There was a loud cry from the play-room. Mamma dropped her sewing, and ran to the rescue just in time to see Nat striking Mamie's white chubby hand with his whip.

'You are just the meanest girl I know,' said Mamie Wallace, and I hate you I do.'

Nat stooped suddenly, for there in the doorway was mamma. Mamie ran sobbing into her arms, but Nat stood sturdily defiant.

'I—I didn't—mean—to break it—mamma, sobbed Mamie.

'You're always breaking something of mine, and then saying you didn't mean to; but I'll never forgive you for this,' said Nat angrily, surveying the fragments of the pretty toy velocipede that Uncle Nat had given him not long before. Anything coming from Uncle Nat was doubly precious.

Mamma, without a word or even a look to Nat—naughty, cross Nat—took Mamie with her to her room, leaving him to his own reflections. Do you know what he wanted to do? He wanted to have a good cry and make up, with mamma and Mamie; but something naughty within him said Don't. Mamie was naughty to break your pretty velocipede, and mamma ought to punish her.'

And all the time Nat knew very well that he was the only one that deserved to be punished; but he stayed there alone in the play-room, just as miserable as you can imagine a little boy to be. You see it had been such a wretched day from the very beginning. It was Saturday, and papa was going to take him into the city that very day, but the first thing he heard in the morning was the rain pattering against his window-pane. Then he felt so disappointed that he forgot to say his prayers, so you see he was soon to have trouble. Well everything went wrong, and Nat was growing crosser and crosser until the worst thing of all happened when Mamie broke his velocipede. Poor Nat! You cannot guess how miserably wretched he felt all the rest of the morning, for he was too naughty and proud to go and tell her he was sorry.

'If she'd only come and ask me, maybe I'd tell her I was sorry,' he said to himself, but no mamma came.

Dinner time came at last, however, and Nat made his way, rather shamefacedly, I must confess, to his place at the table. But no one spoke a word to him, and there was such a lump in his throat at this strange treatment, that even though they had his favorite apple dumplings, he could scarcely swallow a mouthful. After dinner, feeling sure he could never endure another solitary season in the play-room, he followed meekly after mamma as she went back to her room.

'Mamie,' she said, after a little time, 'would you please go downstairs and get me the paper?'

'I'll go,' said Nat quickly, before Mamie could get her playthings out of her lap.

'Thank you, but I had rather have Mamie wait on me,' was the grave reply.

That was too much for Nat: he turned quickly and fled to the lounge in the play-room, and sobbed as though his heart would break. Was mamma never going to love him again? And all the time he knew he ought to go and take his naughty words back, but he would not. 'They've been cross to me, too,' he said, by way of excuse.

By-and-by he sobbed himself to sleep, and knew nothing more until the tea bell rang. He looked stealthily out from his eye; and it was such a loving, pitiful look she gave him that he nearly broke down, and had a great time choking.

'When she comes to hear my prayer I'll tell her I'm sorry,' he resolved forthwith, and felt better for even

that much. But lo and behold, to his astonishment, bed time did not bring mamma to his side at all. He and Mamie had a little room together; and mamma tucked her snugly in, heard her say, 'Our Father,' but she did not come, as was her wont, to do the same for Nat. She had reached the door. Nat sat up in bed.

'Mamma,' he said, 'you haven't tucked me in, nor heard me say my prayers, nor kissed me.' The last came out in almost a sob.

Mamma came back and sat down by his side, but her face was very, very grave.

'I think you had better not say your prayers to night, Nat.' And Nat could say nothing from sheer astonishment. From his babyhood up he had said 'Our Father' every night. What could it mean?

'You know if you said your prayers you would have to say 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.' And you know you are never going to forgive Mamie her trespass against you, so you would be asking God never to forgive your trespasses against Him.'

That was a new idea to Nat. No, of course he could not say his prayers unless—there he hesitated—unless he was ready to forgive Mamie. Now you must know that Nat felt himself very much superior to Mamie. Was he not a boy? did he not go to school? and had he not been into the city on the cars all alone once? Of course he was very much superior to Mamie, and to think of having to beg her pardon! Besides, she ought to beg his pardon for having broken his velocipede. Nat lay down on his pillow once more, and mamma went slowly and sadly down stairs. It grew very dark, and the rain had a dreary sound. Mamie was sound asleep, but Nat's eyes refused to stay shut. He felt afraid, he wished that mamma would come up, or even that Mamie was awake. Then he began to think over the day, what a long, wretched one it had been, how unhappy he had been himself, and how naughty.

Finally, before he knew it, just as he was thinking how sorry mamma had looked, the naughty spirit within him died. He jumped out of his bed and ran over to Mamie's.

'Mamie,' he said—'Mamie, I know you didn't mean to break my velocipede, and I want you to forgive me for being so hateful about it!'

'O Nat, I was dreadfully sorry! I thought I'd never be happy again,' said Mamie, putting up her mouth for a kiss, and dropping off to sleep again in less than no time.

'Mamma,' called Nat from the top stairs—'please come up, for I can say my prayers now.'

Five minutes after—would you believe it—Nat was just as sound asleep as Mamie!

Boys, Look Here!

Are your parents rich and providing you with all the money you need, thereby making no effort on your part necessary? If so, be thankful; but remember, despite all your parents are doing and may do for you, to be a man in the true sense you must do much for yourself. Neither your parents nor their money can make you scholars; nor can they make you honorable, upright useful citizens of this great country. Whether or not you become such will depend on what you do for yourself, not on what your parents do for you.

Do you know that the money of their parents has proved a curse to hundreds and thousands of boys? Do you know that some American boys, born to great wealth, have become profligate, debauchees, and outcasts? Yes, they have, simply because they made a bad use of their parents' wealth.

But this need not be the outcome in your case. If your parents are rich, be thankful, and take George Washington, 'the Father of his Country,' as your model. His parents were wealthy, but if you will read his life you will find that he was always an active, energetic boy and young man. He did not lounge around, spending his father's money. In school he was a diligent student. In early life he became a surveyor—a very laborious profession at that time; and so all through his life, although he had an abundance on which to subsist without effort, he was ever active. And when his country called, and thrust upon him tremendous responsibilities, instead of living in ease and idleness, he heeded the call of duty, and thereby achieved immortal fame. It was not his father's wealth, but his own noble, active life that crowned him with imperishable renown.

Are your parents poor, unable to send you to college? Do not despair. Rather take the immortal Lincoln as your model. He did not yield to his adverse circumstances, but in early life began to carve out an illustrious career in spite of them. He coupled

with inherent natural abilities the genius of honest, earnest work, and made for himself a name that for true statesmanship and broad philanthropy outshines the fame of even General Washington.

And now, boys, may it not be, that the illustrious careers of these two great men, the one the son of wealthy parents, the other the son of poor parents, were designed to be guiding stars for the present and future boys of our country. We are very sure that all may learn from them this important lesson—namely, whether rich or poor, you must work, work faithfully, work honestly if you would amount to anything in the world.

A Little Lame Boy.

About sixty years ago a lame boy, named Erastus, left a humble home in New England, and entered a hardware store in Troy, New York. Besides being lame, he was slender and sickly, and his prospects in life seemed anything but promising. He knew little of the sports and pastimes that his companions enjoyed in their childhood. His face, even in the freshest years of life, bore the marks of suffering and care; and his friends pitied him, and said he was very unfortunate. But he had a quick, active mind, full of right aspirations, and a heart full of generous impulses. His mind was at work, preparing for usefulness in the future, and fondly dreaming of bright days to come, even in the solitary hours of sickness and suffering.

He did the best he could, though his lot was so circumscribed; and God had a life work, full of honor, for the poor little lame boy.

When he first applied for work in a store he was so small that the proprietor looked into his earnest face with some surprise, and said:

'Why, my boy, what can you do?'

'I can do what I am bid,' was the manly answer.

There was the right ring in this reply; and the proprietor recognized it. 'Well, my little fellow,' said he, 'that is the kind of a boy we want. You can have the place.'

The boy was Erastus Corning, the millionaire.

The neglected, solitary, lame boy made himself so useful to his employers by his willingness to do what he was bid 'as to secure for himself the highest positions of responsibility and trust.

He became a bank president, a railroad president, a canal company president; was three times elected mayor of Albany, was a member of the State Legislature, and three times a member of Congress. In 1763 he retired from business with a fortune estimated at five millions.

The Bible says that 'he that humbly himself shall be exalted'; and the boy who would become successful in life must, like this man, begin by showing a willingness to do anything that he is bid. A conceited, hesitating, overnice clerk comes to nothing; but the lad who is earnest and resolute, whose aims and purposes are his motive power, who is not to be turned aside from an object in life by false pride, in short, who in any honorable calling 'is willing to do as he is bid,' is almost certain, other things being equal, to rise to reputation, and to be richly rewarded with success.—*Select*.

Unequaled. — Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

An Alphabet of the Names of Christ.

Christ is our 'Advocate' above;
Our 'older Brother,' full of love;
Our 'Captain' all our foes to quell;
Our great 'Deliverer' from hell.
The 'End' of all we have in view,
A 'Friend' unchangeable and true;
To realms of heavenly bliss our 'Guide.'

The 'Husband of the church,' his bride;
The self-existent great 'I Am,'
'Jesus,' the all-atoning 'Lamb';
'Keeper of Israel,' night and day;
'Leader and light,' through all our way.

Our 'Master,' whom we love to serve
His 'Name' our warmest thanks deserve;
That name's like 'Ointment poured forth.'

None can describe our 'Prince's' worth.

'Quickener' of souls, O reign within,
Be our 'Refiner' from all sin;
Our 'Shepherd,' Savior, 'Sun,' and
Our 'Shield';
The 'Tree of life' our fruit to yield;

The 'Vine,' from which our branches grow;

Our 'Well,' whose waters ever flow;
Our 'Yea—Amen,' both sure and fast,
Our Zed—'Omega,' first and last.
—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

All Sorts.

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any substitute article. Take Hood's and only Hood's.

Smith: 'Roberts fell off a fifty foot ladder and wasn't hurt a bit.'

Jones: 'Fifty foot ladder? I don't believe it at all.'

Smith: 'It's all quite true. He fell off the bottom rung.'—*New York Observer.*

For croup and whooping cough, mothers try Johnston's Anodyne Liniment used internally.

'You don't seem well this morning?'

'No, I lay insensible for eight hours last night.'

'Goodness gracious! What was the matter?'

'I was asleep.'—*Chatter.*

Bronchitis, catarrh, asthma vanish before the magic power of Johnston's Anodyne Liniment.

Visitor: 'Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.'

Tommy: 'Yes, sir.'

Visitor: 'If I give you the sentence "The pupil loves his teacher," what is that?'

Tommy: 'Sarcasm.'—*Glasgow Citizen.*

Nervous headache, wakefulness, relieved by inhaling Johnston's Anodyne Liniment freely.

New Girl: 'What does your papa like for his breakfast?' Little Mable—'He always likes most anything we haven't got.'—*Exchange.*

'March to search' is the old adage. It searches out any weakness of the system, resulting from impure blood. Those who use Ayer's Sarsaparilla find March no more searchable or even disagreeable than any other month. This medicine is a wonderful invigorator.

Photographer: 'Your son ordered this likeness from me.'

Father: 'It's certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?'

Photographer: 'Not yet.'

Father: 'That is still more like him.'—*Christian at Work.*

Talmage says "Dreams are midnight dyspepsia." K. D. C. will cure midnight dyspepsia and dyspepsia or indigestion at any time or in any form. Try it, and troubled dreams will trouble you no longer.

Smythe: 'I dropped a penny in front of a blind beggar to-day to see if he'd pick it up.' Tompkins: 'Well, did he?' Smythe: 'No. He said "Make it sixpence, mister, and I'll forget myself."'

K. D. C. cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath. Testimonials and guarantee sent to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Doctor: 'Every sensible man will break off the cigarette habit.' Stranger: 'Oh, no, he won't.' Doctor: 'Why not?' Stranger: 'Because no sensible man is addicted to it.'—*Exchange.*

'I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean.'—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

Little Clara was out with her mother taking dinner at a neighbor's house, and the hostess, in an attempt to be entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. The little miss shocked those gathered at the table by looking suspiciously at the chicken-pot-pie and replying, 'I does not—dear I'd rather have cake.'—*Chris. Guardian.*

The wickedest man is the harder he will try to persuade himself that his conduct is prompted by a good motive.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

A HOME TESTIMONY.

GENTLEMEN.—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease.

MRS. JOHN HURD,
13 Cross St. Tor. nto.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

CLIFTON HOUSE,
74 Princess & 145 Germain Sts.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.
HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

1893.

New Styles

ROOM PAPER,

At Prices that will suit

Everybody

Hall's Book Store

The Interest Income of the Ontario Mutual Life Co., is more than sufficient to pay its death claims or expenses, hence it is in a position to give better returns to its Policy Holders than any of its competitors. For rates, etc., apply to E. M. SIPPRELL, Office, Chubb's Building, St. John, N. B.

Kidney Complaints Yield To the Power of

GATES' LIFE OF MAN BITTERS
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
ONLY 50 CTS.

Acadie Miner, N. S., May 6, 1893.

Messrs C. Gates & Son.

GENTLEMEN:—For a number of years I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. Medical doctors treated me with no success whatever. In fact I grew worse. Various remedies were tried, among them the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, of which I drank the contents of sixty bottles. I seemed to be getting better while I kept taking it, but as soon as I gave up taking it I was as bad as ever. For eight months I was confined to the house. Hearing your remedies highly recommended I procured a few bottles from your agent. I took the Bitters and Syrup as directed and after a few bottles had been taken I began to feel like another person. Now I can attend to my work every day without annoyance from my old disease. I have also used your Liniment and Ointment with the greatest satisfaction and cannot speak too highly of them. Neuralgia looses its pain under the use of your valuable remedies, and as a family medicine it cannot be too highly recommended.

Believe me, sirs, yours very sincerely

GEORGE FARNAN

DIPSOCURA

(THIRST CURE.)

The Original Keeley Formula greatly improved by Prof. F. B. HARGREAVES, Dr. Keeley's Former Associate and Co-worker.

THE

Hargreaves Dipsocura Co.

HOME OFFICE:

114 Fifth Avenue, - N. Y. City.

ADDRESS: C. B. RUSS, MANAGER, St. John, N. B.

REFERENCE—J. MARCH.

22 Office and Home Treatment.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

POCKET MONEY

Is a luxury within your reach! People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make The profit. We want to tell you All about it; you will be interested. WATSON & CO., Sherbrook, P. Q., and Derby Line, Vt. Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada.

NEW GOODS

JAMES R HOWIE
PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG to inform my numerous patron that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fin Cords, and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Fash Trousers from which I am prepared to make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

My stock of Men's Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hats and Soft Hats of English and American make, in all the novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear. White and Rega shirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English and American designs.

Rubber Clothing a specialty

Jas R Howie.

192 Queen St., Fredericton. June 20.

M. McLEOD,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

Ample and Convenient Store,

83 Prince Wm. St., St. John.

Consignments of Merchandise, Furniture Stocks, Bonds and all kinds of Produce solicited.
Prompt attention to sales and quick returns assured.



JUST STORED.

Canvassed Ham,

CANVASSED BACON,

SPICES COFFEES,

etc., etc.

We are offering very low prices to dealers on Pure Spices.

TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED at lowest rates. Good quality.

A.F. Randolph & Son

NEW GOODS

Gentleman's Department

27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags Dressing Gowns, Slaves, Marine Shirt and Drawers.

IN STOCK —

ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS the latest styles and the "Derie" (Paper, Turn-Down) and THE SWELL (Paper, Standing COLLARS)

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
John B

The finest quality of Bells for churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, THE VAN DYKE & TIFT CO., CINCINNATI, O.

BOARDERS WANTED

MRS. WM. DOWNEY, Proprietress of the EUREKA HOUSE, corner King and Westmorland streets, is prepared to supply good board with large pleasant rooms to Lady Normal School Students. She can also accommodate a few transient at reasonable rates.

TINWARE. TINWARE.

Just received from the Manufacturers, 10 Cases Tinware, viz. Creamers, Milk Cans, Strainers, Pails, Milk Pails, Kettles, Dippers, Mixing Cans with a large variety to numerous to mention.
For sale low, wholesale and retail.
JAMES S. NEIL

Kalsomine, Alabastine, Glue, Whiting, and Ready Mixed Paints at NEIL'S HARDWARE STORE