

MARCH 2, 1898

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy becomes a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle,
Because through thick and thin
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure,
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.

—Selected.

[The Hero of an Influenza.]

Harry Stuart was a little boy six years old, who had a very bad cold. His eyes were crying, and his nose was crying, although he wasn't crying at all! And his ears had a funny oo—oo—oo—oo—oo sound in them, such as he had heard when he had held a shell to them; and his mouth hung open like a fly-trap, because he couldn't breathe through his nose. He had to stay in the nursery all day long; and, if he went to look out of the window, his mamma would say:—

"Step back from the window, Harry. There's a draught there."

And, if he sat down to play on the floor, she would say:—

"Oh Harry! you mustn't sit on the floor, there's such a draught from under the doors!"

Or, if he jumped or ran around, she would say:—

"I'm afraid you'll get overheated, dear. You'd better build your blocks or play with your tin soldiers on the table."

Then, too, it was the Saturday that the Uncle Harry for whom he was named was going to take a sleighful of children for a lovely ride, and he wasn't well enough to go. So he felt pretty unhappy, and a little cross. When he felt happy and well, he loved his little three-year-old sister Effie very much; but to-day, when she said:—

"Please play with Effie," he gave her a little push, and said:—

"No; you're too little! You don't know how to play! And then he went and sat in his own little chair before the fire, and began to cry.

Harry's mamma was very busy making a dress for Effie; but she felt sorry for her little boy, for she knew he felt sick and lonely, so she told him to stop crying and she would read to him.

Harry loved to be read to. So he wiped his eyes as well as he could, and ran for the book he had brought from Sunday-school. It was full of stories about brave people. There was one story about a sea-captain, and another about a soldier, and another about a fireman who went into a burning house to get a little baby that had been left asleep. And, as Harry listened, he quite forgot his eyes and his ears and his nose, and only thought of the brave men.

"When I get big," he said, "I'm going to do things like that, too. I'll be braver than anything, I will!"

"I'm glad of that," his mamma answered. "But I'm pretty sure, Harry, that all the brave men began by being brave boys; and you can begin by being brave this very day in this very room. I'm going to sew again now for a little while, and see if you can think out what I mean."

Harry sat thinking for several minutes; and then he came and put his arm around his mamma's neck, and whispered:—

"I guess I wasn't very brave when I cried just now, but I'm going to be brave the rest of the day. You watch me, and see!"

And then he smiled pleasantly to little Effie, and said, "Come, Effie. Brother Harry will build you a house!" And when, just as he had it nearly finished, she knocked it over, he stopped the cross word he wanted to say, and laughed instead, and said, "I'll make another for you to knock over now!" And, when Effie took her nap, he sat for a long time in a high chair, a little way back from the window, watching what was passing in the street. And, when his mamma went out, he wound up all the spools in her basket, and put it in nice order, to surprise her when she came back; and, when his auntie came in to sit with his mamma, he held her worsted while she wound it into a ball. And all day, whenever he began to feel cross, and if he wanted to cry again, he thought of the brave men, and tried quickly to think of something to do for somebody else. And what do you think? When night came, he said:—

"Mamma, since I began to try to be

brave this morning, I've had a nicer time than some days when I've been well!"—Chris. Register.

Marion's Lesson.

"O, mamma, mamma, must I go to that horrid school again? Why can't we move back to Glenwood, where I was so happy?" and Marion Strong threw herself sobbing into her mother's sympathetic arms.

"You know, my darling, papa's business requires that we should remain here at least a year. What is it that troubles you so? There must be a way either to overcome it or to bear it with sweetness. Calm yourself, and let us talk it over," replied the mother, soothingly.

"Why, the girls and boys tease me so. Amelia Harris asked me to-day where I got those big saucers I wore for eyes, and Tom Dixon called after me a half-dozen times after I started home to know how many carrots fine my hair was. Why did I have red hair and such a plain face, mamma?" and the sobs and the tears began again. Mrs. Strong stroked the bright locks lovingly, as she answered.

"Your hair is beautiful now, dear child, and it will grow more so as you grow older. Don't you remember how mamma's artist friend admired it so much last winter when we were in New York, that he had you sit for him long enough to get its exact shade and wavy outline? It is only the unappreciative who make fun of it. As for your face, it remains for you to determine whether it shall be beautiful or ugly as you grow to womanhood."

"With me, mamma? What can you mean?" returned Marion, so much astonished that she forgot about her crying.

"Why, do you not remember how much we have talked about thought as a wonderful magician, and how if we were wise we would only entertain his highest angels—good thoughts, pure thoughts, loving thoughts and the like?"

We have said that to do this is to secure a well-order d, happy, useful life, and it is the way to have a beautiful face and a gracious manner as well. Now if you worry and cry, and think hateful thoughts of the boys and girls who tease you, your disposition will grow every day more unlovely and your face more plain. But, on the other hand, if you will learn to smile at their jests or pass over them lightly, and at the same time let only loving thoughts of your schoolmates rest in your heart, you will soon find that they will give you love for love, and you will all be growing in beauty. This is what Christ would have you do. Don't you remember how he said, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good'?"

"Yes, I remember, and I will truly try," said Marion, softly.

Mrs. Strong kissed the upturned face, and continued: "Mamma knows a lady who has a sweet, attractive face and graceful manner, and whose beautiful work for others is known all over the land, who was tormented when a young girl much as you have been to-day about her 'peeled onion eyes' and 'shovel teeth.' She was an orphan, and had no wise, loving mamma to help her over the hard place, and her heart was sore for a long time over what she was really made to feel were grave defects; but at last she resolved that if she was not beautiful she could be good, and that a plain face would not hinder her from becoming a good student. She gave diligent heed to her books, and forgot herself in loving service, and though she was unaware of it, every year she was growing more comely until now no one would ever think of calling her plain. Beauty is not to be despised or undervalued, my dear child. The world is filled with beauty and perfection from the shining crystal and budding flower to the glory of the heavens in the night season. And I believe that man, whom God made in spiritual likeness to him, self, was designed to be beautiful, symmetrical and perfect in physical expression. So it is right and proper for you to desire beauty, and to seek to attain it."

The next day when Marion came home from school she found an illuminated card lying on her writing desk, bearing the following quotation from W. C. Gannett, engrossed in her mother's well-known handwriting:—

"Be beautiful, and you will by and by appear so. Carve the face from within, and not dress it from without. Within lies the robing room, the sculptor's workshop. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; the face catches the glow only from that side."—Michigan Advocate.

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.

Ants.

Sir John Lubbock has been able to make ants, under investigation, so comfortable that they live as nearly as possible under natural conditions. Their life is much longer than had been supposed. He has kept many for several years. Two queens have reached the age of fifteen years, and these are by far the oldest insects on record. Ants watch over their young with a skill and tenderness which not even the Royal British nurses could excel. They never quarrel, and no one has ever seen a dispute between two ants belonging to the same nest; yet they are very brave, and defend their homes like little six-legged Leonidas. Unlike the so-called higher animals, they never turn against a weak or wounded companion. One of his ants came into the world a cripple, but she was carefully tended and fed for months by her companions.

All the ants of a community know one another; and they will not tolerate a stranger, even of the same species, in the nest. Sir John has separated a nest into halves, and found that, even after eighteen months, they still recognized their old companions. They did not, however, show any pleasure or surprise at meeting them again. It has been suggested that ants recognize one another by a sort of password, but this is not the case. He once made fifty ants quite drunk and incapable, and then put them near a nest to which twenty-five of them belonged. These twenty-five were carried back into the nest, where, no doubt, they slept off the effects of their involuntary debauch. The other twenty-five were thrown into the moat which surrounded the ants' park.

The senses of ants differ in many respects from those of humanity. They probably hear sounds which are inaudible to us, and see the ultra-violet rays, invisible to us. Some species keep slaves; and one kind has lost the instinct of feeding, and would starve if left by themselves, even if food were provided. He has found, however, that they would live for weeks if they had a slave for an hour a day to feed and clean them. Several species keep aphides, which they milk like cows; and in the autumn they collect the eggs of the aphides, and keep them all through the winter, although the young aphides hatched from them give none of the sugary fluid till the following May or June, so that the ants shows more thrift and forethought than many human beings. Their instincts, though so wonderful, are very limited; and yet, when ants are watched building their nest, feeding their young, defending their homes, making roads, tending their domestic animals, and, in some cases, their slaves, it is difficult to suppose that they are unconscious automata, and, though their mental powers are, no doubt, greatly inferior to ours, the difference is probably not so much in kind as in degree.—London Times.

Rover.

Mr. Norton used to have a very fine shepherd-dog named Rover. One winter, during a very severe storm, Mr. Norton had some money that an old lady named Aunt Ann needed that day. The weather was so bad and the snow so deep that no one dared go far from the house. Aunt Ann lived in the village, three or four miles away; and it was quite a question with Mr. Norton how to get the money to her. He had almost given up in despair when Rover happened to walk into the room. Mr. Norton then remembered that Rover had always been faithful to him, and had helped him out of many difficulties like this one. Rover knew the village, and the house in which Aunt Ann lived.

Then Mr. Norton put the money in an envelope, and gave it to Rover, telling him to take it to Aunt Ann; and, as he said this, he opened the door, and Rover bounded out.

Rover was very strong, and didn't give up until he reached Aunt Ann. There were a number of people in Aunt Ann's house; and, after Rover was let in, each one in turn tried to take the envelope away from him. But he would not give it to any one of them. Aunt Ann was upstairs; and, after a while, the people downstairs thought that possibly the envelope was for her. When she came downstairs, Rover gave the envelope to her.

When Aunt Ann received the money, she wrote a note to Mr. Norton, saying that she had received it all right. While Aunt Ann was writing the note, the others gave Rover some meat, and sent him home with Aunt Ann's note in his mouth.

When Rover reached home, he went around to the back door, and, having lifted the latch, walked in. The family were eating supper when Rover came in, and were greatly surprised by seeing him so soon.

Rover had an extra supper and extra straw that night. He slept well,

and woke up perfectly fresh in the morning. Rover did many wonderful deeds, such as finding hidden things; but this was his greatest and most intelligent deed.—Examiner.

Instead of Shoulder-Braces.

A gymnasium director of long experience disapproves of shoulder-braces. They weaken, so he thinks, the muscles whose function it is to keep the shoulders in their normal position. This they do in two ways—by relieving the muscles of their work, and by putting a constraint upon them, and so depriving them of a normal supply of blood.

Instead of artificial shoulder-braces, the director recommends the frequent and persistent use of exercises specially adapted to promote an erect carriage.

It is not enough, he says, to work an hour or so daily in a gymnasium. The proper exercises should be taken many times a day, and therefore should be of a sort that can be practiced anywhere and without special apparatus. Some of the habits and exercises on which he lays stress are as follows:

1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.
2. Roll the shoulder backward and downward.
3. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day.
4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back.
5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart.
6. Walk about, or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head.
7. Try to look at the top of your high-collared vest or your necktie.
8. Practice the arm movements of breast-stroke swimming while standing or walking.
9. Hold the arms behind the back.
10. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.
11. Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward.
12. Walk with the thumbs in the armpits of the vest.

Soldier Joe.

Tommy leaned on his snow-shovel, looking very much discouraged. Only yesterday he had cleared off the walk, and now here it was quite blocked up again. Too bad! He was sure he never could shovel away all that snow.

Then he heard a noise in the next yard, and looked over the fence to see what was going on. First he saw a shower of snow flying up in the air, and then Joe's shovel and his small blue mittens, and last of all little Joe himself, working away as if he went by steam. He had shovelled a long, clear path, shut in on each side by two high white, clean walls.

"O Joe! Ain't you tired?" called Tommy.

"No!" said Joe, stoutly. "I'm a soldier now!"

"You went on, 'I used to get tired, till sometimes I almost hated my shovel. But mamma told me that the snow was a great army, all dressed in white uniforms, that came and took our town in the night. They block up our streets and walks, and try to keep us shut up in our houses."

"But there is another army of men and boys that go out and drive 'em off with shovels, no matter how fast they come. And I'm in that army. If I was the only one that had to fight the snow, it would be sort of lonesome; but there's such lots of us that it's just fun!"

Tommy thought a minute, and concluded Joe was right. So he joined the army, too; and very soon his walk was cleared.—Youth's Companion.

Some Uses of Water.

A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will surely bring relief in a few minutes.

A proper towel, folded several times, and dipped in hot water quickly wrung and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

This treatment for colic has been found to work like magic.

Nothing so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied early in the case and thoroughly.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels.

This treatment, continued a few months, with the addition of a cup of hot water slowly sipped half an hour before each meal, with proper atten-

tion to diet, will cure most cases of dyspepsia.

Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.—Bulletin of Pharmacy.

All Sorts.

Shortleigh: My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondyke. Longleigh: Why, how's that? Shortleigh: Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant.

The need of a good Spring Medicine is almost universal and Hood's Sarsaparilla exactly meets this need. Be sure to get Hood's.

On a signboard in front of a dye shop in Chillicothe, Ill., is the inscription, "Satin dyed here. A small boy who saw it for the first time went home and joyfully told his mother that the devil was dead."

The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. The question was as follows: Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days? All of them, sir, replied a boy in the front.

A Methodist evangelist who is fond of relating his experiences in preaching to the negroes of the South tells this anecdote (in The Outlook): At the close of one of his meetings a very large old colored woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly while she said God bless you, Brudde Jones! You's evahbody's preacher, an' evahbody loves ter heah you preach, an' evah niggah loves to heah you; an' Brudde Jones, you preaches mo' like a niggah than any white man that evah lived; an' Brudde Jones, you've got a white skin, but t'ank de Lawd, you've got a black heart!

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parlee's Vegetable Pil's, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Thousands Like Her.—Tena McLeod, Seven Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three a day, or oftener if the cough-spells render it necessary.

Don't Let It Ache.

If your stomach, liver and bowels are working properly you will have no headache. Burdock Blood Bitters will keep you right, so there is no need to let your head ache. There is lots of proof that this is so. "I had severe headache for over three years and was not free from it for a single day. Finally I used Burdock Blood Bitters, with the result that it has completely cured me." Mrs. AFFLECK, Toronto.

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