

A REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

"I Was Sick and a Stranger and Ye Took Me Not In."

To the Editor of the Herald:

Sir: A certain preacher in a neighboring city not far off quit preaching and began to make a few feeble steps in the direction of following Jesus. He comes in contact with many pathetic scenes—lame as he did it not into the least of these. My brethren, you did not to Me.

For some years the preacher has been a constant visitor at the city prisons and had taken the pains to uncover the facts of many a true story; stories that read more like novels than the naked facts of every day occurrences.

Last week he told one of these stories. A man lay curled up in the corner of an empty freight car, stupid with broken sleep, stiff with cold a sooty, ragged, aching fellow, when he was discovered by an angry brakeman.

He was hustled off as fast as his creaking joints and unsteady nerves would allow. He tried to hold himself together a little on the sunny side of a dingy warehouse, but it was a cold day; he wasn't well.

If he had been a well-to-do man, he would probably have consulted a doctor and been told that he was threatened with pneumonia. But he wasn't a well-to-do man. He was only a tramp.

It mattered little to him whether he had pneumonia or not.

In passing a house he smelt coffee. He tries to locate it. He sees a frizzly girl emptying some ashes. He guesses she knows where the coffee is. He asks her for some break last. She tells him to be off, calls him harsh names, talks loudly.

A policeman hears the row, and with the assistance of another, he succeeded (with great credit to himself) in landing his man in a damp, unventilated cell of the city prison.

He is slated as a dangerous character and resisting the police. He was searched, as is the custom. Nothing was found, however, save a few cigar stubs, and a greasy, old remnant of a German Testament, which was taken from him. He was tired; he was hungry. He had not slept very well. Rigors were creeping up and down his back.

Strange ringing sounds were in his head and he felt a deathly fainting of the stomach.

The sounds grew louder. He tumbled down on the iron slatted cot; the grates of his cell grow dim—he loses consciousness. If he had been a well-to-do man the doctor would have called it a swoon; but he was only a tramp. No one cared to call it anything.

When he came to consciousness he had a raging thirst.

He tried to sit up several times before he was able to do so, because of a curious dizziness in the head.

He called for water. No one heard. He called again louder. One of his fellow prisoners in the next cell told him the water had just been passed.

He'd get no water for an hour now, so he lay still. He was trying to think where he was. He felt for the greasy testament. It was not there. Had it been there in its old place—he would have thought no more about it, for he did not want to read it; he only wanted to know if it was there.

It was the only thing left which connected him with that life which was his before he became a tramp.

His mother gave him the book when he was young and strong and happy. He had carried it ever since. It was to him a fetish, a mascot.

Now he had lost it, as he believes. He began to think about the other days.

He was too tired to think much. Strange remembrances of a squalid hovel, a dingy home, a drunken father, a haggard faithful mother, of leaving home who a boy, a sea voyage, his return, when no traces of his former home could be found, his wanderings, fully expecting to some day find his mother, his gradual adjustment of the life of a tramp, his frequent imprisonment for vagrancy, passed lazily through his mind. The last thing he distinctly remembers is being hustled out of the cell a few hours before. He cannot remember where he is, or how he knows he is in prison. He knows he is in prison, but he does not know. Luckily he does not care. The keeper put a chunk of bread in the iron box attached to his cell.

He asks for water, but he gets no reply nor water.

He tries to eat the bread and bites off a huge chunk, but his mouth is dry and parched and he cannot swallow it. The longer he chews the thicker it gets. He would like to have a drink but no one will give him water. He puts the bread on his cot and lays his head upon it, wearily, and soon passes into a troubled sleep.

He is rudely awakened next morning by the turnkey and is bundled into the police court before the judge.

He has a high fever, a thirst and a blinding headache.

He is a lamb, dumb before his shepherds. He dimly comprehends what is going on about him. He neither asserts or denies he only mutters unintelligible words when they speak to him. He is conscious only that he wants water and wants to be down again. He gets ten days and costs. He is led away and put into a different cell. His coat was left in the other cell. He asks for it. No one pays any attention. He asks for water again. A fellow prisoner, who is allowed in the corridor, hears him and gets him some. He takes long and eagerly. He sleeps all day and night. Two chunks of bread lie unheeded in the iron box next morning. He is muttering delirium now. He talks in poor German and worse English; no one understands, no one cares. All day he talks, a sometimes asking for water. Sometimes he imagines he is talking to his mother.

Toward night his condition is discovered. It is too late to get the doctor tonight. He talks on more and more feebly and indistinctly all night. Prisoners give him sips of water, but he does not seem to care any longer.

The doctor comes in and orders him taken to the hospital. He lives nearly twenty-four hours after he reaches the hospital. His body is turned over to the city and is soon stretched on the cold dissecting table. There it lies in the glare of electric lights, that poor, tired body yielding up the secrets of its wonderful mechanism. Testing, the careless students, who see in the corpse before them only the means of reaching the profession which shall give them fame and wealth. His work is done, and let us hope that this last work, at least, has rendered a service to humanity which has been appreciated.

In all his dull, degraded but gentle life, he has never heard a word of praise. He has left us all he had, his anatomy. Let us praise him now. He made a splendid pathological specimen, lobar pneumonia, both lungs, first stage, inflation complete.

Fortunately exhaustion set in to hasten termination, furnishing a rare exhibit. Splendid case, good follow-up.

While these pathetic scenes were occurring several city churches were holding enthusiastic revival services and prayer meetings. Professed followers of Jesus were added to the church by the score. These comfortable well housed, well clothed, well educated, well fed people, who never spent an hour in the city prison in their lives, met in large congregations, to sing hymns about following Jesus; about giving up the world to walk in the footsteps of their Master.

Not one of them ever thought of connecting the work of the Master with prisons or hospitals, or the hungry or those that are naked. Nothing of the sort.

Those people think they are following Jesus when they go to their churches to sing and pray, and tell each other how bad they have been and how good they are going to be.

He said I used to be the pastor of this sort of a church, of which I am heartily ashamed.

The pathetic incident which is narrated has been repeated in that city many times and yet those people who call themselves followers of Jesus are as unconscious of the fact, as if these scenes were in Central Africa instead of being at their very door.

I find such things every day, now that I have quit preaching and gone to practising. Every preacher in this city ought to be leading his congregation in this sort of work. Nowhere on this wide earth is there more need of Christian teaching than in our churches, and yet those are the people who are realizing money to send to foreign countries in order to instruct them in the teaching of Jesus.

Yours truly, A. B. C.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Some Interesting Information for Busy Housewives.

In making pickles use none but the best cider vinegar.

To purify the air of a damp cellar strew charcoal about the floor and shelves.

Whole cloves will more effectually exterminate moths than camphor, tobacco or cedar shavings.

When a man goes into the kitchen to help his wife, she has to drop everything and wait on him.

To remove peach stains, soak in milk for 48 hours if colored goods, or if on white cloth rub with lemon juice and salt.

A loaf of stale bread is almost as good as when newly baked when wrapped closely in a towel and steamed through thoroughly.

Turpentine applied with a bit of flannel will (especially when the stains are deep) restore the

whiteness of ivory knife handles.

Chloride of lime is an infallible preventive of rats. It should be put down their holes and spread about wherever they are likely to appear.

A pretty dish to send to a neighbor or an invalid is blanc mange molded in shells and served in a nest of whipped cream or bright-colored fruit jelly.

Spices in pickles should be used whole, slightly bruised if desired, but preferably not ground; if ground they should be tied up in thin muslin bags.

Buttermilk is at all times good for the complexion, and also is a fine preventive both of sunburn and freckles, therefore all through the summer months should be used whenever it is possible to get it fresh.

Small white onions make very nice

pickles. They are easily prepared, requiring to have only boiling brine poured over them four days in succession, when they are drained and placed in jars, then covered with vinegar.

A nice relish can be made by cutting a piece from the stem ends of ripe tomatoes. Remove pulp, and mix with an equal quantity of chopped cucumber; replace in the tomatoes, and serve on a lettuce leaf, with mayonnaise.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Don't sleep in a draft.

Don't go to bed with cold feet.

Don't stand over a hot-air register.

Don't try to cool off quickly after exercising.

Cream of milk is excellent for softening the skin.

A hard dry skin will yield to massage and cold cream.

For oily hair put a teaspoonful of borax in the shampoo water.

Red hands may be helped by using almond meal instead of soap in washing.

If the skin has a shiny look it is the indication that it is too dry, rub with a little cold cream.

There is no better remedy for a sour stomach than a half teaspoonful of soda in a half glass of water.

Tepid water scalded on the face will make the cuticle firm and impart a delicate pinkness to the skin.

Brittle nails should never be cut unless the fingers have first been soaked in warm water or rubbed with almond oil.

Nothing is better for burns than the white of an egg. It excludes all air, thus easing the pain, and prevents inflammation.

There is nothing better for nervousness than celery tea, the tops roots or even the seed, and in draining the water from cooked celery the best part is lost.

FASHION NOTES.

Very gay and chic is the ribbon waistcoat of tartan plaid, pale blue and green with yellow cross bars.

The school girl cannot have too many blouses for every day. They will be of nainsook, Persian lawn, handkerchief and India linen. For best, of embroidery, and for cold days silk flannel made in mannish style.

A dainty lace handkerchief to match the lace on the gown must be tucked into the corsage is the latest decree from Paris. Sometimes these handkerchiefs are embroidered with flowers to match those on the dress material or even those on the hat.

Messaline promises to be one of the favorite silks for evening wear—messaline softer and more lovely than ever, and yards and yards of it crammed into an apparently simple little gown. When it is of messaline, or of some one of the many members of the messaline family, the gown is pretty apt to be of a plain tint. But the strange tints that are brought out are more wonderful than ever before, some of them with a texture pearly quality about them.

Paris women have the burlesque craze, and for the few perhaps who do not know how it is made there is given the following description: The material is of liberty silk or cloth, a full yard wide, and three to four yards in length, according to the height. A loop one-half yard deep is taken in the middle of the neck at the back to give fullness, and if needed serves as a hood. This effective wrap was used in the '60s and the Arabians and Moors from whom this simple garment is borrowed, used the fashion of hanging a heavy tasse on the end makes it useless for that purpose nowadays.

It is rather a fad this year to use artificial flowers in trimming, and the most elaborate tea gowns show this fashion either in one large flower or little garlands of flowers made of chiffon or silk, or of the cloth of gold or silver. As may easily be imagined, these trimmings of flowers are not in keeping with anything but a very elaborate style of gown, one that is suitable for a dinner at home, but are not for a moment to be thought of for general wear, or for the plainer style of tea gowns, such as are made of velvet, panne velvet, by the way is a fashionable material this season, for this purpose, although it is on the more severe order than the brocades or chiffon, either plain or colored.

The engagement between a wealthy Baltimore belle and an impecunious Cuban of that city, was at one time last winter perilously near the "breaking-off" point and all by reason of the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant of whom the young man had ordered flowers for his beloved.

It appears that the young fellow had hastily despatched to the florist's establishment two cards, one bearing an order for roses to be sent to the young lady's address, and the other intended to be attached to the flowers.

What was the astonishment and indignation of the beloved one when, on taking the roses from their box, she found affixed the card bearing the legend: "Roses. Do the best you can for \$3."

BE A STRONG MAN.

Increase your vitality and nerve energy, restore vim and force to your overworked body. Ferrozone will do this as it did for Walter Wood of Beaupre, N. B., who writes: "I can say Ferrozone has given me a new lease of life. A year ago I suffered so from nervous exhaustion I was scarcely able to drag myself around. My appetite was gone. I had no color or ambition and felt used up. One box of Ferrozone started me back to health. I took a number of boxes and my health was completely restored." For men who are tired, pale, nervous and thin-blooded nothing compares with Ferrozone, 50c. per box at all dealers.

A STRANGE DETECTIVE.

How French Police Tried to Discover a Body.

All France is interested in the search for the Abbe Delarue. It is just a month since the priest disappeared during a bicycle ride from Chateaufort, beyond Versailles, to Paris. Some people suppose that he was murdered, for his hat, with a cut or rent in the top, has been picked up by the roadside near Etampes and his bicycle has been found at Chateaufort. On the other hand, reports are in circulation that the priest, or his double, has been seen on the way to England in company of a woman who is supposed to be his cousin—formerly a nun. Meantime all sorts of amateur detectives have been at work, and several of the Paris newspapers have been competing with one another in the wildest experiments with the object of tracing the body on the scene of the supposed murder. It was a Hindu professor who discovered the bicycle while playing the part of a spiritualist detective, and he continued his search for the body itself, lashing a handful of earth here, licking stones there, filling his pockets with beads and the like, and the places over which he said his prayers and generally behaving in the strangest manner imaginable—but all to no purpose.

His success with the bicycle brought another Hindu on the scene who is now, apparently, consulting the stars on the subject. Two other detectives are M. and Mme. Alvis Flaubert, who declare that they receive their inspiration from flowers; they must by this time have smelt all the likely blooms in the neighborhood.

The latest detectives, to try their hand at solving the mystery are "Professor" Pickmann, thought-reader and hypnotist, and Carlos, a hyena, which has been led out to smell all over the ground for the body. The animal was hired for the purpose by The Matin from the showman Pezou, accompanied by one of his wild beast tamers. "Carlos," however, was no more successful than the others, and is now back in his menagerie.

WE'RE ALL IMPERIALISTS.

Hon. Frank Oliver Interviewed in London.

London, Sept. 8.—Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, interviewed by The Express, said:—"We are all Imperialists in Canada. Canadians were very glad that the preference enabled them to show Britain that her trade was looked on as satisfactory but if in her own interests Canada should find it necessary in the future to make other arrangements, then the mother land would not be displeased."

Commenting on the interview The Express says there is no reason to fear that because Canadians prefer not to emphasize the sentimental nature of the bond between the mother country and Canada they lack affection and reverence. What was wanted now was that the magic of empire should be replaced by practical work.

A man who travels a good deal and who recently visited San Francisco confides to the Chronicle of that city his method of obtaining the utmost service from waiters.

"Usually," when I arrive at a hotel," he said, "I take a \$2 bill and tear it in half. One half I give to the waiter and the other I keep."

"Now John," I say, "if everything comes along all right the other half is yours, if not you don't get it."

"Usually I get the best of service and the most marked attention. The waiter always had his eye on the other half."

"I find this method to be the best I ever tried."

The well-authenticated story goes that at a dinner party the other night, after the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the hostess, her broad expanse sparkling with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of the lady's maid.

"Francoise," said the magnate's lady, with languid magnificence, "I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."

WOMAN KILLED BY RATS.

Was Paralytic and Could Not Defend Herself.

New York, Sept. 8.—Mrs. Elizabeth Vanhart, a paralytic, sixty years of age, was killed by rats in her home in Elizabeth, N. J., today, Mrs. Vanhart lived alone. Her daughter-in-law called early today and found her dead. Rats had attacked the helpless old woman as she sat in a chair, possibly asleep, and severed an artery in one of her feet that caused her to bleed to death. The flesh of both feet was much torn by the rodents.

SELECT YOUR MEDICINE WITH CARE.

In debility and weakness medicine should be mild and far reaching. Many pills and purgatives are too harsh, are drastic instead of curative. Excessive action is always followed by depression, and knowing this, Dr. Hamilton devised his pills of Mandrake & Butterbur so as to mildly increase liver and kidney activity, flush out the elementary canal, tone and regulate the bowels. Thus do Dr. Hamilton's Pills eliminate poisons from the body, restore clearness to the skin, bring strength and that sweet restorer of health—sleep. Best medicine on earth, 25c. per box at all dealers.

Father (who has just divorced his wife, to his little daughter)—Whom would you rather live with, mamma or me?

Daughter—O, with mamma. I shall soon get another papa.



A DAINY BLOUSE OF VOILE

The odd blouse has become an indispensable bit of finery in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. The present blouse is as fine and elaborate as human fingers can fashion with the result that it is rather expensive if purchased ready made. Here is sketched one of the newest ideas in a blouse for home construction which is simply made yet very effective. The front may be embroidered or trimmed with applique of oiaid in design. The three narrow tucks on the shoulders give extra fullness to the front. A finely tucked material or embroidered fabric as well as lace would serve for cuffs and chemisette, the latter being removable. The design may be utilized in the making of alousine or taffetas blouse while coquette would be especially attractive. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2½ yards of 36 inch goods. 6484 sizes—32 to 40 inches bust measure.

FREDERICTON HERALD.

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name..... Street.....

No..... Town.....

Province.....

Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

Age (if child's or miss' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful so send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only a figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order or stamps.

UNEEDA BISCUIT

Saltines, A. B. Snaps, Fluted Cocomnut, Spice Jumbles, Mary Ann, Vanilla Creams, Royal Fruit and many other varieties just opened at

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THE PRO-TIGER.

Man-Eater's Friend Pleads Before British House of Commons.

To the long list of pro-Zulus, pro-Boers, pro-Mahdis, and pro-Leopolds must be added the pro-tiger, says London Express.

Mr. Rees has appeared in the House of Commons in the role of "the tiger's friend." He caused some amusement by asking the Secretary for India to refer to the Government of India the question of the indiscriminate offer of rewards to gain which professional slaughterers destroyed these animals.

Mr. Rees mentioned that man-eaters were rare exceptions among tigers, and that others of the species caused no loss and danger to human life.

"Pity the poor tiger," is the cry which it is feared will never be properly appreciated by the natives of India. Even Mr. Morley could not decide to champion the tiger. "I cannot imagine," he said, "to address the Government of India in the sense suggested by Mr. Rees, nor do I expect that they would share his views as to the preservation

of the tiger."

Mr. Rees, however, explained to a representative of The Express that "no well-conducted tiger ever thinks of attacking a man."

"The natives just 'shoo' them off," he continued with the air of a man who had frequently taken part in the "shooting."

"Man-eaters are comparatively very rare, and their habits, their lairs, and all their movements are known to every villager. As I have more than once insisted, the tiger in India is the agriculturist's friend. The tiger slays the deer and wild pigs that destroy the crops. Providence balances all these things."

"What I wish to see put down is the slaying of tigers for rewards. The system of paying thirty rupees for an ordinary dead tiger and 100 for a man-eater has resulted in the springing up of a class of professional slaughterers. One ordinary dead tiger will keep a whole family for a year."

Mr. Rees did not mention the possibility that an ordinary live tiger might also possibly wipe out the cattle of a whole family in a single night.

SPECIAL Clothing Sale

SAT. morning, at 9 a. m.

We start a

SPECIAL CLOTHING SALE

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing of all Descriptions, will be sold at 1-3rd their regular prices.

You cannot afford to miss these grand Bargains; some of the bargains:

8 Dollars	Ladies' Pretty Coats	for	\$4.75
10 Dollars	Ladies' Pretty Coats	for	\$5.50
12 Dollars	Ladies' Pretty Coats	for	\$6.50
18 Dollars	Ladies' Pretty Coats	for	\$13.00

Skirts from \$1.50 to \$4.50 specials. A special line of Black Sateen Underskirts worth \$1.75 for 99c. only.

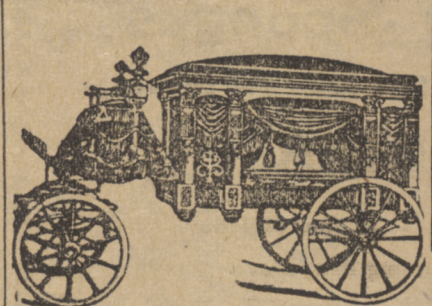
8 Dollars	Men's Overcoats	for	\$5.50
10 Dollars	Men's Overcoats	for	\$7.50
16 Dollars	Men's Overcoats	for	\$9.99

A Special line of Men's Suits, the latest styles, worth \$13.00 for \$8.50. Everybody should have a Suit like this as it is something pretty and well made.

10 Dollar Special Suits for \$6.50. Lots of other good values which we have no space to mention here, but come and see for yourself.

S. KERNER,
THE STORE OF SATISFACTION.

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Above the Herald Office. Tel. 130.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed train for Chatham, Loggieville, Campbellton, St. John and Halifax 5.00

No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville 17.00

No. 317 Suburban for Marysville 6.15

No. 321—Suburban for Marysville 11.15

No. 323 Suburban for Marysville 15.00

No. 327 Suburban for Marysville 18.25

No. 329 Suburban for Marysville 21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville 12.00

No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville 16.80

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville 8.15

No. 322 Suburban from Marysville 12.25

No. 326 Suburban from Marysville 18.20

No. 328 Suburban from Marysville 19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, June 20th, 1906.

MONEY TO LOAN