

"DON'T SEE THE BLOTS."

On reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copybook, which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her attempt. The pages were very neatly written, and I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into my face with an artlessness that was so beautiful, she said: "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course I did not see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the naughtiness and disorders that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not "see the blots." When littleness and meanness and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we could only look away from these to some brighter pages! In all our blessed and blotted books there are some "leaves of healing." And when on bended knee we bring the day's poor purpose and poorer performance to the great Father and say, "Forgive us our trespasses," let it be with the soft undertone of the child's filial faith, "Father, do not see the blots."—The Classmate.

ETERNAL VICTORY OF SPIRIT.

Many centuries ago at Salamis the eternal victory of spirit over matter of personality over blind aggregations of material equipment was achieved. Yes, we can look back at Nazareth, and see one lonely prophet starting out to revolutionize the world, absolutely without material resources of any kind. That prophet appeared not in the capital city, but in the obscure village of the north. He was born not in the purple, but in the manger, not with the blare of trumpets, but the quiet shining of the stars. He was reared not in some academy, but in the joiner's shop, with access to no literature save the few sacred books of his nation, no art save the national temole. He went forth without the patronage of the church or the sanction of the state, without army or navy, without equipment or endowment, without influence or invitation, with nothing save the idea that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, that the fatherhood of God must be recognized and the brotherhood of man established. And he conquered. If you are going forth to make money, he is no model, for his life ended on the gibbet. If you are going to preach the gospel of force, he cannot help you, for he preached the gospel of love. But if you go somewhere and somehow through the service of mankind to enrich the world, through holding aloft the ideal to illuminate your age, then your life may be as calm as his, as patient, as fully assured of final victory. Then the life which found in the shop a school of character, in the despised province an ample sphere, and in thirty-three years time enough to regenerate a world, goes before you with irresistible summons.—W. H. P. Faunce.

A CONFESSION THAT COSTS.

A missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society tells of a native lady in India who was ordered by her father to repeat the Mohammedan confession of faith. She refused, although a hot iron was pressed upon her bare foot as a persuasive. "I cannot," she said. "You will not," thundered her angry father, and with that he heated the iron in the fire again. Pressing the hot iron upon the other foot, he triumphantly shouted, "Now you will!" The brave woman, white to the lips from pain, answered, "No, I cannot, for I am a Christian." A conclusive answer. But let us envy the sturdiness back of it.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

He Cured Himself of Serious Stomach Troubles, by Getting down to First Principles.

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities by too close attention to business, too little exercise and too many club dinners, finally began to pay nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about a nervous irritability making it impossible to apply to his daily business and finally deranging kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another. I gave up smoking. I quit coffee and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, without any marked improvement.

"Friends had often advised me to try a well known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and I had often perused the newspaper advertisements of the remedy but never took any stock in advertised medicines nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drug store and took two or three tablets after each meal and occasionally between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note a marked improvement in my appetite and general health and before the two packages were gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets was going to cure completely and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy asking for information as to what the tablets contained and they replied that the principal ingredients were aseptic pepsin (government test), malt diastase and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this, the digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate and the nerves and whole system to receive the nourishment which can only come from food. Stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength, they give fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can insure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of so good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and sanitariums.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years, probably every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain now sell them and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach trouble.

Maa's hardest task is to govern himself. Without the grace of God to assist the work is impossible. Happily for poor human nature that grace is always at hand, and ever ready.

Little Johnny, having been invited out to dinner with his mother, was commanded not to speak at the table except when he was asked a question, and promised to obey. At the table no attention was paid to Johnny. He grew very restless, and by and by he could stand it no longer. "Mamma!" he called out, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"—N. W., Christian Advocate.

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A TONIC FOR ALL.  
It makes new blood  
It invigorates  
It strengthens  
It builds  
BONE AND MUSCLE

Used with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Prevents fainting, makes pallid cheeks into rosy ones.  
Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

WHAT SCHOOL

Shall I Attend?

That is the question which will be considered by many within the next few months. If all the advantages to be gained by attending

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.

were fully known it would not be difficult to decide. Send at once for catalogue, Address: W. J. OSBURN, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

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FARM AT LOWER SELMAH. A great bargain 100 acres, Hay, Tillage, or chards, 600 trees, all in bearing. Cut 30 tons hay could be made cut 50 tons, has wintered 18 head of cattle, 6 horses and 12 sheep. House 18x33, Ell 24x16, Barn 60x39, waggon and tool house 24x26 one of the best mud privilage on the C bequid bay—sufficient to keep up the farm for all time, has a fine wood lot and pasture. Price \$14,000.00. Address A. A. Ford, Berwick and Hant-County, Real Estate Agent  
A. A. FORD, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, June 4, 1905, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No 5—Mixed for Moncton	7:45
No 2—Exp. for Halifax, Sydney Point du Chene, and Campbellton	8:00
No 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	8:45
No 4—Express for Moncton and Point du Chene	11:00
No 8 Express for Sussex	17:15
No 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal	19:00
No 10—Express for Halifax and Sydney	23:45
No 136, 138, 156—Suburban express for Hampton	13:75 18:15, 22:40

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No 9—Express from Halifax and Sydney	6:45
No 7—Express from Sussex	9:00
No 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec	12:50
No 5—Mixed from Moncton	16:30
No 3—Express from Moncton and Point du Chene	17:00
No 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	17:15
No 7—Express from Moncton	21:20
No 81—Express from the Sydneys, Halifax, Pictou and Moncton (Sunday only)	1:35
No 137, 155—Suburban express from Hampton	7:45 15:30, 22:05

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time 24:00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Man.

Moncton, N. B., June 1st, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
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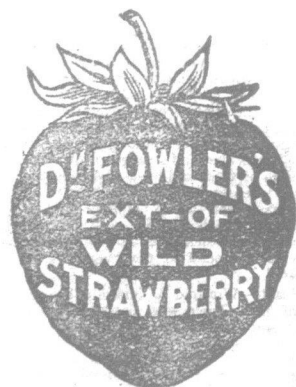
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is pure hard soap made of the finest grade material by the best available skill with the latest and most approved type of machinery, and is sold at the same price as ordinary soap.



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Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

Pray for more humility that desires the most lowly service, for more boldness to fear not to undertake some task in his name, for more zeal to labor persistently in his vineyard, for more faith to trust in the promise of God for support and success.

There are few things which bless and soothe the life of others more, or do them more good, than the giving of thanks. It makes men feel that they are some use in the world, and that is one of the finest impulses to a better life. It cheers many a wearied heart with pleasant hope and bids many a man who is in mood take courage.—Spofford Brooks.

The years have taught me many things, But none so sure as this: That shelter, solace, joy and strength Are always where God is. —Marianne Farningham.