MAUD'S GUEST.

BY FRANCES E. WALLACE.

"It would just upset everything!"

"What would? You look as if you were deciding the fate of nations."

Tom Harmer coming in from a neighbor's, found his sisters and brother on the wide verandah of their pleasant summer home, engaged in such an earnest discussion that they had not noticed his approach.

"Oh, it's a crazy notion of Maud's," answered Rob, who was perched on the railing, tapping his foot with his tennis racquet.

"Why, you see, Tom," Maud explained, "I went down to the village to call on Miss Munroe, that old acquaintance of mother's, who has come to board at the hotel. She was not well when she came, and has taken cold, and now she has neuralgia awfully! There she is, alone in that noisy hotel, with her head just splitting, and a crying baby in the next room. And soul was wondering whether we might bring her up here till she gets better. We could bundle her up so it couldn't hurt her."

"And none of us want her one bit," broke in Sue.

"I say it will spoil all our fun," Rob grumbled. "She's sure to be cranky if she has neuralgia, and we'll have to walk on tiptoe, and whistling will be a deadly crime."

"Yes, and we can't even play tennis with any comfort, for she will have to be in mother's room, and the court is right under it. Our singing in the evenings will be stopped, too, I suppose."

"It would be a bore, that's a fact," said Tom. "I say, don't let's bother about her; most of us never even saw her, and she can't expect us to invite her up when mother isn't here."

"But just think how you would feel, Tom," pleaded Maud, "If you had to lie there in a little room with only one window that makes a draught over the bed, and the piano going, and children racing through the halls, and no quiet till late at night!"

"Oh, well, if you want her so much, go ahead. I can stand it."

"I don't want her for the fun of it," answered Maud. "Everybody says I am lazy, and I don't enjoy the prospect of carrying trays and waiting on an invalid. What do you say, Agnes?"

"I was just thinking," the eldest sister replied slowly, "that I have heard mother say there would be so many crooked lives if more were laid out by the Golden Rule."

"Oh, if you are going to measure us off by the Golden Rule, I'll give up," Rob said.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Maud, giving him an approving pat.

"Agnes, do you happen to know whether this lady is wealthy?" Tom asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, she is not, you mercenary creature! So you needn't cherish any hopes of having a fortune left you. Now, are we all willing? There's no denying that it will be more or less of a trial. It is not so much the extra work; it's the having a stranger among us to break up our jolly times."

"And that's a good deal, after being scattered in school for a year," sighed Sue. "But I'm willing; I'll do the cooking for the invalid. We made a lot of 'dishes for the sick' at cooking school.

"Bob and I will relieve Maud of that tray she dreads, and we'll try to keep quiet," Tom said, springing up. "Come Bob, let's have one good game before she comes."

For years the Harmer family had spent the summer months in their country cottage, about a mile from a popular little resort. Each season had made the place dearer, and since the boys and girls had been scattered a school and college during the winters, they had more than ever looked forward to their summers together in the country. This season they were there alone for the first time. Mr. Harmer having to go to England on business, had persuaded his wife that it would be safe to leave "the children" at the cottage with their faithful maid, Betty. Almost immediately, however, Betty had been called home by the illess of her brother, and the young people were in high spirits at the prospect of befing in sole possession for the two months. After a week spent in putting the house and lawn in good order, they felt that they were ready, as Bob said, "to take life easy," and to enjoy to the utmost the rows and drives and games that always filled the summer days. It was at this point that the unfortunate Miss Munroe was taken ill, and Maud disturbed the serenity of the family by proposing to bring her to the cottage. Having once agreed to the plan, however, they determined to welcome the stranger heartily. Their mother's chamber was put in daintiest order, and twelve year-old May expressed the feeling of her sisters when she said, as she arranged a cluster of sweet peas in a bowl: "I'm glad we are going to bring Miss Munroe here, it makes me think of that verse about 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

That afternoon Miss Munroe lay in her little room at the hotel. In spite of the heat of the day her head was enveloped in flannels, so that she scarcely heard a light tap, and half rose in surprise as the door gently opened and Maud's bright face appeared. "Why, my dear, come in!" she exclaimed.

"You didn't expect to see me so soon, did you, Miss Munroe? I've just come to ask you to go home with me and stay till you are well. You have no chance here, I can put what you will need in this travelling bag. You can keep on your wrapper, and Rob and I will help you downstairs. He has the buggy waiting, with pillows and shawls. Its warm and I'll bundle you up so that you won't know you are out. We will drive very slowly. I'm sure it won't hurt you half as much as to listen to that cross baby."

Miss Munroe tried to protest, but Maud would not listen to her.

"Oh, you must come; my orders are to bring you with me. I should be sorry to have to use force on account of the notoriety. Think what a heading it would make in the papers—'Daring Case of Kidnapping in Daylight!'"

And so, unable to resist, the half bewildered little lady was soon tucked into the roomy old buggy, surrounded with pillows, and carefully driven home by Maud, while Rob followed on foot.

Then what a delight it was to find herself in a large, airy room, fragrant with Mayflowers! After Sue had given her a cup of hot broth, and after darkening the room, had left her alone, how could she help dropping into the sleep she so much needed?

Downstairs Sue was saying, "I'm her firm friend for life. She said, as all mother's old friends do: 'You look just as your mother did when she was young,' but she is the first one who has failed to add: 'Only you are not nearly so pretty.' So for sparing me that, she shall have the best the pantry affords."

During the days that followed, the young hostesses did all in their power for their guest's comfort and pleasure. May's self-appointed duty being to lay a blossom by her plate before the tray was sent upstairs, and the boys, Maud said, behaved beautifully. They not only carried the tray, but frequently did what they called "girls' work," in order to give their sisters time for rest, or a short drive. In the evenings, Miss Munroe, contrary to their gloomy expectation, liked to have them all sing on the veranda, insisting that she could enjoy the music better when she was entirely alone. So rollicking college songs, interspersed with the sweet, pensive strains of the old songs their mother loved, rose to the windows above, and recalled to the listener the long ago days when she, too, was young and gay. Sometimes she talked of those days, and once she told of the long years spent in caring for her invalid father, and how lonely she had been since his death. When the gentle little lady could sit out, watching the games of tennis, the terms of which were a profound mystery to her, and had a rather profane sound, her evident enjoyment of their youth and good spirits gave each of her friends an undefined feeling that it was a good thing they had not yielded to their first selfish impulse.

Two weeks of rest and quiet found Miss Munroe with recovered strength and entirely free from pain. When the time came for her to say good-bye, she said, with tears in her eyes: "I can never, tell you how much good you have done me. If you are ever sick and alone yourselves, perhaps you will understand. Susie looks like your mother, but you have all shown her lovely unselfish spirit."

A few weeks later, Agnes, who was reading a letter from their mother, said: "Listen to this: "I have just received a letter from Miss Munroe, telling of your kindness to her. She says I have children to be proud of. I am proud and very thankful that my children are showing such a spirit of helpfulness. I am sure that you will be happier all the summer for the time you gave so cheerfully."

"That's so," Tom said emphatically. "We have had a fine time."

"And if we had not," Maud added, "that praise from mother is worth is worth it all.'.—*New York Observer.*

Take time by the forelock, and Puttner's Emulsion by the spoonful, and your cough will vanish and your rosy cheeks return.

"I have quite an affection for you," said the spring weather to the bare throat."

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended.

Life reports that a housekeeper calls her Irish servant "Japan," because she has such a grudge 'gainst china.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite.

"What is the golden mean we hear about?" asked one small student of another. "It must be a mine," replied the latter.

A healthy appetite, with perfect digestion and assimilation, may be secured by the use of Ayer's Pills. They cleanse and strengthen the whole alimentary canal and remove all obstructions to the natural functions of either sects, without any unpleasant effects.

Dentist—"Will you have gas?" Ole Si Tuttle—"Wa'al, we don't know much erbout gas t'hum. I guess you'd better give me ker'sene."

With the blood full of humors, the heated term is all the more oppressive. Give the system a thorough cleansing with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and a dose or two of Ayer's Pills, and you will enjoy Summer as never before in your life. Just try this for once, and you'll not repent it.

Mamma—"If Mrs. Smith gives you a piece of cake, be sure to say 'thank you.'" Freddie—"What good is that? She never gives you any more."

B.B.B.

Purifies, renovates and regulates the entire system, thus curing Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness Rheumatism, Dropsy and all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It also removes all impurities from the system from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Lipsey — "Where is the toughest place in the city?" Crusty Boarder—"I don't know just where it is located, but it's wherever Mrs. Mealer gets her beefsteak."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

"Bridget, have you cracked those nuts for the dessert I want to make?" "Yis, ma'am; all but thim big walnuts, an' it'll take stronger jaws than mine to manage them; but I got troo wid the others all roight, ma'am.

Minard's Honey Balsam, once tried, always used.

SOPHIA'S NEW NAME.

E. H. CHASE.

"There's fire on the mountain!
Run boys, run boys,
Fire on the mountain!
Run boys, run boys!"

Sang Rob, tantalizingly, and dodged around the corner of the barn just in time to escape a whizzing stick of wood that came flying in his direction.

"Come pretty near ketchin' it then, Rob," called out two other boys of about Rob's age, as one bent nearly double with laughter and the other rolled over and over on the ground.

A little way back from the boys was a girl of twelve standing in most defiant attitude, another stick of wook poised in her hand for throwing and her eyes and cheeks ablaze with wrath.

"So-phier!" called a voice around the corner, putting a most forcible accent on the last syllable, and a dark curly head just showed a little.

"Whiz, bang!" went the wood, and a scar on the barn where the head had been a moment before gave notice that the missile had been true to its mark.

"Jimminy, Fy, yer might have killed him if he hadn't dodged," sang out Fred Dane, jumping to his feet and running to see whether or not Rob had been hit, and neither of the boys appeared again. "Killed him!" Sophia's upraised arm dropped suddenly, and the red died slowly out of her cheek.

Billy Reed, on the ground, weaving a cat's cradle of the long stems of herd's-grass around him, watched her from under his half-closed lids and his thoughts ran something in this wise: "She's awful mad. I'm glad she ain't my sister. But then I wouldn't plague Susie that way. She's too good to a feller to be plagued, Susie is. I expect it's Fy's red hair that's the master. She's quick's a bumble-bee. Might a killed Rob, an' then she'd been as bad as Cain a Killen' Abel. Whew! what's up now? She's gettin' over it! She gits mad quick an' she gits over it quick, an' when she's over it her eyes look soft an' brown like Susie's. If she wan't plagued an' stirred up 'bout her red hair an' called 'So-phier' I b'lieve she'p be a good sister. Girls can't be good when they're called 'Sophier.' Names have lots to do with it. Whew! my jimminy (I promised Susie I wouldn't say that word), how she shot off! Look's as though she's gointer cry, too. Rob hain't no good at all an' I'm gointer tell 'im so!" and as Sophia swiftly passed through the shed in the direction of the kitchen, the small philosopher got up from the grass and slowly went off in search of the boys.

Sophia Peace Burns had been a very happy, brown-eyed, golden-haired little girl, an impluisive, loving, little heart. She had been named for the two grandmothers, and her mother when she clasped her in her arms as a tiny child had always called her "little Peace," but when her brother Rob was four years old the gentle mother died, and Aunt Mary, her father's maiden sister, came to care for the motherless children.

Aunt Mary was very good and kind, and the children were well fed and well clothed, but she had none of the mother's caressing ways, and the sensitive little girl had often in the earlier years thrown her arms about Aunt Mary's neck only to be put gently back with the words, "There, child, now you have mussed my collar," which Sophia had interpreted to mean, "Go away, child, I don't want you troubling me." And as she grew older she gave up caresses that were not returned, and told herself that Aunt Mary meant to be good, but she didn't like children.

Mr. Burns was a very busy, undemonstrative man, and as long as the little one seemed well cared for and happy he felt safe about them, and when complaints of Sophia's quick temper came to him he gave her a brief order to "be good," or told her she must submit to punishment of some sort, to him a light thing, possibly, but very terrible and humiliating to the child.

Aunt Mary had always called her Sophia, as it had been her mother's name, and Mr. Burns had followed her lead.

Rob, when he was pleased with her, called her Fy, but when he desired to tease her made an anagram of the name glancing at the hair that he called red, and calling out "So fire Burns!" to the great torment of his sister, until she felt that she hated the name, and the obnoxious hair, not knowing that as she grew older it was fast deepening into a beautiful auburn that Titian might have coveted for one of his beautiful women.

Now she sped up the back stairway and made no stop until the key rattled in her own door, and she was alone. Then she stopped, panting, and repeated over the terrible thing that Fred Lane had said, "You might have killed him if you had hit him!" "Might have killed Rob!" she repeated over again half wildly. She loved her father and her Aunt Mary in a way, but now with this thought in her heart, she was dimly conscious that Rob was the dearest of them all. Every curl on his head was dear to her, and she would have done battle for him anywhere, but he was such a tease, and before she knew it her miserable temper would get the better of her, and she would say or do something she was very sorry for afterward. Lately she had been trying to be better. Her teacher had given her last Thanksgiving day that verse of the New Commandment, and had talked to her about the "new name" that sometime we are to bear if the life is right. The lesson had been a very real one to Sophia, and she had truly tried.

"So fire Burns," she said, now ruefully looking at her face in the little glass, "why should I be mad at that? It's just what I deserve. I've hated the name, but it's good enough for me! I might have killed my brother. Oh, what would my dear mother say if she could see her little girl now?" and she threw her herself on the bed and gave way to the most violent crying; but she was not to be free even to cry, for soon a timid rap came on the door. At first she kept quiet and would not even answer. And then a gentle voice called:

"Fy, let me in, please," and with a hasty effort to suppress her sobs she got up and let in Susie Reed.

"I know all about it, Fy," she said as she wound her arms around her friend's neck. "Billy told me and I came right away. Rob's all right. I think he is mean to tease that way."

"Oh, it isn't that, Sophia said. "It isn't that, it's my terrible temper. I don't deserve a better name than Sophia, for I'm always firing about something, and I threw the wood, and I might have killed Rob, that I didn't is none of my good doings," and she shuddered at the thought.

Wise little Susie did not answer. She only pressed her soft cheek against the burning cheek of her friend.

"And I thought I was going to be better," she added, "and I have tried since that day Miss Butler talked to us so sweetly about the new commandment and the new name, and now I have done worse than ever."

"Mamma says," said Susie, "that all our life we have been trying; and when we gain a step we must hold it, and try for another. Rob is a nice boy, but he likes to have fun. Why don't you tell him the whole story—about the trying I mean, and what Miss Butler said about the new name? And why do you not ask you Aunt Mary to call you 'Peace?' I think that is a sweet name. Why, you don't know how bad I'd be if mamma didn't help me, and say my prayers with me; Billy and I take it up, too, and we help each other to be good."

"My mother used to call me her little Peace," said Sophia, "and I love the name, but I do not deserve it. There is no peace in me. There isn't a day that I don't get mad, and do some awful thing or say something that I could bite my tongue out for, and I would much sooner go to Parson Fairweather than to father, and Aunt Mary don't understand girls. Sometimes I think she was never young but was born good, and as old as she is now, and Rob would only laugh and tease worse. No, I must be good without help from anybody, if I ever can be good at all.

But that night, as Rob stood looking out to see the leaves scampering down the street followed by little clouds of dust he thought of his sister, and missed her song as she scattered the dishes as she was washing up for Aunt Mary, and he heard his aunt say to his father, "Sophia's getting to be a real help 'round the house."

"Maybe she is trying to do better," said Rob to himself. Billy said 'twould be an awful sin to stop folks that was tryin' to be good. I guess I won't call her 'So-fire' again for a long time." Just then Sophia came and stood by his side, and they chatted awhile about the beechnut party Rob was getting up, and what they would do on Thanksgiving, but Sophia was not very merry, and Rob had a guilty feeling in his heart that he had teased her beyond endurance.

After the lamps were lighted Sophia helped him in his algebra, and the two heads were very near together over the book, and although no words were said, both children went to bed happier than for sometime.

"I know what I'll do," Sophia said, as she fell asleep, "I'll forget myself, and just try to help the rest be happy, if I cannot be."

"I won't plague her so much," said Rob, as he ducked his curly head down among his pillows. "But she does get so gloriously mad when I call her Sophier, and look at her hair, and it's such fun, if 'tis cruel as Billy says.

Three years went by and Thanksgiving day came again. A pleasant odor and savory cookery filled the house. Aunt Mary, with her arm in a sling from having it badly fractured in the summer, was drawn up near the pleasant open fire and looked somewhat less stiff and angular than usual.

A tall, graceful girl was putting the finishing touches to the abundantly laid table. The windows were full of bloom, and Rob and his father looked about them with much satisfaction as they waited the coming of Parson Fairweather and his wife, and Susie and Billy Reed who had been invited to dinner. Aunt Mary, looking up, caught a new look in the girl's face, and beckoned her to her. Sophia bent her head to hear the wispered words. "Thou shalt no more be called Sophia but Peace" she said adopting the quaint language of the olden times, and Peace felt the light caress and knew that from Aunt Mary that meant a great deal.

And Rob, too, heard enough to understand, and in the evening after the guests had gone, and they sat on the floor roasting a few last chestnuts, he said to his sister, "I used to envy Billy his sister, but I wouldn't swap with him for a carload of gold; and your hair isn't red at all, Peace, but the loveliest color that ever was."

"And I would'nt swap you, Rob, for half a dozen Billys," Peace said, "and my hair is red; and fire yet burns, but I am getting over some of my tantrums, I hope, and it all came of my real love of my brother."

"I guess that's the secret of the whole thing, after all," Rob said, with more of wisdom than he knew. "It's love of other folks, and forgetting one's self."

And so Peace got her knew name, and this Thanksgiving day, at least, there were four very happy people in the old farm house, and all because one little girl made up her mind to be unselfish.—*Household.*

Good Health

And a good appetite go hand in hand. With the loss of appetite, the system cannot long sustain itself. Thus the fortifications of good health are broken down and the system is liable to attacks of disease. It is in such cases that the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are clearly shown. Thousands who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla testify to its great merits as a purifier of the blood, its powers to restore and sharpen the appetite and promote a healthy action of the digestive organs. Thus it is, not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story and constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Why not take Hood's Sarsaparilla now?

A mild laxative, do not sicken—the best family medicine.

Beach's Stomach & Liver Pills Small, Sugar coated, vegetable.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY MRS S. E. LOWELL.

When the sunset's gorgeous splendor
Fades away or vale and hills,
And the twilight calm and tender
With sweet peace our spirit thrills,
Oft we think Heaven's shining portal
Gleams athwart the glowing West,
Reaching e'en our visions mortal
With a glimpse of home and rest.

How we stretch our arms in yearning
Toward that land so near—so far—
Wondering if dear hands are turning
Toward us from the "gates ajar."
Do they long to hear our voices
Mingling with the glad refrain,
When the Heavenly host rejoices,
In "the Lamb that once was slain?"

Do they miss us midst the glory,
Gleaming from "the great white throne?"
Is the pathos of earth's story
All forgotten, or unknown?
All in vain we sit and ponder,
Till the light fades from the west,
But we know that "over yonder,"
There is love and peace and rest.

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Wigwag—"There is at least one time of the day when I am sure of my standing." Hobson — "When's that?" "When I go home at six o'clock in the trolley car."

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Friend (to Professor of Philology)—"What struck your attention particularly on your vacation trip?" Professor—"A hundred and twenty-two unorthographic sign boards."

Agitation in the world of homoepathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individuality of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to general debility and languor, "Quinine Wine,"—and which when obtained in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant, to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to its importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skilful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less preparations of the past. All druggists sell it. eow

The Lady of the House—"Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?" Browning (the tramp)—"Madame, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"

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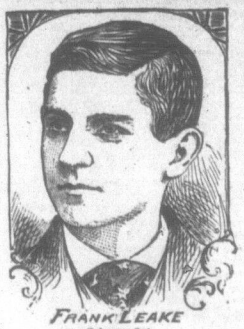

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.05
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars for Moncton at 16.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	16.35
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
October, 1894.

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