

Continued from first page.

Jesus. Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. True faith is always praying faith. In addition to thus praying you will see that he adores and worships Jesus; for he says, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. The petition is worded as if he felt, Only let Christ think of me, and the thought of his mind will be effectual for everything that I shall need in the world to come.

Now, the last remark is this: There was something very special about the dying thief, as to OUR LORD'S WORD TO HIM ABOUT THE WORLD TO COME. He said to him: To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. He only asked the Lord to remember him but he obtained this surprising answer: To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

In some respects I ENVY THIS DYING THIEF; for this reason—that when the Lord pardoned me, and pardoned the most of you who are present, he did not give us a place in Paradise that same day. We are not yet come to the rest which is promised to us. No; you are waiting here. Some of you have been waiting very long. It is thirty years with many of us. It is forty years, it is fifty years, with many others since the Lord blotted out your sins; and yet you are not with him in Paradise. This rather breakfasted with the devil, but he dined with Christ on earth, and supped with him in Paradise. This was short work, but blessed work. What a host of troubles he escaped! What a world of temptation he missed! What an evil world he quitted!

Why is it that our Lord does not thus emparadise all of us at once? It is because there is something for us to do on earth. My brethren, are you doing it? Are you doing it? Some good people are still on earth; but why? What is the use of them? I cannot make it out. If they are indeed the Lord's people, what are they here for? They get up in the morning and eat their breakfast, and in due course eat their dinner and supper and go to bed and sleep; at a proper hour they get up the next morning, and do the same as on the previous day. Is this living for Jesus? Is this life? It does not come to much. Can this be the life of God in man? Oh, Christian people, do justify your Lord in keeping you waiting here!

MISCELLANEOUS

THE WRONG MAN.

Excuse me,' he said, as he halted gentleman in the corridor of the City Hall, "but will you lend me your eye-glasses a moment?"

He put them on his nose to read a letter, and returned them with:

"Thanks! Have you the correct time? Ah! Ten-thirty.

He set his watch and confidently inquired:

"Haven't any tobacco about you eh?"

He was handed a box, and after helping himself to a liberal share, he remarked:

"I want to mail a letter in the box here, but I find I have no postage stamps. If you—?"

He was handed a stamp. When he had licked it on and mailed his letter he said:

"I'm going up Michigan avenue to Twelfth street. Do you happen to have a couple of street car tickets?"

"Sir! This is too much!" exclaimed the other. "I can stand about so much, but after that—!"

"There! There! Beg you pardon! How did I know you drew the line on street car tickets? No offence—none in the least. I'll take your name and make a memorandum of where your generosity ceases, and this thing shan't happen again. I mistook you for a gentleman who draws the line on paying for the coupe when I ask myself up to his house to supper."

THE COLD WAVE AND THE ORANGES.

The cold wave is worse than anything that the state has experienced since 1835, if, indeed, there has ever been anything like it here. At this place, eighty miles south of St. Augustine, the mercury at 7:30 o'clock this morning marked 25 degs., and it has been only a little higher during the day. The ice in our wash tubs is an inch thick. All the mangoes are frozen hard and killed. Oranges are frozen hard; one that I picked in the morning was a ball of ice. The trees look black. Everybody feels that there is, going to be a big hole made in the orange growers' pockets, though just how big nobody will yet undertake to say. People have been out in boats to-day picking up frozen fish; it takes one only a few minutes gather a bucketful.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

The name of John B. Gough has been for many years almost a household word in America. The story of this remarkable victory which he won over in temperate habits after seven years of dissipation, is familiar to thousands, old and young, who never heard of any one of the fifteen decisive battles on which English historians conceive the fate of the civilized world to have hung. The interest of the story has been still further intensified by the matchless style in which the orator and victim himself has told it to nearly the whole English race. An Englishman and a Kentishman by birth, an emigrant to America in his eleventh year, a drunken book-binder up to his twenty-fifth year, he had a most ordinary education to supplement the natural force of his character and abilities, when he resolved to lead a better life in 1842. Of the precepts or the masterpieces of polished orators he could have known but little; of the arts by which audiences are pleased or led he knew still less; but of the qualities which nature alone can give the orator he had, and of the experience which is to the orator more essential than the training of schools, he acquired an abundance. For forty years the people of this country and of England have never ceased to hear with delight the old and well worn story. His example and words have done a work in impossible to appreciate correctly because its fruits are for the reaping of more than one generation. Had he ordered the end of his life himself he could not have made it more appropriate. He had told his audience the story of his own fight, and had just stepped forward to exhort the young men before him in a well-remembered way: "Therefore, young men, make your record—' but the sentence was never finished, for the orator had received his death blow.

MONEY'S WORTH.—Does it ever occur to you,' said a cash book keeping man to his friend, 'how much more you are getting for your money now than when we began on \$10 a week, twelve or thirteen years ago? Look at it. You had to dress then pretty nearly as you do now. I will venture to say that you couldn't get a pair of trousers then that suited you for less than \$10 or \$15; you get the same thing now for \$8 or \$10, and you can get for \$5 trousers that have cost at least \$10 then. The suit you had to pay \$40 to \$50 for then costs you \$30 to-day. You can buy all the papers—if you are a newspaper man and read news wholesale—for twelve or fourteen cents, and the bundle left nothing of a quarter then. As for books—well, there weren't any books that cost less than \$1 in 1872, and now a dollar bill covers a fairish library. Just look at the way good ready made shoes have come down in price, and as for shirts and good underclothing, you ought to find out what they cost, 'before the panic.' 'Well,' rejoined the non-cash book keeping man, who promptly gave up these confusions in price, 'what I want to know is what becomes of the money I am unconsciously saving?' 'You had better go home and look around and try and remember how bare houses were before 1876 brought in art decoration, for one thing; and for another, notice that you see several dress-coats where there was one a dozen years ago. You are living better for the same money, my boy. That is all.'

In spite of all discouragements the bogus English estate business continues to thrive. It matters not that the English authorities say that there are no such estates as represented in existence, or that the American minister or other person testifies to the non-existence of each individual property claimed. Hundreds of fools persist in being duped and handing over money to agents, the credulity deepening with the extent to which the reported value of the imaginary estate is magnified. There was a meeting of over 200 heirs at Detroit, Mich., a few days since, to carry on the war for what is now known as the Peregrine-Edward-Townley estate, worth \$800,000,000, all the heirs to which, by a singular dispensation of providence, live in this country. This is the property which has heretofore been distinguished as the Lawrence-Townley.

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of differences of opinion by argument. 'Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman.' One of the deacons, who sat just behind him, responded: 'Yes; and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have her.'

A Louisvillian recently went to New York and stayed four days at one of the most expensive hotels. He asked for his bill. 'Fifty-one dollars,' said the clerk. 'Guess again,' said the Kentuckian. 'You haven't sized my pile yet. I've more money than that.'

'Mother,' said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, 'I wish I were an orphan.' 'Why so, my dear?' 'Because I should see more of you, for you are all the time going to the orphan asylum.'

STORY OF A WILL.

A man who had been in active business in life sought to make arrangements whereby he might, in his declining years lay aside the cares of life and spend the remainder of his days in serene retirement. And so he made arrangements to live around among his children, and divided up and gave to them his property. All went well for a space, but after a time he became cognizant of the fact that his children looked upon him only as a burden. He bethought himself of an old safe of his, which many years before had been left at the place where he once did business. One day he said to his daughter where he then was staying:

'Angeline I should like to go over and visit the old place once more and see some of my old acquaintances there.'

When he had visited the place where his safe was, and having made arrangements in relation to it, he returned.

A while after this he said to his daughter, 'Angeline, I am getting to be an old man, and you are my youngest child, and I have a mind to have my safe brought and left here, where it will be near me. My will is in my safe.' And so Angeline had a conveyance dispatched to bring the safe. Its arrival at Angeline's caused no little amount of speculation from the old man's children and others, and they suddenly became aware of having a degree of respect for the old man that they had not recently been conscious of. After this, as the old man went from place to place on his circuit, he found his children more favorably circumstanced than before for they had ready money with which to procure things for his needs, which were now liberally supplied. At last, as we all must, the old man died. Very soon after they had buried him his children assembled at the house of Angeline to hear the will read. When the safe was opened nothing was found in it save a small mallet, to the handle of which was fastened a billet bearing in writing these words:

He that giveth all his property before he is dead, Take this mallet and hit him on the head.

And this was the old man's will.

The agent of a New Mexico ranchman paid his semi-annual visit to a distant grazing ground only to find the sheep herder dead and the sheep quietly feeding in a fertile canon near by, jealously guarded by his dog. In the rear of the corral, into which the sheep were driven every night, lay the bleaching skeletons of a dozen or more sheep. Astonished at the sagacity of the dog, the ranchman secreted himself and waited until night. As the sun began to sink the sheep came trooping in, with the dog in the rear. The crowded into the corral through a narrow opening, and as the last one pushed forward the dog seized and killed him, and dragged the lifeless body to the corral, where he made a comfortable supper off a portion of the carcass, leaving the balance for future meals. He had been doing this ever since the death of his master, and would probably have continued his guardianship over the flock until he died.

FEEDING BEES IN WINTER.—Use the inside feeder; feed sugar syrup made of two-thirds granulated sugar and one third water; bring to a boiling point to remove all crystallization. Fill the feeder, and while yet quite warm hang in centre of brood nest. Put the covering over and close up the hive. If the colony is good and strong they will empty the feeder in about twenty-four hours, which will, with what they have, be about enough to safely winter on, and in this way you can feed about six colonies in one week with one feeder, and to make double sure, place on top of the frames of each colony about three or four pounds of plain white sugar candy, which you can obtain at any first-class confectioner's.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, buy it. If it is white with a plush cast or with black speck in it refuse it. Next examine its adhesiveness. Wet and knead a little of it between your fingers, if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand, if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a bad sign.

Little Edith—Mr. Sapley, why does my sister Clara always pray when you come to see her?

Sure she doesn't. What do you mean?

Why, everytime you come here and the servant comes up to the library to say you are in the parlor Clara just shrugs her shoulders and says, 'O, Lord!'

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

You cannot kill goodness, and truth, and integrity, and faith, and holiness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

When an old friend said to Dr. Muhlenberg, 'We are both on the wrong side of seventy,' the Doctor replied, 'The wrong side? surely the right side, for it is the side nearest heaven.'

Grant that we may never seek to bend the straight to the crooked—that is Thy will to ours—but that we, and all doers, may bend the crooked to the straight, our will to Thine. [Augustine.]

No humility is perfect and proportioned but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect our selves as immortal, the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies. [Archer Butler.]

Heaven is the day of which grace is the dawn; the rich, ripe fruit of which grace is the lovely flower; the inner shrine of that most glorious temple to which grace forms the approach and outer court. [Dr. Guthrie.]

'I have known,' says S. Basil, 'men who have fasted, and prayed, and groaned, and yet who would not give the afflicted one farthing.' But God said to Cornelius, 'Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.'

Who can tell how many have been counted fools simply because they were prophets, or how much of the madness in the world may be the utterance of thoughts true and just, but belongs to a region different from ours in its nature and scenery? [Adela Cathcart.]

Each of us is a distinct flower or tree in the spiritual garden of God—precious, each for his own sake, in the eyes of him who is even now making us—each of us watered and shone upon and filled with life, for the sake of his flower, his completed being which will blossom out of him at last to the glory and pleasure of the great Gardener. [Unspoken Sermon.]

A ludicrous incident occurred in the U. S. Senate the other day, during the debate upon the Dakota bill. Senator Harrison was in the middle of his reiteration. Perfect quiet reigned in the chamber. The galleries were more than ordinary attentive. Every eye rested upon the speaker. As each sentence left his lips it was followed by a long and impressive pause. The earnest manner of the Senator heightened the effect. Suddenly there came from one corner of the chamber, in deep sepulchral tones, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' For a moment there was an awkward silence in the chamber. Then up went shouts of laughter, in which even Mr. Edmunds joined. It was Senator George, of Mississippi, who had been dozing in his chair and who when suddenly awakened is apt to think aloud. He was utterly unconscious of what he had said until nudged by his neighbor, Senator Call. It was some time before the Senate set led down again to listen to Mr. Harrison's argument.

A Memphis magistrate had before him one morning last week a young man who at a masked ball the night before had figured as George Washington, to whom however his resemblance was so entirely superficial that he became drunk and abusive before the night was over. The magistrate pronounced sentence in the following homely but emphatic language: 'Now, if you had got drunk as a private citizen, and had cussed and ripped around as such, I should have fined you \$5; but inasmuch as you appeared at the masked ball and committed the offence while personating the character of George Washington, the revered father of his country, I will have to gently stick you for \$20. I won't have this patriotism business brought into dispute.'

Grocer (to new boy)—You must tell people that we are very busy, James, whether we are or not. They like to buy of a firm that they think does a large trade.

New boy—All right, sir.

Grocer (a little later)—Didn't old Mrs. Benson want anything, James?

New boy—Yes, sir, she wanted a couple of mackerel and ten pounds of brown sugar, and I told her we was so busy we didn't know which way to turn, and so she said she was in a hurry, and she'd get 'em round the corner.

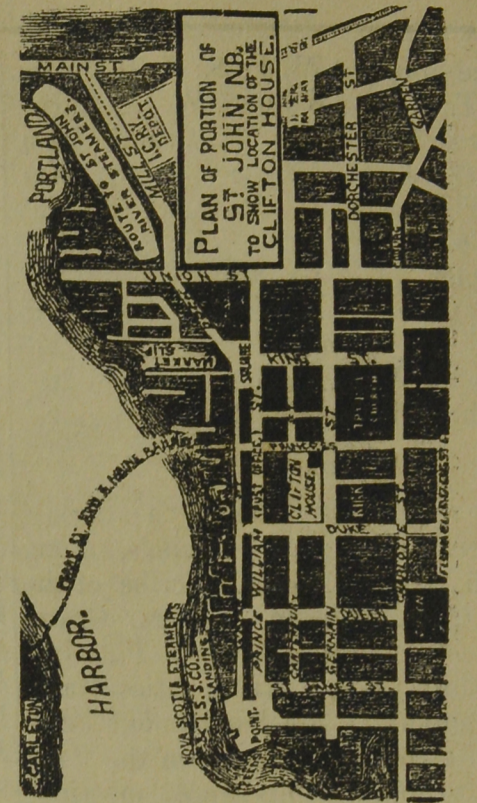
AN EYE TO SELF-PROTECTION.—Small boy (in store)—'I want to get a present for me mother.'

Proprietor—'How would a pair of slippers do, sonny?'

Small boy—'Have you got 'em made of cloth and without any heels?'

Proprietor—'Yes.'

Small boy—(eagerly)—'Gimme a pair.'



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- 8.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
- 10.50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock and St. John.
- 3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

- 10.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.
- 2.40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor, and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
- 5.50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and all points North.
- 7.30 P. M.—Express for St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON.

- 6.50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

- 4.20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.
- H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CRAM, Supt. Southern Division, General Manager. J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent St. John, N. B., Oct. 9, 1885.

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