

NEW GOODS

-AT-

John J. Weddall's,

Silk Plushes,

DRESS GOODS,

Jacket Cloths

CORSETS,

HOOP SKIRTS

BUSTLES.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

SOMETHING

ALL WANT.

A good fitting suit of clothes is what everyone wants, and there is no reason why they should not have it.

Thos. W. Smith is now receiving his fall stock of Cloths, consisting of the very best makes, and the latest designs; and his genial Cutter Mr. James A. Robinson, being ably assisted by Mr. C. E. Collins, a first-class Pressman, is willing to warrant every garment made in this establishment in both fit and workmanship, unsurpassed by any other establishment in the trade. We solicit an inspection of our stock, which will be shown by the affable Messrs. E. McGarrigue and W. J. Crewdson, who will be delighted to show the goods, and take orders. With such a genial and competent staff of aids, the subscriber feels assured, that everyone who favors him with a call, will receive every attention, and be kindly treated whether they leave their orders or otherwise.

We have always in stock the best and cheapest line of gents' furnishing goods; men's and boys' fur and felt hard and soft hats, very cheap also.

The balance of our trunks and valises we are selling regardless of cost, in order to clear them out.

The balance of men's and boys' boots and shoes are being cleared out at a sacrifice.

THOS. W. SMITH.

192 Edgcombe's Building,

Queen Street, Fredericton,

NOW IS THE TIME to secure some elegant premiums, absolutely free. Equal in appearance to solid gold. Full particulars & 50 lovely Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. & this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

400 PER CENT PROFIT to an agent of either sex, selling a grand box of New Goods, sent by return mail for 25c. or 9 three-cent stamps. Costly samples and Illus. Novelty Catalog, 3c. and this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

Private Board,

SEVERAL persons can be accommodated with board at reasonable rates. The rooms are commodious and pleasant, and the situation convenient.

Apply to

Mrs. ROBERT SMITH, 0000

Brunswick and Victoria streets

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. **I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles. —E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and I am satisfied, saved my life. —Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy. —D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health. —Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man:

It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister.

It was, said the solemn man.

I should think so, said the dog.

What 'ud you take for him now? said the man with a squint.

Wouldn't sell him, said the solemn man.

You'd better not, said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached \$200 the solemn man relented.

Well, said he, I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him.

He'll be sorry for it, said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:

Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again.

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

Sunny rooms make sunny lives. Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the work shop where brain and body are made up and rewarded; and there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels, sunlight and pure air, can freely enter. This room shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope to sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, and the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom, all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing years roll on. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor, but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, when the walls and furniture are dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window hang brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets, and ivy in the pots and let the warm air stream in.

TAKE A PAPER.—Why don't you take home a paper for your children?

Can't afford it. Really it costs me so much to live that I have to dispense with luxuries.

Is this economy wise? Is there any other way in which you can spend one dollar which will yield a larger amount of interest, instruction and pleasure, than the weekly visit of a paper prepared especially for the family circle? It is not the body alone that requires food but the mind also. Better live sparingly for one week and avail yourself of what will so largely help to make your home pleasant and cheerful. A good weekly paper is a valuable educator, and it is hard to over-estimate its influence for good. It ought not to be regarded as a luxury, but rather as a necessity.

LUNG BURGLARS.—Mrs. Proudfoot dropped in to have a sociable hour of gossip with her next door neighbor.

O, did you know that poor Fanny Mullens is dead? she asked, chiding her knitting needles and settling herself comfortably on the softest chair.

No; what ailed her?

Burglars on the lungs, I think it was. They're always fatal. Some folks call em' lung burglars, poor soul.

And she picked up the stitch that she had dropped.

A Chicago man is bothered by the following problem, and is anxious to learn how he can apply it to his own business: There were three boys engaged in selling apples. Two of them had thirty apples each, and the third had 60 apples, or exactly as many as the other two put together. The first boy sold his apples at two for one cent, and therefore took in 15 cents. The second sold his apples at three for one cent, and therefore took in ten cents. The two together took in 25 cents. But the third boy sold his sixty apples at five for two cents, and therefore only took in 24 cents. To sell five apples for two cents ought to bring in as much as to sell two of them for one cent, and the other three for another cent; but it seems that it does not if different people own the two apples and three. This has the air of interesting extemporaneity that a Chicago assault on the exact sciences ought to have. Selling 2 apples for a cent 15 times and three apples for a cent 10 times doesn't make 5 apples for a cent 12 times, according to precise Enrs adteeas.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Ocean travel is rapidly changing, and the steamboat is improving as fast as the railroad train, says a correspondent.

The big ocean steamship of today is of from 4,000 to 8,000 tons, and makes her passage from New York to Queens-town in from six days and a few hours to 12 or 13 days. Some ship owners now assert that the passage across the Atlantic will soon be made in four days, and the engineer of this vessel tells me that fast ocean travel is fully as safe though more expensive, than slow travel. The coal consumed by the seven days' steamers is nearly three times as much as that consumed by the 10 days' steamers, and fuel is one of the largest items in the cost of steamship travel. Some of the fast Cunard steamers burn 340 tons of coal a day, whereas the City of Richmond, of about the same size, but a 10 days' steamer, requires only from 100 to 110 tons per day. It costs about \$5 a ton to buy this coal and put it in the furnace of the ship's engines, so that the difference between the seven days' and the 10 days' steamers in the cost of coal alone is over \$1,000 per day. Can you appreciate how much 300 tons of coal a day means? Fifteen tons of coal is a yearly allowance for a small family in an eight-room house. The daily consumption of the Etruria would keep 20 such families for a year, and the 1,300 tons which this ship carries on each trip would more than supply a village of 80 families for that time. The coal used here is slack. It is stored in great vaults, and 54 men are required to put it in the furnaces. The ship has 27 furnaces, each of which is as big around as a ton of hay on a farmer's wagon and about twice as long. They are away down in the bottom of the ship, and as I crept in and out among them, by the aid of the chief engineer and his lantern, and saw the blaze of their entrances, felt the consuming heat of their surroundings, and talked with the sweaty sooting men who were kept at them all day shoveling coal, Dante's Inferno did not seem very far off, and Hades was personified before me. The fastest steamers have 100 men to attend to their furnaces. They must be kept going night and day, and the labor is very hard. The furnaces are so hot that the men must drink great quantities of water, and here they mix the water with oatmeal, and each man consumes gallons daily. This is necessary to keep up the perspiration. In such a heat if a man cannot sweat he will die. * * * Last year over 280,000 steerage passengers were brought to America which, at \$20 would make \$5,600,000 paid out by emigrants to the steamship companies. Of these 68,000, in round numbers, came by the North German Lloyd from Bremen, and 20 odd thousand each by the Red Star, White Star and Inman lines. The North German Lloyd leads the ships of the world as an American emigrant line, but this is probably due to the fact that the bulk of emigrants come from the German countries.

A WONDERFUL DOG.

A solemn man in a western city recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself, and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

What would you like to have sir? asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

Well, said the solemn man, reflectively, gimme some ox-tail soup.

Gimme the same, said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk, went on the solemn man.

Gimme the same, said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and turning fled for the kitchen.

dollar. It is doing the square thing every time you do anything.

Fun is the next best thing to religion. Character is builded by living in perfect harmony with God. Religion is harmony. Religion is the setting of the ten commandments to music in your soul.

It is mighty hard to talk sense for a whole hour and not bore some greenhorn.

It takes less sense for to criticize than it does to do anything else in the world.

I am sorry for a fellow when he is nothing else but a preacher. —Sam Jones.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

The historian of The Boston Record heard a story the other day which he had never heard before, and which struck him as being rather funny. It was about a Vermonter who went with his sweetheart to a justice of peace to get married. The magistrate performed the ceremony, and the blissful countryman asked: How much do I hev to pay ye, Square?

The law allows me \$1.50 said the justice.

Well, I'll tell ye what I'll do, said the bridegroom, taking a half dollar from his pocket, I'll make it \$2 for ye!

The historian says he expects to receive by mail a letter from some learned person in Cambridge or elsewhere who will inclose this narrative:

In the reign of Phoroneus, king of Argos, a peasant who had eloped with a fair daughter of Mycenæ came to a magistrate and was joined in marriage with her. With what sum shall I recompense thee? then asked the peasant. The law of Inachus, answered the magistrate, grants me three pieces of brass. By the ninety-ninth eye of Argus, exclaimed the peasant, reaching down into his tunic, I will give thee one piece of brass and make it four!

A RELIC OF EARLY METHODISM.

In West-street, Seven Dials, at the back of the Horse Repository, and within a stone's throw of the new Shaftesbury-avenue, an old chapel is still in existence, now used as a chappel-of-ease in connection with the Church of England, which enjoys the distinction of having been the first metropolitan chapel of Methodism, the Foundery being only a temporary structure. We have often passed this ugly building but had no idea that it had so rich a history till we read Mr. Telford's book. It was built in 1700 for a congregation of Huguenots, who some years before had been driven from their native land by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Naturally, as the children of the Huguenots became absorbed the Huguenot congregations dwindled and amalgamated, and in 1743 the building, then unlet, was offered to John Wesley, and accepted by him; and until the end of the century it was the headquarters of West London Methodism. Both the Wesleys frequently preached at West-street, and the place is often mention in John Wesley's journal. It was the west-street congregation that subscribed Charles Wesley's funeral expenses in 1788. Whitefield also occasionally preached here, John Wesley reading prayers, and thus for a time they ignored the Calvinism which divided them. The sainted Fletcher of Madely, Olivers, the Welsh hymn writer, and other lesser lights of the Methodist revival were also frequent preachers at West-street, and among the worshippers, regular or occasional, was Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

HOLDING FAST TO MONEY.—A young man evidently from a part of the country where the shriek of the railroad engine has never been heard, called on a country clerk in Arkansas the other day, and in a business way asked, Fell any yit?

What? Marriage license fell any yit?

No; same price.

Well, I come in the other day, an'er feller told me they mought fall airter county court met.

No; they are the same price.

I'm mighty sorry uv that, fur I've been engaged to a gal fur about two year. I loves her mightly, an' she declares she ain't goin' to wait on me no longer, but I wouldn't give three dollars for no set of license that wuz ever writ out. It's mighty hard to give her up, but I reckon I'll have to let her slide.

Look here, said the clerk. Tell you what I'll do for you. I'll pay for your license.

Much obleeged, cap'n. Jist write 'em out, an' I'll go down an' break the good news to Susan. It'll tickle her mighty nigh to death when she hears my good luck.

The license was issued, and the young fellow hurried to the wagon yard, where Susan was stopping, and escorted her to the office of a justice of the peace.

Cap'n, what'll you charge to marry us? The magistrate told him, and, shaking his head, he mumbled,—

Kain't eford that much these hard times.

Nobody will perform the ceremony any cheaper for you.

Wall, then, Susan you'd better go back to the wagon yard, while I go roon' an' see ef I can sell the license to some other feller. I hate to give you up, Sue, but I reckon you'd better marry Bill. He's a reckless sort uv a feller, and don't mind 'stravagance.

MAKING TALK.—I was an awkward bashful boy, and had little knowledge of the usages of society until I was past my twenty-first year. I have not yet by any means forgotten my first appearance in society after I had left my country home and had gone to a city for a year's schooling. A party was given by the principal of the school, a gentleman of dignified but charming manners, to which I was invited. His wife was a lady in the best sense of the word, and a woman of great kindness of heart, as I have reasons for gratefully remembering, and I'm sure I spent three full hours in preparing for that party. It seemed impossible to get my hair combed just right and my boots polished to a proper degree of brilliancy. I also spent no little time in rehearsing the manner in which I should enter the professor's parlor.

When I arrived at the professor's house it was filled with finely dressed ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. B.—the professor's wife, came forward and greeted me so kindly and cordially that the icy sensation I felt on entering the room, myself turned over to an extremely stiff and chilly looking matron in silks and jewels, my mental temperature fell to zero again.

The lady was sitting on a sofa, and I, hardly knowing what I was about, sat down beside her. She looked coldly at me. I felt that I ought to say something. Indeed, I must say something or faint. Perhaps the lady may be interested in rural affairs I thought, and the contents of a letter I had that day received from a younger brother at home took full possession of my mind, so I blurted out,—

Did you ever see a jack-rabbit?

No, with great frigidty.

Our dog killed three last week.

Indeed!

Yes, they're all ears and no tail.

Indeed.

Yes, ma'am; I wonder why?

The lady sat perfectly rigid, looking at me steadily out of her cold gray eyes, and offered no theories on the subject. As I had none of my own with which to enlighten her, there was an intermission in my endeavors to make conversation. We sat for several minutes in perfect silence until I could endure the suspense no longer, and I then rose, saying,—

Good by ma'am; I guess I'll go home.

And the expression of her face and the tone of her voice as she said, Good evening, expressed her opinion quite as plainly as if she had said, I think you had better.

Of course I went. Nevertheless that woman wasn't a lady.

SOME LIVES ARE WORTH LIVING.

'Is Life Always Worth Living?' was the subject of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. J. S. McIntosh of Philadelphia. 'This question, 'Is life worth living?' he began, is revived paganism. They are the weary words of the lotus eater, which we hear on every breeze. They are the last despairing words of the wealthy and cultivated German who commits suicide in Berlin, the house of leaders of modern thought. The question is the trail of the Serpent across the Garden. If there be no living fountain of joy in a man making him rejoice, even in a desert, then indeed why is it not a handful of white dust in an urn better than life?

The question may well be asked, Where? At the Derby races, where you may see a ruined Marquis or a Duke rush distracted from the madding crowd. Ask it at Monte Carlo, that new Eden where Satan is daily proving himself man's murderer. Ask it at the mad-house. Ask it at the health resort, where the weary and sodden money getter seeks in vain to renew his youth. Ask it in the household where fashion is the goddess worshipped.

'You dare not ask it beside the ashes of your mother or at the graves of Corey of Judson. Nor in the presence of any man or woman whose lives are full of sweet reasonable service for the benefit of mankind. I would have you live in laborious, sympathetic contact with your fellow men. Take the hand of the Chinaman and say, I, too, am a man and a brother.' We need men to solve the drink question, the Mormon and the labor problems, and the puzzles of perfect city and national governments. Such are men who if they fall will gladly be of God's elect minority, that progressive and formative few who are ahead of their time.'

APHORISMS.—No man can be religious in anything unless he is religious in everything.

This term holy holiness—if you put a 'w' before it you will get the best idea of holiness you ever had.

Show me a church that does not believe in revivals and I will show you a church that looks like an abandoned cemetery.

Stagnation is the last station this side of damnation.

It is an abnormal state of things that makes revivals necessary.

Religion is royalty to God, and the right holiness is a hundred cents in the