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Men's and Boy's Fur Caps, in Beaver, Persian, Otter and Nutria. Beaver Collars and Cuffs, Persian Collars and Cuffs.

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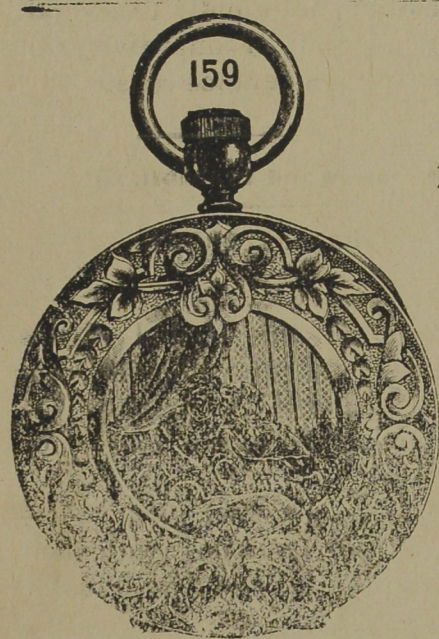
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Special Discount to Ministers. Reliable agents wanted in every part of the Dominion.

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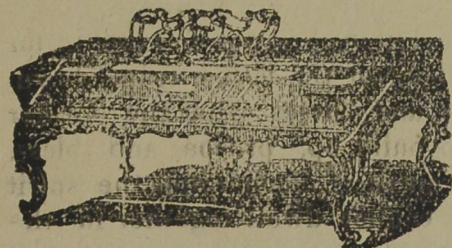
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If you have an idea of purchasing a Piano, you should see these Pianos Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, and Sewing Machines Fixtures always in Stock.

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remedies included, will be donated by Dr. Sweet the celebrated natural born setter and physician, to one worthy person in each town WITHOUT EXPENSE except \$1.00 for drawing examination papers. Send no money until return of papers. Application must be endorsed by Minister or Postmaster. Send stamp for FREE EXAMINATION BLANKS and particulars to Dr. Sweet's Sanitarium for the Lame, 16 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass.

they do, but not always in what is good. Take, for instance, the matter of criminal statistics for last year, according to the returns published, and we find that the grand totals of criminals of all sorts are distributed among the churches thus: Baptists, 110; Presbyterians, 291; Methodists, 377; Episcopalians, 637; Roman Catholics, 1807. Roughly speaking Roman Catholics number two-fifths of the whole population, and yet more than half of the criminals belong to them. They are three times more than we are, but they have six times more criminals, and we ought to be humbled that we have so many as we have. The Episcopalian church is 120,000 less than we are, and yet they have more than twice as many criminals. It is a sad fact, that the two churches that claim to be the church, the only true church, and to have specially intimate relations with a just and holy God, are the churches that embosom and harbor the largest portion of vice and crime in our country. Oh that our Episcopalian brethren, and there are many noble Christians among them, would trouble themselves less about rites and more about righteousness! The good and wise among them ought to see, that the nearer they are getting to Romanism, the worse they are getting.

I am sorry to have to say these things, but they had better be said and pondered over. There is a reason for them, and no church should lie under the imputation, the blame, that in some way it is not discouraging and discountenancing vice and crime as it should, and as some other churches are. But I am humbled, when I reflect, how far short we ourselves are coming of what we ought to be, how low down in spiritual life and activity we are, how much drunkenness and evil of every sort prevail among us. Oh it grows upon me, that as a church and people we are in great need of an abundant outpouring of the Spirit, and let us give the Lord no rest till He come and bless as only He can bless us! I ask myself over and over again, if this utter indifference with regard to eternal things is to go on, if this ease and indulgence and worldliness are to grow and prosper right under the shadow of the church, if drunkenness and idleness and crime are to fill our streets, if law is to be defied, if religion is to be sneered at, if the gospel as we preach it is to have no more power than it has, if our old men are to die unsaved, if our young men with all their promise and energy are to grow up and grow old in the service of the world, if there is nothing more for us and better for us than this snail's way of dragging along as a church, and if we are to be reconciled and resigned to what we are and have. And when I go to the Word of God to find out what it has to say on the point, I am led to say: "No! this need not go on, and with God's blessing, this shall not go on. There will be fruitfulness where there has been barrenness, the waking up to a new life and energy where there have been languishing and decay, the joy of a glad in-gathering of souls, a blessed harvest-home, where there have been the toil and tears of weary sowing. Then these words will have a new force and meaning: 'Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Again: I find here a test of individual character and life. You and I, my hearers, each and all of us, are trees planted in a garden, not merely ornamental trees, but fruit-trees. A tree may be, has the privilege to be, both ornamental and fruit-bearing, and that is the kind of tree you and I should want to be. This wide land of ours, yonder cities with their many thousands and this city with its few thousands, is a sort of garden or orchard, a very large sort of one perhaps, and a very rough and uncultivated one, and we are, all of us, its fruit-trees, and it is ours individually and personally to realize that we are responsible for some portion, larger or smaller, of the grand total of good, in the shape of material prosperity and success, and also in the shape of moral influence, righteousness, religion, character, life.

The success of an orchard, every one knows, depends upon the success of the individual fruit trees. Every tree adds its quota of fruit to the whole, and the whole is that much more a whole. It will not do for a tree to say: "The tree alongside of me is yielding enough of fruit for both of us. He yields so much and such good fruit that I need not do anything. All I do is to stand idly by, and admire my brilliant neighbor as he loads himself up, year by year, with a great crop of fruit." And then another says: "They have put me out of the way here in this far corner where nobody comes to see what I am doing, and I am not expected to do much, and I am not doing much." And so all over the great orchard.

Now, so it is in our country. So many are not doing much for the material prosperity of the country. They do not farm, nor develop any enterprise, nor work at any trade, nor follow any profession, nor serve any good and useful purpose whatever. They are fruitless trees. Some of them think they are ornaments to society, and they look so fine and grand promenading the streets, lounging about the hotels, and thrusting themselves in the way of

honest and earnest industry. But a country needs no such ornaments. It is the man who is busy, who does something, grows something, builds something, makes something, who is the true ornament of a country; not your fine citizen with glossy beaver and gay apparel that fills the streets of midnight or early morning with clamor, and is a general nuisance, a curse.

And so it is also in society and the church. You and I have a place in the community, and we are something to society and the church. We have an individuality that we cannot rid ourselves of, even though we wanted to do so. Around about us on all sides perhaps are surging multitudes, thousands and thousands, and they are crowding in upon us, and we find ourselves jammed up and wedged in among a living mass where we cannot be ourselves and do as we would like. They carry us with them whether we will or not. And yet, even in such a situation as that, we have an individuality, we count one. And more than that, we can make our individuality even there, weak as it may be in itself, and especially where we are, tell for something, yea for much, and that something or much, a glad glorious good or otherwise.

O my hearer, you are, and since you are, what are you? To what use are you putting yourself? What service are you rendering the state, the church, the city, society, the home? What is your influence worth? What does your character amount to? You have a say in all that is going on and being done, or may have. You have a vote perhaps, a sacred trust, and you cast it the other day, or did not, on a great moral question. What I want to impress upon you is, that you count one, and that means something all round about. It means responsibility. It means influence. It means usefulness or otherwise. You have a life, and you are living it. You have a destiny to work out, and you are at it, have been at it now for thirty, fifty years. You are a tree, in some sense, in the Lord's vineyard, and you are there to bring forth fruit, good fruit, and much of it. Are you doing it? It is a solemn, awful question, for by our fruits are we known.

The Lord comes into His vineyard. His vineyard is the state, society, the family, as well as the church. He wants to see what His trees are doing, what prospects of fruitfulness. He comes to me, to you. He has done much for us. He has planted us in happy surroundings, in a fair city, where we have every encouragement to be good and do good, and therefore He has a right to expect a corresponding yield of good fruit.

You remember the Lord was passing along one lovely summer morning, and He saw off some distance a fig-tree making a very fine appearance with its profusion of leaves. So He went over to it, for it seemed to invite Him, to find some figs, for He was hungry. But when He came to it He found no fruit; it was a barren fig-tree. So He left His curse with it, and so soon it withered away.

Now, the Lord is here today looking for fruit, not empty show, not fine appearances, and have we any fruit for Him? Have we the fruits of repentance, faith, good works, charity, Christian benevolence, love, holy living, earnest right doing; or, what have we? He looks, looks with His keen searching eyes, looks with His hunger, looks so earnestly, so interestedly. He does not want to be disappointed, He does not want to find us out to be no good, fruitless fig-trees, wild worthless vines. But, after a while, the truth forces itself upon Him, and He feels so badly. It is not what He expected of us; it is not what He had a right to expect of us. So He says, and the tears are in His eyes: "Cut down the barren tree! I am disappointed in it. This is not the first nor second season it has failed me. For three successive seasons it has served me in this cruel way. Cut it down! Why should it any longer cumber and curse the ground where it stands?" And the axe of doom swings in the hands of retributive justice, and is ready to fall upon the careless useless tree. But mercy pleads, and pleads not in vain, and the patience of God waits, and the fruitless tree is spared a little longer.

O my hearer, make haste to bring forth the fruits meet for repentance. From thy knees cry up to Heaven for mercy and help, and go forth to do God's loving will, to walk in His right ways. No fruit! no fruit! how awful to be here under the sunshine of Heaven's love, the rich droppings of the gospel, and no fruit!

AMEN.

### FACTS ABOUT WATER.

THE EXTENT TO WHICH IT MINGLES WITH APPARENTLY SOLID BODIES.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landholder has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon

and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water, in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stones were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water.

In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales, in a hundred and seventy-two days, about one hundred thousand grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France, is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.—N. Y.

### CLEANING CLOTHING.

It is a mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new. Take for instance a shiny old coat, waistcoat or trousers, of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The Analyst describes the process as follows: The scourer makes a strong, warm soap suds and plunges the garment into it, soaks it up and down, rubs the dirty places if necessary, puts it through a second suds, then soaks it through several waters and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry, he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron is passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny.

Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam rises, and brings the nap up with it. In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings and look better every time because of them.

### HOUSEWORK HEALTHFUL.

Housework is healthy, and many physicians recommend it to woman who need exercise. Walking is not enough, it exercises only the legs, while dusting and sweeping bring an entirely different set of muscles into play. Many girls take more interest in their homes if encouraged to assist in the care of them. And, perhaps, this was an idea of Mrs. Donald G. Mitchell's, who brought up all of her daughters to do a part of the domestic work of their home. Some mothers are willing to give their daughters an allowance for doing this work, dividing between them what would be the wages of a servant. This, of course, would be an inducement for a girl who had no taste for housework, and would enable her to gratify many little personal wants. It seems, too, only just, unless the family is in straitened circumstances, that the daughters should receive what would otherwise be paid to a servant. Household duties, if properly planned, need take but very little time out of a long day. To be systematic in the discharge of such duties is the only way to properly accomplish the right amount of work.—Boston Herald.

Kind words do not cost much.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

No man is a free man who has a vice for his master.

An ounce of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Esteem is the harvest of a whole life spent in usefulness.

Everyone is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

The great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of man in him.

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told their duty.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.