

# SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

## Gents' White Shirts,

### GENTS' REGATTA SHIRTS;

### GENTS' FLANNEL SHIRTS

Gents' Night Shirts,

—AT—

## J. H. FLEMING'S.

ARE YOU GOING

# TO THE CARNIVAL?

—IF SO TAKE A—

LUNCH BASKET

With you, We have a Large Assortment, also, Self-Sealing Fruit Jars, and Porcelain-lined Preserving Kettles.

LEMONT & SONS.

WE GUARANTEE THAT

## THE IDEAL WASHING MACHINE

If used according to directions on the Cover Will wash thoroughly a very soiled tub of clothes in less than Five Minutes.

That it will wash any article from a suit of homespun to a lace curtain or collar, and will not injure the most delicate fabric, nor break a button. That WITH ONE HALF THE QUANTITY OF SOAP, it will in two hours, do a larger washing than an experienced washerwoman can do in a day. That it can be used in any part of the house without mess or slop, and that the entire washing, rinsing and blueing can be done without putting the hands in the water, or soiling the dress. That we will send sheets of testimonials to any address, or refer you to scores of the most reliable parties who will confirm all we claim for "THE IDEAL."

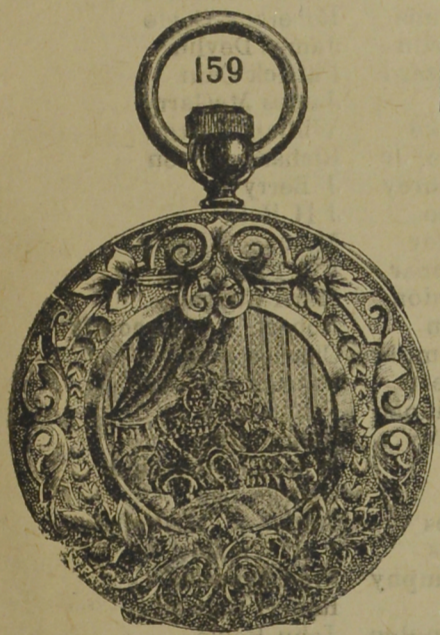
Special Discount to Ministers. Reliable agents wanted in every part of the Dominion.

THOMAS CLARKE,  
J. S. DODD,  
C. R. H. STARR.

THE IDEAL MFG CO.,  
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

## R. BLACKMER,

Watchmaker and Jeweller.



### Repairing a Specialty

Work always Delivered when promised.

Can give you a Watch at very reasonable rates. Call and see, if you think of buying.

QUEEN STREET,

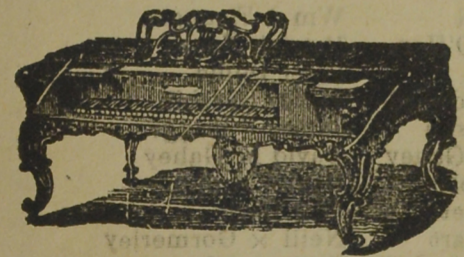
Opposite Market,

Fredericton, N. B.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

—X—X—

## THE NEW HEINTZMAN PIANO



Has now a reputation gained by the excellency of Tone, and handsome finish and perfect satisfaction it gives to all those who have purchased them, that assists largely in New Sales.

D. McCATHERIN,

Opposite the Stone Barracks, FREDERICTON,

Has in his Show Rooms, a large stock of these instruments, in handsome cases of Double Veneered Rosewood, Mahogany, Blistered Walnut and French Burl.

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

## I. C. SHARP, M. D., C. M. Sale of No Mark Logs.

(Late Resident Surgeon Montreal General Hospital)

THE No Mark and Mixed Mark Logs, which have been rafted by the Fredericton Boom Co. this season, will be sold at Public Auction on

TUESDAY, AUG. 13TH

at eleven o'clock, at the office of A. F. Randolph & Son, Fredericton, N. B.

A. J. OLIVE,

Sec'y for Boom Co.

hard place, Babylon, and especially Babylon's palace, to do God's right in. But the right can be done anywhere by the earnest good, the faithful Daniels. And soon their noble resolution is put to a severe test. Before them is spread a table of dainties—wine, meats, indulgence-fattening dishes. To eat is to die, and not to eat is to die perhaps. But they do what they believe to be the only right thing for them to do. So they respectfully request a dinner of herbs. It is a hard request to make, and a still harder one to grant, but it is made and granted, and around their dinner of herbs, legumes, the fair youths, with God's love illuminating their faces, sit, and are happy. How good for them, good for all their future, that they choose temperance in preference to intemperance, right in preference to wrong, God's love rather than the king's favor, homely fare versus splendid misery!

But let us turn to another table-scene. It is in Babylon, too, Belshazzar's Banquet. A thousand lords, and a thousand ladies, feast with the voluptuous king. The wine flows. Mirth is mad. Laughter holds his sides, and haw-haws vociferously. Music clangs. Then they begin cursing—cursing Jehovah, the God of Daniel. But see! What is that? A spectre-hand writes doom on the palace wall. The king is terror-struck. The ladies scream and faint. The lights burn dim. Horror reigns. Daniel comes in, and tells the king his dreadful doom: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting!" And the finale is, "That night the city is taken, and Belshazzar the king is slain."

Now, looking on this scene and that—this with its pulse and that with its wine, this with its simplicity and that with its extravagance, this with its right and that with its wrong, this with its God love and that with its God-hate, this with its blessing and that with its curse, you would say—would you not?—with the wise Solomon, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Still another scene let me show you, one painted by the Master's skilful hand; and yet, it is not unreal, a mere fancy-sketch. No; there is deep, earnest, solemn, awful truth in it.

A rich man dwells in a grand house, and fares sumptuously every day. His table groans with plenty—meats and drinks. His friends come to feast with him—to eat his meat, drink his wine, help his joy, pander to his indulgence. Ah! how hollow and empty such joy and friendship; splendid misery!

Dying of want at his gate lies a poor, but good man, and yet he cannot spare him the crumbs that fall from his overloaded table. Oh the meanness of extravagance! the cruelty of indulgence! The rich man's dogs are kinder than himself; they come and with their soft cooling tongues, they lick the wretched beggar's inflamed ulcers.

Now, look on this scene and that; look on unconsecrated, unblessed plenty, and then look on consecrated, God-blessed want; look at Dives in his palace, and Lazarus out at his gate unsheltered, uncared for;—look, I say, at the two scenes as they are, side by side, and if you had your choice to make of this or that, what choice would you make? Ah! you would not know what to do.

But look again, the death-curtain drops on both. The rich man dies, because perhaps he is overfed, and the poor man dies because he is underfed. Vanishes like a gorgeous day-dream the splendor of wealth, and over the hill crawls the solemn pageant. Then comes a pauper's neglected funeral, and everybody thanks God that the poor wretch is out of the way.

Still again we look. A banquet is going on. Heaven's elite is there—Abraham, David, Elijah, Isaiah. Angels wait upon the happy guests. A new arrival is announced. He is led to the seat of honor beside Abraham. Who is this honored one? Did you catch the name? Lazarus, the dog-befriended pauper that lay at the rich man's gate. Let all the welkin ring with glad hosannas, praise to the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb.

But where is the rich man? Ah! a message comes to Abraham from him. He is in awful want; he begs just one little drop of water to cool his burning tongue. But he is denied it; he cannot have it. He has had all the good he will ever have. He dwells in everlasting burnings.

Now, you are prepared to make your choice. You say, "Let me be Lazarus ill-fed here and well-fed yonder, rather than Dives well-fed here and ill-fed yonder." "Better is a dinner of herbs," crumbs, "where love is, God's love, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith"—God's hatred.

A MEN.

### CHILDISH QUARRELS.

I don't think very much of the neighbor who comes running into my house to tell me every time my Johnnie gives her Tommy a little hurt. Her Tommy has to handle my Johnnie very roughly indeed before I would run to her with a complaint about it. I don't like to see parents mixing themselves up with the

little quarrels their children have with other children. The children themselves so soon forget and forgive it all; but we children of a larger growth cannot so soon forget the hurt we feel because our children have been complained of. I was once calling on a friend when her little boy of eight years came in said tearfully: O mamma, Harry Cole hit me! Well, well, returned the mother, complacently, you go out and hit Harry.

Clearly that mother has no part in her children's quarrels, and the carelessly given advice was dangerous to the child. It was so far from the turning-of-the-other-cheek-also teaching, and it was not right; but it was not much more harmful than the words of the mother who says, "If Johnnie hits you, you come and tell me, and I'll go and tell his mother on him."

We don't see the faults of our children as others see them, but, all the same, we don't want to be reminded of them by persons of clearer vision than ourselves. No matter how carefully we may guard and guide them, the little mortals will get into trouble, but they can often get out of it themselves much easier than we can help them out. It is seldom the nature of childhood to cherish anger and resentment long. The boys who are foes at noon are friends at night. Not so with us.—Atlanta Constitution.

### GOOD ADVICE FOR ALL YOUNG MEN.

Is it true that a fine young man can hardly be found in Springvale? It is beginning to be frequently so said. What is the cause? "They all drink!" Of course that is not all but it is the root of all. The young man who drinks pawns health, intellect and character, and is sure to lose them all unless he stops; and the rule is that he does not stop until he has lost them, and then he dies. That is the road you have started on if you drink. Habitual drinkers are men who tried to be moderate drinkers and failed. They are sure to fail also in at least four other things—health, intellect, character and business. Is that what you propose to do with your life? You can easily do it, but will you? Do you consent to take the risk? Look around upon the examples in Springvale which you have begun to imitate. Is it a company that you are honored in being counted with? They all began by doing as you are now doing, and some of them are pleased to see you follow in their foot-steps; indeed, they baited the trap in which you have been caught. Let it be your firm purpose to have and deserve the honor of being one of the few young men in this village who are always both sober and respectable. Such young men are in demand for employment, for office, for business, and for every relation of life and society.—TRUTH, in Springvale Advocate.

Do not be afraid of your servants; they will respect you far more and serve you far better if you insist on their having your way instead of their own. You no doubt will dread a change, but even if that comes it may be a change for the better instead of the worse. Neither be afraid of your husband if your bills exceed your allowance, tell him so promptly, if he growls, accept it as your due, bravely and cheerfully; no man worth loving or marrying will growl at a woman brave enough to own she is in the wrong, and open confession saves all those delicate secret complications that help out the interest of a novel, but are intolerable in real life. Don't be afraid of other people, their words, their opinions or their customs. If you cannot afford expensive carpets, put down cheap ones, or nothing, and take them as a matter of course; never apologize for them. If you have cheap chairs, fall back on their comfort and cleanliness when you think of it, and do not inwardly cringe because they are cheap. It is neither sinful nor shameful to be poor; if you have to be careful and troubled about many things, dear Martha, like your scriptural namesake, do not let this be one of them.—[Rose Terry Cook in Christian Union.

### CHOCOLATE PIE.

One cup of milk, three eggs, two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar, two heaping tablespoonsful of grated chocolate, a pinch of salt, and vanilla extract enough to flavor. Mix the chocolate in two tablespoonsful of milk. Stir in the cup of milk, and scald. Beat one whole egg and the yolks of two with the cup of sugar, stirring while pouring it on. Bake in a deep pie-plate with one crust. When done beat the whites of two eggs used in pie to stiff froth. Add two tablespoonsful of pulverized sugar, spread over the top of the pie and return to oven until slightly browned.

The highest plane of giving is giving for love's sake; this is the Divine motive in giving.

He who is pure in desire, noble in character, rich in good deeds, has no need to proclaim it.

### CHARITY AND RED-TAPE.

Five Cashiers Required to Pay a Bread Bill in Paris.

During the winter months in Paris, says the Confectioners' Journal, various charitable societies issue bread tickets, called *bonds de pain*, which are on sale at the tobacconists, and cost ten cents each. Charitable people, who don't care about giving money to the poor, buy these tickets and distribute them to the indigent, and every baker in Paris exchanges one pence's worth of bread for one of these tickets. Business having called me the other day to the Caisse de la Boulangerie, or central bakers' cash office, I was present at the refunding to the bakers of cash in exchange for the tickets they had received from the poor during the last month. This cash office is situated on the Quai d'Anjou, near the far-famed Hotel Lambert. The cashiers consist of five master bakers, who volunteer for the service, and these five were seated at a long table. In front of four of these gentlemen were piles of oblong-shaped pieces of black cardboard, which had very much the appearance of slates without frames. In front of each pile of slates was a pile of money—one of copper, one of silver, one of gold, and one of bank notes. The fifth cashier, who sat nearest the door, had neither slates nor money. It was his duty to examine and initial the written bill presented by each baker as he came in. The account he then passed on to his colleague at his side, who had the copper in front of him. This gentleman examined the bill and then took from his heap of copper the amount of pence in the balance of the account, placed them on the side of his slates, and passed this to his colleague with the silver, who added the amount of loose francs marked on the bill and then passed it on, on the slate, to the gold cashier, who, having added the gold pieces requisite, handed it to the bank-note cashier, who added bank-notes to make up the amount of the bill and paid over the amount due in notes, gold, silver and copper to the baker, who had followed his bill behind the chairs.

As a sample of old-world tomfoolery this account of how bills are paid in Paris will certainly interest Americans. Does it not seem incredible that in a business age, when time is literally money, such a custom, surviving from the darkest middle ages, should be tolerated? It took just five minutes for each bill to pass through the hands of the copper, silver, gold and bank-note cashiers before the baker got his money. This absurd mode of payment, I am glad to say, exists nowhere else in Paris and is a survival of the customs which were in force in the mediæval "ancient and worshipful company" of master bakers in Paris. In those hoary times massive silver trays were used for carrying the "boodle" from the company's cash box or treasure chest to the baker who had to receive it. On one tray gold was carried, on another silver, and on another copper. Stately nonsense of this sort was all very well in the days before America was discovered, in the nineteenth century it is a downright anomaly. The only sensible thing about this Caisse de la Boulangerie is that on the premises is a large oven in which any baker in Paris, at an emergency or in case of accident to his own private oven, can have his bread baked.

### LITERARY STYLES.

The Quality Which Most Contributes to Lasting Success.

We may test contemporary literature, says Charles Dudley Warner in the Atlantic, by its conformity to the canon of simplicity; that is, if it has not that, we may conclude that it lacks one essential lasting quality. It may please, it may be ingenious, brilliant even; it may be the fashion of the day, and a fashion that will hold its power of pleasing for half a century, but it will be a fashion. Mannerisms, of course, will not deceive us, nor extravagances, eccentricities, affectations, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and prodigality in adjectives. But, style! Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad, and the style should be the writer's own and characteristic of him as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention so constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it is too good—too pronouncedly good—I fear I shall not like it so well on a second reading. If it comes to stand between me and the thought, or the personality behind the thought, I grow more and more suspicious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I can not have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony of color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. This is true if it is a question only of present enjoyment. But we may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. Even in our day we have seen many reputations flare up, illuminate the sky, and then go out in utter darkness. When we take a proper historical perspective we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.

### A Division of Pleasure.

Friend (to Colonel).—"I hear, Colonel, that you and Major Sevengallons were taken down with the jim-jams together, sir, the other night." Colonel (hotly).—"No, sir. There was not enough liquor between us for that. I had the jim and he had the jams; but, sir, we couldn't combine!"

### A Difference in Cigarettes.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, talking about cigarettes, says that "those bought by our boys are quite another thing from those comparatively innocent ones smoked by Cubans and South Americans that set the fashion. Wrappers, 'warranted rice paper,' are proven to be ordinary paper whitened with arsenic. In the sixteen expensive popular brands, with one exception, were found sufficient quantities of opium to create such a craving as could only be satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes or resort to opium alone. We see many cases of lightning paralysis, insomnia, insanity, unquestionably so produced, and the whole army of cigarette smokers show it in skin, weak eyes and weaker manhood."

### Value of the Best Gems.

Opal is worth \$15 to \$40 per carat.  
Cat's eye is worth \$15 to \$50 a carat.  
Oriental ruby is worth \$100 per carat.  
Emerald is worth \$50 to \$200 per carat.  
A diamond is worth \$50 to \$150 per carat.  
A sapphire is worth \$100 to \$150 per carat.