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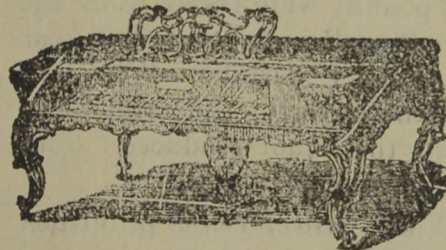
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way or another, just as divided. Even a purely church question, a mission scheme, the work of God in the world, in a general assembly meeting, is sometimes so hotly discussed, and wrangled over, and when the vote comes to be taken, the very best of men are on both sides. So also when it comes to how to deal with a great evil, such as that of intemperance.

Now, all this shows us that there is room for difference of opinion, and we should be patient with those who are over on the other side from where we are. And they may be right, and we wrong. Still, such differences of opinion are often sad drawbacks to the working out of the cause of truth and righteousness. Evil men take advantage of the church's differences, and the evil goes on and grows.

But as the years go by, and the bearing of practical questions is more and more understood by those who have to do with them, there is more and more unanimity in the church, and earnest men are coming to be more and more decided, more and more settled and steadfast in their views and opinions, and so it will come to pass by and by that it will be easier than it is today to put down evil. May the Lord hasten it!

This however is to me the saddest thing of all, the matter of greatest concern, that here and everywhere, there are so many, multitudes and multitudes, who have never yet been able to arrive at any decision as to whether or not they will serve the Lord. They are here day by day, and I am glad to see them here, that gives me hope with regard to them,—I say, they are here day by day, close under the walls of Zion, as close in some respects as they can get, as close as the church-pew can bring them, and they seem to be with us, seem to be on our side, and, better still, seem to be on the Lord's side. But they come and go, and the years with their changes and chances come and go, and they let opportunity after opportunity go by, and they are not with us, they take no stand on the Lord's side. They are interested in many things. They are interested in religion, and they show their interest in many ways. We can see it in their attendance. We can see it in their attention;—the kindling eye, the quivering lip, the silent tear stealing down the cheek, the suppressed sigh. We can see it in the way they give, in their readiness to do. But beyond a certain point there is no influencing them somehow to come. Right up to the point of decision they will come, but there they stop, and they stubbornly decline to take a stand for Christ, and nothing you can do, nothing you can say, has any influence upon them. Short of decision they stop, and to stop short of decision is to stop short of Christ, and to stop short of Christ is to stop short of salvation, and to stop short of salvation is to stop short of Heaven, and to stop short of Heaven is to stop short of everything. It is to fail; it is to lose all; it is to be lost. Thus what a want is the want of decision in a matter of so great moment.

But God forbid that we should cease to hope for the multitudes in the valley of decision. Yea, they are in a most interesting and hopeful state. They are where they are not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. They are where they are as near to being saved as they can be till they are saved. They are, as the old prophet so aptly and expressively describes their condition, as being in the valley of decision, and that valley is close under the walls of Jerusalem, hard by the hill of God, in the immediate vicinity of Jehovah's temple. They are where decisions are come to. They are where others have decided. They are where Peter decided. They are where the multitudes on the day of Pentecost decided. They are where the multitudes today are deciding. They are where it is easy to decide, for it is here where the gospel is preached, and prayer is continually offered, and Jesus is near with His grace and mercy, and the Spirit is poured out, and angels come, and saints gather. Oh! why is it that we still halt between two opinions? Why is it that we still linger? Why is it that we are still undecided, and so much at stake;—so much so near being possessed and enjoyed, and so much ready to be forever lost?

O ye in the valley of decision, and not yet the Lord's, not yet decided, I know how wretchedly uncomfortable you are there where you are! You know nothing of peace. The valley of decision is a hard place to be in for one who wants to be undecided. It is a place of struggle. It is where men are hard put to it, the battle-field of contending hosts, the valley where all is lost or won—all that is worth winning or losing. There in spite of themselves men are dragged or driven into the conflict. They want to be neutral, but they cannot. The world is there with his friends, and the Lord is there with His people, and you cannot but be on this side or that.

O my bearer, you want to be let alone. You want to sit on the fence perhaps, and see the great struggle of good and evil going on all around you, and being fought out, and yet you have no hand in it, no interest in it. But you cannot be let alone. Off the

fence, out of the pew where you sit, you will be dragged by rude hands, and you will find yourself in the battle, and the side you will be on will be the side you had better not be on. You protest you have not yet decided what you are going to do, whose you are going to be. But already the world has you. Already the devil has his chain riveted upon you.

Poor silly fool! how is it that thou canst not see that now to choose the Lord is to choose the world! To be the Lord's, thou must choose Him—His side, His service. But there is no need of any choice to be the world's. Thou canst tumble into the world's service. Thou canst sleep into the devil's service. But what a waking some day! O awake now, and decide to be the Lord's. Let His love draw thee. Let His presence cheer thee. Let His grace keep thee. Let it be said of thee, as was said of another, that whatever others do, thou wilt serve the Lord, thou wilt be on His side. Choose you this day whom you will serve. Decide for the Lord, His side, His cause, His people; and decide today, right now indeed. Look up now, and say: "O Lord, I am thine, I want to be thine from this time on forever; oh help me!"

AMEN.

A PEN PORTRAIT OF JESUS.

There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is tall well, shaped; of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls waving about, and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parting on the crown of the head and running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazarites; his forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard thick, and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; look innocent, dignified, manly and mature; in proportion of body, most perfect and captivating; his hand, and arms most delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest and wise; a man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine perceptions, surpassing the children of men in every sense.—[Description of Jesus by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.]

The Cronin Trial.

THE MAIN HOPE OF THE DEFENCE.

CHICAGO, November 15.—The defence in the Cronin case will devote its attention principally to the proving of alibis for the suspects. This is in fact its main hope so far as Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke are concerned. As for Kunze, his attorney does not think he is in any danger whatever, notwithstanding the testimony of the milkman Mertes that he saw the little German and Coughlin drive up to the cottage together. Should it be found, however, that the alibi business does not take well with the jury, Coughlin's friends, aided by the suspect's wife, will do what they can to induce him to confess. There is no doubt that Coughlin has been solicited to confess many times, but has always asserted that he has nothing whatever to tell. To one friend who saw him in the gaol he said:—

"Hell will freeze over before I ever say anything."

And it is the belief of the state that it is time wasted for anyone to plead with him. He is stubborn, has a certain pride which would prevent his "splitting," and has always borne the reputation among his friends and companions on the police force of being a desperate and dangerous man in an emergency. One fact weighs heavily with the state, however, and this is that if there is anyone behind the prisoner the latter will have no incentive to shield him when they find all hope gone. Burke and iceman O'Sullivan have no family to be cared for, while Coughlin has a wife, but she would prefer to see him confess than be cared for, even luxuriously, as a widow by those who hired him or were influential in urging him on to the commission of the bloody deed. Coughlin has said he would die game. Burke and O'Sullivan have made no such declaration. The

DEFENCE WILL OCCUPY ABOUT TEN DAYS with the testimony they have to introduce. As to Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Kunze being in Neiman's saloon, near the Carlson cottage on the night of May 4, at 10 o'clock, a Nieman swore they were, the defence will argue that it would have been impossible for the two first named to have assisted in

the murder, washed themselves and removed the bloody evidence of their crime, and then got to the saloon by 10 o'clock, particularly as Cronin did not arrive at the cottage until after 8 o'clock. Then the defence will insist that had these men participated in the murder their actions would have shown it, whereas Nieman could not see that they were excited or nervous. They were mysterious in their conversation, but the defence will argue that they might have been talking over private business. Mrs. Hoertel will also be fiercely attacked and witnesses brought to swear that she had not sense enough to testify intelligently about anything. An alibi will also be set up for her, and Ertels, the saloon keeper, in whose place her husband spent all his money, will swear as to the time she was in his saloon. Her character will in all probability be also attacked. Witnesses will be brought to show Coughlin's whereabouts that fatal night up to midnight, when it will be claimed, the detective went home. It is proposed to follow Coughlin from an early hour in the evening until midnight and demonstrate that it would have been an impossibility for him to have been at the Carlson cottage that night at any time. Mrs. Conklin's identification of

THE DINAN WHITE HORSE.

is to be made the subject of attention. Two newspaper reporters will swear she failed to identify the animal when Captain Schaack brought it up, though in regard to this Mrs. Conklin has sworn it was raining when Schaack drove past her house, and this changed the color of the animal somewhat. O'Sullivan's alibi will be established by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whalen. The latter will swear that O'Sullivan went to bed about 8.30 o'clock on the night of May 4th, and did not get out of bed until the next morning. Her husband will corroborate her. In rebuttal, however, the State will produce one of Sullivan's former employees, who will swear that O'Sullivan was let in at the front door at midnight by Mrs. Whalen, the iceman being in his stocking feet. Unless the testimony of E. C. Dodge can be used in rebuttal, it may perhaps not be used at all. He is the man who heard Coughlin say to Beggs one day last April, as Cronin drove past them in a buggy. "He ought not to be allowed to take many more buggy rides before he is killed." To this Beggs replied: "Hush! Some one may hear you." Dodge is in Washington Territory somewhere, but just where the state does not know. He is the husband of one of the police matrons and a reliable man. The testimony of the New York Herald correspondent, who interviewed iceman O'Sullivan the night Cronin's body was found, is relied upon by the State to produce

A GREAT IMPRESSION UPON THE JURY.

When the state is through with the men on trial it does not propose to give up the chase after the conspiracy by any means. It will use the material now on hand in working up future evidence, and there may yet be startling developments.

There was an atmosphere of blood stains, footprints, window-shutters and other reminiscences of the Cronin trial in the neighborhood of Mr. Forrest's office this morning, and there was perhaps more excuse for the objection with which the leading counsel for the defence met the reporters' request for an interview than in nine cases out of ten in which Mr. Forrest has lately urged the plea in Judge McConnell's court room. Bending over huge piles of testimony Mr. Forrest, Judge Wing and Mr. Donahue were evidently devoting themselves to the task outlined by Mr. Forrest in his closing remarks on Wednesday, viz., that of refuting by the stenographic notes taken at the coroner's inquest the statement of witnesses who, testifying there, were subsequently called for the prosecution. "We have been hard at it night and day ever since the court adjourned," said Mr. Forrest. "Yes, the public may look for interesting developments in the course of a day or two. No, I haven't anything to say to the press just now. Why, we haven't time to eat, let alone talk."

COOKING RECIPES.

QUINCE MARMALADE.

Pare and cut in little squares; take an equal weight of sugar and quinces, add two pints of water to each pound of fruit. Boil one-half hour.

SPONGE CAKE.

Two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of baking powder, one and one-half cups boiling water. Bake in a hot oven.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Three dozen good-sized cucumbers, pared and sliced very thin. One dozen onions, chopped fine. Mix and add half pint salt. Let them stand over night, then squeeze out of the brine and add one quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, and cloves and cinnamon, if liked. One ounce black pepper, and cover with cold vinegar.