

HARK!

Something Fell!

YES, FURNITURE, CARPETS, CROCKERY and FANCY GOODS, have all dropped lower in prices.

Do not purchase your Christmas presents too soon. We have \$1,000 worth of Fancy and Useful articles to open for Christmas trade. Do not be deceived by travelling pedlars and send away for Furniture when you can buy it cheaper at home and get satisfaction.

READ SOME SAMPLE PRICES.

- Walnut Parlor Suits, \$35 00
- Marble Top Chamber Suits, 33 25
- Woven Wire Mattresses, 3 00
- Brussels Carpets, 95 cents per yard, cut to match and made up free of charge.
- Dinner Sets from \$7.50 up.
- Ivoryware Tea Sets, \$2 75
- All Brass Library Lamps, 2 75
- Parlor Lamps with Argand Burners and Etched Globes—a real beauty, 1 50
- White Granite Cups and Saucers, 50 cts. and 70 cts. per dozen.
- Best Rockingham Teapots, 15 cts., 20 cts., 25 cts.
- Best Crimped Chimneys, 4, 5 and 6 cents.

Our Bargain Counter for Christmas has become an established rule. Our customers ask for it. It will be on a larger scale than usual this season and genuine bargains may be expected. (Do not pay high prices when there is near you a cheap place to buy.)

JAS G McNALLY.

October 9th, 1888.

JEWELRY,

Silverware, &c.

A choice and well selected stock of NEW ATTRACTIONS in

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258 Queen Street.

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NERVOUS HEADACHE, etc.

Persons who have been troubled with the above distressing complaint have been relieved and cured by Tapley's Remedy.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN M. WILEY.

196 Queen Street, F'ton.

Happiness at Home.

There are innumerable books that teach us how to behave in society, how to demean ourselves at the church, the theatre and the lyceum. But the place above all others where a man or woman should know how to conduct themselves with propriety is at home. The greater portion of every person's social life is spent at home, and, therefore, it is a logical deduction that, if good manners are essential to mutual happiness, they should be brought into use at home as in society.

The great secret of home happiness is the absolute repression of temper. There are much more eloquent and effective ways of expressing disapproval, than by an outburst of angry words. If your brother leaves the door open, never tell him of it. Go and close it without a word. If you tell him of it, it sends a nervous quiver through his frame that will culminate in a burst of temper expressed. But if you close the door yourself you give him a silent object-lesson that he will not forget.

A housewife's food is usually good, and if the "guide man" dislikes it he may be practically sure his dislike arises from his own pampered taste. But if there is any particular dish against which his stomach philosophy and shrewdness by not mentioning it. The hint will be sufficiently broad if he simply refrains from it. No dish will be cooked many times in succession that is not eaten.

The true art of living is to live without friction; never scold in words. A wise man or woman can scold most potently and effectively and without saying a word.—*Yankee Blade.*

Miscellaneous.

—A lady in Grant County, Va, aged 70, recently had an attack of measles, whereby she was cured of rheumatism.

—The depth of snow on the mountains of Colorado is illustrated curiously by stumps of trees. Instead of being cut close to the ground the stumps are from six to ten feet high, since the trees are cut when the snow is upon the ground.

—A Georgia farmer who lives near Kenesaw mountains, with a small branch running through his farm, which you could dam up with a couple spades of dirt, has the following sign stuck up: "Hunting positively forbidden on this place, but you can fish as much as you please."

JOHN RAY.

Be polite; be agreeable. There is nothing that will bring you such quick returns with so little invested. A smile takes nothing away from your face, but it beautifies it. A good action is a good cause; a civil word to the lowly, a helping hand to the needy, kindness to the suffering, and gentle words for all, will bring you love in return, and will become you more than anything else that I know of.

Mr. Bentley was a young man who didn't believe that politeness paid.

I hate to see an everlasting grin on anybody's face," he said one day, when he and several others were discussing the subject of politeness. "In the struggle of life it is every one for himself. I have no time, nor inclination, nor hypocrisy, to be spreading my mouth in a forced smile to everyone. I choose my companions and friends, and they are few and select."

And this was Mr. Bentley's character. He was taciturn, morose and utterly selfish. He never helped any one in distress or trouble. He never tried to cheer the sick nor solace the bereaved. Even his "few and select" friends knew he could not be depended on in a case of emergency. He rejoiced in perfect health, and never thought that his strong frame would some day lie prostrate, languishing, helpless with disease. He was prosperous, not rich, but held a position that was remunerative, never dreaming that he might possibly lose that position. But in less than a year from the time he uttered the above sentiment he had lost it and was out of work. The most prosperous will meet with reverses. Sometimes they teach great lessons. Mr. Bentley should have deducted a lesson from the reverses that followed in the wake of his loss of position. But he did not. He had no friends to rally to his aid, for he had taken no trouble to make friends in his prosperity. He made every effort to procure another position, but all situations in his town seemed full.

He answered an advertisement in an O— paper. The city of O— was 50 miles away. In a short time he received a reply to his letter of application. The letter was from the firm of Thomas Brothers, and it invited the young man to pay them a visit in person as soon as possible. If his papers, personal appearance, etc., suited them they would employ him on a salary of one thousand dollars a year. This was far better than he expected. His luck was returning. He donned his finest clothes; his head was lost in the clouds. He did not see Mr. Little nor hear Mr. Small speak. Oh, no! What had he to do with the commor herd? He could not see the poor and blind organ grinder or drop a penny in his box. Not he! He was on his way to O— for the one thousand dollar clerkship.

An old lady at the depot stopped him. "Will you please tell me—" But she was interrupted by the would-be one thousand dollar clerk. "Madam, that ticket agent is paid to answer questions. Apply to him." "Yes, but, sir—" She stopped for he had walked away and left her. "Law what will I do? The agent hasn't got any better manners than he has. When I was young, men didn't treat old women like that. Well, law me! I wish Eli was here. This is the very last time I shall go to any place alone. Oh dear, the train is coming—how shall I get on, or how am I to tell when I get on the right one? I'm just sure to go on the wrong one. Say, please—Mr.—sir, will you help me?"

again stopping Mr. Bentley. "Is this the train that goes north? Take this satchel for me—oh!" Mr. Bentley turned red and hurriedly passed her. "Oh, shall I be left?"

"Let me help you," said a kindly voice, and the old lady looked up to find a young man in a threadbare coat, but with a frank and open countenance, reaching out his hand for her bundles. She surrendered them to his care, and thanked him heartily. He took her to the train, saw her safely and comfortably seated and then found a seat for himself in the same coach, in order to see her safely to the station where she was going.

The old lady left the train at L— as did Mr. Bentley and the young stranger. They hurried off to take the stage, as O— was not a railroad town.

"Madam," said the stage driver, as the old lady went to get into the stage, "my order is to collect the fare before starting."

The old lady fumbled in her pocket a minute, then uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"My goodness gracious! I forgot to bring my money! Eli told me I would forget it. What shall I do?" And she dropped a bundle, tried to pick it up and dropped another. "I'm going to O— to see my sons. They will pay you, indeed they will, if you will—"

"Won't do," said the driver. "My orders are strict. Can't disobey orders. Won't take any risks, for you know I might lose my job. Maybe this gentleman will loan you the money," pointing to our friend, Mr. Bentley, who was seated in one corner of the coach: "or, what'll be the same to me, will guarantee the pay."

"Oh, will you?" cried the old lady. "Indeed, my sons will pay you. They are—"

But she was interrupted. "Never mind what your sons are—I don't care to have their biography just now." Then, turning to the man, he said, "Don't be so free with your suggestions, my friend."

"I presumed on your ignorance," interrupted Mr. Bentley, harshly. "If I should give money to all the old beggars I see, I should be unable to pay my wash bill. What are you waiting for? I tell you I'm in a hurry to reach O—"

"I tell you," said the big driver, in an angry voice, and looking at Mr. Bentley fiercely, "that I may be presumptuous and ignorant, but I am a man as won't take an insult without resenting it. If you can't be more civil, I'll take the liberty of dumping you out of there in the first mudhole we come to. As for going, I'll go when I get ready, and not a minute before."

But nevertheless he immediately prepared to start. The old lady grew wild.

"Oh, must I be left?" she cried. "What will my sons, Peter and William, think? I wish Eli was here. I'll never leave home again without Eli—oh stop! Wait! Will some one—" and she ran against the same young man who had helped her on the train at C—. "Oh, I am so glad! I know you will help me!" And she caught the young man's hand in hers. "I want to go to O—, sir, and I left my money at home—and I must get there to-day."

"I am on the way there myself," said the youth with a troubled air. "I was going there to see the Thomas Brothers about a position in their store. I ought to be there to-day—to-morrow may be too late—but—but—well you shall go—I—yes, you shall go!"

He took out his purse and emptied the contents in the hand of the old lady; just barely enough to pay one fare on the stage to O—.

"Oh, but how will you get there," asked he, "if you give me all your money?"

"I can walk," he answered cheerily. "Never mind me, I am used to walking."

"You are an honor to your mother," said the woman, with emotion. "A good mother, I'll be bound." And then, seeing the tears spring to his eyes, she surmised that he had recently lost that mother and continued, "Yes, I understand; and you couldn't bear to see an old lady in trouble without helping her for your own dear mother's sake. What is your name? My sons will pay you as soon as you reach O—"

"My name is John Ray," he said.

"Well, good-bye, John Ray," said the old lady, as he helped her into the coach. "I wish you success. I think you will get the place." She nodded vigorously, "Yes, yes, I hope you will, John Ray." And, with beaming eyes, she shook Ray's hand as vigorously as she nodded. "Oh, won't Eli—what won't he do when I tell him?"

"Are you all ready?" cried out the driver. "Because if you ain't I want you to understand I ain't in any hurry; take you time. All ready, hey? Then off we go!"

And off they went, leaving John Ray to walk twenty miles. And the simple soul filling his place in the coach would shed tears whenever she thought of him walking wearily alone over the road. But her eyes shone through the tears. Could you see those tears, John, the road would seem shorter. Could you know the gratitude in that good heart, your limbs would be less weary.

They at length arrived at O—. Mr. Bentley registered his name, in a large hand, in the most aristocratic hotel in that city.

"Much depends," he soliloquized, "on appearances. Should I put up at a less pretentious house than this it might be the means of my failing to get the position I am after." Then he thought of John Ray, and the fragment of conversation he had overheard between him and the old lady. "Ha! Ha!" he laughed at the thought. "What kind of a chance can a shabby fellow have against me? I am sitting comfortable here—shall soon eat a warm supper—while he is dragging himself along, hungry and tired, and without money to buy anything to eat, or a place in which to sleep."

He seemed to take delight in these reflections. The contemplation of the deprivation and suffering of others seems to be a prodigious comfort to many. It had quite a solacing effect on Mr. Bentley, for he was not rich. It must be admitted that his success depended on his securing this position with the Thomas brothers.

212.

New Dress Goods.

- Ulster Cloths,
- Red Flannels,
- Grey Flannels,
- White Flannels,
- Shaker Flannels
- Cotton Flannels,
- Opera Flannels,
- Jacket and Skirts,
- Mens Shirts & Drawers,
- Top Shirts.

JOHN HASLAN,

NOTICE.

NEW GOODS.

James R. Howie,

Practical Tailor.

I beg to inform my numerous Patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the Latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousers, from which I am prepared to make up in first class style, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions and guarantee to give entire satisfaction. PRICES MODERATE.

Ready-made Clothing in Men's, Youths and Boys' Tweed, Diagonal and Men's All Wool working pants.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT. My stock of Men's Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American make in all the Novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear, White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Braces, Silk Handkerchiefs, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and a large and well-selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs in all the Latest Patterns of English and American designs. Rubber clothing a specialty.

JAMES R. HOWIE
190 QUEEN ST., F'TON.

Fredericton, June 12th.

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