

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
 Absolutely Pure.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
 FULL WEIGHT  
 ABSOLUTELY PURE

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-15  
 Sold at wholesale in Fredericton, by Messrs A. F. Randolph & Son.

**JEWELRY,**  
 Silverware, &c.

A choice and well selected stock of  
 NEW ATTRACTIONS in

FINE WATCHES,  
 CLOCKS & JEWELRY,  
 SILVERWARE,  
 GOLD PENS & PENCILS,  
**SPECTACLES**  
 And Eye Glasses.

Prices that defy competition.  
 Everybody delighted. You try us.

Remember the Place.

**JAMES D. FOWLER**  
 258 Queen Street.  
 1888.  
**NEW CARPETS.**  
 243 ROLLS  
 IMPORTED DIRECT FROM THE BEST KNOWN MAKERS.

All the novelties of the present season. All qualities from the cheapest to the best.  
 Goods marked in plain figures at the lowest living prices.  
 The most wonderful value ever shown.  
 Carpets matched and cut to order free—  
 40 ends and pieces last seasons Carpets will be sold at a great reduction.  
 Remember we are headquarters for Carpets and all kinds of House-furnishing Goods.  
 Please examine before placing your spring orders.

**James G. McNally,**  
 152 & 154 QUEEN ST.

**L. P. LAFOREST,**  
**TINSMITH AND**  
**Sheet-Iron Worker**

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of  
 KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,  
 STOVES AND PIPES, FURNACES,  
 REGISTERS, &c.

Repairing, in all its branches, done at short notice.

**TINWARE,**  
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL,  
**PHENIX SQUARE, FTON.**

Continued from first page.

And here let us learn, in concluding what we have to say tonight, that our life, like Abraham's, has its battles, and it ought to have, too, its victories. The great tyrant comes to oppress us, to plunder our homes, to drag us away to captivity and ruin at his chariot-wheels. And this is being done today. This is being done in the St. John valley today as it was done yonder in the Jordan valley in Abraham's day. This is being done in the streets of Fredericton. And what a captivity is this of the world, this tyranny of the devil and evil. But the man of faith still conquers. John says: "This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." Let us arise, then, not in our own strength, not in the strength of a resolution that we have so often made and just as often broken, but in the name of Jesus Christ, in His strength, and we will be able to wrest the victory from the mighty world-conqueror, and lead captivity captive. It has been done; Abraham did it; and we can do it. Who will come then, and be on the Lord's side? Volunteers are wanted. Young men will you not come with the dew of youth upon you, and take your place with us in the cause of righteousness and peace, and fight the battles of the Lord? And you who have been almost with us so often—will you not at last come? The Lord's hosts are mustering to the contest. The three hundred of Abraham have grown to be millions. We are about three hundred here. Who will come and be one more in the army of the Great King, one in the consecrated host of God's saints? It is not to defeat, but to victory, we are being led. You will be sorry you were not with us when the honors come to be awarded, and the crowns to be given. Come, then, and share with us the risks and responsibilities, the duties and the burdens, and there will be for you as for us the honors the crowns, the blessed victory at last.

The God of Abraham praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At His right hand.  
 I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
 And Him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.

**Our Story.**

**A DERNIER RESSORT.**

A middle-aged man was walking up the street of a little country town one afternoon in early June. It was a quiet, tree-shaded, grass-grown street, and the man, as he walked along with jaunty, swinging step, seemed wonderfully wide awake in contrast to it. He was a well preserved man, who must have been very good looking if not positively handsome, in his youth. He was dressed in a gray suit of fashionable cut and wore his silk hat lightly touched with gray here and there, so lightly, indeed, as to not be perceptible to the careless observer. In his right hand, which was firmly held in the small of his back, he grasped a heavy, gold headed cane. He glanced from side to side, as he walked, at the windows of the cottages with the air of one who had been used to, and still expects to, catch the admiring glances of peeping women. And in this expectation he was not wholly disappointed, for from at least half a dozen doors and as many windows he caught their glances, though they were really more of wonder than admiration; albeit, he chose only to admit the latter.

By Jove! said he to himself, in a drawing tone, as the last cottage passed, he emerged into the highway again and came in sight of a picturesque old blacksmith's shop before which stood an immense weeping willow, how little the place has changed. What a sleepy old town it is. I don't believe there have been twenty buildings added to it since I left here nearly quarter of a century ago. And there's the smithy, just the same as when I worked there in a grimy apron—paugh! And then stepping across to the shop where a man of about his own age—a stout, round-faced, merry-looking fellow was welding a hammer with mighty force, striking brave sparks from the horse-shoe he was fashioning and singing loudly the while to the musical clink, clink, clink that answered his blows. Hallo! Jim Farlow, said the new comer in a louder and quicker tone than that in which he had spoken to himself, but it was not until Jim Farlow was touched upon the shoulder by the gray-kidded hand that the loud singing and musical clinking ceased, and the blacksmith turned slowly about and gravely regarded his visitor with no hint of recognition in his honest blue eyes.

Why, Jim, don't you know me? asked he of the grey suit. Surely you haven't forgotten Jack Palmer?

Jack Palmer! repeated the blacksmith. Be you Jack Palmer? If you be you don't look much like the Jack Palmer that used to work aside of me at this very forge.

But I am all the same, said Palmer, though I fancy city life has removed all

trace of country youth. That is, all trace of his rusticity. I flatter myself some of my good looks still remain. Hey, Jim?

To this speech, made with a self satisfied smile, Jim replied by another question: I s'pose you invested that money so's you made a heap out of it?

Well, I did—at first, answered Palmer, but the heap soon dwindled away. It was only thirty thousand in the first place, you know.

Only thirty thousand! replied Jim with a grim chuckle; w'y w'en you fust heard of it I thought you'd go clean daff-I swan I did. Thirty thousand, says you to me a tearin' off your apron— thirty thousand fur me that never got thirty dollars together since the day I were born an' that's six an' twenty years ago. Thirty thousand, says you—

"Yes, yes," interrupted his companion hastily; "I suppose it did look like a large sum to me than, but when one lives in a great city and associates with wealthy people it soon begins to look like a very small one, and by Jove! it and all I made by it got less and less as the years went on until I am actually down to my last hundred."

Down to your last hundred! echoed Jim Farlow. Well, you must have lived high. And now, if I make so free as to ask, what have you come back here for? You surely ain't a lookin'—and glancing at the kid gloves he broke out in a loud guffaw—you surely ain't a lookin' for a job at the old smithy again?

Pshaw! Nonsenses! replies the other half angrily, and then he resumed in his former drawing tone, Old Corbett's dead, I hear, and left Ruth all his property. Must be a tidy little sum?

It is worth a tidy little sum and she's a tidy little woman, asserted the blacksmith with emphasis.

Plainer than ever, though, I suppose. Naturally such homely girls make still homelier old maids.

I never thought her homely, nor neither did any one else but you, I guess, Palmer, and you didn't think so till you got amongst them city gals. You treated Ruth all-fired mean, you did, and Jim Farlow turned to his anvil again.

Oh, look here, Jim, don't go to work for a minute or two more. Does she live at the farm? I know I didn't treat her exactly right, but when one finds one's self surrounded by handsome fashionable girls one can't help but forget the rustic maidens one leaves behind. But I have good reason to think I can still make it all right. Better late than never you know. She has remained single for my sake I am sure, and I have come here to reward her constancy at last. In short to marry her.

To marry her?

Great Heavens! what a parrot you are Jim. Yes, to marry her. She is dernier ressort.

What's that? asked the blacksmith.

A last resort. I can't live any longer in the city. I'm over head and heels in debt there—owe for this very suit I have on. So I've made up my mind to return to the home of my childhood, marry my old sweetheart and settle down into a quiet country gentleman. Not a bad thing to do when one can't do anything else, is it?

Well, I swan you are a cool card, said Jim. But you won't find her at the farm, but at the little red house just this side of it. She isn't a bit stuck up though she has come into a fortune. You'd better go right along, and I wish you all the luck you deserve.

Palmer eyed him suspiciously for a moment, and then swaggered up the road, with the gold-headed cane once more fitted snugly across the small of his back.

Well, I swan, said Jim, if that don't beat all. I'd like to take that stick and prod him in the back with it out of the village. But I s'pose she'll take him and kill the fatted calf, and all that sort of thing, thanks to his pooty face, whilst I never even darst—but the last of the sentence was lost in the merry clink, clink, clink that had begun again.

Ruth Corbett was hanging out her washing when Jack Palmer stepped on to her front porch and rapped on her front door with his gold-headed cane.

She was a tallish, slim woman, with soft, fair hair drawn up on the top of her well-shaped head, and arranged there in three or four large, loose puffs, and she had keen blue eyes, a nose of no particular shape, a thin, rather decided and yet pleasant mouth, and ears that forced themselves upon your attention.

The clothes she was hanging on the line were, as the Widow Crummins, who lived in the next house, had often remarked, as white as the driven snow, and Ruth, with a clothespin between her lips, had stepped back on the grass plat to regard them complacently when she heard the rapping on the front door. For a moment she stood and wondered who it could be, for it was a very unusual thing to have anyone come to that door, all her friends, after the manner of country people preferring the back. Then she dropped the clothespin on the grass and went to see who the caller was.

Continued next issue.

212.

**NEW GOODS.**

Spring 1888.

WHITE COTTONS,  
 UNBLEACHED COTTONS,  
 SHEATINGS, TOWELS  
 AND TOWELLING,  
 STAIR OIL CARPETS,  
 FLOOR OIL CARPETS.

**JOHN HASLAN,**  
 '88 SPRING, '88

**Jas R Howie**  
 Practical Tailor.  
 150 Queen Street.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous patrons that he has received his stock of Cloths for Fall and Winter, comprising the following:

OVERCOATINGS.  
 Plain and Fancy Checked Nap Cloths; Meltons in all the newest shades; Beavers and Pilots.  
 Also, suiting in all the latest designs of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds.

PLAIN AND STRIPED TROWSERINGS, in all the choicest patterns.

I am prepared to make up these goods in the very latest style and workmanship. Prices moderate

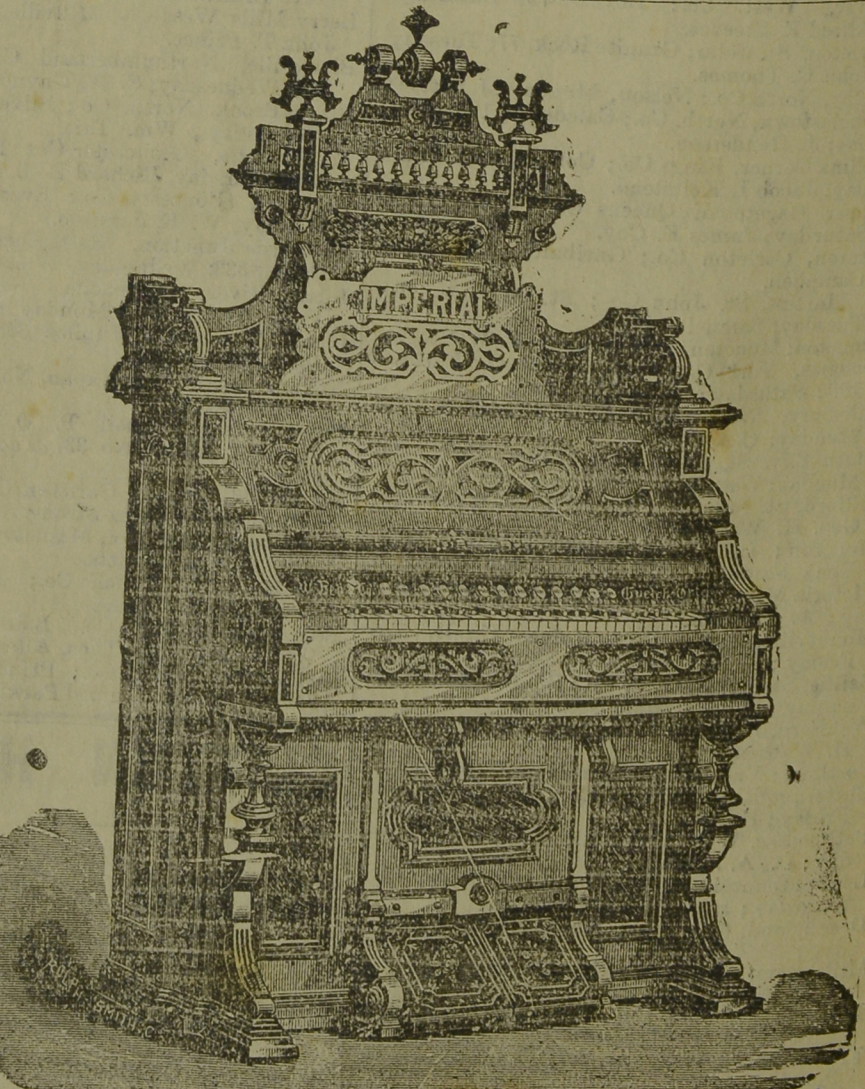
I have also purchased a choice selection of Gents' Furnishing Goods, consisting of  
 CAPS, HATS, READY MADE CLOTHING,  
 and a general assortment of Gents' Furnishings that is usually procured at a first class establishment.

**JOHN HARVEY,**  
 PHOTOGRAPHER!  
 QUEEN STREET,  
 (Next Below Peoples Bank)  
 Fredericton, N.B.

**PICTURES**  
 COPIED AND ENLARGED—

**Wm BELL ORGAN**  
 All goods mentioned under this head will be sold for half their value. Call and see and hear the sweet tone—the celebrated Wm. Bell Organ. Mason & Hamlin, Smith American, New American Sewing Machine, No. 1, New York, Providence, R. I. New Home made in Boston Mass. New Royal A. Light Running Royal. A large stock of the New Raymond, large arm, takes the lead of all. Call at

**PRICES FOR HARD TIMES!**  
 All goods mentioned under this head will be sold for half their value. Call and see and hear the sweet tone—the celebrated Wm. Bell Organ. Mason & Hamlin, Smith American, New American Sewing Machine, No. 1, New York, Providence, R. I. New Home made in Boston Mass. New Royal A. Light Running Royal. A large stock of the New Raymond, large arm, takes the lead of all. Call at



**D. McCATHERIN'S.**

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
 '87 Winter Arrangement '88

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 25th, 1887 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex	16.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec	18.00 p. m.

A Sleeping car will run he 18.0 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex	8.35 a.
Accommodation	13.30 p. m.
Day Express	19.25 p. m.

A trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
 Chief Superintendent.  
 Railway Office  
 Moncton, N. B. November 22nd, 1887.

**LARGE STOCK**  
 —AND—  
**Low Rates**  
 —AT—

**Owen Sharkey's.**  
 COMPRISING IN KIND THE FOLLOWING, VIZ:—  
 LADIES' DRESS GOODS in Cashmeres, Serges, Suitings, and Stuff Goods in all desirable shades and colors. Velvets, Plushes, Jerseys, Shawls, Squares, Scarfs, Corsets, Hose, Gloves, Men's, Youths' and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, Coats, Vests, Pants and Undereclothing, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Worsted Coatings, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Ties, Shirts, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Braces. Also, Grey and White Cottons, Paints, Fickings, Ducks, Drills, Swansdowne, Table Linens, Towellings, Cottons Warps, Flannels, all colors, Blankets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Carpets etc. Horse Blankets, Sleigh Robes, Trunk and Valises.  
 Prices will compare favorably with any in the Trade. Remnants always on hand.

**O. SHARKEY.**  
**PLUMBING**  
 —AND—  
**GAS FITTING**

I am in a position to give estimates on a classes of plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to perform the work satisfactory and promptly

I make a specialty of fitting up Bath Rooms Hot-Air Furnaces &c.

**A. N. LaFOREST**  
 Tinsmith, Plumber, &c.,