

# 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 peddlers 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

FINEWATCHES,  
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**SPECTACLES**  
 And Eye Glasses.

Prices that defy competition  
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**DRUG STORE,**  
 196 Queen St.

WILEY'S COUGH BALSAM,  
 WILSON'S CHERRY BALSAM,  
 AYER'S CHERRY PICTORIAL,  
 SHARP'S BALSAM,  
 ADAMSON'S BALSAM,  
 BICKLE'S SYRUP,  
 CHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP,

**JOHN M. WILBY,**

Opp. Normal School, F'ton.

### Life Under the Canvas.

A CIRCUS EMPLOYEE'S HARD LOT—VICIOUS ANIMALS AND LONG WINDED BORES.

The variety of incident afforded by traveling with a circus and the nomadic sort of existence it grants appeals strongly to certain traits of human nature, and there are never wanting men to fill every sort of position in entertainments under canvas. With Barnum's show, for instance, a regiment of subordinates are employed, and every one is as carefully drilled for his work as a soldier is for his duties. But the glamour which invests the life of a circus employe will be found to disappear behind the scenes and many disadvantages to appear.

On the last night that Barnum was in Brooklyn recently, a Tribune reporter fell into conversation with the man in charge of the performing seals in their cage on wheels, before they appeared upon the stage and went through their tricks of thrumming the banjo and guitar. One of the uncouth animals was picking away at the bar of his cage with his flipper. "He thinks he has his banjo," remarked the man in charge, "and he will lie there by the hour and do that. We take the time to teach them tricks when we are spending the winter in Bridgeport. One has to know his animals to get along with them. I can do anything with these seals, but they would bite a stranger. See that scar (pointing to the back of one of his hands). Well, a strange seal was put in the cage a few days ago, and when I went to clean it out he bit me. You see, he didn't know me.

"Of course, the case of the lions and the tigers is the most dangerous. A man came near being killed in the lions' cage this morning. We all thought he was a 'goner.' Every man has two cages to care for, and we have to go in among all the animals. I have one of the lions' cages myself. We only control them by fear, our whips being of steel covered with rawhide. The men in charge of the elephants have their goads ready to stick into the animals whenever they are not chained. The man there (pointing to the next cage) has to sleep with the giraffe every night to see that it does not get sick. It is the tenderest animal we have and is the only giraffe in this country."

The reporter ventured to remark that if the giraffe's throat became sore it would be likely to prove a serious matter, as it was so long.

"Yes," said the keeper. "A man was here the other day who wished his throat was as long as the giraffe's whenever he drank whisky. But that was better than the questions some people ask. Why, some of them appear to know nothing at all when they get in the circus. They will ask if an animal eats or lies down to sleep. If a lion roars they ask what he does that for. One man wanted to know if the giraffe ever put its head down to sleep. The women seem to think that the wild animals must do everything different from what tame ones do. The majority of people don't know the simplest facts in natural history, one would think. If the animals could talk they would be able to tell many strange things said about them. I don't mean to say people can't read, but they will look at those words, 'performing seals,' on my wagon, and then ask me what the animals are. Then they want to know why we have water for them, and what they eat, when they see what we feed them. It is a pleasure to talk to any one who understands something about the animals. I don't think \$40 a month and board pays for what we have to endure from the animals and people every day."—New York Tribune.

### The Funny Man Proposes.

He proposed as seriously as a humorous man could—and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled and said: "That is a capital joke."

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise. "Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"That was no joke. I meant it."

"You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship and marriage—"

"Well, er-er-yes—but—"

"I should never suit you. I write postscripts, stop before the mirror, and slow in dressing for church, admire a new hat, sometimes want a new dress, and—"

"But, my dear Angelina, I should never object—"

"You have shown that happiness ends with marriage, and I have a mother who would be a mother-in-law to you and who would want to visit me; and—"

"Why, I—"

"And I may have my animosities, and may look around in church; and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people then; the neighbors, the—"

"Those horrid Miss Sniffletons?"

"For a fact."

"And the stuck-up folks over the way?"

"Most certainly."

"Enough! I am yours."—Tid-Bits

### How To Keep A Scrap Book.

A well made up scrap book is a perfect mine of valuable information. It is not a rash statement to say that newspapers are the great educators of the people, and there is not an issue of any reputable journal that does not contain many golden nuggets which should be preserved. If you have not been in the habit of collecting them you will find yourself embarrassed at first by the great number of items you would like to clip. After a little while, however, you will be able to use your practiced judgment to good advantage selecting what Richard Henry Stoddard calls the "plums" from the profusion before you. And you will see the time when a scrap book filled with these "plums" will be invaluable to you as a compendium of condensed knowledge. Keep a scrap book, by all means. Philadelphia Times.

### What a Contrast.

THE HOUSE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS MECHANIC AND THAT OF THE IDLER.

What a contrast does the home of the sober, industrious mechanic present to that of the idler and the dissolute. In the one there reigns peace, comfort and independence; in the other, misery, hunger and dirt. The one is a little palace, in which the contentment of a king's court holds absolute sway; the other a hovel, where vice breeds and spawns depravity on the highways of life. One glance into the interior of the former dwelling is worth a whole day's inspection of the splendid one of a noble; for the former is associated with the happiness of thousands, the latter with that of a single family. The mansion of the noble may be decorated with the gems of art and genius—it may present a more than oriental luxury of appearance; but the contrast between it and the cottage of the sober artisan is immeasurably in favor of the latter, as far as those higher estimates of human happiness, which are based on something superior to mere superficial grandeur, may be allowed to sway our judgment. In the one we see rugged labor, the soul and sinew of the nation, reposing like a giant gathering strength for renewed exertion; in the other we perceive effeminacy lolling on a lewd day-couch, deploring the slowness of that time which silently and slowly brings its votary nearer to that end which, in his old age, he dreads, and endeavors by all manner of shifts and ingenuities to avoid. In the one there is a straightlaced, artificial discipline, which freezes the heart and contracts the mind; in the other an innocent freedom, which tolerates the laugh and jest on all occasions, and yet allows the graver moments of existence to exert their salutary influence.—N. Y. Ledger.

### Robert's Advice.

Going out for a little recreation, my son? Well, that's right. I like to see you enjoy yourself. I was just talking with Uncle George about boys. "I don't know but one place for boys," said your Uncle George, "and that is work. Put 'em to work and keep 'em at it, for idleness is the parent of all vice. Don't map out any particular trade or calling, but just keep 'em at work and a habit of work will grow on 'em. That's the way I was brought up. Thus wisely spake your old fashioned Uncle George. Now, before you hurry to the base-ball grounds I want to say a word about your Uncle George. I knew him when I was a boy. He was a young man then, and the laziest white man, I think, in the States of America. His clothes use to mildew before he had moved about in them enough to wear them out. He could sit longer on a store-box, his hat pulled over his eyes, blinking at the sun, than any man I ever saw. He didn't waste his time talking politics, because he was too lazy to talk much. He lived with your grandmother, and she use to say that the sun stood still every time it saw George go to the wood pile and pick up the axe. If he did any work at all in his life it was long before your grandmother knew him, for she often said that your Uncle George was born that way and she couldn't whip it out of him. Now I have frequently noticed that men who talk that way—but I am keeping you here and you'll miss your train. I just wanted to tell you this, because your Uncle George has gone to see the base-ball game, and I know he will see you there, and I don't want you to feel discouraged when he tells you how hard he had to work when he was a boy. Well, yes; I don't mind if I do go along with you I'm pretty fond of labour myself, and I don't know of any harder work than trying to understand a modern game of base ball and the Empire's decisions. Come along.—Burdette.

### Opium Smoking.

The death of a young collegian from opium smoking deserves more attention than it is likely to receive. Opium smoking and opium eating are not as rare here as they are imagined to be, and the Chinese have not a monopoly of the business. There is a deliberation about this vice that makes it diabolical. It is a species of intellectual crime, anticipated with pleasure, and prepared for with calm foresight of consequences. The slave of alcohol is a creature of impulse; he feels a desire and gratifies it at once. The dangerous false stimulant is ever ready for him; he swallows it without a thought, and his pleasure vanishes with its gratification. As the rule, persistent drunkards belong to the lowest order of society; are chronic idlers, outcasts, ruffians. The opium smoker belongs to a higher rank, and it is generally the meditative man that becomes the victim; the sybarite who would extend his pleasure through hours, who would escape from the real to the imaginary world. The drunkard's crime is public; the crime of the opium smoker is private. It is impossible to use opium for any length of time without loss of moral character. The opium smoker is a person who cannot be trusted by even his dearest friends. His will power is destroyed; he has no self-restraint, and he converts lying into an elaborate theory. What is worse, is that the pleasures he dreams are delusions; he is ever yearning for a Utopia he never finds; stretching out for a heaven beyond his reach, to discover himself suddenly in a hell of infinite tortures.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Husband (in the early morning)—"What are you going through my pockets for, my dear?" Wife—"A little change, John." Husband—"Have you no money of your own?" Wife—"Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's."—Harper's Bazar.

All virtue lies in individual action, in upward energy, in self determination; the best books have most beauty.

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### 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 Suits, 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.

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