

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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 multitudes of low quality, short weight, alum or phosphate powders sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

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,

HEXEN SQUARE, F'TON.

Our Story.

A Dernier Ressort

(Continued.)

Jack Palmer grasped her hand as she opened the door—the thought passing through his mind at the same time how different it was to the soft hands he had for years been accustomed to grasp—and exclaimed, in an impassioned tone as he could command: Ruth, dear Ruth, and do I indeed see you once more?

Miss Corbett wrested her hand from his and looked at him in amazement. Then a light began to dawn upon her. Is it—can it be Jack Palmer? she asked.

It is—it can, replied that gentleman. And what do you want? Ruth went on, with cool, calm directness.

What—do—I want? stammered the caller.

Yes, what do you want?

What do I want? again repeated Mr. Palmer. Why, Ruth, how can you ask? I came to see you.

And why, pursued the lady.

Why? Because my heart has returned to the old allegiance. Because I longed for my boyhood's home. Because, Ruth, I want you to forgive and forget the past.

And then, said Ruth.

Then—then, replied the city gentleman shifting his hat from one hand to the other and wincing perceptibly under the glare of those calm blue eyes; and then, I hoped Ruth, you would become my wife.

Have you lost all your money? asked Miss Corbett.

Well, yes, I have lost the greater part of it, but before I lost it I made up my mind to seek you again. I did, upon my word, and ask your forgiveness.

Sorry to say that I doubt that very much. And now, Mr. Palmer, I advise you to return to town as soon as possible, while I hang out the rest of my washing.

And you won't forgive me, Ruth?

Well, really, I've quite forgotten what I have to forgive you for. But, there, I forgive you, if that will do you any good, and wish you a pleasant journey back to your city friends.

If ever a city gentleman walked off a front porch after an interview with an elderly rustic maiden, utterly routed and discomfited by that elderly rustic maiden Jack Palmer was that city gentleman. He could not have felt more discomfited even if he had seen Miss Corbett, with a tranquil little smile hovering about her mouth, go placidly back to her grass-plot, pick up the clothes pin she had dropped to answer his knock and to let him in, and proceed to fasten a handkerchief to the line therewith.

Jim Farlow spied his old chum coming back and went to the door of the shop. Hallo, said he; what luck? But the other never answered, but strode by, his jaunty manner all gone, without word or sign.

Hal hal shouted the blacksmith, nearly doubling himself up in the excess of his mirth. The darnyer raysort didn't work.

That very evening as Jim Farlow was on his way home he stopped for a moment to speak to Ruth Corbett. She was standing by her gate evidently on the lookout for him.

Did you see Jack Palmer to-day? she asked.

Well, yes, I had that honor, replied the blacksmith. Did you?

I did, said Miss Corbett, and all I've got to say is—and I couldn't bring myself to say that if it wasn't leap year—that it's a pity you haven't a little of his assurance. And if I had, what would I do with it, asked Jim, coming as near to her as the gate between would allow.

Let it help you to ask me the same question he asked me.

And that was—that was—said the blacksmith.

Yes, it certainly was, gravely assented Ruth.

The gate flew open—Jim caught her in his arms—It was: Will you be my wife, he fairly shouted, And I haven't the slightest objection, said Miss Corbett.

SOLD FOR A DOLLAR.

Leonard Halsey had the tooth-ache. That fact was undeniable. Equally undeniable was the fact that it was a pretty bad one—nay—if that gentleman himself had been questioned about it, he would have insisted on it that no human being had ever been under the sway of such a fiendish pain before—that it was impossible to endure such agony five minutes—and this in the face of the fact, that he had been suffering its red-hot tortures for fifteen minutes, and was still sufficiently alive to swear like a trooper at each extra twinge.

All day long the tooth had growled, and now, in this dismal little rainy town, where he was to spend the night, it had begun to ache at full swing.

Leonard Halsey's teeth were his pride,

and he had to lose them; but being at man of prompt action, he made up his mind that having it out was preferable to the death which would inevitably overtake him, should he suffer until morning.

Knowing there was no dentist in the town he determined to call upon the kindly offices of the first physician.

Where does the nearest doctor live? he inquired of the landlord.

Just across the street, but—

Before he could go further, however, the victim was half way across the street.

There upon the door a plate made of spar, so that he who runs (on a dark night) may read, Halsey saw the legend in black letters:

Dr. E. Middleton.

Is Dr. Middleton in? demanded he of the girl who answered his summons, with such fierceness, that she fell back, fearing him an escaped lunatic.

Yes sur, yes sur.

Then what are you staring at?

Nawthin sur. Walk into the office, answered Margaret, with her politest manner, feeling that any other course placed her in imminent danger of being scalped.

Obedient to her order he walked into the office without further ceremony.

Instead of the doctor however, was only a young girl reading a book. She rose politely, and acknowledging his presence, handed him a chair.

She waited a second or so with an expectant look upon her face, and then asked, in a sweet, clear voice:

Can I do anything for you? You seem to be suffering.

No, thank you. I want to see your father.

This was at random, of course, but then, Halsey was not in condition to be very lucid, or anything else that was rational.

My father? echoed the girl with wonder in her voice. Why, he has been dead ten years!

I mean Dr. Middleton. I beg your pardon for assuming that he was your father, but this confounded tooth ache makes me forget everything, my manners included.

A burst of soft merriment made him look angrily at this girl who dared to laugh while he was in such misery.

It is now my turn to ask your pardon, But I think you will understand my laughing, and excuse it. I am Dr. Middleton. Now can I do anything for you?

It was Halsey's turn to fall back a step or two, or he would have done so but that he had seated himself at once on entering the office. But it is no exaggeration to say that his misery was swallowed up in the momentary shock of amazement.

But, good heavens—I hate women doctors and I want this tooth out, he replied angrily, as if he resented her sex, and considered himself personally aggrieved thereby.

I'm sorry, but I don't see now I can help it now, demurely answered Dr. Middleton.

Help what? asked Halsey. Being a woman doctor. He knew that she was laughing at him, though never a ghost of a smile was on her face, and she shook her head gravely, as though she deprecated the circumstance.

Where is the next doctor, or is she a woman, too? asked Halsey, impatiently.

No, she is a man, and has a dwelling house about two blocks off, but is at present in Boston for the night. If you'd wait till about noon to-morrow? she suggested, wicketly, in a questioning tone.

Heavens! wait till noon! why don't you suggest my waiting till doomsday? he replied, savagely. Is there no other?

Yes, one other. Dr. Alford.

Is he a man or a woman?

He is a man, too. But—

But what? tell me quick. Good gracious! woman, did you ever have the tooth-ache? Hurry up and relieve me.

I am perfectly willing to be of any service. Dr. Alford who is your only remaining hope, is sick in bed, still you might try there. If not come back and I'll lend you my forceps so that you may pull it yourself.

Halsey shot out the door, muttering to himself. A woman doctor! Humph! wanted the job her-self likely. I bet I'll find somebody to take out this confounded mass of pain. Lend me her forceps, indeed! A woman that will stand and laugh at a man in my misery must be a perfect fiend.

But then, what could be expected of a woman who would study medicine.

Muttering to himself he wandered up and down the muddy streets, but all to no purpose.

Misery finally brought him back to Dr. Middleton's door.

I've come to ask you to lend me your forceps. I'm going to get some man to pull this thing.

Dr. Middleton hesitated a moment, then said, bravely:

Continued next issue.

212.

NEW GOODS. Spring 1888.

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

JOHN HASLAN GREAT BONA FIDE CLEARANCE SALE

Ready-made Clothing.

Having to vacate the store in Fisher's Building first of May, and having no room for the goods in my New Store, I have come to the conclusion to clear out the stock in the Fisher Building at a great sacrifice.

Call and see the goods and be convinced that I am selling them at prices never known before in the city.

READ THE FOLLOWING LIST

- 25 Heavy Tweed Suits, \$6.00—regular price, \$12.
- 15 Heavy Tweed Suits, \$7.00—regular price, \$14.00.
- 25 Fine Worsted Suits, \$7.00—regular price, \$14.00.
- 25 Diagonal Suits, \$10.00—regular price, \$16.00.
- 15 Diagonal Suits, \$11.50—regular price, \$17.00.
- 75 pairs Men's Pants, from \$1.50 to \$3.00, worth double the money.

Special line of CHILDREN'S SUITS in all sizes, and styles, marked away down to about cost.

Also a large assortment of MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS at remarkably low prices.

Remember the address

Fisher's Building,

Nearly opposite Normal School.

JAS. R. HOWIE.

Call early and select the best bargains as the stock must be sold out.

JOHN HARVEY, PHOTOGRAPHER!

QUEEN STREET,

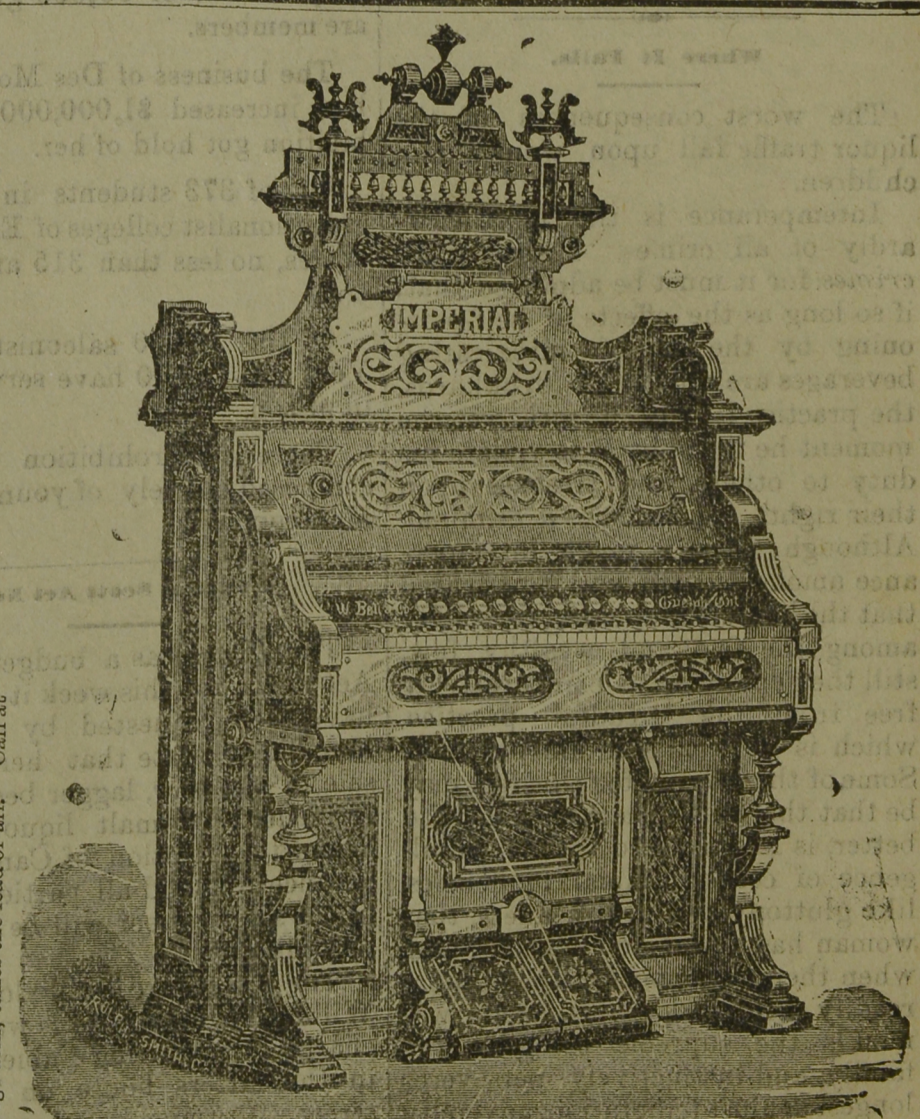
(Next Below Peoples Bank)

FREDERICTON, N.B.

PICTURES

COPIED AND ENLARGED—

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 Win. Bell Organ, Mason & Hamlin, Smith American, New American Sewing Machine, No. 7, New Household, made in Providence, 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. 28th, 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 on the 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. m.
Accommodation 13.30 p. m.
Day Express 19.20 p. m.

A trains run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office
Moncton, N. B. November 22nd, 1887.

LARGE STOCK

Low Rates

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, Youth's and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, Coats, Vests, Pants and Underclothing, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Worsted Coatings, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Ties, Shirts, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Braces. Also, Grey and White Cottons, Prints, Tickings, 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.

O. SHARKEY.

PLUMBING 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.,