

Poetry.

Do it with all Your Might.

Never put off till to-morrow
The thing you can do to-day,
Never let pleasure borrow
An hour that pain must pay.

Would you win Dame Fortune's favors?
Then woo her with heart and soul,
Though the cup she offers favors
At times of the gall-touched bowl.

Let it be to you to do,
Appointed for you to do,
Let it be to assist a neighbor
Less stalwart and strong than you.

Ab, this is life's lesson, and learning
His wisdom and truth, you will gain
Such treasures that even their earning
Will take all the gall-touched pain.

Literature.

AN EXCELLENT OFFER.

The "FARMER" for Fifteen Months
for \$1.00.

In the next issue of the FARMER
will be commenced a New Story
of most exciting interest, which will
run through the winter months.

THE TELL-TALE DIAMOND.

On the night of January 10, 18—,
the Clifton Bank was entered by burglars
who stole thirty thousand dollars.

The Clifton Bank! There wasn't
any account of it in the papers.
All the same, the bank has been
robbed to the tune of thirty thousand dollars.

Dreadful state of things to exist in
a small city like this.
Yes, but the thieves aren't likely to
call here, my friend.

"Bless me! what makes you think
that?"
Well, the thief is not a professional
burglar; he likes money better than he
does trinkets, and would not rob this
place for all there was in it.

"This is the clue, I presume."
Yes; the only one I have at present;
but I want to find the ring to which
this stone belongs.

"I must see you when she calls, and
in order that I may play my cards to
better advantage, I shall enter your
service as clerk."
I am perfectly willing; but take care
what you do, old boy; there may be
some mistake.

"That is very true, and if such should
be the case, you may rest assured I
shall discover it in time. Did I under-
stand you to say that you had promised
to have the ring ready to-morrow after-
noon?"

"No, sir; I said nothing of the kind.
She said she would call to-morrow after-
noon, and I nodded assent."
"Then lay the ring aside, and leave
the rest to me. I shall call again to-
morrow."
And I passed into the street.

I had thus far met with better success
than I had anticipated, but I was no
knew I had a genuine sharper to deal
with, when it would be a difficult mat-
ter to outwit.

Early next morning I repaired to my
friend's establishment, and was assigned
a position behind the counter, where, it
is needless to say, I felt ill at ease;
but years of training and patient study had
enabled me to act almost any role to
perfection, and it was not long before
the feeling of uneasiness wore off.

The day dragged slowly along, for
trade was not very brisk, and the sales-
man had but little to do beside reading
the papers and yawning at each other
over the cases.

"Four o'clock! Would the owner of
this ring ever come?" I asked myself
the question a hundred times and was
on the point of doing so again, when
the door slowly opened and a heavily
veiled figure glided in, approached the
counter and, in a somewhat hesitating
voice, inquired—

"Is Mr. — in?"
"Mr. —, he is not," I replied.
"Can I do anything for you?"
"I dare say you can," I left a ring
in care of Mr. — for a diamond to be
set in, which was to be ready this after-
noon. You will please let me have it,
together with the bill."

"What name?" I asked, bringing out
the tray containing the articles left for
repairs.

"Emily Baker," I mused, picking up
several rings and examining them. "It
does not appear to be among these. Ah,
I recollect what has become of it," and
I took from the glass case a small box,
removed the lid, and exposed the ring to
view. "Is this yours, madam?"

"It is. Why has it not been attend-
ed to?"
Simply because the original stone
has been recovered, and presuming that
you would prefer that to the other, we
have waited until we could hear from
you."

"The original has been recovered? I
do not understand you," and her voice
sounded strangely masculine. "Pray
tell me where it was found."
"Certainly. It was found just where
you lost it—in the vault of the Clifton
Bank, and I reached across the counter
and tore the veil from the face of no
less a personage than the Cashier of
the Clifton Bank."

"The Clifton Bank! There wasn't
any account of it in the papers.
All the same, the bank has been
robbed to the tune of thirty thousand dollars,
and I am engaged on the case."
"Hope you'll catch the rascals."
Dreadful state of things to exist in
a small city like this.

"Yes, but the thieves aren't likely to
call here, my friend."
"Bless me! what makes you think
that?"

"Well, the thief is not a professional
burglar; he likes money better than he
does trinkets, and would not rob this
place for all there was in it. He threw
his diamond away rather than carry it
round with him. Pretty, isn't it?
And I passed him the gem."

"This is the clue, I presume."
Yes; the only one I have at present;
but I want to find the ring to which
this stone belongs. Will you
study to see me all the rings left here
for resetting?"

"Certainly! Excuse me a minute."
My friend disappeared, but presently
returned and placed a tray full of rings
on the table, and began to examine the
labels.

"Here is a ring received this morn-
ing—diamond setting—E. Baker."
And he read the inscription.
I took the ring from his hand and
examined it. It was a finely chased
ring of gold, with the stone missing. I
littered the diamond in the setting, and
passed it to my friend.

"By Jove, Tracy, that is the very
thing you are in search of! Now let me
see it."

"He went nearer the light."
Yes, there can be no doubt about it.
The stone fits in the setting nicely, and
now that I think of it, is of the same
size and quality as ordered."

"What name did you say the party
gave?"
"Emily Baker."
"Emily Baker! Then it was a
lady?"

"I presume so; at all events, she
looked and acted like one."
"Was she to call for the ring?"
"Tomorrow afternoon."

"I must see her when she calls, and
in order that I may play my cards to
better advantage, I shall enter your
service as clerk. What do you say?"
I am perfectly willing; but take care
what you do, old boy; there may be
some mistake.

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and tore the veil from the face of no
less a personage than the Cashier of
the Clifton Bank."

"He saw that it was all up with him,
and quietly submitted to the handcuffing
process; but when he took him before
the chief he broke down, and begged
pitiably to be let off for the sake of his
wife and child.

When on trial, he confessed that he
had stolen the bank's money to liquidate
gambling debts, and having missed the
stone of his ring after the robbery,
and fearing that it might lead to his de-
tection, had attempted to have it re-
placed.

VOLUMES OF BONBAST have been pub-
lished about the multifarious and ir-
reconcilable effect of many proprietary
remedies. The proprietors of North-
rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery con-
tend themselves with facts susceptible of
proof. They state their Purifier to be
such that it has proved itself to be an eradi-
cator of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver
and Kidney troubles, and a fine general
alterative.

It is related of a clergyman, who was
the happy father of a charming and
beautiful daughter, that one day while
preparing his Sunday discourse, he was
suddenly called away from his desk on
a mission of mercy. So imperative was
the summons that he left unfinished
this sentence: "I never see a young
man of splendid physique and the
promise of a glorious manhood almost
dead, but my heart is filled with an unre-
pentant delight." His daughter, happen-
ing in the study, saw the sermon and read
the words. Sitting down, she wrote
underneath, "Them's my sentiments,
papa, exactly!"

The fountain of perpetual youth was
one of the dreams of antiquity. It has
been well nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla, which purifies the blood, gives
vitality to all the bodily functions, and
thus restores to age much of the vigor
and freshness of youth.

The Presence of Death.

Here is an interesting story which
shows how cool a man can be in the
presence of death—
One day during the last part of the
American war Dr. Willis was dressing
the wound of a soldier who had been
shot in the back near the carotid
artery.

Suddenly the blood vessel gave way
and fast so quickly by the surgeon thrust
his finger into the hole to stop the
flow.

"Doctor," said the soldier, "what
does that mean?"
"It means death," said the surgeon
calmly.

"How long can I live?" asked the
soldier, whose mind was perfectly
clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said
the Doctor.

The soldier asked for pen and paper,
wrote his will and an affectionate let-
ter to his wife, and when the last
thing he had done said quietly—
"Let it go."

The surgeon withdrew his finger,
the blood rushed out, and soon the
man was dead.

The brave fellow was buried in
Oakland, and ever since Dr. Willis
has gone on memorial day and placed
flowers on the grave.

An Artist's Ready Reply.

Every severe criticism may be dis-
tressing to its severity by a happy
answer that changes its meaning, and
it is no less fortunate to be able to
turn a good natured one. Sir John
Watson Gordon, who ultimately be-
came president of the Royal Scottish
Academy, used to tell this story of
Lord Palmerston—

"I had exhibited for several years,
but without any particular success.
One year, however, Lord Palmerston
took a sudden fancy to my picture
called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and
bought it at a high price. His Lord-
ship at the same time made some
inquiries after the artist and invited me
to call upon him. I waited upon him
accordingly. He complimented me
upon the picture, but said there was
one thing about it he could not under-
stand."

"What is that, my lord?" I asked.
"That there should be such long
grass in a field where there are so
many sheep," said his lordship.
promptly, and with a merry twinkle
of the eye. It was a decided hit, and
having bought the picture and paid
for it he was entitled to it. "How do
you account for it?" he went on,
smiling, and looking first at the pic-
ture and then at me.

"Those sheep, my lord," I replied,
were only turned into that field the
night before I finished the picture."

His lordship laughed heartily and
said "Bravo!" at my reply and gave
me a commission for two more pic-
tures, and I have cashed since then
some very notable cheques of his."

A War Romance.

A remarkable sequel to a romantic
story, says the New York Tribune,
occurred last week in Brooklyn, when
Mrs. Mary Moore, a widow, received
word that a legacy of \$5000 had been
left her by her late husband who had
not seen for a quarter of a century.

Mrs. Moore, when a girl lived in
Gettysburg, Pa. In the terrible battle
fought there her father's house was
converted into a hospital. Among
the wounded treated there was Henry
O. Willett, a Confederate Lieutenant.

From Memphis, Tenn. who fell in
love with the daughter of the house-
hold. Before he went away, under an ex-
change of prisoners he made known
his feelings to the girl, but she could
not love a Confederate, as her brother
had been shot down by the foes of
her country. Before he went away
he begged for a lock of the hair of the
girl he loved and she obliged him with
it. She laid it in a box and sent it to
him to the South. Miss Miller never
saw him again, and she went after-
ward to live in Staten Island, where
she married Robert Moore and went
to live in Brooklyn.

He died two years ago. She was
greatly surprised a day or two ago,
when receiving information from a law-
yer in New Orleans that Mr. Willett
was dead and left her a bequest. He
also sent a package containing the
lock of hair she had given her youth-
ful lover so long ago, which it was
his request should be returned to her.
He never married. How he managed
to know where his old sweetheart
lived is unknown to Mrs. Moore.

Saluting Officers in Plain Clothes.

There is but one sensible and logical
answer to the vexed question says the
London World whether or not the
private soldier should be obliged to
salute an officer when the latter is in
plain clothes. He should not, for the
obvious reason that the officer, when
he puts on multi, lays aside for the
time his military attributes, and dis-
guises himself as a civilian. He does
so to suit himself; and it is quite un-
reasonable that the soldier, who is
himself prohibited from the assump-
tion of a civilian disguise, should be
compelled to be on the alert to recog-
nize and identify persons who have
for the time obliterated their mili-
tary status. The name of Henry
Oakes is not yet forgotten in the
army—a bluff straight-spoken soldier,
who some twenty years ago com-
manded the Twelfth Lancers. This is
how he dealt with the point now so
much at issue. A young officer com-
plained that while in plain clothes a certain
soldier had not saluted him. The sol-
dier's excuse was that he had not re-
cognized the officer. "I'll take care
you can't make that excuse in future,"
quoth Col. Oakes. "Mr. —, you will
walk up and down the barrack
square in plain clothes until Private
— is satisfied that he will know you
again. The private gave the officer
the benefit of about half an hour, and
all he conceded then was his ability
to recognize the former in the future."
Then were. "If you are not satisfied,"
said the Colonel, "you will appear in
the square for ten minutes in each
civilian suit you own, and whenever
you get a new suit you will do the
same, and let Private — know."
The young officer never complained
again of not getting what he consid-
ered his proper due in the matter of
salutes.

A Memory of Early Days.

Base of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed off with goats and tans,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, gray as castor oil!
Such your early memory case,
Till you find another dose.
All the shuddering frame re-verts
At the thought of epeum salts!

Was a greater horror hid
Climax of all inward ill,
Hugs and gripping old bills!

What a contrast to the mild and
gentle-temper'd Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy
to take, cleansing, recuperating, re-
novating the system without wrenching
it with agony. Sold by druggists.

A matter of some weight—propo-
sing to a 200 pound widow.

The Vastness of India.

For eighty years at least, writers
have endeavored to bring home to
Englishmen the vastness of India, but
as far as the present goes they have
failed. The Briton reads what they
say, learns up their figures, and under-
stands their description, but fails, for
all his labor, to realize what India is—
a continent as large as Europe west of
the Vistula, and with 30,000,000 more
people, fuller of ancient nations, of
great cities, of varieties of civilization
of armies, nobilities, priesthods, or-
ganizations for every conceivable pur-
pose, from the spreading of a great
religion down to systematic murder.

There are twice as many Bengalees as
there are Frenchmen; the Hindoo-
stanes, properly so called, outnumber
the whites in the United States; the
Mahrattas would fill Spain; the peo-
ple of the Punjab with Scinde are
double the population of Turkey, and
I have named but four of the divisions.

Everything is on the same bewilder-
ing scale. The fighting people of In-
dia, and more regardless of death
than ourselves, number at least 120,-
000,000, equal to Gibbon's calculation
of the population of the Roman Em-
pire. There are 400,000 trained
brown soldiers in native service, of
whom we hear perhaps once in ten
years.

There are 2,500,000 men who
think their proper profession is death,
who would live by arms if they could,
and of whom we in England never
hear a word. If the Prussian con-
scription were applied in India we
could, without counting reserves or
landwehr, or any force not summoned
in time of peace have 2,500,000 sol-
diers actually in barracks, with 700,-
000 recruits coming up every year—a
force with which not only Asia, but
the world might be subdued. There
are tens of millions of prosperous
peasants whose hardihood makes India
the grand absorbent of the precious
metals, tens of millions of peasants
besides whose poverty follows, or Si-
cilians, or Connaught men, or mil-
lions of artisans, ranging from
men who build palaces to the men
who, nearly naked and almost with-
out tools, do the humblest work of the
potter.

Every occupation which exists in
Europe also exists in India. The in-
dustry of the vast continent never
ceases, for India, with all her teeming
multitude, with a population in places
packed beyond European precedent,
imports nothing to either eat or drink
and, but for Europeans, would import
nothing whatever. She is sufficient
to herself for everything save silver.

Among these things are 250,000,000
woolens mere description would fill
volumes, the tide of life flows as
vigorously as in Europe. There is as
much labor, as much contention, as
much ambition, as much crime, as
much variety of careers, as much
fears and hatreds. It is still possi-
ble to a money-making Indian to
become viceroy of a dynasty older than
history, or finance minister to a new
prince whose personal fortune in hard
cash is double that of the late Kaiser
Wilhelm, or abbot of a monastery
richer than Glanster every was,
owner of an estate that covers a coun-
try, head of a firm whose transactions
are vit with the Bank of England,
and so on. One man, J. P. Pershad by
name, fed and transported the army
which conquered the Punjab. —Fort-
nightly Review.

Grand Results.

For several years R. H. Brown, of
Kincaird, suffered from dyspepsia, he
tried several physicians and a host of re-
medies without result. His druggist re-
commended B. B. B. which he declares
produces "grand results," for which he
gives it his highest recommendation.

Among the "want advertisements" of
a Boston paper recently appeared the
following:—"Wanted.—A young mar-
ried minister for a pastor in a small
country village appointment; one will-
ing to work hard for small salary.
Apply at once."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed
at night and broken of your rest by a
child suffering and crying with pain of
cutting his teeth? Give him WIND-
SOOTHING SYRUP, it is the best
remedy for this ailment, the child is
soothed and his mother is at ease.
Bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is
inecalculable. It will relieve the poor
little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers;
there is no mistake about it. It cures Diar-
rhea and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach
and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the
Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone
and energy to the whole system. "Mrs.
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children
teething is pleasant to the taste and is the
prescription of one of the oldest and best
female physicians and nurses in the United
States. It is for sale by all druggists
throughout the world. Price twenty-five
cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs.
Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP," and take
no other kind.—Feb. 1, '91.

France has now a National League for
the Promotion of Physical Education,
designed to fit her youth for soldiering.
The programme which has been completed
includes outdoor games throughout the land,
for which the local authorities will set apart
a "green," whereon the children shall regularly
"play."

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:
Please inform your readers that I have
a good remedy for the above named disease.
By its timely use the patient can be
restored to health. My name is Dr. T. A.
Slocum, and I have been cured of this
disease by the use of Dr. T. A. Slocum's
Burdock Blood Bitters. I shall be
glad to send two bottles of my rem-
edy FREE to any of your readers who have
consumption if they will send me their Express
and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,
37 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Ont.

ROVAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength and wholesomeness. More economi-
cal than the ordinary baking powder, and
never in competition with the multitude of low
test, adulterated, and inferior brands. Sold
only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
Wald Street, New York.

ROOFING FELT.

20 ROLLS ROOFING FELT, 3 ply. Just
received.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,
Fredericton, October 17, 1888.

LANTERNS.

50 DOZEN TYPICAL HALL LANTERNS 2 doz
Lantern Lamps, for sale low at
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

Christmas, '88 - New Years, '89.
WILEY'S DRUG STORE, - - 196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY GOODS,
—USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL PRESENTS,
—SUCH AS—

Plush and Leather Goods in New Designs, Ladies' and Gent's Toilet Cases, Travelling Cases,
SHAVING SETS, DRESSING CASES.

Perfumes — Perfumes — Perfumes
—BY— LUBIN, GOSWELL, —BY— ATKINSON, RICKSECKER, —BY— RUNNELL, COLGATE.

Sachet Powders—the best varieties. Meerschaum and Briar Pipes—extra value. Cigar and Cigar Cases.
A fine line of Walking Sticks. Smokers Requisites—all kinds. Cut Glass Toilet Bottles.
Hand Mirrors very cheap, direct from manufacturers. Combs, Brushes, Toilet Articles.

ALSO—FINE FLAVORING EXTRACTS—Lemon, Vanilla, Rose, Almond, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Etc.
Get your Extracts from the Druggists and save money. Better and more of it than put up in Bottles.
SPICES AND CREAM TARTAR.
I make a specialty of these Goods, and can give extra value as to quality and price.
Never better prepared for the HOLIDAY SEASON than at this time. GIVE ME A CALL.

JOHN M. WILEY, Opp. Normal School, Queen St.

Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
Ready-Made Clothing, etc.,
—AT—
O. SHARKEY'S

Ladies' Dress Goods,
Cashmeres and Stuff Goods,
in all the leading shades and colors.

PARASOLS, GOSIMERS, GLOVES, AND
Corsets, Hosiery, Prints, Gingham, Cottons,
Lace Curtains, Curtain Nets and Lumbergins,
Table Linens, Towelling, Tickings, Jacks,
Sawtooths, Canadian and Scotch Towels,
Grand Gray Hose, etc. Choice patterns
and good value. Men's Youths' and Boys'
Clothing, Men's Suits from \$10 to \$16.
Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties and Underwear,
Shoes, Table and Floor Oil Cloth, Wool and
Hemp Carpets, Men's Rubber Coats.

Trunks, Valises and Wall Paper.
Always on hand, a large stock, good variety,
and low prices.
OWEN SHARKEY.

Remnants of all kinds,
always on hand.
IN STOCK,
THE FOLLOWING
CANNED GOODS:

Corn, Peaches,
Tomatoes, Pineapple,
Peas, Oysters,
Baked Beans, Lobsters,
Corn Beef, Salmon,
Lunch Tongue, Potted Ham,
Condensed Milk,
Condensed Coffee.

ALSO, A CHOICE LOT OF
TEA,
—IN—
3, 5, 10, 12, 15 and 20 lb. Caddies.

AT LOWEST PRICES.
S. L. MORRISON,
Queen St., Corner of York.

WIDE WALE
WORSTED OVERCOATINGS,
in a great Variety of Patterns.

—ALSO—
A FINE SELECTION OF
Fashionable Trousers and
Suits.

WM. JENNINGS,
Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley
September 12
1888. 1888.

FALL AND WINTER.
Joseph Walker,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,

I have just opened one of the finest stocks that
has ever been placed before the public in
this city. The assortment is of the following
—ALSO—
the latest designs in the follow-
ing goods:—

WIDE WALE OVERCOATING,
Cork Screws, Meltons,
Beaver, Naps.
Fancy Trousers
a Specialty.

Call and examine before purchasing
elsewhere. Always a FIRST CLASS fit
guaranteed.
PRICES MODERATE.
JOSEPH WALKER,
Next door above W. H. Vannart's Grocery
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, October 17

SECRETS OF
LIFE
SENT FREE

A Private Treatise and Adviser in five
languages; 24 illustrations. To young
men only, and those contemplating
marriage should not fail to send for it.
DR. LUCAS' PRIVATE DISPENSARY,
68 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

STOVES
—AND—
Steam Engines
FOR SALE.

WE have on hand, a very large stock of
WATER, COMPRESSING COOK, CYLINDER,
CLASS, and other Stoves, all FIRST
CLASS, and will be sold very low for cash for
the remainder of the year. Also, four Stoves
H. A. FEINHAUS, which will be sold at a
Special price. We have also on hand, two
small Steam Engines, one eight and one ten
horse power, which will be very cheap. All
sorts of mill repairing done in first-class style.
GEO. TODD & SON,
Fredericton, July 25-47.

ROSSMORE, L. O. L. No. 21,
Meets at Foresters Hall, St. Marys Ferry, on the
first and third THURSDAY of each month, at
7 30 P. M.
Visiting Brethren cordially welcomed.
ROBERT COCHRAN, W. M.,
T. FANGUET, Secy., 288-97.

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—DEALER IN—
ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, ETC.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED
"New Home," the "Favorite," and the "New National,"
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Holding the Very First Places of all Machines Manufactured.
The "New Home" received first premium for Machines at the St. John Exhibition, 1888,
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give perfect satisfaction. It is of beautiful workmanship, and will do all kinds of plain and
fancy stitching.

These Celebrated and Beautiful Machines can be seen at any time at Salesroom,
CORNER KING AND REGENT STREETS, FREDERICTON.
For Sale at Lowest Prices and Best Terms.
Prices ranging from \$25.00, upwards.

Parts, Attachments and Needles, for all kinds of Machines, and best Sperm Oil, con-
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Fredericton, May 9

NOTICE.
NEW GOODS.
JAMES R. HOWIE,
Practical Tailor.

I REG to inform my numerous patrons, that I
have just opened out a very large and well
selected stock of NEW-SPRING CLOTHING, con-
sisting of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweed
Suits, Fine Corseting and Diagonal Suits,
Light and Pure Spring Overcoatings, and
all the latest designs and patterns in "Fancy
Trousers from which I am prepared to man-
ufacture in my new and improved manufactory
on FRUIT CLASS STREET, according to the
latest New York spring and summer fashions,
and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.