September 22, 1886.

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Family Groceries!

W. H. VANWART,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, K EEPS always on hand a large and well-selected stock of everything that should be found in a First Class

He invites country trade, feeling sure that he can sell Groceries of as good qual-ity and at prices as low as any establish-

ment in the city. All kinds of Country Produce taken in trade.

QUEEN STREET, (WEST END) t22-tf FREDERICTON. sept22-tf

New Store, Stock, and Prices.

LURNITURE, Carpets and Crockery, all at lower prices. 650 doz. Meakin's White Granite, reduced 10 per cent. 100 doz. Milk Pans and Flower Pots, 20 per cent lower. 2 doz. Library Lamps, (Pol-ished Brass), from \$3.25 upwards. 2 cases Silver Plated Ware, (Toronto Silver Plate Co., standard goods). Every article guar-anteed. Prices reduced. Four large warerooms full of Parlour, Chamber, Dining Room, Office and Kitchen Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Oil-Cloths, Bedding, Towels, Table Linen, Curtains, Curtain Poles, Table and Piano Covers, Upholstery Goods. In fact almost every thing for housekeeping.

J. G. McNALLY, Fourth Door above People's Bank, Queen Street, Fredericton.



ST. JOHN, N. B.

DENDING the erection of buildings at

St. Martins, the School will continue

WHAT YOU MAY DO. If it's only a poor little penny, If 'tis all you have to give ; But as pennies make the dollars, It may help some cause to live.

A word now and then of comfort, They will cost you naught to say, But they cheered the weary pilg im And helped him on his way.

If it's only some out-worn garment, If it's all you have to spare, They will help to clothe the needy-The poor are everywhere.

"God loveth a cheerful giver." Though the gift be ever so small: But what does He think of His children When they never give at all?

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTEND ENT.

I imagine myself some other person, and visiting friends in a growing village of Wisconsin. I am on the street with the son of the family. We pass a gentleman who bows and smiles pleasantly to my companion. "Who is that gentleman, Harry ?" " Oh ! he's our superintendent, Mr. Smith, ain't he jolly ? He's been superintendent two years and we boys like him first rate. Mr. Jones was our superintendent, but he went away. He was an awful good man long as Deacon Brown, and sadder. We didn't have as many scholars as we have now, and about half didn't stay to the closing. We boys got a trick of going too, till we found it ther ; with a pure life, a right momade teacher feel bad and we stayed. We'd do most anything for her, and she likes us too. Now most every body stays, and Mr. Smith say very much; only sometimes when he talks about Jesus-don't and faithful servant."-Ex. his face shine !---and a fellow teels himself all a burning up inside a

You may be sure I was on hand

God. Before he came there he had prayed earnestly that the divine blessing be on the work.

encouraging words concerning the efface the memory of it from my growth of the school ; also of the mind. How I loved my father toprogress made by scholars in a know- day, as the sight of my little girl's ledge of the Scriptures, as reported | face brought it all freshly before me. by the teachers. He called for the Will she love me as dearly, I won-"Golden Text," and the central der, twenty years or more from truth of the lesson. The closing now, because, moved by the same song was an appropriate one, and impulse that stirred my father's the school was dismissed with the beart in that long ago time, I was Lord's Praver.

will the Sunday-school be. The ly that I knew she didn't mean to spirit manifested by that superin- spill the gravy, and that I knew tendent pervaded the whole school, she would be more careful another and its influence did not end with time ? Will she be helped by it when the closing of the doors, but went she is a mother, as I have been out into the week-day life of both helped by it to-day ?- Exchange. teacher and pupil. The man of

apathy and unconcern is not the one to lead an army into battle. No more is he the one to lead our school. The man of life and animation, the one who gives inspiration and imparts warmth and vigor, who stimulates to best efforts is fitted to be a -too good to have much to do with leader of the Lord's hosts. Oh, how us boys. He could pray most as few enter into the work fully comprehending the responsibilities, the importance and sacredness of the superintendent's calling.

Be true to your calling, my brotive and an earnest zeal for God. And how great an instrument you have been in his hands in molding souls for eternity, will only be relikes to have 'em. But he don't vealed when he shall appear and shall say : "Well done, thou good -----

A TIRED MOTHER'S VICTORY.

A little timely gentleness sweetens a parent's recollection in after years with a thrill of gratitude ; whereas

Oh. what a revolution of feelings a carefully prepared plan not only I experienced ! It was such a surfor bimself but all the other workers. prise to me that I wassuddenly over-He has laid all before the Lord, and whelmned with feelings of love and gratitude, and burying my face I sobbed as if my heart was breaking. In closing there was no story or No punishment could have affected sermon. The superintendent spoke me half so much, and nothing can

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

able to press the little frightened What the superintendent is, that thing to my heart, and tell her kind-

Blank-Book HER PICTURE.

"What are you looking at, gran'

pa ? " " Her picture, lass." "What makes you look at gran'ma's picture so much ? Can't you 'member how she looked when she was 'live ?"

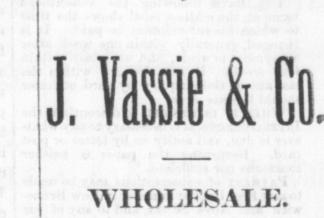
"Yes, lass, but it fades away; fades so quickly my heart is unsatisfied. I can see her in the picture here and look at her a long time."

"What makes you want to so much, gran'pa? The face is old and wrinkled "-

"No, no, lass ! You don't see ! The face is fair and round, and the roses come and go in her cheeks like they always did when I looked at her long."

"Why, gran'pa! Her cheeks are wrinkled and sunk in and "-"What's the matter with thee,

lass? Don't I know her face? I TO ANY PATTERN



NEW

IMPORTATIONS

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Barnes & Co. Spring Goods!

STEAM

Booksellers.

-AND-

BLANK

Manufacturers.

BOOKS

Cor. King and Canterbury Sts.

Have Received the following instalments of Stock :



Per S. S. " Sardinian," " Peruvian," "Sarnia," " Circassian," etc.



MANUFACTURES !

RULED, PRINTED & BOUND

the memory of hasty severity to little ones must bring a pang. This tenderstory of a mother's experience, published in the Christian Weekly, is a beautiful lesson in itself. The mother had laid her table with great care and pains for a company of distinguished guests, when her little girl accidentally overturned a tureen of gravy on her snowy cloth. What should I do ? It seemed a

drop too much for my tired nervesmany drops too much for my tablecloth. I was about to jerk my child down angrily from the table when a blessed influence held me. I caught the expression on her face; such sorry, frightened, appealing look 1 never saw, and suddenly a picture of the past came and stood out vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feelings which I had experienced twenty years before. I was myself a little nervous girl, about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy day in winter. It was when coal oil lamps were first introduced, and father had bought a very hand-

some one. The snow had drifted up against the kitchen window, so, al though it was not dark, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed up-stairs, and we children were see. I say when she was smiling as gathered in the kitchen to keep the she is now, and the dimples danced noise and confusion away from her. and deepened, and her eyes sparkl-I was feeling myself very import- ed and she shook her queenly head, ant helping to get supper ; at any rate I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness I seized that lamp and went down the cellar for some butter : I tried to set it on the hanging shelf, but alas! I didn't give it room enough and down it fell on the cemented floor. I never thing that was going forward in that shall forget the shock that it gave me. I seemed almost paralyzed. I didn't dare go up-stairs, and I was afraid to stay down there, and to make it worse I heard my father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us all, again and again, to be careful of that lamp, and now

But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and He became more troublesome, and meet the scolding or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, at her wit's end to know what to and which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairdo. I saw the superintendent pass way, and as I entered the kitchen, quietly down the aisle, speak to the teacher and then to the boy; then I met my father with such a stern superintendent and scholar went out look upon his face that I was fright hear. His soul is free from the

can see it as plain as the day I kiss ed it first in the orchard path-long. long ago. Them's dimples you see in her cheeks, lass. Roguish dimples that always laugh to gladden the heart that sees them. And that rose in her hair "---

"Where, gran'pa ? Let me see.' "There on that side, lass, where the curls shine like gold." "Why, gran'pa, it's all straight

and gray "No, no, lass. Don't I see them

They looked just that way when I first loved her, lass. They never changed. I saw them every day till she died-every day for fifty years. The same golden curls. When your mother was a wee babe she used to play with them, lass, and fill her little fingers with the golden ring-. Pretty rings, lass; prettier rings them golden curls made than ever a princess wore"-

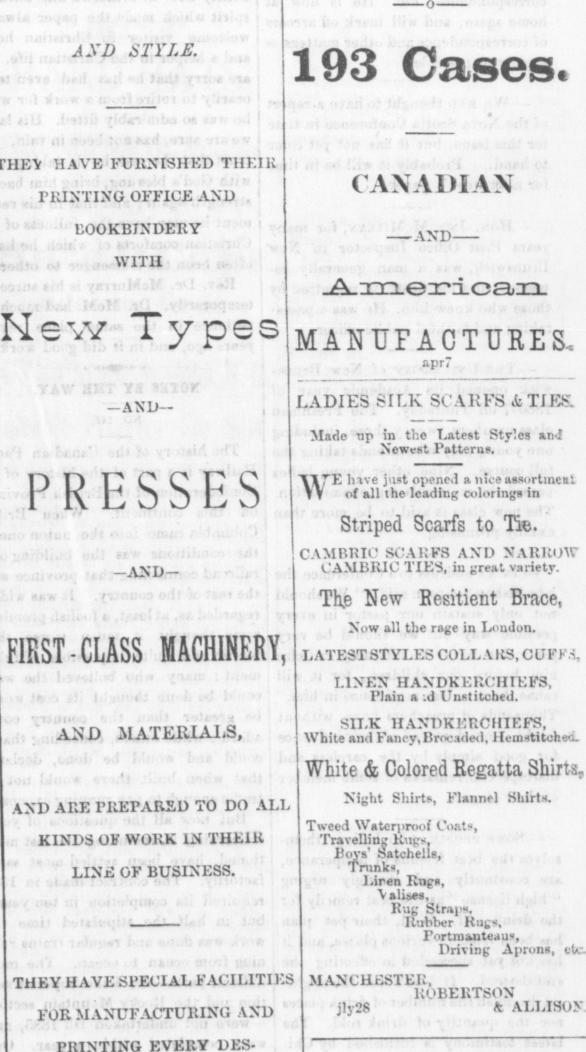
"Prettier than mine, gran'pa?" "Prettier than anybody's, lass. There never were any like hers before nor since, never, anywhere. And when she smiled as she does now "---"Why, gran'pa, she ain't smiling!

She's looking as straight "----"There, there, lass, you don't them golden curls would always fall like glittering rings, and she was beautiful as an angel ; look at her now, lass."

"Why, gran'pa, she's just the same all the time. I'll go and ask mamma."

And she ran away to tell them, with great tears in her eves, that grandpa said grandma's hair in the old picture was prettier than hers. They left him alone with ber. To him she was never old. He sees the face of the long ago, the fairest of all to Lim.

He holds the picture so that the sunbeams will fall among the golden curls, and gazes with all of a lover's pride upon the vision of beauty. Unconsciously his hand brushes the picture, as if stroking back one of the straying curis his fancy sees. He kisses it again and again, murmuring the fond love names and whispering words no other on earth must



CRIPTION OF

Railway

LIGHT, COOL, SUMMER

UNDERCLOTHING.

A full range of sizes, in

IMITATION BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS

