

Family Groceries!**W. H. VANWART,**

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

KEEPS always on hand a large and well-selected stock of everything that should be found in a First Class Grocery.

He invites country trade, feeling sure that he can sell Groceries of as good quality and at prices as low as any establishment in the city.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in trade.

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New Store, Stock, and Prices.

FURNITURE, 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, (Polished Brass), from \$3.25 upwards. 2 cases Silver Plated Ware, (Toronto Silver Plate Co., standard goods). Every article guaranteed. Prices reduced. Four large ware-rooms 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.

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Directly opposite Normal School,

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—IN—

CARPETS,

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Brussels, Tapestry,

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Cocoa Mattings,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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DOMESTIC PAPER PATTERNS.

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—IN—

BOOTS & SHOES

—AT—

Lottimer's**Shoe Store,**

No. 210 Queen St., Fredericton.

IN order to reduce his stock to make room for New Fall and Winter Goods now commencing to arrive, the subscriber has marked down a large number of pairs of

BOOTS AND SHOES

at much below their regular price. Also, having bought a BANKRUPT STOCK of BOOTS & SHOES at a very low price, he has determined to give his customers part of the benefit, and has marked them down at such prices as must effect a speedy clearance.

Call early and secure bargains. Sale will continue for 30 days from date.

A. LOTTIMER,

No. 210 Queen St., Fredericton,

Sept. 15th, 1886.

UNION**Baptist Seminary.**

ST. JOHN, N. B.

PENDING the erection of buildings at St. Martins, the School will continue the next year at St. John.

The Term Begins September 8.

For full information address,

L. E. WORTMAN, A. M.,

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For Sale by

GILBERT BENT & SONS,

South Market Wharf,

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 pilgrim
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 SUPERINTENDENT.

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—too good to have much to do with us boys. He could pray most as 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 made 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 likes to have 'em. But he don't say very much; only sometimes when he talks about Jesus—don't his face shine!—and a fellow feels himself a burning up inside a wishing he could do more for Jesus. I'm glad he's our superintendent and I guess he's glad too."

You may be sure I was on hand early the next Sunday, and not without a secret desire to see and know more of a man who seemed to find pleasure in superintending a Sunday-school. The bell rang at the appointed time, and at the second bell the scholars were in their places with expectant faces, waiting for the hymn to be announced. They sang as though they enjoyed it. It was refreshing—the amount of enthusiasm put into the opening exercises. The prayer was short, earnest and practical; the superintendent praying himself that day. The Scripture-reading, which was the lesson read responsively, seemed an important part of the service. A young man, previously appointed, as I afterwards learned, led in the reading. The words of Nehemiah could be truthfully applied to this school: that "they read in the book in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense." I noticed that all, or nearly all, both young and old, read from the book, and not, as is commonly the case, from the lesson paper.

When the classes began the study of the lesson the superintendent had a vacancy to fill—a teacher who had failed to notify him that she could not be present that day was absent. Her place was filled without delay, for the superintendent was prepared for such emergencies, and knew whom to call on. He then came and welcomed several strangers, myself among the number, and introduced us to the teacher of a class, where we were made to feel very much at home by the genial reception we received. Mr. Superintendent seemed to know everything that was going forward in that entire room. Nothing escaped his eye that needed his attention.

The secretary's face was perplexed as he worked at his book. The superintendent took the book, said a few words, the perplexed look passed away, and a reflection of the superintendent's smile appeared in its place. A boy was inclined to make mischief in one of the classes. He became more troublesome, and it was plain to see the teacher was at her wit's end to know what to do. I saw the superintendent pass quietly down the aisle, speak to the teacher and then to the boy; then superintendent and scholar went out at a side door. When the superintendent came in again there were signs of moisture around the eyes. The boy did not appear, but I ventured to say he was on hand the next Sunday, the best-behaved boy in the class.

Immediately upon the ringing of the bell for the closing exercises all work in the classes ceased. There was perfect harmony between the teachers and the chief officer. They were working together for one great end—the making of the school a success in most effectually promoting the work of our Lord.

The one who has the oversight and charge of the working of the different departments of the school, is thoroughly in earnest. His heart is in it. He feels that it is the Lord's work; and since he has been called to do it he will do it well. He feels also that the Lord is ever present, and that in putting forth every effort to make the school all that it ought to be, he is doing that which pleases

God. Before he came there he had a carefully prepared plan not only for himself but all the other workers. He has laid all before the Lord, and prayed earnestly that the divine blessing be on the work.

In closing there was no story or sermon. The superintendent spoke encouraging words concerning the growth of the school; also of the progress made by scholars in a knowledge of the Scriptures, as reported by the teachers. He called for the "Golden Text," and the central truth of the lesson. The closing song was an appropriate one, and the school was dismissed with the Lord's Prayer.

What the superintendent is, that will the Sunday-school be. The spirit manifested by that superintendent pervaded the whole school, and its influence did not end with the closing of the doors, but went out into the week-day life of both 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 leader of the Lord's hosts. Oh, how few enter into the work fully comprehending the responsibilities, the importance and sacredness of the superintendent's calling.

Be true to your calling, my brother; with a pure life, a right motive 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 revealed when he shall appear and shall say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—E.

A TIRED MOTHER'S VICTORY.

A little timely gentleness sweetens a parent's recollection in after years with a thrill of gratitude; whereas the memory of hasty severity to little ones must bring a pang. This tender story 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 nerves—many 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 a sorry, frightened, appealing look I 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 handsome one. The snow had drifted up, against the kitchen window, so, although it was not dark, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed up-stairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen to keep the noise and confusion away from her.

I was feeling myself very important 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 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 there it lay smashed to pieces.

But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the scolding or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, and which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen, I met my father with such a stern look upon his face that I was frightened. I saw there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he hadn't I guess my face would have told the story. The children stood silently around awaiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were horror-struck, for that lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without a sensation.

As for me, I felt so frightened, so confused and sorry, that I couldn't speak. But upon glancing again at father I saw the angry look die out of his eyes and one of tenderest pity take its place. I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day. In a minute he lifted me in his arms, and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered, oh, so kindly! "Never mind, little daughter; we all know 'twas an accident, but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again."

Oh, what a revolution of feelings I experienced! It was such a surprise to me that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude, and burying my face I sobbed as if my heart was breaking. No punishment could have affected me half so much, and nothing can efface the memory of it from my mind. How I loved my father to-day, as the sight of my little girl's face brought it all freshly before me. Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because, moved by the same impulse that stirred my father's heart in that long ago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart, and tell her kindly that I knew she didn't mean to spill the gravy, and that I knew she would be more careful another time? Will she be helped by it when she is a mother, as I have been helped by it to-day?—Exchange.

HER PICTURE.

"What are you looking at, gran-pa?" "Her picture, lass." "What makes you look at gran-pa's picture so much? Can't you remember 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 sunken in and—" "What's the matter with thee, lass? Don't I know her face? I can see it as plain as the day I kissed 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 rings. 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 see. I say when she was smiling as she is now, and the dimples danced and deepened, and her eyes sparkled and she shook her queenly head, 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 eyes, that grandpa said grandma's hair in the old picture was prettier than hers.

They left him alone with her. To him she was never old. He sees the face of the long ago, the fairest of all to him.

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 curls his fancy sees. He kisses it again and again, murmuring the fond love names and whispering words no other on earth must hear. His soul is free from the thrall of years and lives in its own immortal youth. The form that he knows so well, and the face that is fairest of all, have never changed in all the years of love's sweet idolatry.—Chicago Current.

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the braves of any country or of any age.—Ruskin.

Do you know of a little boy or girl, or a young man or a young woman who does not attend the Sunday-school? If so, do not rest till you give that one an invitation to attend your school. It will be a blessing to the school, and may be the means of leading the stranger into a new and happier life.

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