

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of up strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be beaten in competition with the multitude of low short weight, alum of phosphate powders only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 10-10-11 Wall-st., N. Y. Sold at wholesale in Fredericton, by Messrs F. Randolph & Son.

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..

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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.

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TINSMITH AND

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Importer and Dealer in all kinds of

ITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,
STOVES AND PIPES, FURNACES, REGISTERS, &c.

Repairing in all its branches, done at short notice.

TINWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

(Continued from first page.)

as quickly as it came, and all was still again. The Lord was not in the wind.

Next an earthquake came, and Mount Horeb shook clear down to his rock-roots, and seemed to sway to and fro as if he would topple over, and there was a deep terrible groan as if the end of all things had at last come. The prophet trembled. But soon all was still again, and there was nothing. The Lord was not in the earthquake.

After the earthquake a thunderbolt flashed, shattering the rocks at the prophet's feet, and with its hot breath setting the mountain in a blaze soon to be extinguished by the drenching rain, and the bellowing thunder reverberated away among the mountain-tops until it was lost to the ear. The prophet looked and wondered. 'But the Lord was not in the fire.'

Then came a still small voice, a voice so soft and low, yet distinctly audible. Was it the murmur of a passing zephyr? Was it the flutter of a wing, or the gentle cry of bird or beast? No. The prophet knew what it was. It was the Lord's rebuke to him for being so recreant to his duty. And he is humble now, and penitent. 'And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave.'

The prophet had been falling into a very common mistake. He had been looking too much to the displays of power—the thunder of words, the flash of the sword, the din of battle, the ruthless iconoclasm that tears down temples and altars, and all that amazes and appals. But the Lord shewed him that it is the still small voice of love and peace, the sweet persuasion of the Divine spirit working deep down in the national heart—it is that that does the real and lasting and large good.

And let us learn that too. There are would-be reformers to-day who expect so much from the marching and counter-marching of armies, the rude iconoclasm of dynamite bombs, the wild revolution of races and peoples clutching at one another's throats and drinking one another's blood. But that is not the way, never the way. It is the slow quiet work of love-speaking and good-doing that are to reform the nations and redeem the world. Let the love-tones of Jesus tremble on human lips, and that will have a power and do a good that neither the tornado of wild revolution, nor the earthquake of throne-shaking and king-dethroning wars, nor the splash of bloody waves on a foreign shore, can ever do.

Thus was the prophet taught, and so we may be taught, that it is not by might, nor by power, that the world's real good is to be worked out, but by the gentle Christ spirit of truth and love. And catching the inspiration of that thought, let us go with Elijah and try again, for the Lord sent him back to his work. Let us be mistrustful of self. Let us not think we are all, and that the cause of truth and righteousness hangs by the slender thread of our weak life. When we are done with our doing in the church and world, there will be others better than we are to take our places, and do the work as well and better. There are thousands and thousands of true hearts, where, in our spleen, we think there are none but our poor selves, and they will stand by the cross and do their noble part. When Elijah is taken up to Heaven, there is an Elisha to wear his mantle, and carry forward his work.

When the great prophet was ignobly away from his post, longing to die and trying to die under the juniper-tree, or hiding in the cave at Horeb, the people he blamed so much for their unfaithfulness and want of devotion, were living out the beautiful truth and earnestly witnessing for Jehovah in the land, under the very shadow of the throne. Thus were they truer to the truth than he himself was, and nobler witnesses for God.

And so still. We preach and pray. We seem to ourselves to be doing so much—we prophets. But out yonder on the street, and where trade and business make loud din, there are true hearts and true lives, men who fear God and follow Jesus, and they are doing more for the Gospel than we are doing. Thank God for the seven thousands that are ever faithful!

Our Story.

An Unsung Hero.

(Continued.)

Yes, sir; came of his own free will, and submitted to a painful and even dangerous operation to save a human life in no way connected with his own. And I say it is due to him that he should be protected from the consequences almost sure to ensue from any unusual strain upon his strength. To send him aloft to mend a broken yard under a sky like this, after such a loss of blood, would be simply brutal, sir.

The doctor's earnest speech had its effect upon the testy but kind-hearted officer, and after some further efforts on

our united parts, the captain returned to the quarter-deck in a somewhat mollified mood.

At the suggestion of Dr. Claas I went below to look after Tom. The brave fellow lay stretched in his hammock in the close, small cabin, in a troubled sleep. The open collar of his blouse exposed to view a throat and chest of statuesque proportions; his curling brown hair was matted over his forehead; his face, haggard beneath its deep bronze hue, wore a look of gentleness and suffering.

The interest I had felt from the start in this fine specimen of Nature's noblemen had mounted to enthusiasm, and I was impatient to know more of the man and of his relations with the woman, seemingly so far removed from his sphere in life, upon whom his appearance had produced so startling an effect. But as I stood looking down upon him, noting his irregular respiration, and the contractions that from time to time passed over his features I realized that even of a physique like Tom's too much might be demanded. The enervating climate, and as I had every reason to suspect, some strong mental excitement, had diminished the man's power of endurance, and it was certain that Dr. Claas's solicitude was only too well-founded.

Not to disturb the sleeper I would have withdrawn noiselessly, but at the moment Tom stirred, and opening his eyes gazed at me with a bewildered stare. His glance was uncertain, his lips trembled, as with fever.

What time is it? he asked, feebly. Have I slept long?

It is twelve, I answered. You have slept two hours, and can lie and rest as long as you feel like it. It is the captain's order. How are you feeling? I added, seating myself on the blue-painted chest that doubtless contained the sailor's worldly possessions.

Better, now, answered Tom; but a while ago my legs would scarcely bare me, and my head whirled round like a rusty capstan. It is powerful kind of you, sir, to come an' ask after me. An' how is the little chap gettin' on? he added, his voice softening suddenly.

Very well, indeed, Tom. I have just been with Dr. Claas to see him, and unless we are much mistaken, the tide has turned and the boy will recover. And if he does, Tom, it is to you he owes his life.

Words cannot picture the look that transfigured the sailor's sun-bronzed countenance—a look of deep and perfect content. He kept his eyes on the ceiling over his head for some time, his lips smiling like a child's.

Good! I heard him whisper. That does me good to hear. The boy will live and she will be happy. Good!

But after a while he turned to me again.

Mebbe, he began doubtfully—mebbe you mought a-guessed from what you saw, that the little chap's mother and me wasn't no strangers, sir; an' if ye don't mind listening I'd like to tell ye how things is, and was, sir; for I wouldn't have ye go to think harm of her not knowing.

I assured Tom that I was only too glad to listen to his story if it would not fatigue him too much in the telling.

No, sir; he said; it'll be a powerful relief to git it off my mind, along of her that mought be misjudged, if ye didn't know the true facts. No, sir; Nell—that's her—Nell and me is no strangers. We was born and brought up in a little village ye likely never heard of, away down on the coast of Maine. Ay, different as things is now, our folks was neighbors, and Nell and me was playmates and friends as long ago as I can remember, tho' her folks was better off than mine, and Nell had a better chance at books and the like. So when I grew up and began to foller the sea, like my father and grandfather afore me, it come about quite natural that I should begin to look on Nell as my sweetheart, and she on me. Every time I got home from a voyage I found her prettier and sweeter, and fonder of me; leastways I thought so then. She was a beauty in them days, sir, as ye can judge for now, tho she's changed powerful, poor girl! But in them times she led the fleet, sir. The city folks that came down to the coast of summers took a deal of notice of Nell she was that proud and sperrited, and could hold her own with the best, her father being a retired captain as had made his pile, but warn't in no way stuck up, and favored me poor sailor though I was. Well, sir, there came a time when I started on a three years' cruise. It was pretty tough, that was but we was to be married when it was over, and with that look ahead, sir, being young and ambitious the time passed pretty quick.

(Continued next issue.)

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NEW GOODS.

Spring 1888.

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

JOHN HASLAN,

BARAINS!

Ready-made Clothing.

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 Worst 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 place,
Above Peoples Bank,

JAS. R. HOWIE.

GIVEN AWAY.

A SILVER PLATED TEASPOON

will be given with every bottle of the

PERFECT KID POLISH,

BOUGHT AT

LOTTIMER'S

SHOE STORE.

This Dressing is recommended as the BEST SHOE DRESSING made.

Try a bottle and get a SILVER PLATED TEASPOON as a present, as the Dressing is worth the money alone.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

A. LOTTIMER

201 QUEEN STREET.

OIL STOVES

AT LEMONT'S.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS

AT LEMONT'S.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

AT LEMONT'S.

Big Assortment at Lemont'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 18.00 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.
Accommodation..... 13.30 p. m.
Day Express..... 19.25 p. m.

A trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent
Railway Office
Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

LARGE STOCK

—AND—

Low Rates

—AT—

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, Goggles, Men's, Youths' 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, Paints, 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.

Prices will compare favorably with any in the Trade. Remnants always on hand.

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—AND—

GAS FITTING

I am in a position to give estimates on all 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.

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(Next Below Peoples Bank)

Fredericton, N.B.

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