



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 to it, short weight, alum of phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-ly Sold at wholesale in Fredericton, by Messrs A. 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.

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.**

**If We Know.**

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowding round our neighbor's way;  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sorely grievous day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For the lack of thrift and gain—  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows,  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,  
Quivering through the hearts of pain,  
Would our womanhood dare doom them  
Back to haunts of guilt again?  
Life hath many a tangled crossing,  
Joy hath many a break of woe,  
And the cheeks far-washed are whitest—  
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature,  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that when we stand in judgment,  
When the Lord shall come again,  
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us  
As we judged our fellow-men."

—Sel.

**Our Story.**

**Grandmother's Signs.**

We were all very glad when Grandmother Rhyder came to live at our house. She was my mother's mother, and one of the best-intentioned little old women in the world. When grandfather died, my brothers and sisters, as well as myself, were afraid that grandmother would make her home at our Uncle Nat's or at our Aunt Mary's, and there was great rejoicing when the letter came in which she wrote:

I did think at first that I'd better go to Mary's, but the grounds in my coffee cup never pointed favorably to it, and last night I dreamt three times running, that made it clear to my mind that I'd better come to you. I would start tomorrow if it wasn't Friday, and I sometimes think the Friday signs runs into Saturday, too; so I will not start until Monday, which will bring me to your house on the day the moon fulls, and I take that to be a good sign.

An amused smile came into my father's face as he read this letter aloud to us children, and he burst out laughing when I said:

I'd just like to know what coffee settings and dreams and the moon have to do with it!

Nothing, my dear; nothing at all, said mother, laughing softly. But grandmother has odd notions that we need not say anything about, or mind at all, when she is here.

We lived in the country on a splendid farm. On the next Wednesday afternoon to our great delight, we saw father driving up the long lane leading to our house, with Grandmother Rhyder seated on the spring seat by his side.

She waved her handkerchief, and six eager children set off on a run to meet her. We had not seen her for three years, and as soon as we were near enough to hear she began saying:

Why, bless my soul, how you have grown! I declare I don't know toter from which, but I guess that's Bertie, and that little girl with the ruffled apron is Mamie, and that's Tommy with the red ribbon to his neck. Looks 'zactly like the ambrotype of him I've got. Bless all your little hearts, anyhow! I'll know which is which 'fore two hours.

When father helped her out of the wagon she struck her foot on something, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

Mercy on us! she said. I'm glad I stubbed my right toe. If it had been the left it'd been a sure sign I was going where I wasn't wanted.

You know that you are wanted here, no matter what the signs say, said mother, as she took grandma into her arms and kissed her many times.

Yes dear, I know it, I know it, said Grandma; but all the same, I couldn't have helped worryin' some if it had been the left toe.

We soon discovered that grandmother had a sign for everything that happened, and for much that didn't happen. When anything unusual occurred grandma suddenly recalled something in the manner in which she had previously been forewarned of it. The fact that her signs and predictions generally failed of fulfillment did not disturb her in the least.

One day I overheard mother say:

Don't you often notice grandma, that your signs do not come true? You said yesterday when you saw the cat scratching the fence, that it would rain, sure before night, but there was not a cloud in the sky all day, and not a drop of rain fell.

Why, Susan! cried grandma, in a tone of great surprise. The morning paper says there was a perfect flood yesterday in Alabama.

The proof was incontrovertible, notwithstanding the fact that Alabama was fifteen hundred miles from our home.

My youngest brother was but three months old when grandma became a member of our family. She was very fond of baby Danny, and was gratified to know that the signs she had had regarding him were favorable to his future happiness.

If he lives to grow up, she said, he'll be a smart and rich man. See that mole on his neck. That's a splendid sign. And he's going to have a cow-lick too; that's another good sign, I hope to goodness, Susan, that you haven't allowed him to look in a looking glass yet.

I don't know, I'm sure, said mother. Why, Susan, cried grandma, he must not see himself in the glass until his first birthday! You'll never raise him if he does. I'm glad he is already tumbled out of bed; it is a sure sign he will never be a fool.

Grandmother's signs and omens were a source of uneasiness to herself only. Mother early took occasion, privately, to instruct us older children on the subject. She told us dreams had no meaning, and that signs were silly and meaningless inventions. We were not, she said, to mind what grandma said, but were to love and respect her under all circumstances.

Baby Dan was a winning little fellow, whom we all loved so dearly that we were glad grandma's omens did not portend anything disastrous to him, even though we did not believe in signs. But one day grandma came down to breakfast without her usual morning smile and cheery greeting. She looked very solemn and spoke soberly when she spoke at all.

Are you not well? asked father.

I hope this whole family may keep as well for a year to come as I am now, she said mysteriously.

Baby Dan sat in his high chair by grandma's side, and in the midst of the meal she suddenly dropped her knife and fork, threw her arms around the baby, and burst into tears.

Why, grandma, what is it? cried mother in real alarm.

Poor little dear, she cried; he aint long for this world! I've dreamed three nights of white colts. I told you. Susan, what'd happen if you cut his toe nails of a Sunday, or let the other children raise your parasol in the house. I told you!

Grandma's distress was so evident that none of us felt like laughing, and mother said:

Don't worry, mother. You know that all signs fail at times.

Mine don't, said grandma, in a tone of deep conviction. And as I was laying in bed this morning, a little bird flew in at the window, and lighted on my bedpost. I know what that means, Susan. Danny ain't going to be here very long, you'll see that he isn't. And the worst of it is that he'll be took off sudden, and in some uncommon way.

No reasoning could shake grandmother's conviction in the least, and her continued depression and gloomy predictions made us all very uncomfortable. Indeed, so strong is a superstition that not one of us children could help looking upon dear little Dan as a doomed child, in spite of mother's arguments to the contrary.

Grandmother had other unfailing signs indicating Danny's early demise. A white kitten came to the door one day, and grandma shook her head gloomily.

But I have always heard that it was a sign of good luck to have a kitten come to the house, said father.

Not a white kitten, replied grandma. A black or gray kitten, is a good sign, but a white one is a sign of—She stooped over, caught Danny up in her arms, and hastily left the room.

An old white rooster that we had, crowed on the doorstep that day, and grandma ordered his instant execution as the only means of averting his share of the disaster threatening Danny.

Grandma's signs multiplied fast, and were of a positive, never-failing character. She came down to breakfast one beautiful June morning, bowed down with the dreadful conviction that the end would come that very day.

Danny's condition did not warrant an expectation of death from disease, at all events. He seemed to be snapping his little pink fingers at all kinds of signs as he lay in his cradle, kicking up his heels and crowing gleefully. He was almost a year old at this time, and grandma had said that he would never live to see his first birthday.

During the forenoon we were visited by several of our relatives who had driven a distance of ten miles to spend the day at our house. We were delighted to see them and gave ourselves up to a day of enjoyment. Even grandma joined in our pleasure, seeming to forget her doleful prophecies of what the day would bring forth.

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,**

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,

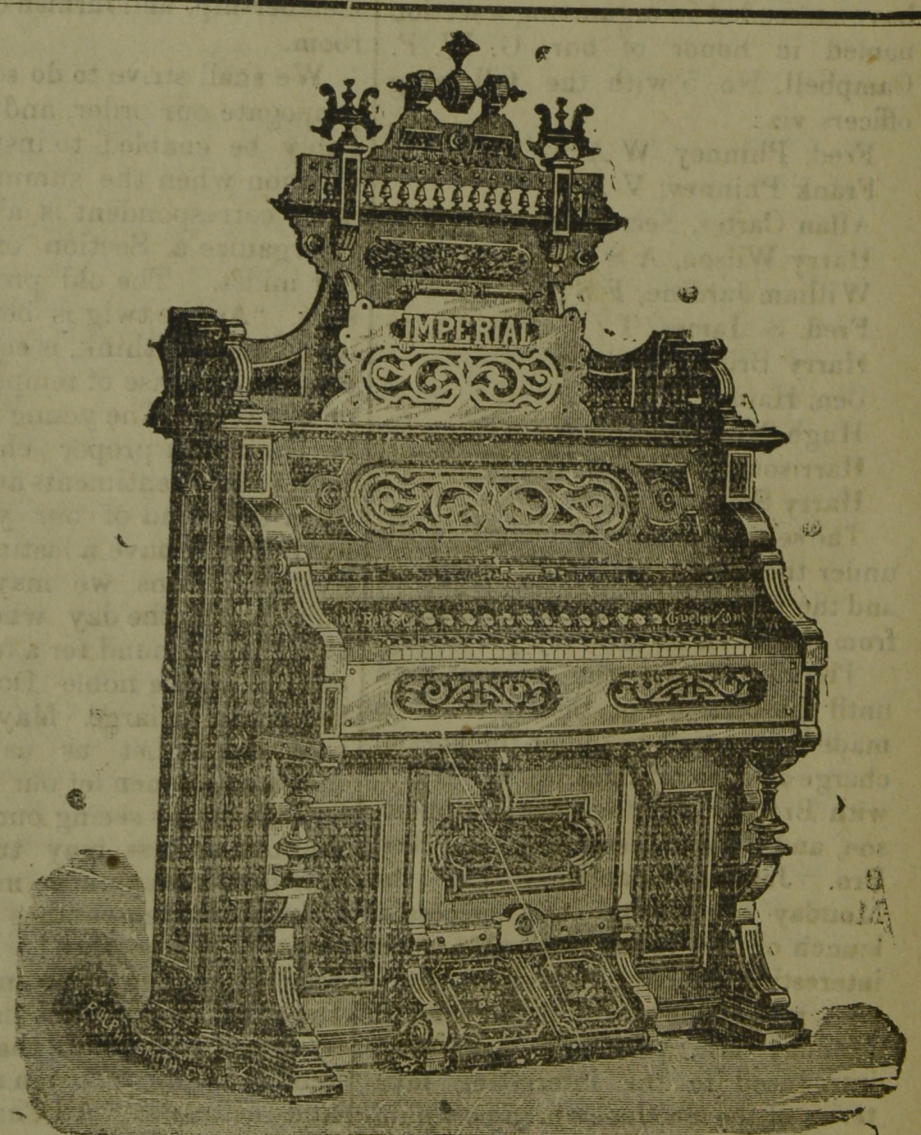
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FREDERICTON, N. B.

PICTURES

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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 Wm. Bell Organ. New American Sewing Machine, No. 7. New Household, made in Providence, R. I. New Home 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	he 18.0

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.
Accommodation	11.30 a. m.
Day Express	19.20 p. m.

EA 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, Gloves, 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, Ticks, Ducks, Drills, Swansdowne, Table Linens, Towelling, 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.

**O. SHARKEY.**

**PLUMBING**

—AND—

**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 speciality of fitting up Bath Rooms Hot-Air Furnaces &c.

**A. N. LaFOREST**

Tinsmith, Plumber, &c.,