

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be beaten in competition with the multitude of low priced, short weight, alum or 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

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.)

patience with us, and yet we have come to be of some account perhaps. I do not know that we are worth all the trouble we took to bring us up, but we like to think we are. If, then, our natural manhood cost so much to make it what it is, let us be patient with the spiritual development of the born again. The spiritual resurrection is a growth. It is a slow patient struggle upward, many a fall back perhaps, many a seemingly fruitless effort; but at last the christian comes to where he can do without the help of others. You see him giving help, not asking it. And he comes to be the joy of many, the glory of the church. O the wonders of grace, the might of Christ's life-giving word!

Thus, in conclusion, we see what hope there is for the dead in sin, the very worst of men. Christ's word is still mighty—mighty to raise the dead. Even in my cold lips it is mighty. Let me go on preaching and teaching and praying it as I can, for it must tell, and dead men will be raised up. And you have the word of God too; speak it, then, as you can, to those around you, the children at your knee, your neighbor across the street, the poor and tempted you would help, the reckless and profane who sneer and scoff. Let Christ speak to men by you—your lips for His words, your tongues for His truth; and speak as He would speak, not flippantly and lightly, but gravely and wisely, not putting on airs and making an ado, but with a tender burning love in your heart, and there will be good done.

And we all need waking and raising up. We have a little life perhaps, but it is not the abundant life that God wants us to have, the life that is full of work for Jesus. We are like Lazarus yonder with his grave-clothes on, and only half out of his tomb. Let us shake off from us the bands of death, the bondage of corruption, and be alive indeed. Hear the voice of Jesus speaking to us with words that send a thrill of holy life and rapture throughout our whole being: 'Lazarus, come forth!'

Our Story.

An Unsung Hero.

(Continued.)

My brave fellow, I cried, you will do this for the sake of a child who is nothing to you, and a woman you never saw before and never will see again?

A strange smile came over Tom's face, and his eyes sought the floor.

I will, sir, he answered, hoarsely; 'for the sake of that same woman—as I shall never see again, mo' likely.

But Tom, I said, it is my duty to tell you that there is a risk involved, a risk to yourself.

Again Tom smiled, giving himself a careless hitch or two.

That's all right sir. That's all right.

In an incredibly short time I stood again with Dr. Claas at the door of the taste room we had left a few hours before in so different a mood. It was opened by the child's mother, who had been prepared for our coming, and welcomed us with eagerness. Already reviving hope had given some brightness and color to her face.

You have found some one who is willing to render this service? she began, excitedly. A sailor, you say? Oh, where is he? Let me see and speak to him. I must thank him for his noble kindness—

Meantime Tom had remained in the shadow, but as she came forward looking eagerly about her, he stepped out into the light and stood awaiting her, cap in hand. She sprang toward him with extended hands. Oh, you good brave fellow God bless you! she began fervently. God must and will bless you for your kindness to a poor despairing mother—

She stopped abruptly, as if suddenly turned to marble. The full light of the lamp fell over the sailor's athletic figure, and pale, agitated face. His eyes were fixed upon her with an inscrutable expression. For some time the two stood gazing at each other in silence, then with a loud cry the woman started forward, wavered, and would have fallen but for Tom, who seized her in his mighty arms and laid her on the nearest sofa.

For a moment he stood bending over her, his form perceptibly shaken, his face hidden; then at a summons from Dr. Claas with whom the necessity for prompt action superseded all other emotions, he left the unconscious woman in charge of the stewardess, and followed us into the state room.

A half-hour later the operation had been successfully accomplished.

We found the mother still lying on the sofa where we had left her, but at the sound of our steps she started up wildly expectant.

Be calm, madam, said Dr. Claas, his very voice and mien expressing the satisfaction he felt; all has passed off well. Your child is sleeping peacefully, and we have every reason to hope for the best.

Thank God! Oh, thank God! said the happy mother, with streaming eyes. But the man—the sailor—where is he? I must see him, there is something to be explained, she continued, in deeply agitated tones.

But Tom had slipped silently away and was not to be found.

It is better so, said the doctor, returning to the saloon. You have had enough excitement for to-night.

Then, after administering a sedative, we left the now hopeful woman to return to her child, while we sought such rest as the brief summer night might have yet in store for us.

In the course of the next morning, having made an early call with my colleague upon our little patient with the most gratifying results, I found myself on deck.

The sun had been beating down for some hours upon the great awning stretched overhead for the protection of the passengers, many of whom were sitting about trying to divert their minds from physical discomfort in various ways. The heat was simply terrific. Scarcely a breath of wind was stirring. The sails hung slack against the masts, and the sea was like glass.

A vivacious old French lady, to whom in a moment of weakness I had divulged the fact of my acquaintance with her mother tongue, had inveigled me into a game of chess for which I was not at all in the mood; but from very lack of resistive power I yielded to her wishes, and tried to get up an interest in the game.

My partner had heard something of the remarkable events of the preceding night, and was burning with curiosity to know all the details. Tom, who, tho' no longer in sight, had been on duty that morning as usual, had been pointed out to her as the hero of the hour, and with the shrewdness of her race and sex in matters of sentiment, the old lady scented a romance.

I told her, in response to her persistent questioning, all that I considered proper, not mentioning the little scene between Tom and the young widow, which I confess had aroused my own curiosity to a lively degree.

Tiens! cried the old lady melodramatically (not forgetting a skillful maneuver with her bishop)—tiens! C'est l'amour, Monsieur! C'est certainement l'amour! There is always love at the bottom of these affairs. Either the handsome sailor has discovered an old flame in the pretty little widow, or he has fallen in love with her during the voyage! pourquoi pas! with a shrug and a smile that illumined her wrinkles like a ray from the past—pourquoi pas! A sailor—is he not a man like other men? And this one—ma foi! He is a sailor such as one finds in books!

And with remarkable presence of mind the old lady took possession of my castle.

I left her little romance undisturbed. Perhaps she was right. Who could tell?

For some time we continued the game. Never was chess so tiresome to me, never did I play so badly. What, with my partner's incessant chatter, and the increasing heat, which seemed only to excite her tongue to greater activity, I grew more and more restless and *distract*.

One by one the passengers on deck went below in search of coolness, one by one those below came up, for the same purpose.

The fair, false waves shone on in dazzling calm, the ship rocked gently, making no perceptible headway. The sultriness was becoming unendurable. A strange languor and depression pervaded the air. Suddenly the dull silence was broken by the sound of excited voices, which I recognized as those of the Captain and Dr. Claas. The old lady pricked up her ears.

If I mistake not, she said, they are quarrelling over your protegee; the interesting sailor. Go and see. As for me, I have enough of this. I go below.

To my intense relief the venerable gossip prepared to depart, and rising, I began walking the deck, going a little near the excited speakers.

For the last time, sir, the Captain was saying in angry tones, I repeat, that such conduct is entirely unbecoming, and against my wishes. Yesterday you led one of my men to an act of romantic foolhardiness, and to-day, without consulting me, you send him below to his hammock to recover from the consequences of this eccentric and absurd experiment. Why, sir, you are exceeding your authority. You are encouraging insubordination. Once more, sir, it cannot be allowed!

Allow me to say, Captain, said Dr. Claas, with great self-control, that there was no leading on in the matter, whatever. As I call this gentleman to witness—turning toward me,—the man having overheard us as we discussed the subject on deck, not dreaming that he would hear or at least comprehend, what we were saying, came forward and offered himself for the experiment—an act which not one man in a hundred would be capable of, sir.

(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 Worsteds 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.

Save Money

BY HAVING

Crescent Heel Plates

Put on your Rubbers, at

LOTTIMER'S

SHOE STORE.

CRESENT HEEL PLATES prevent Rubbers wearing out AT THE HEELS.

LOTTIMER'S

is the only place in the City where you can have your heel plates on, as he is Sole Agent for the Crescent Heel Plate Machine in F'ton.

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. 25th, 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 18.0
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.
Express from Sussex 8.35 a.
Accommodation 13.30 p. m.
Day Express 19.20 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 Cashmere, Serges, Suitings, and Stuff Goods in all desirable shades and colors, Velvets, Plushes, Jerseys, Shawls, Squares, Scarfs, Corsets, Hose, Gloves, Men's, Youth's 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 Braes. Also, Grey and White Cottons, Paints, Tickings, Ducks, Drills, Swansdowne, Table Linens, Towellings, Cottons Warp, 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 specialty of fitting up Bath Rooms Hot-Air Furnaces &c.

A. N. LaFOREST

Tinsmith, Plumber, &c.,

JOHN HARVEY,

PHOTOGRAPHER!

QUEEN STREET,

(Next Below Peoples Bank)

Fredericton, N.B.

PICTURES

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