



This powder never varies. A marvel of up-ty, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low weight, short weight, alum or phosphate powders sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-15 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 PEN & 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,
PRINCE SQUARE, F'TON.

(Continued from first page.)
society and the church. And it is no disgrace to go to such an institution. It is infinitely more of a disgrace to live in the awful drink-tyranny. If there is help for a man anywhere, he should want, and his friends should want him, to have it. And there is help, glad glorious help for the drunkard, and every other unfortunate, in Jesus.

Thirdly and briefly, our own personal duty. 'Go, and do thou likewise.'
We have seen what the priest and Le-vite did, or rather neglected to do. And then we have seen what the good Samaritan did, and what the good Samaritans of to-day here and elsewhere are doing, and we are glad to see the blessed results of their earnest self-denying efforts. But I and you—what are we doing? Let each one ask straight home to himself, 'what am I doing to help men, to do them good, to relieve their wants, to save them from their sins, and thus help the world's good? Have I done anything, little or much, to relieve distress, to mitigate pain, to comfort sorrow, to reform and save a neighbor, a brother? And alas! We have done so little that we can lay our hand on, and say, 'I have done this.'

Oh let us realize that one reason why men stripped and wounded are lying in our way, meet us on the street where we go to business, crawl to our gate, is that we may have opportunities for doing good. Our Lord knew for himself the rapture of being helpful, of lifting up the fallen, of saving sinners, and He wants us to know it too, and so He puts them in our way. Let us look around, then, and see what we can do to help the really needy. There are hands of charity thrust into our face that we should spurn from us. It is no charity to give to the most of beggars. They are scoundrels, liars and cheats, and the charity that supports them is only promoting vice, encouraging laziness, and making beggary a profession. As far as possible we should acquaint ourselves with those we give to—the way they live, and all about them, and in most cases we will find they are unworthy. I speak thus because I know, for I have been bitten often enough to know, and feel too. Still, it is better to be cheated than that any unfortunate one should suffer and want.

We live in an age of great christian activity and wide christian benevolence. Never before was so much done to help men and save them. Our liberality and usefulness have about all they can do. Let us be glad that we live in such an age, and as a church and people let us show ourselves full of the benevolent spirit of the age. And still there is much to do that has not been overtaken. We want more workers, more good Samaritans, more thoroughly organized effort, so that the whole field may be occupied, and every poor unfortunate reached and saved. Let each one of us do our little part as we have opportunity. And let us be quick to do it, for men are dying, and it will soon be too late to do anything. Let us hear the Blessed Master's word; 'go, and do thou likewise.'
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, duty demands it, Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way patiently win them, Tell the poor wanderer, a Saviour has died.
Amen.

Our Story.
An Unsung Hero.

(Continued.)
But I did not forget Tom. With a shudder I recalled that open vein so insecurely protected for such an emergency; with a thrill of sincere admiration I remembered his look of eager daring as he sprang into the storm to meet his duty, and it might be, his death.
Towards sunset the hurricane seemed to have expended its power, and tho' the ship continued to pitch frightfully, the passengers dragged themselves to their respective state rooms, myself among the rest; and against my own will, for I meant to seize the first possibility of reaching the deck, I shrank from sheer exhaustion into a sleep which lasted until day-break. As soon as I was conscious I left my room and hastened on deck. The sea was still heavy, but of the fearful hurricane there remained only a fine stiff breeze that drove the ship bravely on toward her goal.
Almost the first person I saw was Dr. Claas, who was coming in search of me. At sight of his face a sharp pang went through me.
We are safe, yes, he said, seizing my hand; but the storm had its victim.
Tom I barely whispered.
Yes, Tom!
It seemed that at the very height of the storm, one of the sails became loose from its fastenings, and sweeping the deck caused the ship to careen dangerously to leeward. The captain called for volunteers

to climb the topmast and cut away the sail. It was a perilous undertaking in such a wind. Of all the crew only one man came forward. It was Tom. Firm and sure he made the ascent, and cut away the ropes; the sail flew swiftly off over the frothing sea, and the ship righted herself at once.

Hand over hand, swinging himself gallantly from yard to yard, the brave fellow descended; but when half way down he was seen to miss his grasp, to clutch at the ropes, to fall heavily to the deck.

In his violent efforts the bandage had been torn from his wrist, and Tom had fainted from loss of blood. It being impossible to open the hatchways in such a sea, some attempt at a bandage was made and the insensible sailor placed in as secure a position as was possible. But it was hours before Dr. Claas could reach him, and then only to find himself too late.

The sun was setting when, rapped in the ship's flag, a tribute rendered to his heroic worth and splendid seamanship, the dead sailor was consigned to his unmarked grave.

No dead monarch, lying in kingly state, ever called forth deeper or sincerer reverence and regret than showed itself in the faces of those who stood with uncovered heads about the still form that held so gallant and true a spirit.

In low tones the captain read the burial service; for a moment each head was bent in silent prayer; then, at a signal, there was a swift gliding of ropes, a splash, and the laughing waves closed above all that was mortal of the humble hero of this simple tale.

END.
Husband and Wife.

Farmer Graham's wife came in from milking, and setting the two heavy buckets inside the dairy, stepped to the kitchen to wash her hands before straining away the milk. Mr. Graham had come from the field, and was sitting on the piazza steps, with head bared to the pleasant breeze of evening. The June sun was near setting, and its level beams streamed from the open back door, to the broad fire-place of the kitchen.

Did you finish the oats John? asked Mrs. G as she moved briskly about her work.

Yes, the job is done, and I am glad of it. And, Marv, if you have enough victuals cooked, you must give the hands their supper now. You know I promised them three meals and extra wages today if they finished work.

Well, let me set away the milk first. I suppose I have enough. I tried to cook enough meat and vegetables at dinner for their supper.

The hands now came into the yard, and began washing faces and hands at the well. Two stout negro men and three women, with a boy thrown in—and all chatting and laughing after the manner of their light-hearted race. Mr. Graham was busy filling plates with cold meat, bread and vegetables, and bowls with rich butter-milk; and as the women came to the door, she handed each her portion, and they sat down on the grass under a spreading oak near by, and began to eat.

Mr. Graham now came in to get the plates for the men. Near the open window was placed the long kitchen table, and Helen, the slender daughter of thirteen, stood at it ironing clothes. Hey! ironing food, is it Helen? said her father. Then I guess we shall have some good bread for supper. Here, Jake, Tom and Sam—come get your plates.

While the workmen and women sat and enjoyed the beautiful meal, the farmer went into the house for his purse, and returning presently, paid each his wages in shining silver.

Are you almost done with the ironing, Helen? asked her mother.

Yes, mother, there are only the towels to do now, answered the child, as a sigh escaped her lips.

Little Missy's tired mother, I don't know, said one of the buxom women, who had brought in her empty plate. And quickly putting on a clean apron, which she produced from the inevitable bundle, that the colored woman delights in, she good-naturely took the child's place, saying, Dar, honey, you set down an' take dat pore sleepy baby. Pears like hit's mammy can't get time to nuss hit, no how.

Helen took up the baby that had been creeping around under her feet, and sat down with him, while the mother's busy feet still travelled to and fro in the kitchen. Are you not tired, Betsy? asked Mrs. Graham.

Oh, not so pow'ful much, Miss Mary. I've used to work, ye know; and I dunno as it's any harder to foller de cradle in de oat-patch all day dan hit are to worry roun' in de house like you hab to. I specks you has taken as many steps as I hab dis day.

(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,
BARGAINS!

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 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 place,
Above Peoples Bank,
JAS. R. HOWIE.

NEW GOODS.
An Immense Stock
—OF—
Boots & Shoes

for the Summer trade has arrived, and to arrive at

LOTTIMER'S
FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE,
—THE—
Largest Stock
—OF—

BOOTS AND SHOES
IN THE CITY

A splendid variety to select from, in Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Children's sizes.
Call and examine before purchasing else where.

A. Lottimer
210 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.
'88 Summer Arrangement '88

On and after MONDAY, June 4th, 1888 the Trains of this Railway will run daily. (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express 7.00 a.m.
Accommodation 11.00 a.m.
Express for Sussex 12.35 p.m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec 2.15 p.m.
A sleeping car runs daily on the 22.15 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 to the Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Halifax and Quebec 5.30 a.m.
Express from Sussex 8.30 a.m.
Accommodation 12.55 p.m.
Day Express 1.40 p.m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office
Moncton, N. B. May 31st 1888.

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, 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, Tinkings, 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.

O. SHARKEY.

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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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Fredericton, N.B.

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