

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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 price, 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 cheap-
est 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 re-
duction.

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, FUR-
NACES, REGISTERS, &c.

Repairing, in all its branches, done
at short notice.

TINWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

(Continued from first page.)

not bravado, thoughtless unfeeling physical courage, but it was a holy heroism that was strong in the strength of God. "Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

The preacher who would do any good, or in fact any one, must have the courage of his convictions. He must believe strongly what he believes, and declare with a brave outspokenness what he knows and feels to be God's truth, whether men like it or not, whether it is popular or otherwise, whether it is to his own advantage or the very opposite. To whimper here, to be doubtful here or there, to be afraid of criticism or opposition, is to fail. Oh for the holy abandon of Peter and John, and of John Knox and Martin Luther, in our modern pulpits! Let us have boldness, not use less bravado, not recklessness, but such love of the truth, such devotion to Jesus, such an interest in men's salvation, that nothing will frighten us from our duty, or deter us from declaring and doing what we are sure of. And that boldness is to be learned with Jesus, nowhere else. If we maintain unbroken fellow-ship with Him, we are made strong and brave, and men who may not agree with us, nor believe what we preach and teach, will nevertheless respect us for our honesty and earnestness, and if it is the truth we have, it will win its way.

And then again being with Jesus is the only true secret of an earnest spiritual life. There are lives lived, as we would say, in circumstances where it is hard to be good and do good, where it is hard to be anything, and yet they are strangely good and useful. Around such lives surge the world's fashionable abominations and rottenness, and yet they keep themselves unspotted, pure and white, from the vile contagion, their path like the shining light. You wonder at them, and want to find out the blessed mystery of such a life. Ah! it is simply the mystery of being with Jesus, of living close to Him. You find them often at His footstool, and with their Bible open before them, and in His House, and living thus they are able to give in the evil world and not be evil like it.

You have seen a tree maintain its greenness and fruitfulness though all around it were barrenness and desolation—naked, leafless, fruitless boughs, and you wondered why it was. But this was why, it was planted by a perennial stream, and its roots drank ever of the nourishing waters. And so with the christian life that is fresh and fruitful in a world of sin. It is nourished by a hidden spring of grace, a stream of life. O let us more and more seek to be trees planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf never fades, and whose fruit never fails. Let us more and more seek to know what it is to be with Jesus as Peter and John were with Him, and so we shall spiritually prosper, and find the peace and blessedness of His face and favor.

Amen.

Our Story.

An Unsung Hero.

(Continued.)

It's a rough life, a sailor's, as every man knows, and I'm free to own as I've been a bit wild in my time, sir, but as I'm a livin' man to-day, I was true to Nell all through that three years' cruise. Whenever we made port, instead of fooling away my money with the rest, I was hanging round shops and bazaars, a-pickin' up pretty things for Nell—silk handkerchiefs, and carved boxes and fans, and all kinds of furrin' notions that women love. Nell never got to see them, sir; they're stowed away in that blue chest as you're a-setting on this minute, for, as mebbe you've guessed by this time, when we made port I found Nell married and gone—ay, sir, married to a fine gentleman from the city, and gone to live amongst his kind of folks. Ay, he added with a husky laugh, 'if I'd got home a month sooner, I mought a-danced at her wedding!'

They are all alike, Tom, I said, as he paused, my cynicisms reviving; 'unworthy of a man's love and trust.

Tom turned his clear blue eyes upon me wonderingly.

Lord bless ye, sir, he said warmly, ye ain't to lay no blame on her! Its me as was a fool, for thinking myself good enough for a girl like Nell, that had been brought up so different and could hold her own with the best on 'em, along of her father being a retired captain. An I forgot to mention that the old man was dead, or mebbe it moughtn't a-happened; tho' I don't know as it would have made any odds. No sir, I never laid no blame on to her, tho' I own as it hit me hard and sent me a careering over the world like a ship that's lost rudder and compass. It's going on seven year since it happen-

ed, sir, and I'd begun to git in a way used

to it tho' it sorter took me afresh when the ship was homeward bound an I remembered as no one was a-waiting and a watching for me, my folks being dead an' gone long ago—when there was she a-coming on board this here ship, sir, a lone woman at her age—she's only twenty-six, sir—and looking so peaked, and a-holdin' on for dear life to that there little youngster as a stout breeze might blow away. And now you know how it is, sir; and why I was willing to do what I done; not for a strange woman (tho' I ain't sure as I wouldn't a-done the same), but for the little woman that was to a been my wife; the little woman I ain't never forgot, and never shall forget, tho' she never can be aught to a rough sailor like me.

But she asked for you, Tom, this mornin'. She wishes to see you, I said.

Tom laid his bandaged arm across his face, but his deepening color did not escape me, and I saw how the burly frame was shaken with sudden emotion.

No, sir, he said huskily, after some moments. No, sir, it's better not. Tell her I say it's better not. Tell her she's free and welcome to all I done, and if it was to do over again she'd be free and welcome to the last drop of my heart's blood, so be the little chap was flourish-ing, and she was happy. And tell her, he continued softly, if so be as she should say anything to you, about what's past and gone, that I ain't never harbored nothing agin' her first or last, and wishes her well and happy wherever she may be!

There was silence in the little cabin—a silence like that of a church. My confidence in human worth was strengthened. This unlettered sailor was a man before whom Diogenes might well have ex-tinguished his lantern, as I did mine. I was compelled to believe again in human love—a love so perfect that it becomes a religion. I pressed the sailor's horny palm in silent acknowledgment.

But what was this?

In my interest in Tom's narration I had not observed the gradual darkening of the cabin, but now all motion seemed suddenly and strangely suspended. The ship shuddered through all her timbers, as tho' held in the grasp of a Titanic hand that was about to crush her to powder; then a hollow, thunderous sound made itself heard; black masses of water foamed at the port-holes, and the vessel was whirled madly to and fro and about, as in a whirlpool.

It needed not Tom's sudden excited cry to tell me the meaning of this. I knew intuitively that we were at the mercy of a hurricane.

At the first sound Tom had leaped from his hammock, and flung open the door. Above the roar of the elements could be heard a confusion of voices, a hurried rush of feet, then clear and distinct came the captain's voice shouting through his trumpet:

'All hands on deck!'

Instantly Tom sprang towards the stairs, turning only to say as I would have followed him:

No passengers allowed on deck! Take care of yourself and keep cool, sir! The Sea Gull has out-riden many a storm. Ay, ay, sir! he shouted back, as the trumpet-call sounded again.

I tried to detain him, to speak some words of caution and protest. My voice was drowned by the storm, and Tom shook off my hand with a laugh. With one spring he mounted the stairs and lifted the hatchway. The storm dashed across his brave, smiling face; he shook the spray from his hair, waved his hand to me and vanished, letting the hatchway fall behind him. In vain I endeavored to raise it; in vain I beat upon it and called Tom's name. My feeble efforts amounted to nothing, and in deep anxiety and dread I turned away.

Stumbling and pitching along the narrow, dark gang-way, I managed to reach the passenger saloon. There, panic reigned.

Women and children with faces convulsed with terror, lay stretched upon the floor, clutching frantically at the thick carpet, or at any object within their grasp. Men staggered about aimlessly, crying, cursing, or praying, in a frenzy of fear. Having first made my way to the state-room of our little patient, and with the aid of cushions and pillows made the position of mother and child as secure as possible, I turned my attention to the women and children in the saloon. There was very little that could be done, for every attempt at speech was drowned in the awful tumult, and exhaustion soon put an end to my efforts, and stretched me helpless in their midst.

The hours went by on leaden feet. The 'Sea Gull' rested bravely with her mighty enemy—at times sinking upon her side until the topmast kissed the crest of the engulfing waves, then like the bird whose name she bore, mounting and hovering on their summit, only to plunge again into the yawning abyss of waters. Of what was passing outside and above us we knew nothing, being in darkness, except as the ship rose for an instant, vouch-safing brief glimpses of the furious sea, and hearing only the tumult of the elements, with now and then a rush of feet, or the faint trumpet-call of the captain.

(Continued next issue.)

212.

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.....16.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec.....22.15 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 at 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.....18.00 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 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 Costings, 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.

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

—COPIED AND ENLARGED—