

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 sold in competition with the multitude of low price, short weight, alum or phosphate powders sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.** 107 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-1y 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.)

There are two ways of living—living for the now, and living for the forever. So many care only for the mean now, the good that lies around them, the gratifications of the hour. But Abraham lived for the good to be. He lived for a promise. Nine times the Lord made it to him at different periods of his life, but it was never his—he never caught up with it. But when the consummation of all things comes, it will be his in all its glorious fruition. He made it his by his faith during his lifetime, and he enjoyed it, but when the ages have run out, and the purposes of God are complete, what a joy when his faith is crowned. And let us do something day by day as we live that will live on and on when we are done with living. Let us sow some seed in these springtimes of life and privilege that will grow and bloom and bear fruit in future days. As we sow so shall we reap, and we may so sow that we may forever reap.

Our Story.

Aunt Tabitha's Mission

(Continued.)

The day passed on, finding Mary very busy doing a variety of household matters that had fallen into arrears lately. She found herself vowing 'I am not going to be sick any more, if common sense can keep me well.

The clock struck six. It found Mary in her room, in a pretty garnet cashmere dress, fastening some dainty ruffles in the sleeves. It found her, too, consulting the glass a little anxiously, to see if she were still disagreeable to behold. Aunt Tabitha's scathing remark, 'I hate to look at an unhealthy person,' recurred to her mind, as she stood doubtfully gazing at the mirror.

John came in, bringing a friend with him. His cheery voice was lowered to a whisper as he said: 'We shall find my wife on the sofa asleep, perhaps.

No, you will not, breathed Mary, to herself, noticing with a keen pang the dejected tone of the speaker.

She is not here. I am afraid she is not so well as usual. I'll go upstairs and see after her when I have lighted the gas.

As he turned to leave the room a light foot ran downstairs, and though the owner arrived at the door a little breathless, she was not more so than John.

Poor John! He expected to see a pale, depressed creature, shivering under shawl, too inert to eat, or to talk with interest on any topic but that of her own ailments.

Mary gave him a little pinch as she passed him to welcome Mr. Vane, but he continued to stare at the bright apparition as though he had never seen his wife look charming before.

Why, Mrs. Bayne, John told me that you were quite an invalid.

Only a cold, said Mary, suddenly overcome by a terrific sneeze. But I am much better.

What! cried John, blundering somewhat. You told me this morning it was in its worst stage.

Nonsense, John; don't you know that is hours and hours ago. Come and have some dinner, I think that is the bell.

At dinner she forced herself to eat, and found that in enjoying John's amazement her spirits were rapidly improving.

She made herself so charming to Mr. Vane that he enjoyed every hour of the evening. She asked John to sing, and played his accompaniments, to his great happiness, for, be it known, that if a man has a voice he likes to show it off to advantage.

Will, backed by common sense, finds a way. Mary's enjoyment of ill health came to an abrupt end. Her house was kept reasonably cool, her body well nourished and sufficiently clothed to enable her to withstand the eccentricities of the climate. Last, but not least, she daily took a brisk walk, rain or shine, and worn her dresses loose enough to give her lungs free play.

John grew every year more devoted to his cheerful, healthy wife.

Common sense versus drugs, says Aunt Tabitha.

An Unsung Hero.

Night on the ocean; a gentle breeze swelled the white sails of the 'Sea Gull' as she plowed her way steadily southward over the restless bosom of the Atlantic. I lay stretched lazily upon a bale of sail-cloth, my eyes fixed far overhead upon the delicate tangle of ropes and yards etched against the starry sky.

The waves, parted by the good ship's prow, dashed in measured beats against her sides; from the rigging arose at intervals a deep musical murmur, as from the strings of a gigantic wind-harp.

Beautiful and revivifying, after the fierce glow of day, is the summernight on

tropical seas, and I was enjoying it to the full. We were bound for Rio, and the voyage was two thirds over.

I was thinking, as I lay there under the stars, of many things—of the home I had left in search of health and distraction from painful thoughts, and perhaps in the hope of restoring my shattered confidence in human nature; for things had gone wrong with me, and I was indulging at the time in that sort of spurious cynicism which besets some men when life first presents itself stripped of shams and illusions.

All at once my reverie was disturbed by the wail of a child from the cabin below; I knew the sound. Among the passengers was a young woman in widow's weeds, accompanied only by a boy of four or five years. Nothing was known of her beyond the self-evident facts that she was young and beautiful, and that by the advice of physicians she was taking the boy—her only child—on this voyage, in the hope of restoring his strength, wasted by a long illness. A forlorn hope, indeed. It was plain to the most indifferent eye that the boy had been failing from the day we left New York, as it seemed, from sheer lack of vitality and consequent wasting of the tissues.

It was a sight to move the hardest heart—this fair young mother, worn to a shadow with long watching, her whole being absorbed by the passionate mother love that refused in the very face of despair to relinquish hope.

Urged on by sympathy for her sad and solitary state, I, like other passengers, had offered such services as suggested themselves; like the others I had been gently, but firmly, repulsed. To no one would the mother for a moment delegate the charge that was sapping her own life.

Shrinking from notice and avoiding all other companionship, she brooded over the fragile being who was slipping surely and all too rapidly from her clinging grasp.

The cry came up from the cabin again and again, shattering my reverie and filling me with uncomfortable forebodings. It was evident that the end was near, and, physician as I was, and cynic as I tried to believe myself, the thought of the young mother's despair disturbed and pained me.

With a selfish, yet perhaps natural prayer that the child might live at least until land was reached, I rose on my elbow and by way of diverting any thoughts addressed myself to the sailor who was on watch at that hour. He leaned against the foremast near me, a stalwart fellow, with handsome bronzed features, and a pair of blue eyes as frank and clear as a child's. By the light of the lantern swinging above his head, I saw that his face was overspread with a look of melancholy quite out of keeping with the role of jolly Jack Tar that belonged to him, and it was not the first time that I noticed this expression on honest Tom's countenance. It may have been that, coupled with other unusual characteristics, that from the first day had attracted me to the fellow; whatever it was, I had found pleasure in studying this sturdy type of man, and had enjoyed many a quiet chat with him during the long voyage, without however having made any attempt to pluck out the heart of his mystery, if such existed.

A fine night, Tom, I began, by way of opening conversation.

Ay, sir, a fine night! answered Tom in his deep tones, saluting me respectfully. It isn't often that you make a better trip than this, is it, Tom?

Well, no, sir. But we ain't there yet, he answered significantly, giving himself the sailor's peculiar hitch.

You are familiar with these waters, I presume?

Tom gave himself another hitch and cleared his throat before answering.

Wall, sir, to'able familiar. This makes my eleventh trip from New York to Rio.

Indeed! I responded. You must have a special liking for these parts.

As to that, said Tom, slowly, 'it's pretty much the same to me where I go, so 't I'm going. I'm restless and uneasy on shore, sir; all sailors is that, but appears to me I'm a little more restless and uneasy than most of 'em. Mebbe, he went on, his gruff voice softening a little—mebbe it's along of my not having any folks on shore belonging to me. The ship is all the home I've had this many a year, sir. There was a time when it mighta-been different, if so be—

At that moment some one hastily ascended the stairs leading from the cabin, and called my name.

'It's the doctor, sir; Dr. Claas,' said Tom, touching his cap, and turning away.

Dr. Claas, the ship's physician, hurriedly approached the place where I was lying.

Pardon me, sir, he said, extending his hand as I arose to meet him, and giving mine a hearty pressure, but I believe you are a practicing physician?

(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,

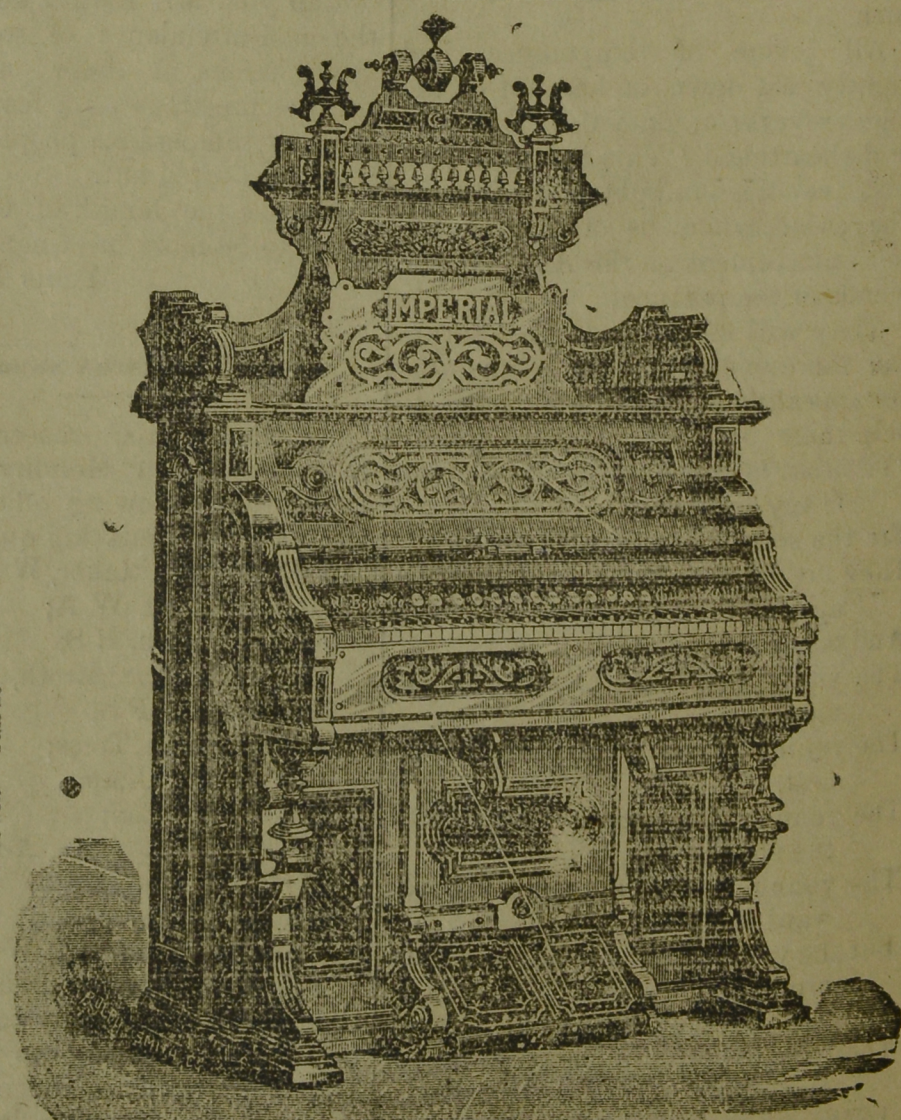
(Next Below Peoples Bank)

FREDERICTON, N.B.

PICTURES

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PRICES FOR HARD TIMES. **Wm. BELL ORGAN** All goods mentioned under this head will be sold for half their value. Call and hear the sweet one—the celebrated Wm. Bell Organ, Mason & Hamlin, Smith American, 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 the 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. m.
Accommodation 13.30 p. m.
Day Express 19.20 p. m.

A trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. BOTTINGER,
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, Hosiery, 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 Braces. Also, Grey and White Cottons, Paints, Pickings, 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.