



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be displaced in competition with the multitudes of low priced short weight, alum or phosphate powders only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 10-10-11 Wall-st., N. Y. 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.)  
Let us not, then, in our today, lose sight of the fact that there is a tomorrow somewhere for us, and it may not be far off from us. There is such a thing as making the best of both the today and the tomorrow. The best preparation for the tomorrow that is to come, whatever it may be, is to make a wise christian use of today. Let us do our duty; meekly fulfil our life-purpose, whether high or humble; shine as we can in the Lord's sweet service; and not over-anxious as to what is to be in the near future or the remote, so long as we are doing the best we can for the master today. To be spendthrift of life in unselfish service for the good of others; not to spare our selves but to spend ourselves to lose life. not to save it;—thus to live, is best for both the today and the tomorrow, the now and the forever.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of war,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but Heaven.  
And false the light on glory's plume  
As fading lines of even,  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
There's nothing bright but Heaven  
Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven;  
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way—  
There's nothing calm but Heaven.

**Our Story.**  
**An Unsung Hero.**

(Continued.)  
As the doctor, a singularly grave and reticent man, had until now shown no desire to extend our acquaintance, I was unprepared for the cordiality of his greeting, but I answered at once in the affirmative.  
Then you are the only medical man besides myself on board, and I beg of you to consult with me in a most interesting case. I am not mistaken—you will do me this favor?  
As a young and comparatively inexperienced practitioner I could not but feel flattered by the doctor's manner, and answered without hesitation:  
Certainly, with the greatest pleasure.  
Then come, I beg, he earnestly said. There is no time to lose.  
As I passed Tom to follow Dr. Claas I noticed that he was leaning forward, as if listening to what we had been saying, and I fancied that I heard him mutter some indistinct words as he resumed his position.  
A moment later I stood with my colleague at the side of the sick child. He no longer moaned, but lay motionless and almost pulseless, upon his pillow. The mother sat by him, her dark hair falling loosely, her small hands lying listlessly in her lap, her face pale and tense with the unutterable grief and pain. Physician tho' I was, and already inured to the sight of human suffering, I could not meet the look that was turned upon us as we entered. On examination of the little sufferer I agreed perfectly with Dr. Claas in diagnosis of the case; the child, tho' under the influence of no organic disease, was perishing from inanition. His life's small taper was flickering faintly; in a few days at most it would go out in darkness unless—a sudden thought flashed across my mind, sending the blood bounding through my veins. I looked quickly up into my colleague's face and met his eyes full upon me; a glance of quick intelligence passed from one to the other, and at the same instant one and the same word passed our lips. That word was transfusion! The thought had been simultaneous. To restore the child's almost extinguished vitality, the famishing frame deprived of nutriment by the incapacity of the organs of digestion and assimilation to do their work, must be supplied with fresh life-material already prepared for assimilation. In other words, the warm, ruddy stream of life must be led direct from the arteries of a living, healthy being into the child's own depleted veins.  
Only a physician can comprehend the glow of enthusiastic joy that pervaded our whole being as this theory, then comparatively new and untried, presented itself before us with all its glorious possibilities.  
The grave face of Dr. Claas fairly shone for a moment, then darkened again, and he shook his head gravely.  
A magnificent opportunity! he said, in a tone of regret—magnificent! But unfortunately impracticable. Being so near the end of our voyage we have not a living animal on board!  
A sharp cry interrupted my answer. In our professional zeal we had forgotten that the mother's ears were drinking in everything that was uttered. In an instant a slender arm bared to the elbow was extended toward us.

I know what you mean, the little woman hurriedly said, her face flushing and paling again, I have read much about it. I remember that it need not be an animal—a human being will do as well—even better!  
Even Dr. Claas was not proof against this. I saw his eyes grow moist as he took the hand gently in both his own. It cannot be, madam, he said, as if speaking to a little child. Compose yourself. We will retire and consider other means. Something may yet suggest itself.  
It was very hard to convince her that not from her fragile, exhausted frame might flow the invigorating stream that should give new life to her dying child. But we left her at last, sitting in listless despair by the little couch, as before, and returned to the deck, where Dr. Claas joined me in a long discussion of the subject that had just been under consideration.  
Tom, the sailor, was still on duty, pacing the deck at times, or leaning against the foremast, taking no apparent notice of our presence. At a late hour I bade Dr. Claas good night, and retired to my berth, but not to sleep. The piteous face of that mother as we left her, having given the death blow to her last hope, was constantly before me; her plaintive voice mingled with the monotonous plashing of the waves.  
For what seemed hours I lay listening to every sound, longing for daylight, tho' it was not yet midnight, but finally eight bells sounded, and the steps and voices overhead showed that Tom was being relieved from duty.  
A moment later there was a knock at the door of my room, and in response to my astonished 'Come in,' it was opened, and Tom himself, looking very awkward and uncertain stood on the threshold.  
'Beg pardon, sir,' he said, in a husky whisper, fingering his cap like a bashful boy—'beg pardon, but I made sure you wasn't asleep, an' there was somethin' I wanted to ask ye right away, sir, if I may make so bold.'  
So far from being angry with Tom for his intrusion, I was glad of any interruption to my painful thoughts, and bade him enter and close the door.  
And now what is it, Tom? I said, when he had done so.  
I wouldn't have ye think, sir, that I meant to listen to your conversation with the doctor, he began, after much preliminary shuffling and hitching and clearing of his voice, but bein' where I was, some words came to my hearin', sir an' after that I couldn't but listen, feelin' an interest in the little sick chap myself. And from what I heard I gathered as how there was somethin' that 'ould save his life, if it could be had; 'n' because it couldn't be had, sir, the poor little chap must die.  
Tom made a little half halt here and then continued:  
I— I couldn't rightly make out what it was as was wanted bein' a seafarin' man and knowing little of things as ain't in my line, sir, but feeling sorry for the poor little chap—and his mother, sir—she seems to hev sot her heart on him to to that extent—why, sir, I made so bold as to come an' ask ye what it was that was wanted an' can't be had.  
Tom's gruff voice trembled a good deal as he stumbled through his clumsy speech, and he shifted himself from one foot to the other a good many times.  
It was impossible for me to feel either amusement or vexation at what might have seemed to some very like presumption. I did not hesitate to explain to Tom as simply and clearly as possible the theory of transfusion, the obstacles in the way of its application in the present case, and the regret of Dr. Claas and myself at the loss of so fine an opportunity.  
Tom listened breathlessly, leaning forward, his eyes fixed upon me, his lips moving in unconscious imitation of my own. When I had finished he straightened himself, putting one hand to his curly head with a perplexed air.  
'Ay, ay!' he slowly said, 'that was it! I wasn't sure as I got it right end up, sir, but that was it! Ye see it has a powerful strange sound to a man like me; but jest let we once get my bearin's, sir, so't I don't run agin no sunken rocks nor sandbars an' I'm all right, sir. You say that the blood of livin', breathin', healthy animal, beator human, pumped, so to speak, into the veins of a sick an' aillin' creatur', beator human, will save life, sir?'  
May, Tom; no man can say will.  
May then, repeated Tom. Wall, sir, and drawing himself up, he bared for my inspection, one magnificent muscular arm, freshly tattooed with all a sailor's taste and ingenuity. Wall, sir, here am I, eight-and-twenty year of age, tough as oak an' tho' I say it as shouldn't mebbe, as sober a man as ever trod deck, an' the little chap yonder is welcome to the last drop o' blood in my veins, so be it might, save him to the poor little woman that is breakin' her heart over him as any man can see.  
I sprang from my berth and seized Tom's hard brown hand.  
(Continued next issue.)

2 1 2.  
**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 o 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.

Don't forget to call and try this  
new invention to Preserve Rubbers,  
as it will only cost you 10 cents.  
**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 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.  
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 Cashmeres, Serges, Suitings, and Stuff Goods in all desirable shades and colors, Velvets, Pushes, 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, 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 Baths, Rooms Hot-Air Furnaces &c.  
**A. N. LaFOREST**  
Tinsmith, Plumber, &c.,

**JOHN HARVEY,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER!  
QUEEN STREET,  
(Next Below Peoples Bank)  
Fredericton, N.B.

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Big Assortment at Lemont's.