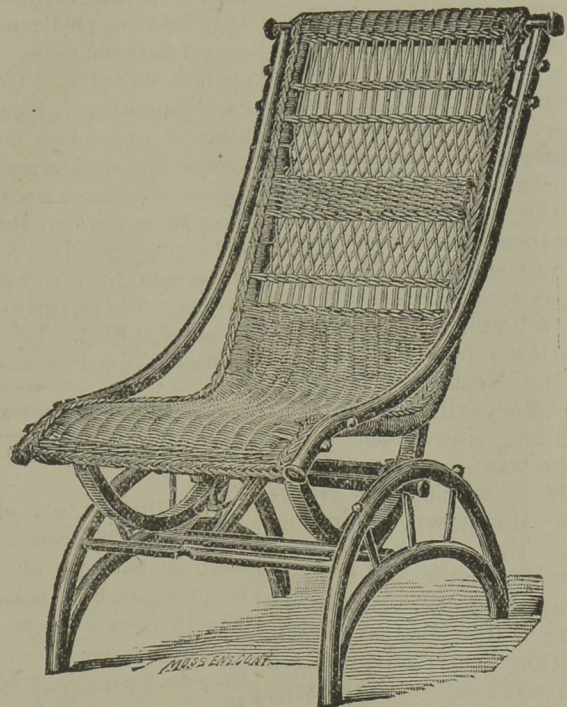


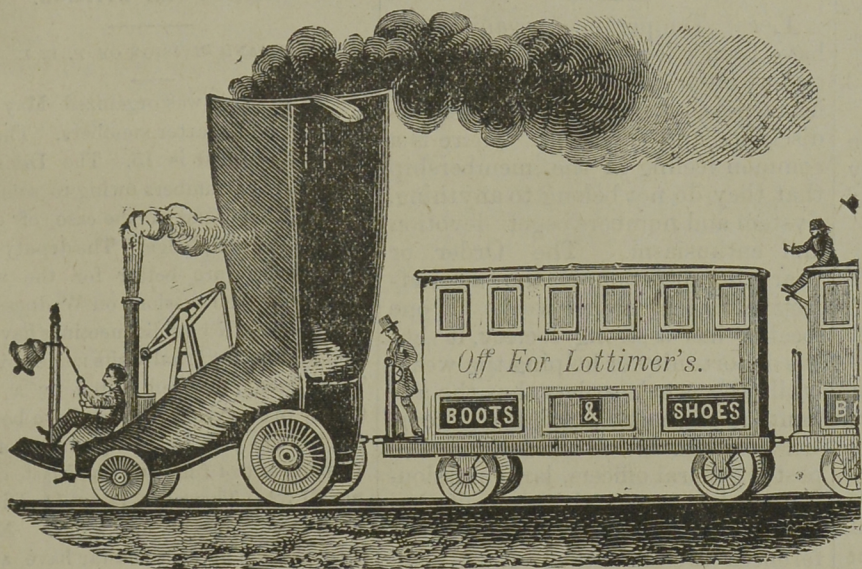
# Chairs! Chairs!

## Chairs of all Kinds



—AT—

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only as He wills that we have a ray of sunshine or a drop of rain. He sends and withholds as pleases Himself. When we say it rains too much, we question His wisdom, we find fault with His way of doing things. He is not fitful, capricious, changeable, revengeful. He is calm and wise. He considers every interest, looks wide over the world's good and men's need, has regard to both past and future, the now and forever, and He does the best He can for us. He sends the rains to water the earth, to bless the meadows and grain-fields, to fill the brooks that run among the hills with the music of joy. But sometimes He has another purpose in sending His rain. Men need to be drowned out sometimes, and so He opens His cloud-reservoirs and pours out a flood of waters. Our pride needs humbling, our worldliness needs a check, our parade and pomp need a wetting, and so He sends rain, and more rain, and more rain, until we have bowed down and cried: "O God, have mercy! Look upon our bleached harvest fields and flooded meadows, and let us not perish! Teach us tear as well as love, trembling as well as trustfulness, for Thou art omnipotent in power as well as boundless in love."

We do not always know what is best for us. We think it best to have our barns full, more than full; but God, who is wiser than we are, thinks it best for us sometimes not to have them so full. When they are full every year we grow wasteful and extravagant. We have no chance to learn how to economize, to make the most out of little, and that useful lesson the most of us need to learn, for it is one of the most useful of lessons. And to all appearances we will have a chance to learn it this coming winter. It is astonishing how little we can get along on, and not only get along on, but do well on, when we have to, and it is good to have to sometimes.

Many a man is saying today as he looks a-head: "I am undone! Ruin faces me. This winter will freeze me up and finish me!" But nothing of the kind. It may be the making of him. If it is a check upon his growing extravagance, if it teaches him to be saving, if it shows him how many things he can do without, and if it sets his family to study domestic economy, it will do for him a good value of which is incalculable.

You remember about Jacob, what a howl he made when his sons came back from Egypt without Simeon, and wanted Benjamin. He cried out in bitterness of soul: "All these things are against me!" But instead of being against him, they were all for him.

Then it looked very much against Job when his prosperity tumbled to pieces around him, and his sons were taken from him, and disease fell upon himself; but it was not against him ultimately. He came out of it both a richer and a better man.

And I do not know the meaning of these losses and calamities that are coming home to some among us, but this I do know, that the child of God has nothing to fear. Let him trust, and not be afraid, for these sorrows and losses are somehow for his good. The best christian character is not fashioned, grown, developed, amid sunshine and flowers. We say it was a loss, a calamity, to be driven out of Eden, and we are never done bewailing the sad mishap. But, I think, when we will see the redeemed around the throne, those who have come out of the tribulations of the world, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, we will feel that the loss of Eden was not after all so great a loss. We could never have been there, what we may come to be here, tossed and torn and buffeted by the rude calamities of life. Is it then a loss, when we lose the less in order to gain the greater? Was it a loss for Jacob to lose Joseph for a time so that he might find him years afterwards a prince in Egypt, one who was in a position to care for him in the years of famine? Was it loss for Job to lose his seven thousand sheep in order that he might have fourteen thousand, and his three thousand camels in order that he might have six thousand, and twice as many oxen and asses as he had before? No; you and I would say, it was a happy sort of loss, a loss the most of men would have no objection to. And yet, can we not see, that out of our losses and calamities the same open-handed and generous-hearted God can bring us a double good and glory? It may not be in the shape of twice as much wheat as the rains have lost us, but it may be in what is better to us than wheat—spiritual experience, faith, the joy of His presence, the light of His countenance, the riches that the thief cannot steal and the floods cannot sweep away from us. Let us know that there is no loss He cannot make up to us, no loss He cannot double to us. Thus what is evil may turn out to be good. "What shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

And then, one more use of our calamities is to bring us closer to one another, and especially to the bruised and suffering Jesus. Our troubles help us to understand the troubles of others, and draw us to them with our sympathy and help. It is the hot furnace of affliction and calamity, that, as much as any-

thing else, fuses the discordant elements of society into one homogeneous happy whole. Our prosperity draws us apart, and so God has to send us adversity to draw us together again and to Him. If we had no cross of our own we would not know so well the meaning of His cross. He suffered much for us, but much as He suffered, He did not suffer so much that we are relieved from all suffering. No. That would not do. And so we have our own crosses—our losses and calamities, and we need them, and if we receive them in the spirit of Job and Jesus, they will be of blessed service to us.

We need as much the cross we bear,  
As air we breathe, as light we see;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.  
AMEN.

### FAULT FINDING.

There are certain rocks on which home happiness, if it strikes, is very apt to split. One of these is fault-finding. The habit of grumbling is fatal to a family peace, and if indulged in habitually by any single member of the household is sure to disturb the harmony of the rest. Like most bad habits, this is formed insensibly, and many inveterate and fretful fault-finders are so unconscious of their besetting sin that in their own eyes they are models of amiability. "If," they say, "so and so were done, or undone, we would never complain, but—"

Alas! in most houses there are "ifs" and "buts." The most delightful and loveable people are only human after all, and have their nervous days and their forgetful days, and their days of being generally out of sorts and blue. Very many people have their sharp points, which must be avoided, and their weak places, which are getting in the way; and, in fact, there are very few of us who have not somewhere a spot where it would be quite safe to erect such a warning-post as in winter stands at intervals on the skating pond: "Danger here!" To live with people in the familiarity and complete unreserve of domestic life, and to live so gently and pleasantly that no one's foibles are made manifest, no one's feelings wounded, and no one's personality unjustly invaded, implies tact, unselfishness, and almost saintly patience on the part of all concerned. There are homes where love is so completely the motive power, and courtesy so unflinchingly the custom, that a ripple of trouble rarely disturbs their calm. Unfortunately such homes are not in the majority. In far too many houses there are often undignified and unnecessary scenes at breakfast, dinner and tea, which are not quite quarrels but which are probably worse in their effects. As a thunder-storm clears the air and makes the sunshine seem brighter, so a good, honest quarrel once in a great while may—we say it doubtfully, however—make everything lovely afterward. (Lovers, by the way, have been known to quarrel for the pleasure of making up and being friends again.) But a feeble intermittent, never-ending, still beginning patter of fault-finding wears away heart and soul and strength. Fancy being R. Wilfer, and living with that angelic creature, his wife!—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

A teacup of lye in a pail of water will improve the appearance of black goods.

The foot of a coarse cotton stocking is superior to a sponge for bathing purposes.

To restore crushed velvet, hold it over the spout of the tea kettle and let it steam well, then comb up the nap.

To prevent a shiny skin, use a little camphor in the wash water. Never use face powders; they are delusions.

When you find a soap that is pure and suits your skin, continue to use it. Frequent changes are bad for the complexion.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling, thus carrying out the effect.

Never have dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

To soften water for washing napkins, cloth, dishes, etc., use one teaspoonful granulated lye to four gallons of water and dissolve thoroughly.

Silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but should be carefully rubbed with a velvet mitten kept for that purpose only.

To keep the lips soft and in good color, bathe them occasionally with alum water, followed by glycerine or camphor ice.

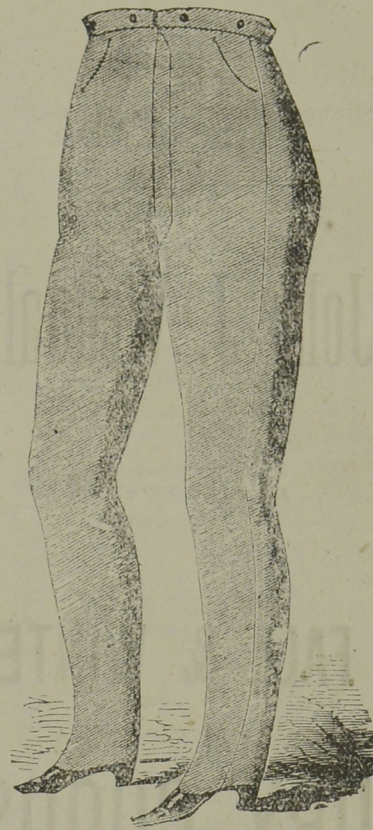
For a standing offering to chance guests, lemonade and cake cannot be surpassed. Fruit cake will gather richness if kept for months, and lemons are not impossible even in the warmest weather.

In pressing flat embroidery, lay the article wrong side up on a damp cloth. Ribbon or raised work should be laid right side up and tacked in position to avoid wrinkling, in which position it should be left to dry.

# Jas R Howie

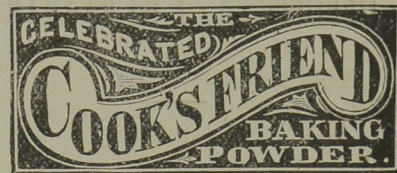
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