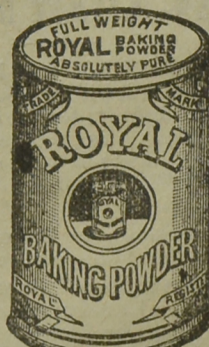


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BAKING POWDER
 Absolutely Pure.

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 multitudes of low priced, 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.

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 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
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Goods marked in plain figures at
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The most wonderful value ever
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Carpets matched and cut to order
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 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
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 152 & 154 QUEEN ST.

L. P. LAFOREST,
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KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,
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Repairing, in all its branches, done
 at short notice.

TINWARE,
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
P I O R I X S Q U A E, F T O N.

(Continued.)
 his knife to the throat of his own one son.
 Last week He came to the parents of a
 young man in another province, and out
 of their hands He rudely took him by an
 awful providence, and flung him head
 long into eternity—flung him there with
 a dreadful crime upon his soul. Oh
 what a trial to parents who believe in
 the innocence of their child! Oh what
 a darkness around their home and hearts!
 And there are other ways He comes to
 other homes and other hearts—ways
 more or less trying.

Let us not think some strange unheard
 of wee has fallen upon us, if our child is
 torn from us. Out of our trial God will
 lead us, even as He led Abraham, and
 when we come to know all about it, we
 will see that he was kind and wise. To
 some he gives back their Isaac when
 they have given him up for lost, dead;
 but others have only a memory, a white
 gravestone, a little mound. Yonder,
 however, in the Beyond, they find their
 lost one, bright and blessed, and all is
 made plain. Thus, let us not shrink
 from the great trials that are to try our
 faith, for Jehovah-Jireh will see us
 through, and in a way that will do honor
 to himself, and be a good to us. It is a
 living sacrifice He wants to-day; not
 dead sons, but living sons, He ever
 wants. There is death, and hast to be death,
 alas! but He likes it not, and would be
 glad to spare us. His word is, 'why will
 ye die?' Oh let us see here, how God
 would spare us, how He would shield
 our homes, and give back our Isaacs
 from off His altar to be more than ever
 ours and His.

[The above sermon is one of a Series on the
 Life of Abraham. The series as delivered will
 be published in this paper.]

Our Story.

OUR FIRST QUARREL.

A day or two with Aunt Fanny was the
 panacea for the family, from father down
 to six-year-old Charlie. If any one of us
 was bilious or cross, a visit to the farm-
 house would restore us to our normal
 condition, else we were pronounced in-
 corrigible.

Aunt Fanny was father's sister. She
 had never married, and had always lived
 on the home farm, which she managed as
 well as most men could have done. She
 was a charming middle-aged lady, exceed-
 ingly cheery and vivacious, nor would she
 tolerate the dumps in anybody. She
 always had a pleasant room in her well-
 filled house ready for ailing members of
 our family. She gave us delicious things
 to eat, and altogether entertained us in a
 regal manner.

On this occasion she received me, as
 usual, with open arms. She was engaged
 in looking over a trunk full of old papers
 for a missing culinary recipe. I immedi-
 ately proffered my assistance, and, seating
 myself on the floor, plunged my hand
 recklessly into the trunk, and drew out a
 lapful of old letters.

What does it say on the paper, Aunt
 Fan? I asked.

Mrs. Brown's mincemeat, I believe.
 Bless me, child, it isn't among those let-
 ters!

I was in the act of undoing an interest-
 ing looking package tied with a blue rib-
 bon.

Oh, Aunt Fan, what are they? I said.
 Love letters, I do believe! How my fingers
 burn! Mayn't I look at one of them?

Yes, I s'pose you may read them all if
 you like. There's nothing in them that
 I'm ashamed of.

I was not slow in availing myself of the
 permission. They were very affectionate
 effusions, beginning with such epithets as
 My beloved Fan, Dearest, My own
 precious darling. I had a bundle of
 letters very much like them at home in
 my own trunk. I thought with a sigh
 that Bert wouldn't be apt to write to me
 that way again for some time.

They are splendid letters, Aunt Fan, I
 volunteered after I had read two or three.
 What became of him? Didn't you like
 him?

There were actually tears in Aunt Fan's
 eyes as she answered,—

Well, you see, dearie, we had a little
 misunderstanding, and we said some
 rather hard things to each other, all about
 nothing. Another young man was trying
 to make himself agreeable, and I en-
 couraged him a little just for fun. John
 was furiously jealous. I acted indifferent
 and he thought I didn't care anything
 about him; so he started straight off
 without saying a word to me, and went
 to driving logs on a river up north. He
 wrote me a letter—it's the one you just
 took up—and told me how much he had
 always thought of me, and that he wished
 me happiness whoever I married. I
 wrote back directly the best letter that I
 could, but it never reached him. He
 was crushed under the logs the day that I
 wrote.

Oh, Aunt Fan, said I, wiping my eyes,
 how dreadful! How can you seem so happy
 always?

It wasn't easy at first, but one can
 learn to do many things, you know.

Auntie, I said, suddenly rising from
 the floor, I quarrelled with Bert last
 night, and I must go home this minute
 and make up.

Aunt Fan looked up in surprise and
 uttered a faint protest.

Can't you wait a day or two? He
 wouldn't go to driving logs, you
 know.

I shook my head.

He might walk off the ferry-boat before
 it was fastened, and get drowned, or—
 or some one might murder him.

But it rains.

I must go any way, I said decidedly. I
 will borrow your umbrella.

In five minutes I was on my way to the
 railway station. In twenty-five minutes I
 was hurrying up the three flights of
 stairs to Bert's office. Bert was a fledg-
 ling lawyer. When I entered he was
 writing at his desk; he glanced around,
 and his face showed unutterable amaze-
 ment.

Will you forgive me, Bert? I panted,
 I was very much out of breath.

Forgive you? Certainly, he said, making
 a gesture of reconciliation with both arms.
 But I would sooner have expected the
 Bartholdi statute to walk in and ask my
 pardon.

After his surprise was over he magnan-
 imously condescended to implore my
 forgiveness for various trifles, such as
 scowling at me and crushing my millinery.
 We mutually forgot and forgave, nor did
 we disagree again until we were safe with-
 in the pale of matrimony.

**AUNTY PARSON'S
 STORY.**

I told Hezekiah—that's my man. Peo-
 ple mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but
 he never gets any deaconing from me.
 We were married—Hezekiah and Amar-
 iah—that's going on forty years ago, and
 he's Hezekiah to me, and nothing more.

Well, as I was saying, says I: Hezekiah
 we aren't right. I am sure of it. And
 he said: Of course not. We are poor
 sinners, Amy; all poor sinners. And I
 said: Hezekiah, this poor sinner talk has
 gone on long enough. I suppose we are
 poor sinners, but I don't see any use of
 being mean sinners; and there's one
 thing I think is real mean.

It was just after breakfast; and as he
 felt poorly, he hadn't gone to the shop
 yet, and so I had this little talk with him
 to sort of chirp him up. He knew what
 I was comin' to, for we had had the sub-
 ject up before. It was our little church,
 He always said: The poor people, and
 what should we ever do? And I always
 said: We never shall do nothing unless
 we try. And so when I brought the
 matter up in this way, he just began bitin
 his toothpick, and said. What's up now?
 Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to
 speak evil one of another. Hezekiah
 always says, poor sinners, and doesn't
 seem to mind it; but when I occasionally
 say mean sinners he somehow gets un-
 easy. But I was started and I meant to
 free my mind.

So I said, says I: I was going to confess
 our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his
 people, and I was confessin' for all our
 little church.

Truth is, says I, ours is allus called one
 of the 'feeble churches,' and I am tired
 about it. I've raised seven children, and
 at fourteen months old every boy and
 girl of them could run alone. And our
 church is fourteen years old, says I, and it
 can't take a step yet without somebody
 to hold on by. The Board helps us, and
 General Jones, good man, he helps us—
 helps too much, I think—and so we live
 along, but we do not seem to grow strong.
 Our people draw their rations every year
 as the Indians do up at the agency; and
 it doesn't seem sometimes as if they ever
 thought of doing any thing else.

They take it so easy, I said. That's
 what worries me. I do not suppose we
 could pay all expenses, but we might act
 as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to
 do all we can.

I read, says I, last week about the debt
 of the Board; and this week, as I under-
 stand, says I, our application is going in
 for another year, and no particular effort
 to do any better, and it frets me. I can't
 sleep nights; and I can't take comfort
 Sundays. I've got to feeling as if we were
 a kind of perpetual paupers. And that
 was what I meant when I said, it is real
 mean! I suppose I said it a little sharp,
 says I, but I'd rather be sharp than flat
 any day; and if we don't begin to stir our-
 selves, we shall be flat enough before long,
 and shall deserve to be. It grows on me.
 It has just been 'board, board, board,' for
 fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I
 never did like boarding, says I; and, even
 if we are poor, I believe we might do
 something toward setting up house-keep-
 ing for ourselves.

Well, there's not many of us; about a
 hundred I believe; and some of these is
 women folks, and some is just boys and
 girls. And we all have to work hard and
 live close; but, says I, let us show a dis-
 position, if nothing more, Hezekiah, if
 there's any sperret left in us, let us show
 some sort of disposition.

(Concluded next issue.)

212.
NEW GOODS.
Spring 1888.

WHITE COTTONS,
 UNBLEACHED COTTONS,
 SHEATINGS, TOWELS
 AND TOWELLING,
 STAIR OIL CARPETS,
 FLOOR OIL CARPETS.

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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 con-
 clusion 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.
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- 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 FUR-
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 prices.

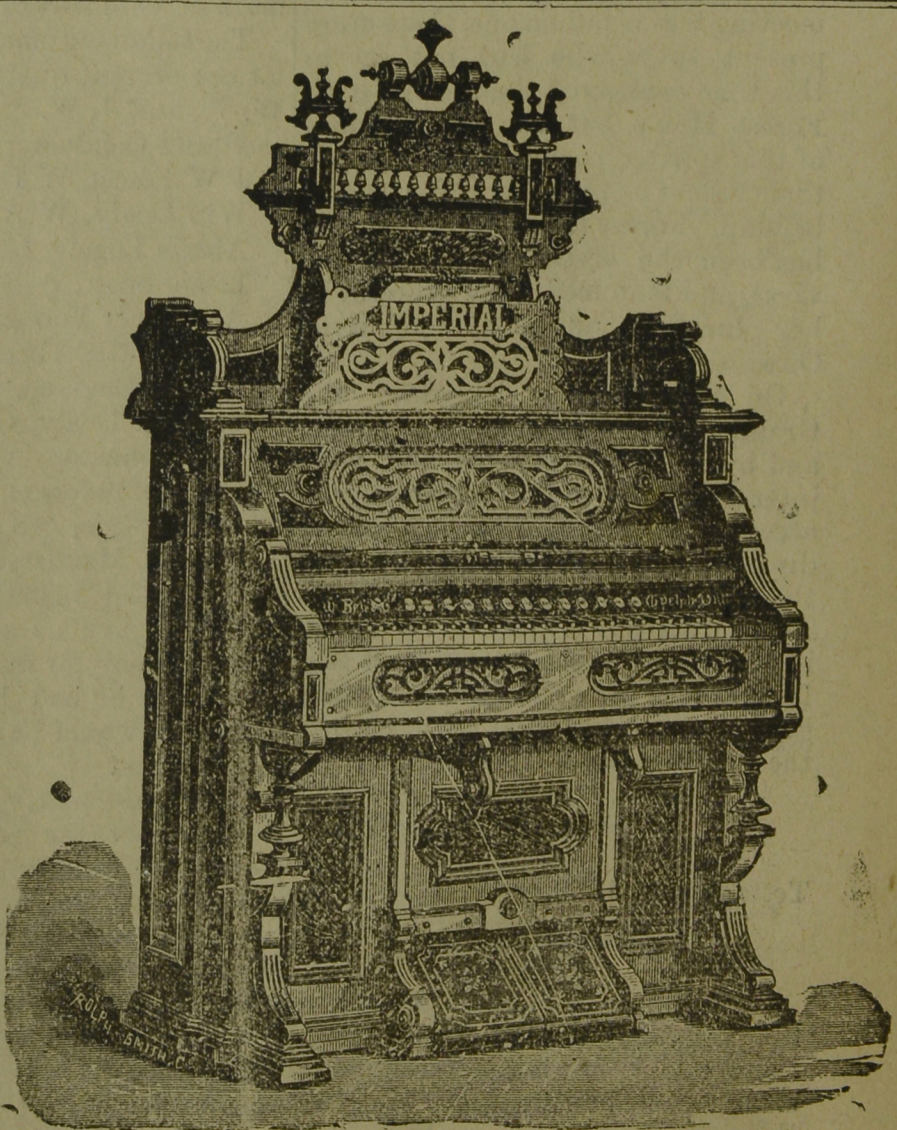
Remember the address
 Fisher's Building,
 Nearly opposite Normal School.
JAS. R. HOWIE.

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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WIN BELL ORGAN
 All goods mentioned under this head will be sold for half their value. Call and see and hear the sweet tone—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 & 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 1.35 p. m.
 Express for Halifax and Quebec 1.30 p. m.
 A Sleeping car will run 18.0

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleep-
 ing 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 12.30 p. m.
 Day Express 1.20 p. m.

Express trains run by Eastern Standard
 time.

D. POTTINGER,
 Chief Superintendent
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 Moncton, N. B., November 22nd., 1887.

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Low Rates

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COMPRISING IN KIND THE FOLLOWING, VIZ:—

LADIES' DRESS GOODS in Cashmeres,
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 Prices will compare favorably with any in
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I am in a position to give estimates on all
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