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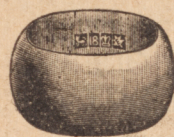
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DR. TORREY PREACHED OF "JESUS CHRIST THE REFUGE"

Another Large Audience Heard Great Evangelist at Arctic Rink Last Evening—Results of Meetings Apparent.

Another great audience greeted Dr. Torrey at the Arctic Rink last night and heard his most eloquent discourse upon the subject, "Christ the Refuge." Dr. Torrey treated of one of the oldest subjects taught by Christianity, the power of the Saviour to provide rest and shelter for one torn and buffeted by the world.

Mr. Butler and the great united choir again furnished music which was a feature of the meeting.

THE SERMON

Dr. Torrey spoke as follows: I have a very precious Old Testament text tonight—I love the Old Testament, it is full of Christ—Isaiah xxxii. 2: "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind and as a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

A good many years ago I was traveling on the continent visiting some of the art galleries of Germany, and I saw a picture in the new art gallery in Munich that made a very

DEEP IMPRESSION ON MY MIND

It represented the approach of a storm; the thunder clouds were rolling up thick and ominous; the trees were bending before the first approach of the oncoming tempest. Horses and cattle were scurrying across the fields in fright, and a little company of men, women and children, with bowed heads, blanched faces, and terror depicted in every look and action, were running before the storm in search of a hiding-place.

I do not suppose it was the artist's intention, but it has always seemed to me that this picture was an accurate representation of every human life. Every man and woman needs a hiding place.

You say a hiding place from what? A hiding place from four things.

1. A Hiding Place Needed from an Accusing Conscience—First of all every one of us needs a hiding-place from the accusations of

OUR OWN CONSCIENCE

Every man and woman here tonight has a conscience, and every man and woman here tonight has sinned against their own conscience.

We do not have to go to the Word of God to find that out. We find it in heathen literature as well. It was not a Christian poet, but a heathen of about the time of Christ, the Latin poet Juvenal, who said: "Trust me, no torture that the poets feign Can match the fierce, unutterable pain He feels, who, night and day, devoid of rest, Carries his own accuser in his breast."

It was another heathen poet, though he lived in a Christian land, the poet Lord Byron, who wrote: "Thus the dark in soul expire Or live like scorpion, girt with fire, Thus writhes the soul remorse bath riven, Unfit for earth, doomed for heaven; Darkness above, despair beneath, Around him gloom, within him death."

We do not need to go out to the poets to find out the torments of an accusing conscience. We find them round about us every day in

ACTUAL LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

One night at the close of a service at the church of which I am now pastor in Chicago, there came to me a woman with a haunted face and said, "I would like to see you in private." I replied, "If you will come to my office tomorrow at 2 p. m., I will have the pastor there; and if you have anything to say we shall be glad to listen." The next day at 2 o'clock the woman came to my office, and Mr. Hyde, the pastor, was present, and I said to the woman, "Now what is the trouble?" She made an effort to speak, but failed. Again I said, "What is the trouble?" Now she made an effort, and again failed. For the third time I said,

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE?

"We cannot help you unless you tell us your trouble." Then she gasped out:

"I have killed a man. It was fourteen years ago, across the Atlantic Ocean, in the Old Country, in the darkness of a forest, I drove a dagger into a man's throat, and dropped the dagger and ran away. He was found in the forest with the dagger by his side. Nobody suspected me, but everybody thought he had committed suicide. I stayed there two years, but nobody ever suspected me; but I knew I had done it, and was wretched, and at last I came to America to see if I could find peace here. First I went to New York and then came to Chicago, and I have been here twelve years, but have not found peace. I often go to the lake, and stand on the pier and look into

the dark waters beneath, and I would jump in if I were not afraid of what may lie beyond death."

Haunted and hunted by her own conscience for fourteen years! Hell on earth!

Well, some one says, I can very readily see how a person who has

COMMITTED SO AWFUL A DEED

as that, staining her hands with human blood, should be haunted by her conscience. But I have never done a thing like that: That may be, but you have sinned; and when conscience points at us the finger of accusation, we do not so much balance up the greatness or the smallness of our sin.

But you say, "My conscience does not trouble me." That may be, for it is a well known psychological fact that conscience sometimes sleeps.

Oh, there are men and women here tonight whose consciences are asleep, but whose consciences will some day awaken, and

WOE BE TO THE MAN OR WOMAN whose conscience wakes up and who has no hiding-place from it.

2. A Hiding Place Needed from the Power of Sin within Ourselves.—In the second place, we need a hiding place from the power of sin within ourselves. Now every man and woman here tonight who know themselves at all well know that there are powers of evil resident within themselves which are more than they can master in their own strength.

If there is any man or woman who thinks they have a complete mastery over themselves, if there is any man who thinks he has power to break away in his own strength from the sin that is within, he is a sadly deceived man. There are some people here tonight with the overmastering

APPETITE FOR STRONG DRINK.

There are others who do not care for it at all, but are enslaved by other sins. Others have a passion for gambling. Others care for neither of these, but have a love for other things. With another it is an ungovernable temper; with others it is a sharp, unkind, censorious tongue. With some it is one thing and with some another.

But with every man and woman of us within these four walls there is the power of sin within ourselves, which is more than we can master in our own strength. We need a 'hiding place from the power of sin within.

3. A Hiding Place Needed from the Power of the Devil.—In the third place, we need a hiding place from the power of the devil. There are a great many people who are too wise to believe in the existence of a personal devil. I believe in the existence of

A PERSONAL DEVIL.

I will tell you why. In the first place, because the Old Book says so, and I have found that the man who believes in the Bible always comes out ahead in the long run, and that the man who is too wise and too advanced to believe the Word of God comes out behind, in the long run, every time.

Now, there was a time when I was so wise that I believed so much of the Bible as was wise enough to agree with me. Thank God, that time has passed. Thank God, He has opened my eyes and ears until I have come to the place where I know—I wish I had time to tell you how I know—that that Book, from the first chapter to the last is the very word of God.

Now this book teaches us that there is a personal devil. Turn to 1 St. Peter v. 8: "Because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Ephesians vi. 11, 12: "Put on the whole armour of God, that

YE MAY BE ABLE TO STAND

against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But, friends, there is another reason why I believe in a personal devil, and that is, because of the teaching of my own experience and my common sense.

Years ago a great Frenchman of science was crossing the Arabian desert under the leadership of an Arab guide. When the sun was setting in the west, the guide spread his praying rug down upon the ground and began to pray. When he had finished the man of science stood

LOOKING AT HIM WITH SCORN,

and asked him what he was doing. He said, "I am praying." "Praying! praying to whom?" "To Allah, to God." The man of science said, "Did you ever see God?" "No." "Did you ever hear God?" "No." "Did you ever put out your hands and touch God and feel Him?" "No." "Then you are a great fool to believe in a God you never saw, a

God you never heard, a God you never put out your hand and touched." The Arab guide said nothing. They retired for the night, rose early the next morning, and a little before sunrise they went out from the tent. The man of science said to the Arab guide, "There was a camel round this tent last night." With a peculiar look in his eye, the Arab said, "Did you see the camel?" "No." "Did you put out your hand and touch the camel?" "No." "Well, you are a strange man of science to believe in a camel you never saw, a camel you never heard, a camel you never put out your hands and touched." "Oh, but," said the other, "here are his footprints all round the tent." Just then the sun was rising in all its oriental splendor, and with a graceful wave of his barbaric hand, the guide said, "Behold the footprints of the Creator, and know that there is a God." I think the untutored savage had the best of the argument.

Friends, we see everywhere in this magnificent universe the

FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR.

But alas! we see everywhere in human society the footprints of the enemy. Why, you have only to walk the streets of any city and you see the footprints of Satan; you see them in the dens of infamy, in the faces of the men and women on the streets, and, alas! alas!

You see the footprints of Satan in the homes of culture and refinement. What means it that men and women of education, men and women of refinement, fall under the power of all these strange delusions, of Christian Science, Theosophy and all that sort of nonsense? It means that there is a devil—cunning, subtle, masterly marvelous—more than a match for you and me in cunning and power. We need a hiding-place from the subtly, the cunning, the power, of the devil.

4. A Hiding-Place Needed from the Wrath to Come.—In the fourth place, we need a hiding-place.

FROM THE WRATH TO COME

There are a great many people who do not believe that there is 'a wrath to come.' I do. Why? Again, because the Old Book says so. The Old Book says, as I showed you Monday night, that "God has appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness," and God has given assurance of this by raising Jesus Christ from the dead. The Old Book says:

"There is to be a day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of a holy and outraged God." I believe this because the Bible says so. I believe that there is "a wrath to come" because my common sense says so. Look here, here is a man who grows rich by overreaching his neighbors, grows rich by

ROBBING THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN

He does it by legal means. Oh, yes, he is too cunning to come within reach of the law. But he grows rich by making other people poor. He increases in wealth and is honored and respected. When he goes down the streets in his magnificent equipage, the gentleman on the street turns and says to his son: "There goes Mr. So-and-so, a man of rare business ability, a man who is now one of our leading men of capital. I hope, my boy, when you grow up you will be as successful as he."

He lives in honor, dies in honor, dies respected by everybody—almost. And the victims of his rapacity, the victims of his oppression, the victims of his dishonesty lie yonder, bleaching in the potter's field, where they have gone prematurely because of his robbery. Do you mean to tell me that there will not be a day when these men who have lived on wealth wrung from the poor widow and orphan will not have to go before a righteous God and answer for it, and receive what they never received in this world, the meet reward of their dishonesty? Of course there is a judgment day; of course there is a hell. If there is not, then there ought to be.

Look here, here is a man who goes through life,

NEVER GIVING GOD ONE THOUGHT

from one year to another. He leaves God out of business, leaves God out of his social life, leaves God out of his study, leaves God out of his pleasures, and makes God's day a day of pleasure. God's book never opened, God's Son trampled under foot. And thus the man lives, and thus he dies, going through the world ignoring the God that made him and gave His Son to die upon the cross to save him. Do you mean to tell me that there will not be a day when that man will have to go before a righteous God and answer these questions: "What did you do with My Day?" "What did you do with My laws?" "What did you do with My Word?" "What did you do, above all, with My Son?" Of course there is a judgment day. And you and I

NEED A HIDING-PLACE FROM IT, everyone of us, for every one of us has sinned and come short of the glory of God.

There are then these four things from which we need a hiding-place—our own conscience, the power of sin within, the power and subtlety of the devil and the wrath to come.

Is there a hiding place? I read my text again: "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert

(Continued on page three.)

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