

Annual Sale

December 2nd, 1889.

Children's House Dresses. Children's Gowns and Dressing Jackets.

Coal Vases

at \$2.50. THIS IS A BARGAIN.

Coal Vases CHEAP. One the same as shown.

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A SONG OF THREE BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

God three beautiful things hath made, Birds and women and flowers, To charm the roaming eye, and spread Sweet magic o'er the hours;

Flowers are beautiful when the breeze Purpled o'er with blossom, And all the buds that crown the spray Their fragrant stores unobscure;

Women are beautiful when they wear All summer in their smiles, And sweetly lighten while they share The workman's weary toils;

God three beautiful things hath made, To feed discerning eyes, With outflow of His glory shed O'er earth and sea and skies;

Flowers are beautiful when the breeze Purpled o'er with blossom, And all the buds that crown the spray Their fragrant stores unobscure;

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to the table alone and tried to eat, but only succeeded in swallowing a cup of tea and a bit of fruit.

"Nonsense, child!" But his voice was shaky, and as he reached out his hand and laid a long morose case on the table, she noticed that his face was pale and drawn.

"An operation, dear? What was it?" He did not answer at once. Indeed he sat down to the table and drank his cup of tea and ate a slice or two of bread and butter, chatting meanwhile in an absent way on indifferent topics.

"How did it happen—the injury I mean?" "Slipped and fell under a backing engine!" They seem to have been pretty badly off—the mother and child—and the fireman of yard-engine No. 26 had been in the habit of throwing off lumps of coal for the little fellow to pick up.

"How he must have suffered!" "He never seemed to think of himself at all. Was possessed with a fear that the fireman might be blamed. Beautiful little fellow in spite of his shabby clothes.

"Broad white forehead, curling brown hair and thoughtful gray eyes. Do you know I can't get rid of a certain fancy that I've seen the child before."

"Probably on the street," suggested Mrs. Belden. "No, no. Years ago, when I was a boy, or in some other existence."

"Where do they live?" "I declare, Bessie, I never suspected there was such destitution in this place. You remember those wretched dug-outs that screened the entrance to that piece of worn-out tent-cloth. We had to perform the operation by the light of a coal-oil lamp."

"The mother?" "Yes; and never flinched. Shielded it with her hand to keep the rain from putting out the light. In all my professional experience I never saw such self-command."

"Indifference, I should call it," suggested the indignant listener. "I don't know, my dear; I don't know. When we got through I wondered that she did not move or stir. I looked at her and her eyes were fixed upon the face of the unconscious child. I had to unclasp her hands from the lamp. Her fingers were cold and clammy; she was like a person in a cataleptic trance. I thought she was going to fall on the ground. But, instead—"

"Instead—what?" "Instead; she insisted upon staying there alone to-night. Would not listen to our offer of watchers. Seemed in a hurry to get us off."

"But how can the child recover in such a place? It is criminal to leave him there."

"The citizens of Palmea may be a trifle uncivilized, my dear, but they are not wanting in the common attributes of humanity. The boys have been busy this evening. They have rented that little house Brown's family vacated last week, and a couple of hundred dollars will be placed in the bank to-morrow to the little boy's credit."

But the citizens of Palmea found that had a difficult case with which to deal. Face to face with the exigencies of her situation, the mother consented to move to the house made ready for her, but she drew sparingly upon the funds placed to her credit, and took a careful inventory of everything the house contained, with view of paying for everything as soon as she should be able.

In an inconceivably short time, thanks to the active powers of the elevated southern plateau, the child was able to be about the house, blithe as a little maimed bird, on a single leg and crutch. The scant sewing that the mother could procure was ill-paid and inadequate for her needs, and she quietly opened another industry. She made the fact known to the town. Hoy Wing, who had hitherto monopolized this industry, at prices so extravagant that he was fast rising to a position of affluence, viewed this encroachment upon his peculiar province with unfeigned alarm.

He lowered his scale of prices and started the bosoms of Palmea's shirts until it became necessary to use a gimlet for the insertion of shirt-studs but in vain. A generous tide of patronage flowed in upon his competitor.

The doctor and his wife sometimes discussed the anomalous character of the woman with whom fate had brought them in contact.

"I can't quite make her out," the doctor once remarked; "to look at her one would think her incapable of feeling—that she had scarcely a human instinct. She is developing into the hardest business woman I ever saw. Yet I am inclined to think that the night I first saw her she was stimulated by the courage of the highest order, an heroic self-forgetfulness that conquered her own physical weakness."

"I understand her perfectly," returned his wife, with prompt feminine decision; "she is constructed on a different principle from ordinary women. Some gentle instinct of sympathy—of womanly tenderness—is wanting in her composition. I have seen her day after day, you know, my dear, and I ought to be able to judge. Though she is not a bad sort of a woman at all," she generously conceded.

"Curious sort of name, isn't it. Mrs. Ruthman? It has a very fancy sound."

"It doesn't sound like a real name at all," returned Mrs. Belden, severely. "Oh, she has a history behind her, and we shall know it some day depend upon it."

"Is it true?" she pleaded. "There was no need of answer. A man's

arrived in the place, and brought him home. "Bessie, you remember Jack Grosvenor—the oldest friend I have. You remember he would have been best man at our wedding."

"If he hadn't been busy getting married himself a thousand miles away. Yes, I remember, and I am very glad to welcome you to our home, Mr. Grosvenor," said the doctor's wife, holding out her hand with a winning smile.

But there was no answering smile on the face of the man she so cordially greeted. She remembered her husband's description of the gay, lighthearted fellow, and tried to identify him with this sober-faced reserved man, who had silently seated himself by the window, and was looking out over the plains with an abstracted air.

"Jack has just come back with a party from Guaymas," explained the doctor; "he has made a rich strike down on Pochontas Mountain."

"That is very good," said Mrs. Belden, absently wondering why her husband should make such a point of his friend's business success, or speak of it as if it were of vital interest to her.

"I am glad for Jack," proceeded the doctor, a little awkwardly; "he has been telling me something of his experience to-day—you don't mind my telling Bessie. Jack is a hard luck hard pull. Worst of all he lost his wife."

"I'm very sorry—" "No, not that way!" hastily interrupted the doctor; "lost sight of her. He left her in Denver three years ago. Heard from her once or twice, but his roaming life was a hindrance to correspondence. Now he tells me he has lost her again."

"How very strange!" Her woman's curiosity was roused. "And she was such a pretty woman, Mr. Grosvenor. I remember the lovely face of the photograph you sent us when you were married. Such a dimpled, laughing face! Where was it that I saw one that reminded me of it not long ago?"

"I can't say it seems so very strange to me," remarked Grosvenor, taking part in the conversation for the first time, and speaking in a labored, husky voice; "I wonder that she put up with it so long. We have had her back since she married. You know how she had been reared up. She was a Miss Ruth Stanhope, of Richmond, of the old Virginia Stanhopes. I was never able to provide for her in the way she had been accustomed to at home. I left her with almost nothing. She was a proud spirited woman. She was tired of the struggle and went back to her friends. I had hopes she might hold out on account of the boy."

"The boy? Then you had a child?" Grosvenor assented with a mute gesture. "Ruth Stanhope," repeated the doctor's wife slowly, looked steadily at her husband, who sent her back a significant glance; "and the boy—how old would your little son be now, Mr. Grosvenor?"

"A little more than seven years." "Robert, I have an errand that must be attended to at once. You and Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me. I will not be long."

Mrs. Belden had snatched up a broad-brimmed hat, and was trying to tuck her chin as she spoke, her eyes kindled with excitement, her cheeks lit a with a sudden flame. Jack Grosvenor, roused from his apathy, looked curiously after her as she sped down the street, her head in a whirl.

As she sped along the sidewalk, she tried to balance and arrange the queer facts and strange memories that were flitting through her brain. She remembered something of the splendor of Jack Grosvenor's wedding, and the contrast it had presented to their own nuptials. She recalled an account she had read of the marriage banquet and the list of the notable guests who were in attendance. She saw in anticipation the bare room she was about to enter, with its beggarly strip of rag carpeting along the centre, the pine bedstead with its worn coverlet, the wooden chairs, and woman bent over her ironing-board, contrasting it with the comfortable and generous hospitalities of that Southern home.

A high wind was blowing, and clouds of dust darkened the air about her. Battling with a miniature sirocco, she yet found time to marvel at the strength of character that had enabled the petted southern girl, born and cradled in the lap of luxury, deliberately to renounce the life of ease open to her, and condemn herself to a life of toil and hardship that had resulted so disastrously. The gentle woman's heart filled with love and sympathy, and she was ready to take Jack Grosvenor's wife into her arms, and cry over her sorrows as a human being.

Her heart chilled the sight of the cold, proud face, whose severity was increased by the piece of stiff, white muslin bound about the head as a protection from the smoke and coal dust of the ironing stove. Mrs. Belden looked in momentary abhorrence at the mass of lace and embroidery lying upon the ironing table, guessing only too well the owners of the tawdry splendor.

"What! do you work for them?" For a moment the woman gazed calmly upon her questioner, then turned with an expressive glance to the low pallet where her boy lay sleeping, by his side the crutch that must be his life-long companion.

Notwithstanding the mother's impassive demeanor, the visitor's eyes filled with sudden tears. She twirled her hat strings and searched the cold face, wondering how she had best communicate the tidings of which she was the bearer. She observed the dignified movement of the tall figure across the room, the shapely hand that changed the cool iron for a fresh one, and she remembered how the same hand had held a light without flinching while the little boy's limb was being taken off. With what a disdainful front she had faced poverty, and how sternly she had repelled those, who offered sympathy and help! Such a woman would have nerve enough for her what?

Why should she plan to spare her what would at most be little more than a slight surprise.

Mrs. Belden ended by flinging all her scruples to the wind. "My husband's old friend, Jack Grosvenor, is at our house."

"Ah?" The word spoke volumes. The pain and agony of years were concentrated in the cry. The hot iron she was holding fell upon the lace draperies and burned its way through them, as she clutched at the table to steady herself, while her brown eyes sought her visitor's with a look of piteous entreaty.

"Is it true?" she pleaded. "There was no need of answer. A man's

step sounded outside, the door was flung open, and Jack Grosvenor, returned something like his old impetuous self, strode across the room and caught the fainting woman in his arms. The white turban fell back from the pale face, its rigid features relaxed into a happy smile, and the doctor's wife, struck by the transformation, was startled with a sudden recognition, and murmured softly, "Sister Veronica!"

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."—So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.—Advt.

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CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

JEWELRY IS WANTED. I HAVE now on hand a large and well assorted stock of all the LATEST DESIGNS in FASHIONABLE JEWELRY.

Also, a varied assortment of DIAMOND WORK. All kinds of PRECIOUS STONES always in stock. JEWELRY in any design manufactured in the highest style of art, by

CARL C. SCHMIDT, MANUFACTURING JEWELLER, 67 KING STREET.

Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton. DEAN'S SAUSAGES, Season from September to April. POULTRY, HAM, BACON AND LARD, VEGETABLES.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURANCE. R. W. FRANK 78 PRINCE STREET ST. JOHN'S. STEAM BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE. ACCIDENT

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, Fredericton, N. B. COLT STAKES. Foals of 1888 to be Trotted in 1890. Foals of 1889 to be Trotted in 1891.

The Directors of the above Association would announce the opening of the following COLT STAKES, to be trotted for on their Track.

Stakes will be open to Colts, either trotters or pacers, that have been bred in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

The whole amount of entrance money and added money will be divided—60 per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.

Stake No. 3. Open to Foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the FALL MEETING of the Association in 1890.

Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1890. \$5.00, second payment, to be made on or before 1st July, 1890. \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.

\$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats 2:24, the present track record for two-year-olds.

Stake No. 4. Open to Foals of 1889, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the FALL MEETING of the Association in 1891.

Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1890. \$5.00, second payment, on or before 1st July, 1890. \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.

\$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats the best previous record on the Track for same class.

General Conditions. All nominations must give name and description date of foaling, and breeding of foal named, and also the names and addresses of the breeder and owner.

Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association.

A Coll distinguishing the field will receive first money only.

Board of Directors. F. P. THOMPSON, President. D. F. GEORGE, Vice-President. J. A. EDWARDS, M. TENNANT, J. M. WILLY, HARRY BECKWITH, W. P. FLEWELLING, Secy.

REMARKS. The Directors think it advisable to continue these Colt races. While there is no money in it directly for the Association, the Directors think that it must be encouraging to breeders.

With the numerous well bred Sires now in the Lower Provinces, these stakes should be well patronized, and as they are limited to colts bred in the Lower Provinces, there will be no chance for parties to import colts with the special intention of winning these stakes.

The Directors trust that the breeders throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, will help to make these Colt Stakes a success.

All entries received will be widely advertised, and complete lists of entries will be sent to each person naming a colt.

All communications should be addressed to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. P. O. Box 73, Fredericton, N. B.

50c. A WEEK. Lounges, Tables; Wringers, Hanging Lamps; Pictures, Plated Ware. F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street.

SKATES! SKATES! All the different makes, at low prices, by J. HORNCASTLE & CO., INDIANTOWN.

RAILWAYS. NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing October 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6:40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

FULLAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON, 17:00 a. m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen and intermediate points.

3:00 p. m.—Fast Express for Houlton and Woodstock, and via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO MONTREAL, 14:45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

12:45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR, RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 12:30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16:00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. 11:20, 7:30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Fredericton at 16:45 a. m. Woodstock at 16:00, 11:00 a. m.; 11:30, 18:20 p. m. Houlton at 16:15, 10:55 a. m.; 11:25, 18:30 p. m. St. Stephen at 19:20, 11:30 a. m.; 13:15, 16:15 p. m. St. Andrews at 16:45 a. m. Fredericton at 16:20, 11:20 a. m.; 13:20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15:45, 16:00