Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

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DELCIE'S PIE.

Delcie was 11 years old. 'Old enough to do half her mother's work,' said old old Mrs. Peters always thought everybody lazy but herself.

'Old enough to stop racing and romping like a great Tomboy,' said prim Miss Henderson in the cottage at the south end of the garden; but then, Miss Henderson, from thinking children should be seen and not heard, had come to believe they should neither be seen nor heard, unless they were wanted to do errands and 'save steps.'

her frost cake, or make jelly, and Delcie day fashion. felt rather abused at always having little over to her. She was burning to distin. guish herself in some of the higher branches, and she was sure she could if only her mother would let her try.

But today house work took on an added charm, for her mother was obliged to leave home and the little girl was to stay alone all day and keep house. Early in the forenoon, just after the dishes were washed, and the beds made, and dusted and made dark again, and Delcie's was neither washing nor ironing nor fore. baking to be done, and she guessed she should get time to take a stitch or two on Delcie's new green and white gingham dress, and if she didn't get it done pretty soon, what the child would have to wear was more than she knew-'There comes a team,' called Delcie from the kitchen window, where she was watering the morning glories and horseshoe gera-

'It's Mr. Kendall from the Corners,

middle aged farmer who drove into the yard and halted.

'Good mornin' Mis' Adams,' said he, 'what's the good word with you?'

'Oh we are all tolerably well,' said she; 'won't you come in, and how's all in the mornin.'

'Can't stop,' said he in reply to her stopped. Tedoesd ... Tedds ... first question, and to the second: 'We're all well but your Aunt Roxy. She fell your mother has gone off and left you to the pantry was restored to its accustomed has forgotten how to make in these days down the sullar stairs this mornin' and look after things. Don't you dare to order, though she could not help thinking of canned stuff and fancy kickshaws. broke her leg."

do that for ? said Mrs. Adams sharply. A slow grin broke over the man's

'Wall, I dunno as she really did want to, but anyhow, she's done it, and got a summer's job on't, too, I reckon. Aunt Roxy ain't so young as she was once, and she ain't never goin' to be, nuther.

wife can't git there till night, nohow, take it kindly if you'll come over and

stay till he gets back with her." 'Well, now, I'm real concerned,' said Mrs. Adams. 'Of course I'll go, though I don't know how, noway; but of course, M W. Chap., Rev. George H. Hick, New bein' it's Aunt Roxy, I feel called upon. She already had her apron off, and hung upon a nail behind the kitchen door, and finished her speech with her farmer at the door.

and my parasol, too, and don't break the gate closed with an indignant bang. handle off comin' down stairs, I'll jest slip on my indigo blue calico. I shall have dinner to get I suppose,' and in less time than one would think the good woman was ready for her drive to the

You need not kindle a fire all day; there currants." is plenty of cold meat and bread and butter for your dinner. Set the table for supper and I shall be home in time to build a stick fire and make a cup for your father and the boys. If you see a tramp coming down the road lock the doors. I shall worry all day, but if Aunt Roxy see what I can do but go over and stay both the boys down into the far lot to Mrs. Peters, across the way; but then, work, but it can't be helped now,' and by this time Mr Kendall had convinced his steed that it was time to jog homeward, and the wagon rolled away down the

Delcie stood looking after it a minute and then went into the house. How quiet and lonely everything seemed; she would have felt a little afraid had it not been for her new fledged importance as to her satisfaction; it was altogether to taining her mother drove up. housekeeper.

To be sure, Delcie did wipe dishes and long day? It seemed very tame just to eye.' She added more flour, and work-bonnet she tied on a long apron and ST. JOHN, - N. B room, but she hated it cordially. Her go into the pantry and get her own lunch ed away courageously. It was a long bustled about with her kindlings and tea mother would never let her dust the of cold meat and bread and butter, and while before she could roll it out, and kettle. "I thought I should have been china ornaments in the parlor, or help then set the supper table in just the every

If only her mother had not told her she every day bits of the house work turned must not make a fire, she should have so self by thinking perhaps mother could stopped to take a bite all day. I turned liked to cook something. Not that she had ever cooked anything, but she was sure she could; cooking always looked easy when she watched her mother. be sure there wasthe prohibition about the fire, but if she made something nice for tea, perhaps her mother would not mind

Suddenly a bright thought struck her: the kitchen swept, and the sitting room | she would make a ripe current pie. She knew just how, for she had heard her mother had thanked goodness that there mother tell a neighbor only the day be-

> One egg, a cup of sugar and a cup of ripe currants, well beaten together, and baked with crusts, and I haven't had time to make one this year, for all we are so fond of them,' her mother had said.

That sounded easy enough, Delcie thought. But there was the crust; she had a vague idea that pie crust was compounded of flour and water, lard or butter, and she knew that the water must be cold and he's coming here, too,' said she a for her mother was very paticular about having it drawn from the depths of the 'Then something has happened over well, but about the proportions she knew to Aunt Roxy's,' said her mother, step- nothing. She would run down the garping quickly to the door to greet the den and ask Miss Henderson. She tossed on her hat, and shutting the door carefully merrily, and Delcie closed the oven behind the hollyhocks, and knocked at damper, as she had often done for her Miss Henderson's back door.

'Please, Miss Henderson she began, mother has gone away, and will you tell the folks over to the Corners? We didn't me how to make pie crust? I wantgo over to meetin' Sunday, it rained so but Miss Henderson held up her hands in appetite, and she knew that she must could make wonderful riz cake, such as such horrified amazement that Delcie wash them, and return them to their you can't get nowadays for love, to say

meddle with the flour or lard, nor any- there were more dishes to wash after And you shall learn to make 'em too." 'What in the world did she want to thing, till your mother gets back, but do that one pie than her mother would have And Delcie did. you go and sit on the door step and sew used for the big Saturday baking.

behind the hollyhock hedge.

there, and Uncle David he's gone after the road this time, through a little white dreadful wreck, and ran out of doors old Dr. Carrier, and they told me to gate and down a narrow path, bordered on Down the garden she sped, never stop-

> ment exceeded, if possible, that of Miss to tears, free and hot. Henderson. Wedd Tedledw Tebleston

chair in her mother's kitchen, and scold- -never, never. ed vigorously to herself.

'Now, Delcie,' said she, as she settled 'She's worse than Miss Henderson, up through the garden to pay her proher dress and opened her parasol, 'do be but I'll make a currant pie now, see if I mised visit. The little girl sat still. careful and do just as I have told you. don't, and first of all I'll go and pick the though the lady called, "Delcie," and at

stairs and break her leg, I don't after dropping one on the clean pantry out of doors and went home.

moist; an English cook would have told "Well, I declare, father," began the To be sure, Delcie did wipe dishes and And now what should she do with her her that she had 'put out the miller's good woman, as divested of shawl and then she was dismayed by the quantity here first, but I'll have a cup of tea for happy disposition, and she consoled her- glad of one myself. I have hardly use it.' She covered her plate with a to and baked, the first thing I did; a thick and ragged crust, poured in her currents, and after various mishaps succeeded in getting it covered and into fried a batch o' doughnuts. I thought

Then she bethought herself of the fire, and recalled the fact that her mother's pies were always placed in a hot oven. But I don't see what possible difference it can make,' soliloquized Delcie. I believe it would be a great improven t to get the mixing all done, and the things all in the oven, and ithen make up a good fire, and bake them all up and done with it. I'm going to try it anyway. My teacher says if everybody did just as his forefathers did, there never would be any improvements or inventions, and if my foremothers all built their fires first and put their pies

the other way.' It was great fun to see the flames curl up around the nice white chips which she could pick up in such profusion around the chopping block, but all the while she had a secret consciousness that she was doing a forbidden thing. The fire blazed bethought herself of her lunch.

in the oven afterwards I'm going to do

about her baking did not improve her places. This was a part of housekeeping nothing of money, and she was a master 'Don't tell me Delcie Maria Adams that Delcie was quite familiar with, and at last hand at punkin sauce, which everybody

your seam, and I'll be up by and by and At last she felt at liberty to run out of see that you're not up to any mischief | doors and play, but first she thought she cy she expected to see, she opened the hefty, ye know. My wife, she's over Peters, and she started off again across bastily closed the oven door upon the measuring tape immediately.

hitch up and come after you. John's each side with grass pinks and camomile. ping till she reached her favor ite retreat Old Mrs Peters was sweeping off the amid the boughs of a wide spreading ap-Philo he's gone after her, and they'll back porch. 'Please Mrs. Peters,' be- ple tree whose low branches she could gan Delcie once more, mother has gone easily mount. When she was comfortaaway, and can you tell me how to make bly enscenced in her own especial place pie crust? I want-' but she got no where one limb made a seat and another farther, for Mrs. Peters' look of amaze- was just right for her back, she gave way

But such violent emotion could not Don't tell me, Delcie Maria Adams last long, and presently Delcie sat up that a great girl like you don't know how and pushed her wet hair out of her eyes. head 1 the bedroom closet, and her to make pie crust! When I was your age Then she remembered that she had not voice raised to be audible to the waiting I could cook anything, and took the prize shut the door, and who knew but that for brown bread, a silver plated mug gold, dreadful tramp of whom her mother had 'Do me up a clean apron,' she called lined, and it's on the mantle-tree now. warned her would make his appearance? to Delcie, 'and get my shawl out of the It does beat all how shiftless girls are She did not much care if he did: in fact top drawer in the front chamber bureau, brought up nowadays,' but just here the she rather hoped he would come and carry off the pie with him, and then she 'Where's your mother gone?' scream- laughed at herself for even supposing ed Mrs. Peters, but Delcie did not answer. that a tramp could taste that horrible She threw herself into the big rocking thing. She would never go near it again

By and by she saw Miss Henderson go last stepped into the kitchen. "What This was soon accomplished, although if she should find that pie?" said Delcie it took more than Delcie supposed to to herself. "If she smells the smoke she fill a cup after they were stripped from will certainly open the oven door and the stems; in fact, she had to pay a then! She does I will jump over the second visit to the bushes to get en- back fence and run straight to Catamount ough. Then she pressed them into a hill and never come back again." But big yellow bowl with blue and white apparently Miss Henderson did not find should choose this day to fall down stripes around it, broke an egg over them, the pie, for in a moment or two she came

floor, added a cup of sugar and began to At last the gathering shadows warned till John's wife comes. If your father stir. It did not mix as smoothly as her the unhappy girl that it was time to go had known it he wouldn't have taken mother's, owing to the fact that the egg in and set the supper table, and she was not beaten before it went in, but she slowly descended from her perch. She stirred the mass together as well as she did not go near the stove, and after could, although the bowl was hard to everything was in readiness, she went manage, and she spilled a part of the out to the gate to wait and watch. At contents over the cooking shelf, and her last her father and her two tall brothers came up the road.

> Then came that dreadful crust. She "Well, little women," said her father, dipped out a liberal quantity of flour, "where's the mother, and is supper Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Per added a portion of lard by guess and ready?" Deloie explained, but before poured in some water. It did not work her story was finished, the wagon con-

of it. But Delcie was blessed with a you in a few minutes. And I shall be good long row of pies, and a couple o' loaves o' cake and some gingerbread and John's wife would have her hands full and it would be some comfort to see a full cupboard, and 'twas Aunt Roxy's baking day anyway. I guess the old lady's in for a long siege. I'll just clap this pan o' beans into the oven to warm," and suiting the action to the word she opened the oven door. Delcie wished

the floor would open too, but] it didn't "Delcie Maria Adams!" exclaimed her mother, turning round upon the culprit. Poor Delcie! this was the third time on this unhappy day that she had been called by her full name, It was more than she could bear; she burst into tears, and tried to sob out a confession amid the questions of her mother, and the laughter of her brothers. Her father drew her into the shelter of his strong arms, and hid her burning face upon his shoulder.

"Never mind, my dear," said he soothngly, "only ask mother next time you want to cook, and you shall mess to your heart's content. My mother was a mother, filled the stove with wood, and famous cook, and I shall be glad to have my little daughter like her. I have her The sight of the dishes she had used old recipe book in her own handwriting, and some day you shall have it. She

'I want a bow,' said a lady to a clerk I think it a real temptin' o' providence, would take a peep at her pie. Alas! in- in a dry goods store. The clerk, wishbut by this time Delcie was half-way back stead of the brown and toothsome delica- ing to do something smart, drew himself 'Hateful old thing,' she said to herself oven door upon a blackened and ruined up and said: 'I'm at your service, And such a job as Philo Thompson and as she paused on the door step. 'She mass. The burned juice covered the ma'am.' Yes,' 'said the lady, eyeing I had a gittin' her up stairs and onto the won't find me sewing any seam, I can tell oven floor, and a pungent and bitter him disapprovingly, but I want a white, bed, you never see; Aunt Roxy's pooty her. I will go over and ask old Mrs. smoke poured out into her face. She not a green one.' The clerk went to



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