

# ROYAL 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 multitude of low quality, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-15

## JEWELRY, Silverware, &c.

A choice and well selected stock of NEW ATTRACTIONS in FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, GOLD PEN & PENCILS SPECTACLES And Eye Glasses.

Prices that defy competition Everybody delighted. You try us.

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Tapley's Remedy FOR Neuralgia, Sciatica, NERVOUS HEADACHE, etc.

Persons who have been troubled with the above distressing complaint have been relieved and cured by Tapley's Remedy.

FOR SALE BY JOHN M. WILEY, 196 Queen Street, F'ton.

L. P. LAFOREST, TINSMITH AND Sheet-Iron Worker Importer and Dealer in all kinds of KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS STOVES AND PIPES, FURNACES, REGISTERS, &c. Repairing, in all its branches, done at short notice. TINWARE, WHOLESALE & RETAIL PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

wheat of the church by itself, and the straw of the world by itself, and I say to you, "Where shall I put you? is it to be with the wheat this time? is it to be in the King's granary?" Your answer is: "No; leave me among the straw!" Oh! I tell you it comes hard to leave some of you among the straw, but there seems to be no help for it. You who are so useful to the church, you who are so interested in all that is of interest to the church, you who are so bound up in its prosperity, you who are so closely connected with its history, you straw, stubble, hay, rubbish! Surely it should not be. Surely you should not be with the straw. There must be something wrong, some mistake. And yet, there you are, and I must sit down and wring my hands in helpless grief and disappointment, and say, as I see you among the straw, and the wheat so small: "O my threshing and the corn of my floor!" But I will not despair. I will hope on and thresh on. Great and gracious is our God, and He will come and bless us. Even yet He may let us see what He can do to fill His own floor with the wheat of the Kingdom. I look up to Him for the spirit to do what my poor threshing cannot do. How soon He can turn the wail of disappointment into a hallelujah of joy, and give us to utter the text with a full heart, because there is a full floor! "O MY THRESHING AND THE CORN OF MY FLOOR!" AMEN.

### Our Story.

#### Striking A Match.

Continued.

Thereupon she lighted the lantern, and proceeded down stairs. Ugh! What a chill draught was blowing in through one of the gratings! And there were strange noises all around. Lucy's heart thumped so violently she was tempted to turn and run up stairs again. But, goodness! The furnace was dreadfully, dangerously hot. Lucy summoned up all her resolution, and, stooping down, closed the doors. They swung to with a bang, and when she essayed to open them again she found the effort beyond her strength. What was to be done in case of the fire needing more draught? She might after a while find it necessary to put on more coal, and that it would be well to put on more draught. But while she was debating with herself a much more serious mishap occurred, for the inside of the lantern suddenly achieved the most inexplicable somersault, and she was left in utter darkness. Moreover, to complicate the miseries of her situation, she now heard stealthy footsteps descending the cellar stairs. Poor Lucy stood quite still, with her hands clasped together over her heart. This was a burglar, undoubtedly. He had seen all the male inmates of the house going out and the lights lowered, and had thus chosen his opportunity to come in and conceal himself in the cellar. The first idea that suggested itself to her was to creep under the steps and remain there until Mrs. Collins' return. Ere she had time to do this, however, a man's form became visible in the dim semi-twilight that was shed from the kitchen door above. Lucy, with a desperate instinct of self-preservation, put up both hands, exclaiming: "Have pity on me! Oh, have pity and spare my life!" Upon this the burglar drew back, very much surprised. Miss Hildeburn! he exclaimed, as he struck a match. What are you doing here, and how can I serve you? Now, poor Lucy, completely unnerved and dreadfully ashamed of herself, sat down on a reversed coal scuttle and burst into a fit of weeping. Then Mr. Sangster knelt down beside her, and a confused interchange of explanations of various kinds ensued. The result was that at the expiration of half an hour, Mr. Sangster took Lucy in his arms, and kissing the tear-stained face murmured; "God bless you for this promise, my own darling." When Mrs. Collins came home two hours later the house was very quiet, the furnace in good order, and neither Mr. Sangster nor Miss Hildeburn visible. But the following day Lucy confided to her a secret, and Mr. Sangster absented himself mysteriously for about three weeks. After that Miss Hildeburn also disappeared. Gone to visit her aunt at Swathmore, Mrs. Collins explained to the other boarders. But a fortnight later the carrier brought some wedding cards to the house. It was all brought about through the furnace, said Mrs. Collins, with a gleeful chuckle. But Miss Jane was infinitely disgusted. —[Chicago Journal.

### A Lady Manager.

Just on the confines of one of our large manufacturing towns there stands an imposing residence of brown stone, elevated by terraces above the road, surrounded by stately trees, and with a wide extent of garden stretching on all sides. I had been employed in panel-painting one of the large bed-rooms for some weeks and my curiosity and interest had been excited by the fact that the master of the house, Mr. Joseph Randall, was a tall handsome man of less than fifty years, while his wife was certainly twenty years older, and a very feeble old woman. Yet never were any young couple more seemingly devoted than this oddly contrasted pair; and I, living in the house with constant occupation there, certainly had good opportunity for witnessing any matrimonial differences, had any existed. When my work was done, I returned to my own home, and several months later, by quite an accident, not necessary to record here, I learned the story of Mr. Randall's marriage. From early boyhood he was a ne'er-do-well. Money ran through his fingers like sand, and after his father, his grandfather and after his uncle had started him in business, only to end in failure, the family decided that he would never be good for anything. He was a very handsome man, with a college education, the instincts and manners of a gentleman, and kindly in feeling; but he was good-natured, truthful, and too easily influenced by whoever took the trouble to dictate to him. At thirty he found himself bankrupt out of business, and without any definite prospects; and while he was seriously considering suicide as a way out of his difficulties, he received an invitation to visit an old friend in Grantly, a pretty village near the seashore. He found Grantly at the height of its Summer season, and his own attraction very readily acknowledged by the ladies who danced with him, strolled on the beach by moonlight with him, and accepted his graceful attentions with smiling pleasure. It was here that he was introduced to Miss Susan Harte and her niece and supposed heiress, Miss Maud Maxwell. They were ladies of position, refined and graceful, the younger one lovely in the freshness of her youth, a pretty blonde face, and slender figure; the older one stately and dignified, showing in every word a cultivated intellect and strong common sense. Bob White, Mr. Randall's friend, after the introduction spoke his mind with frank if vulgar freedom: "Go in for the heiress, Joe. They say the old lady is worth a quarter of a million and Miss Maud is her only relative. Any one can see that they are devoted to each other. And any one could see every evidence of wealth in their daily use, their costumes were of the most costly material and their jewels were superb. A lady's maid attended them, and they occupied an entire suite of rooms at the only hotel. Friendship led to intimacy, and Mr. Randall did try to fascinate the heiress, whose simpering prettiness covered a cold heart and a very common-place mind. To dress well, to be a center of attraction for bowing beaux, were the objects of her ambition, and her conversation never rose above the level of the smallest of small talk. Though he had always seemed to lack business ability, Mr. Randall was no fool, and he found himself evening after evening turning from Miss Maxwell's rapid talk to the fresh strong mind that shone through her aunt's conversation. Miss Harte was an accomplished musician, with a rich contralto voice and love of music had always mounted to a passion with Mr. Randall so there was a bond of sympathy there. The summer wore away pleasantly, and it was only when closed cottages and a deserted beach of departed guests that Joseph Randall asked himself seriously how his summer flirtation was to end. He was not a conceited man, yet Maud Maxwell had let him see very plainly that she had a preference for his society and attentions. Yet he shrank from the prospect of a wife with no idea above dress and gayety, however richly she might be dowered. Loving neither, in the true sense of the word, he certainly found more pleasure in the society of the other lady, and then a little demon of policy whispered to him, after all, the money was Miss Harte's, and, with social position and attractions, she might marry, and so deprive Maud of her supposed inheritance. It was true that she was old enough to be his mother; but a handsome woman and one thoroughly tasteful in dress, could always appear younger than actual years warranted, and—he liked yes, he certainly respected and liked her. (Concluded in our next.)

### 212

### New Dress Goods.

- Ulster Cloths, Red Flannels, Grey Flannels, White Flannels, Shaker Flannels, Cotton Flannels, Opera Flannels, Jacket and Skirts, Mens Shirts & Drawers, Top Shirts.

## JOHN HASLAN.

### NOTICE.

## NEW GOODS. James R. Howie, Practical Tailor.

I beg to inform my numerous Patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suits, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the Latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousers, from which I am prepared to make up in first class style, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions and guarantee to give entire satisfaction. PRICES MODERATE. Ready-made Clothing in Men's, Youths and Boys' Tweed, Diagonal and Men's All Wool working pants. MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT. My stock of Men's Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American make in all the Novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear, White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Braces, Silk Handkerchiefs, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and a large and well-selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs in all the Latest Patterns of English and American designs. Rubber clothing a specialty.

JAMES R. HOWIE, 190 QUEEN ST., F'TON. Fredericton, June 12th.

### CHEAP SALE.

Carpets, Rugs, Door Mats. Chira and Cocoa Matting, Linoleums, Oil Cloths, Curtains and Curtain Poles at greatly reduced prices for the remainder of the season, at J. G. McNALLY'S,

### EXTRAORDINARY VALUE.

In Parlor Suits, 7 Pieces, solid walnut, best Hair Cloth, our own manufacture, \$42.75, at JAS. G. McNALLY'S.

### SILVERWARE AND CUTLERY.

Another instalment of Toronto Silver Plate Co's. goods just received. Also a fine assortment of Pocket Cutlery very cheap at J. G. McNALLY'S.

## FURNITURE

Is what we sell, also

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, SILVER-PLATED WARE,

## LANTERNS,

Mattresses, Woven Wire Mattresses and Pillows.

Come and examine our stock whether you buy or not.

## LEMONT & SONS.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '88 Summer Arrangement '88

On and after MONDAY, June 4th, 1888 the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follows

Table with train schedules: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN, Day Express, Accommodation, Express for Sussex, Express for Halifax and Quebec. Also: TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN, Express from Halifax and Quebec, Express from Sussex, Day Express.

## ONLY \$1.25.

You can get a suit of ALL WOOL Underclothing

FOR \$1.25, -AT- C. H. THOMAS & Co 224 QUEEN STREET.

Thos. W. Smith, has completed his stock of

## Fall Winter & Cloths

CONSISTING OF Melton, Knapp, Beaver, Pilot and Worsted Overcoatings, English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, French and German Suitings,

And he feels confident that he can get up the cheapest and best fitting

### OVERCOATS, REEFERS

and Suits of Clothes that can be had in this city. In Ready-made Overcoats, Reefers and Suits, he is selling Overcoats from \$5.00 up; Reefers from \$4.00 up; Suits of Clothes from \$5.50 up; Pants and Vests at the same ratio; Knit Overshirts, 50 cents each.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods marked down to the very lowest prices—No second price. Inspection of stock respectfully solicited, and will be cheerfully shown.

THOS. W. SMITH.

### English Goods.

30 New Ivoryware Tea Sets, handsome patterns and very cheap. 2 Casks English Glassware, 5 crates Meakins White Granite, at J. G. McNALLY'S.