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A choice and well selected stock of NEW ATTRACTIONS in

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1888.

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Goods marked in plain figures at the lowest living prices.

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Remember we are headquarters for Carpets and all kinds of House-furnishing Goods.

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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, FTON.

Our Story.

Husband and Wife.

(Continued.)

I'm sure I'm tired enough, at any rate, said the farmer's wife.

The ironing was soon done, the negroes went away, singing merrily, and Mrs. Graham took the baby from Helen's arms, saying, You may put the supper on the table now, daughter, while I get him to sleep. Father, please call the boys, and all of you get ready for supper.

On the hearth stood two large ovens, and from these Helen took the beautiful loaves of snowy light bread—one made of corn-meal, the other of flour—which were Mr. Graham's delight. He liked this bread much better when baked this way than when it was cooked in a stove, and it was easy to bake it thus on ironing days when good live coals were plenty.

The two eldest boys came in from feeding the horses, and the two younger ones from attending to the cows and calves, and all sat down to supper ere twilight fell. The warm, fragrant loaves of bread, the rich milk and butter, fresh from the churn, with the bowl of crystal honey, and a dish of baked apples, made a supper fit for the choicest palate; but the tired wife and mother could not eat. She sat at the table, where her husband and children were enjoying their repast, and leaned her weary head upon her hands.

Can't you eat, Mary? asked her husband.

I do not feel like eating—but I wish I had made a cup of coffee.

I'll make it now for you, mother, cried Helen, rising quickly.

But you are tired, child; don't mind—I can do very well without it.

Not near so tired as you, mother, for I don't believe you have stopped a minute to-day.

This was near the truth. For in that long summer day the busy house-mother had only sat down long enough to hastily eat a few mouthfuls of food at breakfast and dinner, to take the baby when absolutely necessary, and to ply the old-fashioned churn. First, up before dawn, cooking breakfast for her family, and the expected day laborers, who came at sunrise. Then milking four cows; then washing dishes, making beds, sweeping floors, gathering and preparing vegetables, fruit, etc., for dinner, setting yeast to rise, and making the bread at just the right time. Then the hot afternoon's work of ironing, the churning and milking again, the care of pigs and poultry, etc.—to the end of the chapter, and all with only Helen to help—it had been a ceaseless strain on nerve, muscle and brain—all day long. She thought of it all as she sat on the porch to rest after supper, in the cool of the dying day. John leaned back in his easy chair near her, with his feet on the banister, and the well-beloved pipe in his mouth.

My crop of oats is all right now, he said, all saved in fine weather, and it cost me only a few dollars in money. Those hands worked well to-day. But I tell you, Mary, it is the last crop I expect to cut with the cradle. Next year I shall have better machinery than that. I shall be able to buy it with this year's cotton crop.

How much did you pay those women, John? asked his wife.

Fifty cents each—and they earned it. And they were boarded besides: If they were to get such wages the year round, they would have—well, say a hundred and fifty dollars each. I wish I could earn that.

You? laughed John, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and what do you want with it?

Oh, I could find a use for it. And I have been thinking to night that I have worked as hard to-day, according to my strength, as any hand you had in the field; and I do it day after day, year in and year out. And what are my wages?

What do you mean, Mary? Have you not a good home, and everything you need, in return for your work?

Yes; you give me plenty to eat and wear, and a place to stay in. Is that all that my work is worth to you?

Oh, no, Mary; but what in the world are you driving at? Is not everything here yours as much as it is mine?

No, I think not. Everything on the plate has been bought with your money—money you made by your own labor and management, while I washed, cooked, sewed, and saved for you, besides nursing your children, who are growing up to work for you also; and I get my board and clothes. What do you suppose it would cost you to hire some one to do my share of the work—that is, leaving the children out of the question?

I don't know, Mary, but nobody could be hired to take care of those things as you do, and I'm afraid I could not be able to hire even my cooking and washing, long. But for all that, I do not understand you. Do you want me to pay you wages for your work? If it comes to that,

suppose I rate my labor at its value, and appropriate the amount to my personal use? It seems to me that everything here belongs to us equally, and I don't see how we can divide it. I only get my board and clothes, as well as you; but have we not been working all these years for a common interest—for a home, and for the benefit of our children?

Yes, I know, John—I agree with all that you say as to that, and I want no wages for what I do; but I am trying to look at the matter in a business-like way. You say all belongs to us alike. You must then consider that we are co-proprietors and equal partners. How is it, then that I must ask you for every dollar I spend, and must account for the use I make of it?

Oh, well—I never thought much about that; I'm sure you have free access to our pocket-book at all times.

Yes, I could go and take every cent from it if I chose, but you would be much astonished if I did so. I feel as much bound to go to you for what I need to spend as if you were the master, and I your cook.

Well, Mary, it is the custom for the husband to carry the purse and provide for the household; and really if you were to make a habit of taking what money you like without consulting me at all, it might result in some confusion. For you cannot be supposed to know all the expenses and contingencies to be provided for, as I do. Suppose at some time when a heavy outlay must be made, to carry on the business successfully, I go to our purse for the wherewithal to buy with, and lo! my business partner has been there before me and invested the hoarded funds in something that women delight in!

Mrs. Graham smiled. That is a plausible argument John, but I am not sure that the rule won't work both ways. You cannot reasonably be expected to know as much of the needs of the domestic department as I should. Very often there is a pressing need for an expenditure in the interest of that department, when I know well that it is useless to even mention the matter to you, because the purse is empty; and that, too, when a little knowledge and forethought on your part would easily have saved enough for the emergency. Why not put some part of our mutual capital into my hands for the benefit of my branch of the business? Are you afraid to trust me with it?

John rubbed his nose thoughtfully a while before replying.

No, I am not afraid to trust you with anything, Mary; but I never thought of there being any necessity for such a thing. Don't I buy everything you ask for willingly?

Certainly you do. I am not complaining in the least, but still I would so much like to have some money of my own, sometimes. Why shouldn't I just as well as you? You do not think of spending your money for yourself, and neither would I, if I had control of it. But at the same time I might want to spend something in a way that you wouldn't approve, perhaps. You do not consult me as to how you shall dispose of what you spend, nor do I wish to. If I have helped to earn the money, ought not I also to have the privilege of choosing—even unwisely as you might think—how I may spend some part of it?

I think so, really. But how in the world are we going to get the matter into any shape? You know farmers do not have a stated income or a salary, and ready money isn't always handy.

Very true. But some time when you have sold a good crop, or made a good bargain, and your purse feels pleasantly heavy, if you would just hand over a small share of its contents to your partner, it would make her feel so proud! and I don't believe you would lose a cent by it.

John took out his pipe which had long since gone out, and put it in the little wall pocket above his accustomed seat on the piazza. Then he slowly took out his purse, which he had kept in his pocket, after paying off his hands. The moon was shining brightly now, and he poured the contents of the purse—several silver dollars and some smaller change—into his wife's lap, saying pleasantly: The purse is not splendidly heavy just now, little woman, but as I expect to sell those oats in a few days for a good price, I'll try you with this much.

Are you really willing that I shall have it John? asked the surprised wife.

Of course I am. You have earned it many times over, and if you spend it all for red ribbons to-morrow, I shall not scold you. But though I shall not ask you how you have spent it, I own that I am a little curious to know what you will do with it.

Perhaps you may find out sometime, but, dear John, and the worn little hand stroked his bearded cheek—I am so little used to having money to spend that I shall have to consider a while how best to use it.

(Continued next issue.)

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NEW GOODS.

Spring 1888.

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

JOHN HASLAN,

BARGAINS!

Ready-made Clothing.

Call and see the goods and be convinced that I am selling them at prices never known before in the city.

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- 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. 25 Diagonal Suits, \$10.00—regular price, \$16.00. 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 FURNISHING GOODS at remarkably low prices.

Remember the place, Above Peoples Bank, JAS. R. HOWIE.

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An Immense Stock

Boots & Shoes

for the Summer trade has arrived, and to arrive at

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FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE,

Largest Stock

BOOTS AND SHOES

IN THE CITY

A splendid variety to select from, in Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Children's sizes.

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ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

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CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

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Chief Superintendent D. POTTINGER, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. May 31st 1888.

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