

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of up to strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be beaten in competition with the multitude of low priced, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-13

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.

Remember the Place.

JAMES D. FOWLER

258 Queen Street.

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.

(Continued from first page.)

like rain, and you almost wished that the King had not come at all. You went to the lily, and said, "Here is the King: will you go with Him?" And the lily looked its loveliest, and said with a sweet smile: "Yes, I will go with the King." Now, is not the King the dearest to you, and the Heaven where He dwells the nearer to you, because of that gathered lily? You will want to see that lily again. If it was so fair here, it will be fairer there. Oh to be where the lilies are gathered! Oh to dwell in the palace of the King!

Thus, when the King comes down into His garden to gather lilies, while it is a time of tears with us, it is often a time of much sweet intercourse with the King Himself. We get to know Him better than we ever did before, and we can trust Him. The more we know Him, the better we love Him. We do not feel hard towards Him now, because He has come and gathered our lilies. We love Him all the more.

But I must close. And my closing word shall be to the young. O young people, Jesus comes oftenest perhaps to reap the bearded grain, to pluck the ripened grapes, to shake down the full-ripe figs; but sometimes He comes to gather lilies, to take to Himself the young, the beautiful, the sweet, the lovely, those we want to keep for years and years. This is a call to us to be ready. Are we lilies in His garden, or are we the world's vile weeds? If we are weeds He will come to mow us down, and cast us out of the garden, and burn us up. If we are lilies He will gather us, and make a garland of us with which to crown Himself.

Do we want to bloom in Heaven or burn in Hell? Which would we rather be—lilies or weeds? You have to burn weeds. Oh let us be lilies in the garden of the King! Let us bud and bloom for the Lord. Let us be so pure and sweet and lovely, that men will be cheered with our fragrance, and gladdened with our beauty; let us be such that they will bless us while we live, and weep for us when we die.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air
Which follows me ever and near,
With its smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel, but I cannot hear.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and the amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

AMEN.

Our Story.

A Kitchen Colonel.

(Continued.)

"Well, I dunno as I'd better go, said Abel, and went across for the broom. However, he swept with more despatch than usual, and when he set down to the churn it was with a forlorn hope that the butter might come in season for him to go to the town meeting. But the butter did not come until the meeting had been long dispersed, and not until Fanny had come home from school. Abel was just lifting out the dasher when she appeared in the kitchen door with her dinner basket on her arm. Well, grandpa, has the butter come? said she.

I guess you've brought it; it's been all the afternoon gittin' here. Abel surveyed her with adoration. Fanny was a pretty young girl. She looked at her grandparents and smiled radiantly, but evidently the smiles were about something that they did not understand.

What are you lookin' so awful tickled about? asked Mrs. Lee.

Oh, nothing. Did you have any pudding left from dinner? I'm most starved.

There's a saucer under the yellow bowl on the pantry shelf.

Fanny was still smiling when she sat down at the kitchen table with the pudding. What does all you? Mrs. Lee asked again. She was at the other end of the table rolling out biscuits for tea.

Oh, nothing, grandma. What makes you think there's anything? Fanny ate her pudding with apparent unconcern, but all the time her eyes danced, and the corners of her mouth curved upward. I didn't have to walk home to-night, she remarked, finally.

Didn't have to walk home? Why not? Well, Charley Page came along just about the time school was out, and—he brought me home in his buggy.

Well, I never! Mrs. Lee's sharp old face softened; she surveyed her granddaughter with admiring smiles. That's the second time without a week, ain't it?

Fanny nodded, and bent lower over the pudding. She was blushing pink, and she could not keep the smiles back. Abel, who was starting the fire, stood stock-still, and stared with delighted

wonder at her and his wife. That young Page is one of the smartest fellars in town, he volunteered; an' his father's wuth a good deal of property.

Abel was so pleased that he paid little attention when, on carrying his basket around to the shed door for more light wood, Ephraim again hailed from the fence. Hullo, Abel! he called: I didn't see you to the town meetin'.

No, I wa'n't there.

Kitchen colonel again?

Abel picked up wood vigorously. Ephraim surveyed him with a dissatisfied expression. Who was that I see your Fanny a-ridin' home with? he asked.

Abel straightened himself, and looked over at Ephraim. That was the young Page fellar, he said, proudly.

John Page's son?

Yes.

H'm!

In a moment Ephraim turned about and walked off. He had a daughter of his own who was about Fanny's age, and she was very plain looking and unattractive, and was not liked by the young men.

Fanny was much sought after, she was so pretty, and she had such pleasant ways. She dressed nicely, too; her grandmother encouraged her to spend her school money for clothes. Her grandparents had always pitied her, and expected very little from her. She did not help much about the house. To-night, after tea, she stood looking irresolutely at her pretty gray dress and her grandparents. Don't you want me to take off my dress and help about the dishes? said she.

Land, no! answered her grandmother. Go 'long; it ain't wuth while to change your dress for this little passel of dishes. Father's goin' to wash 'em while I'm mixin' up the bread.

Yes, you go right along an' set down in the parlor an' git rested, Fanny, chimed in Abel. I ain't got a thing to do but the dishes, an' they ain't wuth talkin' about. Abel snuffled cheerfully around, gathering up the dishes from the tea table.

Fanny went into the parlor as she was bidden; she had about her a sweet docility, and she would have changed her dress and washed the dishes just as readily. Fanny would always perform all the duties that she was told to, but probably not so very many others. She had little original directive power in the matter of duties, although she had a perfect willingness and sweetness in their execution.

She sat down at a parlor window with some fancy-work, and rocked to and fro comfortably. She could look out on the front yard full of green grass, with a blossoming cherry tree, and a yellow-flowering bush down near the gate. The four women boarders were in the sitting-room, but she did not think of joining them, nor they her. Fanny's grandmother always insinuated her into the parlor when the boarders were in the sitting-room. In her heart she did not consider these four dingy-handed shop girls were fit associates for her grand-daughter.

Fanny herself had no such feeling in the matter; she would have gone into the sitting-room and fraternized with the boarders, had her grandmother wished her to do so. But they rather repulsed her, and held themselves aloof with an awkward dignity, and Fanny was timid and easily rebuffed. They were quite acute enough to understand that Mrs. Lee did not consider them proper company for her grand-daughter, and they felt injured and covertly resentful. They were also righteously indignant because Fanny was so petted by her grandparents, and did not help them more. To-night the four women in the sitting-room whispered together about Fanny; how she was sitting all dressed up in the parlor while her poor old grandparents were working in the kitchen. They thought that she ought to give up her school and stay at home and help. She was not earning much anyway, and it all went on her back; she need not dress so fine.

While they whispered, Fanny, small and dainty, putting pretty stitches in her fancy-work, sat at the parlor window. When it was too dark for her to sew, she leaned her head against the window-casing and looked out. The yellow bush in the yard still showed out brightly in the dusk; the cherry tree looked like a mist. Over in the east beyond everything else, was a soft rise of shadow; that was Eagle Mountain.

It grew darker. After a while her grandmother came into the room, feeling her way. Don't you want me to light a lamp, grandma? asked Fanny, in a soft, absent voice.

No; I don't want none. I'd jest as soon set down in the dark a few minutes; then I'm goin' to bed. Father's gone. The old woman fumbled into a chair at the other window. Have you seen anything about your hat yet? she asked Fanny, after they both had sat still for a little while.

(Continued next issue.)

212.

NEW GOODS.

Spring 1888.

WHITE COTTONS,

UNBLEACHED COTTONS,

SHEETINGS, TOWELS

AND TOWELLING,

STAIR OIL CARPETS,

FLOOR OIL CARPETS.

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, Bracons, 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 Mattings, 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.

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.

SALESMEN WANTED

Canvass for a full line of HARDY CANADIAN NURSERY STOCK. Honest, energetic Men, 25 years of age and over, can find steady work for the next Twelve Months. No experience needed. Full instructions given. We engage on SALARY and pay expenses, or on commission. Address (stating age and enclosing Photo), STONE & WELLINGTON, Montreal, Que. J. WBEALL, Manager. Special inducements to new men. Nurseries: Fonthill, Ont. Established 1842, 465 Acres, the largest Nurseries in Canada. April 27th, 3 ins.

WHAT A NUISANCE

TO HAVE

SPOILED PRESERVES.

You can avoid it by using the

"Mason" Self-Sealing Fruit Jars.

We have them and also sell PORCELAIN LINED PRESERVING KETTLES at low prices.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express 7.00 a. m.
Accommodation 11.00 a. m.
Express for Sussex 16.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec 22.15 p. m.

A sleeping car runs daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec 5.30 a. m.
Express from Sussex 8.30 a. m.
Accommodation 12.55 p. m.
Day Express 18.00 p. m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office
Moncton, N. B. May 31st 1888.

TRY OUR

R. F. B.

\$1.00

Unlaundered Shirts!

They are Reinforced Front and Back, and the best quality and fitting Shirt in the market.

FOR SALE BY US ONLY.

C. H. THOMAS & Co

224 QUEEN STREET.

N. B.—Our terms for these Shirts at the above price are CASH, when booked we will charge \$1.10.

C. H. THOMAS & Co.

May 19

PLUMBING

—AND—

GAS FITTING

I am in a position to give estimates on a classes of plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to perform the work satisfactory and promptly.

I make a specialty of fitting up Bath Rooms Hot-Air Furnaces &c.

A. N. LaFOREST,

Tinsmith, Plumber, &c.,

JOHN HARVEY,

PHOTOGRAPHER!

QUEEN STREET,

(Next Below Peoples Bank)

Fredericton, N.B.

PICTURES

—COPIED AND ENLARGED—