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This powder never varies. A marvel of up-ty, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-17

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## TINWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

(Continued from first page.)

own souls, and worrying to the love that is bearing us up. What anxiety we give ourselves when there is no need of it at all. If we are God's children we need not be anxious, and we ought not to be anxious about anything, for God's wings of love are underneath us.

The old Israelite had no need to be anxious at all. But he was anxious often, and murmured time and again. He was ever forgetting that Divine wings were carrying him. The people had not gone far on their Canaan journey before they found the Red Sea blocking their way, and Egypt's hosts chasing them. They were in a tight place, and they began to complain, murmur. But when the sea opened its waters to let them through safely, and then shut again upon their presumptuous enemies, they were able to sing aloud of judgment and mercy. Surely after that they will never murmur again, they will never be anxious more, they will never again question God's faithfulness and wisdom and love. But they did. The next difficulty that crossed their path they were at their murmuring as loud as ever.

And so with God's people today. We have multitudes of examples provided us in the Word of God and in the life-experiences of christians of the importance of implicit trust in God's fatherly love and care. We have promise after promise set before us, and the strong attestations of His unchanging and unchangeable love. We have had experiences ourselves to look back to and take encouragement from. But for all that, no sooner does a new difficulty present itself, a new trouble come flying, shadowing with its sombre wings our sunshine, than we are murmuring and mistrusting again, just as much as if we had never seen trouble.

But, to close, let us learn here to know and feel that God's dealings with us are love's dealings, the judgments as well as the mercies. Let us not be afraid to trust ourselves and ours to the wings of Divine love. He will not let us fall. He will bear us up, higher and higher, away up above the vexing cares and anxieties of the world, and the clouds and storms and darkness that hang around it, to the world of everlasting joy and peace. And when we have reached the glorious end of our christian pilgrimage, and look away back over all the way we have come, the Red Sea we have been led through, the howling wilderness we have traversed, the burning noon-day heat and the chill dark night we have dragged through, the cruel enemies we have fought with, the fears and tears we have had, and the last great trouble, the swelling Jordan, we have experienced, we will feel and know then that the wings of Divine love had been bearing us all the way, and that we shed far more tears, and experienced far more trouble and sorrow than there was any need for.

AMEN.

### Our Story.

#### Won by a School Ma'am.

(Continued.)

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

But he said, deprecatingly: "Well, Lyme's a good steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder. The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor had gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week, nor did the prospect of the four miles' walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road, Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director, and he was coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuse, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous solemnity.

"I won't say I'm going over the river on business and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully-laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Larkin's and leave my pinner-pail," she said, demurely.

Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director, as the latter assisted the teacher to the ground and sat down on the horse block waiting for her.

"Lyme Doty was here after Molly just now," he said gaspingly. "I sent him down to the school-house."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking, nevertheless, in a shamefaced way and avoiding the little-man's eye, "You see, I feel as though it's my bounded duty to keep Lyme Doty

away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back, and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded, practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of duty," said Larkin, chuckling slowly at the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty will take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything," said Mrs. Larkin, mysteriously.

The Larkins—and, perhaps, Lyme Doty—were the only people who were not surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term and was quietly married to the young director. The chairman of the school board is wondering over it yet.

END.

### A Wonderful Railroad.

When the railroad was first opened between Moscow and St Petersburg it was an object of great terror to the superstitious peasantry of northern Russia, who thought there must certainly be some witchcraft or magic in an invention which could make a train of heavy cars run along without horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour, when the best speed of the wagons to which they were accustomed was only three miles an hour, or four at the very outside.

Some of them would not even go within sight of a train, and made the sign of the cross whenever they heard one rattle past. Others peeped timidly over the palisade of the railway station to catch a glimpse of the fearful smoke-breathing creature, which they believed to be a living monster, and when the steam-whistle sounded they cried out, "Hear him screaming! He's hungry, and wants to eat somebody!" and took to their heels at once.

But little by little this terror began to wear away. The village priests were seen to go to and fro by train, and the simple country folk thought that what they did could not be wrong. By degrees the peasants themselves began to try the "smoke-wagons" too, and one day an old man named Ivan Petrovitch Masloff, who had never been out of his own village till then, made up his mind to go and have a look at "Mother Moscow," which all Russian peasants reverence as the finest city in the world, and the real capital of Russia.

Now it happened that the down express met each other at the station of Bologoe (midway between Moscow and St. Petersburg), where the passengers of both trains stopped for half an hour to have supper. Among the rowd of people that got out of the other train Ivan suddenly recognized an old friend. The two went into the refreshment room together, had a chat over their steaming tumblers of tea and lemon juice, and then Ivan, without thinking of what he was doing, got into his friend's train instead of his own, and was soon travelling back toward the spot whence he had started.

Their talk went on merrily for a while, for Ivan's friend never thought of asking the old man which way he was going. But presently Ivan began to grow silent and grave, as if pondering something which puzzled him very much; and at length, after sitting for nearly five minutes without uttering a word, he suddenly broke out:

"Ah, Pavel Yurievitch" (Paul, son of George), "what a wonderful thing these railroads are, to be sure! Here am I going to Moscow, and here are you going to St. Petersburg, and yet we're both travelling in the same car.—David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.

The Queen of England never sends her personal correspondence through the regular mail as her subjects do. Every trivial communication, whether of a personal or a private nature, is delivered at its destination by a Queen's messenger. She is the only European sovereign who does this.

### Run Down.

Doctor (who finds a tramp groaning by the roadside)—What is the matter with you?

Tramp (dolefully)—My system is all run down.

Doctor—By what?

Tramp—By a dog.—Burlington Free Press.

### A Wicked Reply.

He—Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty?

She—I don't think it half as becoming as her light brown.—San Francisco Post.

## 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 Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the Latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trouserings, 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 wainut, best Hair Cloth, our own manufacture, \$42.75, at

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### SILVERWARE AND CUTLERY.

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

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30 New Ivoryware Tea Sets, handsome patterns and very cheap.

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—OF—

## MOUNT ALLISON COLLEGE, SACKVILLE, N. B.

Fall Term Opens August 30th.

For information as to courses of study, expenses, &c., send for a Calendar. Young men and women desirous of taking a College course are invited to correspond with the President.

J. R. INCH, LL. D.

Sackville, July 9th.—4w.

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### SPOILED PRESERVES.

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## 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.

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May 19

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