

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

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 cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall-st., N. Y. 10-10-1y

## 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. WILBY,**  
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.

**TIN WARE,**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
**PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.**

(Continued from first page.)

Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Thus, in conclusion, my brethren, likeness to God, bearing His image, and being with Him, is to be the satisfaction with which the christian is to be satisfied in the life to come. And who can tell us what it is, what an unutterable blessedness it is, what a glory of being?

If, then, that is to be our future, what should our present be? Should we be easily satisfied now, satisfied with small attainments, low worldly aims and pursuits, unworthy satisfactions? Let us keep in view what we are to be, and let us not be so much at the beck and bidding of the world, and the tools of designing men; let us not give ourselves to the vanities and follies of the world, the enjoyment of its pleasures, the heaping up of its riches; but let us live worthy of our high vocation, the destiny that awaits us, for we are to be like Jesus and with Him where He is.

And then what comfort here for those who have been recently bereaved. If our friends are with Jesus, it is well with them. They are now satisfied, and let us take comfort in their satisfaction. They seem to look back to us from their blessed seats, and with bright happy faces invite us to come up to be where they are, and we want to come. And God helping us, we shall yet come, and shall be satisfied as they are satisfied, satisfied with that which alone can satisfy, the realized ideal of our being, the likeness and presence of God.

AMEN.

### Our Story.

#### A Kitchen Colonel.

(Continued.)

Abel, as he cleaned his dandelions, breathed it in without noticing. He had been out there all the morning, and had become accustomed to it, as it seems one would to the air of paradise. Moreover, he had seen seventy-eight seasons of blooming peach trees, and a spring had become like an old and familiar picture on his wall; it had no new meaning for him. And, too, he was harnessed, as it were, with his head down, to dandelions.

Always as he sat there he could hear a heavy, creaking step in the forward kitchen. Back and forth it went, and there were also loud rattling and clinking noises of dishes and iron kettles.

Suddenly, as he worked on the dandelions, the step and the noises ceased, and a voice took their place. It was a naturally soft and weak voice that had been strained into hard shrillness. "You mind you clean them dandelions thorough father."

"I'm takin' all the pains I can with 'em," replied the old man. He examined one which he held in hand at the moment with great solicitude. He could not see the woman, but her eyes were upon him through the crack in the blind. She was at the window nearest the door.

"Well, you mind you do," she repeated. "How near done air they?"

The old man surveyed the pans with grave consideration. "Bout half, I guess."

Hall! Good land! An' you've been quiddin' out there all the mornin'.

It's consider'ble work to dig 'em, mother.

Work—talk about work! You dun know what work is. If you'd made the pies that I have since I got up from the breakfast table you might think you'd done somethin'. If them greens ain't done in half an hour I can't get 'em boiled for dinner.

I guess I can git 'em done in half an hour.

Guess—there ain't no guess about it! You've got to if I git 'em done for dinner, an' I've got to have somethin' to eat with all them boarders. I want you to git them done an' then wash up the breakfast dishes. I ain't had a minute. Now don't, for the land's sake, putter so long over that one; it's clean enough.

The voice ceased and the step began. Abel labored with diligence at his dandelion greens. After a while another old man came stiffly sauntering across the next door-yard, and took up a stand the other side of the picket fence. He was small, with sharp features and a high forehead. He had very white hair and a long white beard, and he was smiling to himself. He stood between two of the blooming peach trees, and looked smilingly at Abel, who toiled over his greens, and did not appear to see him.

Well, Abel, how air you? said the old man finally. His smile deepened, his old blue eyes took on a hard twinkle, like blue beads, and stared straight into Abel's face.

Well, I'm poety fair, Ephraim. How air you? Abel had not started when the other spoke; he merely glanced up from his greens with a friendly air.

Well, I'm 'bout as usual, Abel. The old man paused for a second. When he spoke again it was more cautiously. He was near Abel, and also very near the kitchen window whence the sound of footsteps and dishes came. Kitchen colonel

this mornin', Abel? he queried, in a soft and insinuating voice. His venerable white beard seemed to take quirks and curls like a satyr's as he hove a repressed chuckle.

I dun know what you call it, replied Abel, with a patient gravity. He took another dandelion out of the pail and examined it minutely.

Goin' to the meetin' this afternoon? What meetin'?

The town meetin'; ain't ye heard of it!

No, I ain't.

It's a special town meetin' 'bout the water works they're talkin' 'bout puttin' in. There's notices up on all the trees down street. I should ha' thought you'd seen 'em, if you'd had eyes.

Well, I ain't happened to somehow.

Ephraim cast a glance at the kitchen window, and again cautiously lowered his voice. Been too busy in the kitchen, ain't ye?

Well, I dun know 'bout that.

I s'pose a kitchen colonel wouldn't git shot if he run for't; but he might git the pots an' kettles throwed at him. Ephraim doubled over the fence with merriment at his own humor.

Abel's face was imperturbable; he kept close at work on the greens.

Well, I s'pose you'll go to the meetin', continued Ephraim.

I dun know.

I should think you'd want to go, if you was a man an' have a leetle voice in things. Here they air talkin' 'bout puttin' in them water works, an' raisin' our taxes four per cent, to pay for't. I've got a good well, an' so've you, an' we don't want no water-works.

There's some that ain't got wells, observed Abel, shortly.

Well, that ain't anything to us, is it? We've got 'em. Anyway I should think you'd want to go to the meetin', and see what was bein' done, if you was a man.

Abel said nothing. He began to gather up himself and his pans stiffly. The dandelions were all picked over. Ephraim, still smiling, leaned on the fence and watched him.

What ye goin' to do now Abel?

Abel did not seem to hear. When he stood up, one could see how tall he was, although there was a stoop in his gaunt square shoulders. His spare face was pale, and his sharp, handsome features had a severe downward cast, although their principal effect was gentle patience. He looked like a Roman Senator turned begging friar as he stood there in his overalls holding his dandelion pans.

Got the dishes washed Abel?

No, I ain't yet, replied Abel, with a mixture of embarrassment and dignity in his tone. He turned on his heel, but Ephraim would not let him go.

Stop a minute, said he. Where's Fanny?

She's gone to school.

Hm! Ephraim as he sniffed, cocked his head and rolled his eyes toward the pink top of a peach tree, as if in a spasm of contempt. I rather think if Fanny Lee was my grand-daughter she'd quit school-teachin', an' stay at home an' help about the house-work, an' I'd quit bein' kitchen colonel; I rather think I would.

Ephraim raised his voice incautiously; a woman's head appeared in the kitchen window.

What's that? she inquired, sharply.

Oh, nothin', replied Ephraim. I was jest talkin' to Abel, Mis' Lee. Ephraim straightened himself from his lounge over the fence, and turned about with a deprecatory swiftness, but the woman's sharp old voice followed him up like a long-lashed whip.

Well, said she, if you ain't got anything better to do than stan' leanin' on the fence talkin' nothin' to my husband all the forenoon, you'd better come in here an' help me. I'll give you somethin' to do. Ephraim said nothing; he was in full retreat, and had passed the line of peach trees. You'd better go home an' help Mis' Coles carry in the water for her washin', the woman's voice went on. I see her carryin' in a pail jest now, an' she was bent over 'most double. Seeing that she could get no response, she stood looking after Ephraim with a comical expression that savored of malice and amusement. She turned around when Abel with the dandelions shuffled into the room. Now, father, what air you bringin' that pan that you've put the scrapin' of the greens in here for? Don't you know no better? I should think you'd knowed enough to took 'em down to the hens, many times as I've told ye. They're shut up now an' they like green things.

I'll take 'em down now.

Take 'em down now! It does seem sometimes, father, as if you didn't have no sense at all. If I set you to doin' a piece of work, you're always takin' hold on't wrogn end first. Take them greens down to the hens! I should think you'd know better, father.

(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.**

### 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.

**JAMSE R. HOWIE,**  
190 QTEEN ST., FTON.

Fredericton, June 12th.

### Municipality Of York.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Semi-Annual Meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of York, will be held in the County Council Room, in the Court House, in the City of Fredericton, on **Tuesday, the third day of July next.**

Dated the 20th day of June, A. D., 1888  
WILLIAM WILSON,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

### DIVISION OF BYE-ROAD MONEY, For 1888

Bright.....	\$235 08
Canterbury.....	226 88
Douglas.....	317 03
Dumfries.....	187 97
King-clear.....	236 23
Manners Sutton.....	198 78
New Maryland.....	139 93
North Lake.....	166 48
Prince William.....	185 48
Queensbury.....	214 23
Southampton.....	227 38
St. Marys.....	375 73
Stanley.....	284 80

\$3,000 00

Dated, June 18th, A D, 1888.

WM. WILSON,  
Sec'y Treas. York.

### SALESMEN WANTED

To 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. W. BEALL, 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

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