

# 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. 10-10-17

## JEWELRY,

Silverware, &c.

A choice and well selected stock of NEW ATTRACTIONS in

FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, GOLD PEN & PENCILS

## SPECTACLES

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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.

## CUPWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

PHOENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

### Our Story.

#### A Kitchen Colonel.

(Continued.)

Yes; I went into Miss Loring's on my way to school this morning.

What you goin' to have?

That brown straw I've been talking about. I'm going to have it trimmed with some brown velvet and yellow daisies.

It'll be real handsome. When you goin' to have it?

Next week—Friday. I've got to have it then, for I haven't a thing to wear if we go up the mountain Saturday.

The old woman's face was invisible in the dusk, but her voice took on a pleased and significant tone, and she laughed softly. I s'pose that Page fellar will be goin' won't he?

I don't know. He was invited. Fanny also laughed with pleased confusion. She had been climbing the mountain with young Page for the last hour in a dream, and she had worn the brown straw hat with the brown velvet and the yellow daisies.

Well, I guess he'll go, fast enough. I see his father down to the store the other day, an' he stopped an' shook hands an' asked how I was, and looked dreadful smilin' an' knowin'. I guess he's heard how his son's been carryin' you home from school. Well, I guess he's a good likely young fellar, an' that's wuth more than his father's money. The old woman spoke the last words of her remark in a lagging and drowsy voice. The two were silent again. Presently there came a long heavy breath from the grandmother's corner.

Grandma! called Fanny.

What? the old woman responded, faintly.

Wake up; you're goin' to sleep.

Well, I dun know but I be. I guess I'd better rouse up an' go to bed. I wouldn't set up much longer if I was you, Fanny.

I ain't going to. But Fanny sat there and dreamed quite a while after her grandmother had fumbled out of the room.

That was on Thursday. It was the next day but one, Saturday, when old Ephraim Cole came to the fence and hailed Abel as he was paring potatoes at the kitchen door.

Hullo, Abel! how air ye?

'Bout as usual, answered Abel.

Kitchen colonel this mornin'?

I dun know what you call it. Abel was cutting the specks from the potatoes with clumsy pains. He sat on the doorstep with the pan between his knees. Ephraim stood watching him. He had an important look, and his smile was different from his usual one.

Presently he leaned over the fence. Abel said he, in a confidential whisper. What?

Come here a minute. Want to tell ye somethin'.

Abel hesitated; he peered uneasily around at the kitchen window. Then he set down the potatoes, arose, and slowly shuffled over and caught him by the sleeve when he came near enough. You know Maria an' me own two share in the railroad, don't ye? he whispered. Abel nodded. Well, continued Ephraim, next Saturday there's a stockholder meetin' to Boston, an' Maria she don't care nothin' 'bout goin', 'cause she's goin' to have company, an' Abby she don't want to, an' so if you want to go on Maria's stock you can.

Abel stared at him in gentle bewilderment. Go to Boston?

Of course—go to Boston for nothin'; 'twon't cost ye a cent. An' I'll stan' the dinner. We'll go in somewhere an' git somethin' to eat. An' we'll go round an' see the sights. What d'ye say to't?

Ephraim looked at Abel with the air of an emperor tendering a royal bounty. He drew himself up, put his hands in his pockets, and smiled.

Abel looked pleased and eager. Thank ye, Ephraim. I'd like to go fast-rate if—there ain't nothin' to hinder.

I'd like to know what there is to hinder! I guess you can quit bein' kitchen colonel for one day. The meetin' comes a week from to-day, an' that's Saturday, an' Fanny she'll be home to help Mis' Lee.

Yes, she will, assented Abel, thoughtfully. Well, I must go and finish them potatoes now, an' I'll see what mother says to it, an' let yer know.

Abel pared the potatoes with greater pains than ever; he washed them faithfully, and carried them into the kitchen, and tremblingly broached the subject of the Boston trip to his wife. To his great delight it was favorably received. Mrs. Lee said she did not see any reason why he could not go. She had entirely forgotten about Fanny's mountain party.

All the next week old Abel was in a tremor of delight. He had long conference with Ephraim over the fence; de-

lightful additions to the regular programme were planned; every day some new scheme was talked over. Abel had not had an outing for many years; he was like a child over this one. Still he did not neglect his household tasks; he worked with anxious zeal, he was so afraid that his wife might see so much to be done that she would veto the plan at the last moment. He was so anxious and nervous over it that he did not say much about it at home, for fear of having some damper cast upon him. Abel had not much shrewdness, but he had learned that a casual acceptance of a situation was much more likely than an eager one to make it lasting when his wife was concerned. Friday night at sunset both of the old men stood out in the yard with uplifted faces and scrutinized the heavens.

It ain't goin' to be foul weather tomorrow, said Ephraim, judiciously; not if I know anything about signs.

Ain't you afraid the wind ain't in jest the right quarter? Abel asked, anxiously.

H,m! I don't care nothin' about the wind. Everything pints square to fair weather, 'cordin' to my reck'nin'.

Ephraim was right. The next day was beautiful. Abel looked out of the window in the morning and his face was like a boy's. Directly after breakfast he shaved himself at the kitchen glass and blacked his boots. Then he went into his bedroom to put on his Sunday clothes.

He was nearly ready—clean collar and stock and all—when he heard Fanny's voice and Ephraim's daughter Abby's on in the yard. He did not pay much attention at first; then he stood still and listened with a lengthening face. No, I can't go any way in the world, Fanny was saying. Her voice was perfectly sweet and uncomplaining, but there was a sad inflection in it. Grandma forgot all about it, and she says poor grandpa has been counting on going to Boston for a whole week, and it would be real cruel to keep him at home; and it's baking day, and she's got the sitting-room carpet to put down, and she can't get along alone. Of course I'm kind of sorry about it. I'd been counting on going; but I wouldn't keep grandpa at home for anything, and there isn't anything else for me to do but to stay myself.

Well, I hope that pretty Rogers girl that's visitin' up to Rhoda Emerson's won't cut you out with Charley Page. I saw him talking to her in the post-office last night, Abby said. Her voice was like her father's.

Abel unbuttoned his stock, and painfully unbuttoned his stiff collar. Presently he appeared in the kitchen, and he had on his old clothes. His wife faced around on him. For mercy's sakes, father, ain't you changed your clothes yet?

I ain't goin', after all, I guess.

Ain't goin'! why not?

Fanny was standing at the sink washing dishes, and she stopped and stared.

Well, said Abel, I've been thinkin' on't over, an' I've made up my mind I'd better not go, on several 'counts.

I'd like to know what.

Well, one thing is it's under cheatin', I've got to go as Maria Coles, an' I ain't Maria Coles. That's what it says in the stiffikit. I've got to show the conductor Maria Coles. And it ain't just square, 'cordin' to my notions. I ain't thought 'twas all the time.

Well, I think you air dreadful silly, father.

Well, I don't think 'twould amount to much anyhow, to tell the truth.

I would go, grandpa, said Fanny.

But Abel stood fast in his position. His wife, and Fanny, who was anxious to acquit herself honorably in the matter, pleaded with him to no purpose. He was proof against even Ephraim's reproaches and sarcasms. Well, stay to home, an' be a kitchen colonel all your life, if you want to, shouted Ephraim, as he strode out of the yard; it's all you're fit for, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'.

Abel went into the house and pushed Fanny away from the sink. If there's any thing else you want to do, Fanny, said he, you'd better go an' do it. I ain't got another thing to set my hand to now.

Fanny looked at her grandmother.

If he ain't goin' you might jest as well go an' get ready, said Mrs. Lee.

In a few minutes Abel heard Fanny's voice calling over to Abby: Abby, Abby, wait for me! I'm goin' after all. It won't take me but a minute to get ready. And Fanny's voice sounded sweeter than a bird's to her grandfather at the kitchen sink.

Abel had a hard day of it. Putting down the sitting-room carpet was painful work for his old joints, and then there was churning to be done. When Fanny came home he sat in the old rocking-chair in the kitchen, with his head back fast asleep. Presently his wife came out and aroused him. Wake up, father, said she; I want to tell you somethin'. Abel looked heavily up at her. I—ruther guess Fanny and that Page fellar have settled it betwixt 'em, whispered Mrs. Lee.

(Continued next issue.)

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### 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 Bies 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 Coods,

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

on 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 class 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,

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QUEEN STREET,

(Next Below Peoples Bank)

Fredericton, N.B.

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