

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**METHODIST.**  
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.  
GEO. S. BAKER, Supt.  
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.  
G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

**BAPTIST.**  
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.  
THOS. B. WILDER, Supt.  
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.  
Prayer meeting Thursday night.  
FOURSETH SMITH, Pastor.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office over Thomas' Drug Store.

**D. H. P. BUILT,**  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office in the Ford Building, corner Main and Nash streets. Upstairs—fruit.

**H. MASSENBURG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and in the Supreme Court.

**M. WOODS & SON,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Guilford, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

**DR. E. S. FOSTER,** DR. J. E. MALONE,  
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PRACTICING PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,  
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Office over Aycock's Drug Company.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
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Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and adjoining counties, also in the Supreme Court and in the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

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**F. S. SPRULL,**  
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Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Guilford, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections.

**T. W. BICKETT,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
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Prompt and painstaking attention given to every matter entrusted to his hands.

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Practices in all courts. Office in Neal Building.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office on second floor of Neal building Main Street.

**D. R. D. T. SMITHWICK,**  
DENTIST,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office in Ford's Building, 2nd floor. Gas administered and teeth extracted without pain.

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OFFICE OVER AYCOCK'S DRUG COMPANY.

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**FRANKLINTON HOTEL,**  
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SAM'L MERRILL, Prop'r.  
Good accommodation for the traveling public.  
Good Livery Attached.

**OSBORN HOUSE,**  
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Good accommodations for the traveling public.

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J. P. MASSENBURG, Prop'r  
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Good accommodations. Good fare. Po- lite and attentive servant.

**NORWOOD HOUSE,**  
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## MRS. BROOKS'S ADDRESS.

BEFORE THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF THE LOUISBURG FEMALE COLLEGE.

My Sisters of the Alumnae Association, the Teachers and Students of the Louisville Female College and other kind Friends:

I feel it to be indeed an honor and a pleasure to greet you on this occasion, to forget for a while the long distance time has traveled since some of us, like you young friends were in the spring time of life and happiness. As a time-worn traveler returns to his native heath and with old friends recounts the scenes of bygone days so I would ask time to "turn back" while I awaken the echoes of a long silent past and bid you look with me on some of the pictures that have so long hung on the walls of our memory. Let us go back to the close of the year 1779 to a small town situated on the banks of the winding Tar, which the Huguenot settlers had named Louisville, in honor of their persecuted King Louis. For the inhabitants of this new and peaceful plain were composed of a sturdy band, who had fled from England, Ireland and France seeking that freedom so freely offered in the hospitable clime of the new world.

It was here that, but a score or two years past, the Indian sat at the door of his wigwam dreaming of the hunt and the spoils of war, while his hard worked squaw, with her little papoose strapped to her back, fished contentedly in the banks of the sparkling river of health. The dusky lover, in his canoe of birch bark, wooed the dark-eyed maiden "neath the friendly light of the moon. Or, wandering in the thick forest around her, slain by grief over the death of a lover slain in battle, a beautiful Indian girl throws herself from the dizzy heights of Lovers' Leap.

It was in these days that a band of the Tuscarora Indians, who had been making raids on the white settlers, came to a ford on the Tar river, now known as Louisville, but the waters were so swollen from recent rains, they dared not cross. They then went to a point where Lynch's creek pours into Tar river, and camped on a knoll waiting for the waters to subside when they were surrounded by the white settlers, who had been reinforced by settlers from Virginia, and completely destroyed. For many years afterwards this knoll was covered by skeletons of the Indians, so much so, that as late as 1800 physicians procured many specimens of bones for their studies in Anatomy from this knoll.

But how changed the scene! Instead of the scattered wigwams and groups of dusky, painted, forms and feathers of the Indian, now substantial houses, fertile and profitable farms, stores, and a church may be seen, while dignified men, in powdered hair, plumed queues, and silver knee buckles with stately dames in dainty kerchiefs and silken dresses grace the scene.

The settlers of this lovely plain, "Where health and plenty cheered the neighboring swain," were men and women of intellectual culture and refinement—men, who feared God and venerated His laws. And now that the years of war and bloodshed had been succeeded by years of peace and prosperity, they at once began to formulate plans for the improvement of the town and for the education of the rising generation. So a council of the town's wisest men was called, and while plans for purchasing the grounds, and building an academy were being discussed, one of the number, General William Brickell, of Revolutionary fame, arose and offered the town the gift of 24 acres of land, consisting of two beautiful groves of oak near the main part of the town. His generous offer was gladly accepted and in a comparatively short time the Academy was built and the services of Mr. Matthew Dickerson, an uncle of the Field brothers, of New York, who have won such wide fame, was secured as we suppose the first teacher. Thus, was established by the town council an Academy which makes good the claim of Louisville, that within HER gates stands one of the oldest schools of the South. The little village became then, and was ever afterward, a great educational centre, drawing her patronage from the mountains to the seashore and having among her pupils men who have filled with dignity and honor some of the highest offices within the gift of church and State.

Situated as Louisville was on the regular stage route between Washington and New Orleans, many of the great men of national prominence in that day passing through, were attracted by her balmy air and intelligent hospitable citizens, to prolong their stay. It was here in 1785 Bishops Coke and Asbury held the first conference of the Methodist church in America at the hospitable home of Green Hill, two miles from the town. Jesse Lee, the great pioneer preacher of New England often tarried here. This town is famous as the birthplace of men of renown—men who have won for themselves places of distinction and honor in their professions. Within a stone's throw of this College was born one of the State's best known literary men and teachers, the Hon. Kemp P. Battle.

It was at the Male Academy here that the late Mr. B. F. Moore, of Raleigh, who was one of the earliest lawyers of the State, was educated under Mr. Chas. A. Hill, Dr. Wm. G. Thomas, of Wilmington, Mr. Thomas Fuller, of Raleigh, Mr. William Euton, of Granville, and a large number of the representative men of the State, all received a greater part, if not all of their education here. And though the noble stately women of that day were never called to officiate in any public office, they were worthy help-meets, whose highest aim was to make the home beautiful and attractive to the dear ones around them, train the children with care and elegance the honored guest. One has but to read a letter written by one of these dames, and see the neat penmanship, the stately, finished style and reverence with which they wrote to parents and friends, to be convinced that they were women of culture and refinement.

that beautiful "Long ago" For soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown And snow white fore-brows are there. A ring and a pitched vow. A fragrant smile on the balmy air. Drifts through our valley of dreams. But years have distanced the beautiful Lay.

And its melody flutters from far away And we call it now "Old Lines." I am aware that there exists with many now a-days an idea that the women of the old South, were a petted, careless, indolent set, whose highest aim was to look pretty and say pretty nothings to an admiring circle of beaux. I can assure you, it was quite the contrary. As a young lady in one of the old mansions of that day she shared, with her mother in her many worldly cares, and with her dispersed a general, old time hospitality. Reading aloud to father as he smoked his after dinner pipe on the broad piazza, or playing his favorite airs, soothed and quieted him.

With her own hands, she gently smoothed the pillow of the sick and dying of her colored people, and gathering around her the little dusky tots taught them of God. As a result of her good training one has only to turn to the old colored men and women of the old South, now so fast disappearing. And you will pardon me if I pause here, and drop a tear of affectionate memory on the graves of those kind, trusty friends, our patients' old black nannies to whose patience and kind nursing we owe so much.

But this delightful period, was soon darkened by a threatening war cloud, that ere long burst in all its fury and changed even the school girls' rosy dream of happiness, to a life of sacrifice and service. How vividly many of you, my associates, will recall that day just 33 years ago this month, when we assembled in this chapel, with flowers and song to aid in the presentation of that beautiful banner to our brave men of the Franklin Rifles.

"Though broken is its staff and shattered And fast the folds the, now we meet Still 'twill live in song and story 'Though its folds are in the dust."

We no longer sang our songs of triumph, love and flowers, but it is a mingled strain of "Dixie," "Beneath Blue Flag," and "There's life in the old land yet," together with the sad, sweet notes of "Lorena," "When this cruel war is over," and "We shall meet but we shall miss him" were now our favorite airs. What though many of the e who composed that band of warriors tried and true.

"Who bore the flag of our nation's trust, And fell in a cause 'tho' lost still just" and no fill a soldier's grave, we would assure you their comrades and survivors of many hard fought battles, we still honor and cherish their memory, and would bequeath to our children, and you, our young friends of the Alumnae Association, as a sacred legacy, the grateful love we shall ever bear to those who wore the gray.

"Come they from hovel or princely hall, They fought for us and for their should fall The tears of a nation's grief!" In looking over the past history of our loved Alma Mater there is one fact that stands pre-eminent and deeply impresses us and that is, she has never allowed the intellectual development to overshadow the spiritual training imparted to those entrusted to her care. I need it has been, and is now, one of her crowning glories, that she so taught them to reverence God, to respect His written word, to seek for a personal experience of salvation, as the only right basis on which to build a true character, that wherever their lots in life have been cast they have wielded an influence for good. It was through one of her most timid, yet consistent, Christian girls that a large territory of country, some sixty miles from here, was changed from a godless community into one known for its churches, and good-fearing people. In what marked contrast is seen this effect of training with that resulting from what is called the "higher education of the day!" As a striking example of this latter one has only to recall to mind the recent proclamation issued by the Governor of New England. State in which he deeply deplores the decadence of spiritual life in his commonwealth, especially in the rural districts. This fact is attested to by a gentleman who spent some time in these States, and who often spoke to us of the utter neglect of the Sabbath and attendance upon divine worship. Yet he and others declare the TEACHER in these communities is pre-eminent the man of a lifetime. May you who have in your hands, young friends, the moulding of future thought and sentiment, the shaping of future lives, build wisely, having for your foundation the word of God and its teachings and respect unto His commandments, for it is to be greatly feared that in this age of materialism, free loveism, the so-called Christian science, and going after "strange gods" there is a tendency to forsake the faith of our fathers, turn from the "Rock of Ages" and follow

the delusive theories of Theosophy, false sciences and ph'isophy. May you take for your watch-word the great truth so beautifully expressed in Mr. Kipling's Recessional:

RECESSIONAL.  
God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle lines— Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine— Lord God of hosts be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies— The captains and the kings depart: Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, An altar and a sacrificial fire, Lord of hosts be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

As I look into the bright faces around me and remember that "some of you will" soon leave the larry land of girlhood, to return no more, save when

God's memory shall wait you back, resummoning to your ken, Young joy and hopes that blessed your careless hands, For though in thought lived o'er and o'er again, They are gone for aye! Aurora's rays wing, When next she comes, womanly care shall bring."

I would lovingly say to you "Go to your homes and to your mothers learn, How to be women; there are earth's best And proudest altars, there forever burn, Go, catch from mothers by the sacred hearth, The secret by whose might they rule the earth."

Travelers tell us of a valley of races in Roumania where their is so filled with the delightful odor of the exquisite flowers, that the clothing of all who tarry for awhile in their midst are ever afterward redolent with their sweet perfume.

May each of us, who have tarried within these walls, listened to the wise counsels of our teachers, knelt in prayer and sang the praises of God together, carry such odors of a pure and unselfish life that there shall ever go out from us the aroma of a consecrated Christian, so that we may without fear "Meet our Pilot face to face 'When we have crossed the bar."

A Good Story.  
MARRIERS.  
A story is told of a certain young man who of late has been remarkably attentive to a young widow, who discouraged his advances and recently has been wholly lost on him. He heard that she was to celebrate her birthday last week. He had the impudence to send her an expensive present of an exceedingly impertinent kind. It or rather they were in a satin box, and the buckles gleamed with gems. The widow wrote a note of thanks, and before she sent it showed it to somebody who told the story. She wrote:

"MY DEAR MR. BRIDE—Thank you ever so much for remembering Fido's birthday. He needed a new collar, and the one you sent looks so well on him. It was so thoughtful of you to send two, for Fido is so bad about losing things."

And then that vindictive woman signed herself "yours sincerely."

Punishing a Sham.  
Miles Salisbury, resident of Norwich, Conn., had a tiff with his wife and determined to play a practical joke on her Tuesday.

Obtaining an ounce bottle of carbolic acid he smeared a portion of the poison upon his heavy growth of whiskers, staggered into the room where his employer was sitting, said he was tired of life, had taken carbolic acid and asked that his wife be informed. The employer called two doctors by telephone and produced a cupful of mustard and warm water.

When Salisbury saw the matter was being taken seriously he was annoyed and declared it was all a joke. This his employer refused to believe and he was called. Salisbury being held while the mixture was poured down his throat. Then the two doctors arrived, and in vain did the joker spitter, kick and protest. Emetics were forced down his throat until Salisbury fought like a tiger. At last worn out with his struggles and protestations he succumbed, and the doctors thinking he was sinking put a stomach pump down his throat and worked it vigorously. This caused the patient to nearly faint away and he was given heroic treatment to revive him. At last the doctors had time to look into Salisbury's mouth and found he had taken no poison. The physicians left in disgust, but it will require some time to restore Salisbury to his normal condition.

HENRY A. WISE ON CHIMNEY ROCK  
What Virginia's Former Governor said of this Famous North Carolina Crag.

In the midst of one of his impassioned speeches years ago, during the "Know Nothing" campaign, the late Henry A. Wise, formerly Governor of Virginia, and perhaps its most eloquent orator, stretched himself to his full height and exclaimed: "Those mountains which lift their hands to milk the clouds." The old chap was without doubt referring to Chimney Rock. His index finger was pointing directly at Chimney Rock. Henry A. Wise is dead. But Chimney Rock still lives. Henry A. Wise is immortal. So is Chimney Rock. Chimney Rock is one of the boldest of America's crags. The Seaboard Air Line will take you there. It is only seventeen miles beyond Rutherfordton. Railroad ticket good over the stage line. The ride is one of phenomenal grandeur. The inns are set cozily in the recesses of the wild mountain range. One dollar to two dollars per day. The beds are clean. The food is plentiful and toothsome. The pools are solitary and cool and glistening with sprinkled trout. The language of the steep is a ceaseless study and solace and stimulant. The summer thermometer does light duty, having a "beat" of only from 60 to 81. This means deep sleep by night and long climbing walks by day. Everybody wants to walk. But Henry A. Wise said it all. Summer tourist rates from all parts of North Carolina. Don't miss it, men and brethren. Inquire of all Agents. "Kick" if everything is not perfectly comfortable. Watch the boy from college go tough as hickory. If Chimney Rock is anything, it is a place to set the family up against the Fall. Excursion tickets on sale at all Seaboard Air Line ticket offices to Chimney Rock and return at greatly reduced rates.

Charlotte Observer.  
The New York Sun and one of its correspondents who writes from Ballouville, Ill., and signs himself "Woolley West," are engaged in a hot discussion as to whether one may, with due regard for the proprieties, tuck his napkin under his chin at table. The Sun has said this was the height of vulgarity and Woolley jumps it. He grants that pouring one's coffee into the saucer and eating with the knife are in bad form, but stands up bravely for the tucked-in napkin for men with moustaches who want to eat soup without ruining a suit of clothes at every attempt to do so. The Observer stands with Woolley for the tucked-in napkin as long as the spoon is recognized as the proper conveyance for soup. Really it ought to be superseded by the syphon; but this paper is not an authority on table manners and has no prejudices on this subject nor with respect of articles of diet, except that it is in conformity with the canon of good society to eat pie for breakfast.

Don't believe everyone else in the world is happier than you.  
Once Tried, Always Used.  
If we sell you a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, we seldom fail to sell you a person more, who it is said, is in need. Indeed, it has become the family medicine of this town, for coughs and colds, and we recommend it because of its established merits. J. W. G. THOMAS, Prop'r, Oakland Pharmacy, Oakland, Md. Sold by W. G. THOMAS, Druggist.

There may be time when you cannot find help but there is no time when you cannot give help. A quiet, sympathetic look or smile unbars a heart that needs help which you can give.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm has no equal as a household liniment. It is the best remedy known for rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia, while for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds and sore throat, it is invaluable. Write & Free, merchants, Pharmacians, etc., will "Everywhere you buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Remedies, some back and says it is the best medicine he has ever used." 25 and 50 cent bottles at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

J. A. Seiber, of Sedalia, Mo., saved his child from death by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It cured cough, cold, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. W. G. Thomas.

Yes! You can get Note, Letter and Bill, Heads, Statements, Invitations, Cards, Envelopes, Posters, Blank Books, and almost any kind of Printing done here. Also Books at Trade Office.

Entirely New.  
F. R. PLEASANTS,  
Up-to-Date  
Prescription Druggist.

STILL AT THE BRIDGE.  
BLACK-SMITHING

Where I am well known and prepared to do any work, I hope you will see me as I have done before. You will find me at the best site of the River bridge. Main street, Louisville, N. C. If I have any kind of work to do, don't forget that I am always prepared to repair your guns, such as pistols, on new tools. I have a few guns which I have repaired that will be sold if you wish to see them.

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Frank R. Pleasants  
who is the only Graduate of Pharmacy in Louisville, and whose stock of Medicines are

ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Stricker's List  
Atlanta Journal.  
We have not the honor of acquaintance with Mr. Charles H. Stricker, of Chicago, but from afar and unknown to him we desire to waive him our most cordial salutes.

Mr. Stricker is one of the many millions of American citizens who feel outraged at the proceedings of the trusts and who intend to exert themselves to prevent aggregated capital from playing the bog at the expense of the masses. Mr. Stricker believes in object lessons and the anti-trust card he has had printed and circulated is a good illustration of the extent to which the average citizen of this country is now victimized by combinations of capital that throttle competition and fix prices to suit themselves. The following is a copy of Mr. Stricker's very impressive card.

I sleep in a bedstead made by \$12,000,000 trust.  
I put on my underwear made by \$30,000,000 trust.  
I put on my pants thread made by \$300,000,000 trust.  
I wear the shirt made by \$100,000,000 trust.  
I wear shoes of leather made by \$125,000,000 trust.

I walk on carpets made by \$10,000,000 trust.  
I wear the collars made by \$8,000,000 trust.  
I wear the socks made by \$30,000,000 trust.  
I use the matches made by \$20,000,000 trust.  
I light the gas made by \$11,000,000 trust.  
I eat oatmeal with a spoon made by \$50,000,000 trust.  
I eat oatmeal made by \$3,400,000 trust.  
I use sugar in my coffee made by \$40,000,000 trust.  
I use milk in my coffee handled by \$10,000,000 trust.  
I eat the crackers made by \$58,000,000 trust.  
I eat bread of flour made by \$120,000,000 trust.  
I eat meat that is made by \$50,000,000 trust.  
I use wall paper in the house made by \$50,000,000 trust.  
I wear rubber shoes made by \$50,000,000 trust.  
I live in a house, bricks made by \$8,000,000 trust.  
I want my casket from lumber made by \$20,000,000 trust.  
I want them to use ice when dead made by \$117,000,000 trust.  
I want my casket made when dead by \$18,000,000 trust.  
I want my head stone of marble made by \$20,000,000 trust.  
I write this on paper made by \$40,000,000 trust.

Mr. Stricker has enumerated twenty-five trusts that interfere with the laws of competition and free trade which are as much the right of the citizen as his liberty to worship in the manner that seems best to him or his right to regulate the length of his hair and cut of his beard.

The list of trusts thus pilloried is formidable enough, but at the present rate of trust formation it represents only a little more than a week's hatching of these conspiracies.

Mr. Stricker could have extended his list to eight or ten times, the size of the impressive catalogue on his commendable card. He also might have added point to his presentation of the case by saying that—

TRUSTS DO NOT EXIST WHERE THERE IS NO PROTECTIVE TARIFF, AND THAT WITHOUT A PROTECTIVE TARIFF TRUSTS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely digests food within ten minutes and restores all classes of food capable of being assimilated and converted into strength giving and tissue building substances. W. G. THOMAS.

A good man is kinder to his enemies than a bad man is to his friends.

There is a time for all things. The time to take DeWitt's Little Early Bites is when you are suffering from constipation, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion or other stomach or liver troubles. W. G. THOMAS.

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