



C. E. DUFFY,
BARRISTER,
—AND—
Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC ETC.

Accounts Collected and Money to Loan on Real Estate Security.

Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second from Queen.

DR. C. D. CARTER,
DENTIST.

Positively, Teeth Extracted or Filled without Pain, in all cases where it can be done by any other Dentist. No extra charge. Full or partial Sets inserted with latest improvements, at Moderate Prices. Only best material used.

OFFICE :

Nearly opposite Post Office, Queen Street, Fredericton.

All the Latest Styles of
Photographs

MADE AT

HARVEY'S.

Studio: 164 Queen Street.

GEO. A. HUGHES,
Barrister,
Solicitor and Attorney-at-Law.

OFFICE—Whelpley Building, opp. Post Office, Fredericton.

QUEEN HOTEL

J. A. Edwards, Prop.

FREDERICTON - - - - - N. B.

Fine Sample Rooms in Connection.

WAVERLEY HOUSE

Regent St., Fredericton.

JOHN B. GRIEVES, - - Proprietor.

TERMS, MODERATE.

GEO. L. WILSON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, and Notary Public.

OFFICE:—Next door below Weddall's Store,
Queen St., Fredericton, N.B.

Black, Bliss & Nealis
Barristers,
Solicitors, etc.

Queen St., Opp. Post Office.

Solicitors for Bank of Nova Scotia.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Teeth extracted without Pain by the Famous Hale Method.

Dr. F. W. Barbour,

Sole Licensee for Fredericton.

QUEEN STREET, OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL

No extra charge. Telephone 49

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The Cream of Canadian and American Verse.

Written Expressly for THE JOURNAL.

A Politician's Advice.

Young man, if you would be renowned,
And by your fellow mortals crowned,
And flattered be by nearly all
'Mongst whom your footsteps chance to fall,

Lie a little.

If you would be accounted great
And competent to rule the state,
If high positions you would hold
Which might to you bring wealth untold,

Lie a little.

You must not think an honest man
A chance 'mongst demagogues can stand;
No room has politics for such;
Of goodness now it has too much,

Lie a little.

You must of course, attend the church,
Lest "infidel" your name besmirch;
And if the membership you'd bribe,
You must quite liberally subscribe
And lie a little.

Be ready e'er, when people ask,
To take for them the hardest task;
If you don't keep your promise true,
Just promise more and that will do,

Lie a little.

When asked to give a temperance speech,
You must denounce the whiskey leech;
But when the voting day comes round,
Upon the liquor side be found,

Lie a little.

For many temperance men, my friend,
Of keenest powers, have discerned
That the cry which put them into power,
Was not of use another hour,

Lie a little.

In moments of weakness they declared
If e'er by fortune they were spared
To get to Parliament, straightway
They'd banish wine without delay,
Nor keep a little.

But when they got to Parliament
Of their rash vows they did repent;
For on their sight loomed up from far
For each a boodle laden star,

If they would lie a little.

What if they did? And can we blame
If many through the furnace came
Besmirched and anything but pure
When only was their office sure
By lying just a little?

So now, if politics, my friend,

To enter forthwith you intend,
This counsel take and don't despise,
But keep it e'er before your eyes,
Lie a little.

HENRY HARVEY STUART,
Fredericton, N. B.

Written at Benton, Carleton Co., N. B.
Sept. 14th, 1895.

Clermont Days.

We look from the front veranda
On the slopes against the sky,
Where the rays of sunshine glitter
On the clouds slow sailing by,
We watch the shadows trooping flit
O'er the distant hills away,
Like phantoms of the bygone years
Where dreamy fancies stray.

Of days in our youth in Clermont
With life in all its charm,
Where never had risen shadow
On the old Ancestral Farm.

The smoke of the village chimneys
Rises on the wintry air,
And the snow upon the beaten road
Is beautiful and fair.

There is sound of jingling sleigh bells,
Glad voices from the hill,
Come floating down the vistas
With well remembered thrill.

Back come the days of Clermont
With life in all its charm,
On the East Fork of Miami
And the old Ancestral Farm.

There was mystery in the future
While the passing hour was blest,
There was nothing of foreboding
That the heavens could suggest,
There was never thought of troubles,
There was never cause for tears,
There was never hint of failures
Or of sorrow in the years
In the days we lived in Clermont
With life in all its charm,
In Batavia's happy valley
On the old Ancestral Farm.

There were friends in famous Clermont,
These friends were kind and true,
Where the East Fork of Miami
Gleamed in its sunny hue.

So at dawning and at twilight
With the skies aflame in gold,
We think of the years in Clermont,
In the youthful time of old.
And the fleeting clouds and shadows
Are penciled with a charm,
Just as when in Batavia
On the old Ancestral Farm.

C. H. COLLINS.

Hillsboro, Ohio, Jan. 18th, 1895.

Buy your Brogans at
McManns'