

W. H. CARTEN,

Druggist and Apothecary,
Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,
Fredericton, N. B.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully Compounded at all hours of the day or night.

TELEPHONE, - STORE, 210.
" - RESIDENCE, 15

We do not claim that our store is the cleapest place to buy, but we do claim that we keep the best and purest drugs and medicines procurable at a fair profit. When it comes to medicine, you want the best.

C. FRED. CHESTNUT,
Apothecary,
doors above Barker House,
Queen St., Fredericton.



Watch Repairing

is one of the leading departments of our business. Prompt and satisfactory work guaranteed. Our Optical Department, in which we make a specialty of correct spectacle and eye glass fitting is advancing with rapid strides. Over 9000 cases have been fitted satisfactorily.

SHUTE & CO.

Charley Hudlin.

BY DARBY DOOFICKER.

Air:—" Bay of Dublin.

Oh, Charley Hudlin, my heart you're troublin'

To see you languish in prison strong
For only tramping, and outdoors camping,

And begging victuals as you passed along.

You're rough and foolish and weird and ghoulish,

But still its hellish to treat you so;
No Christian nation or civilization
Could e'er descend for to stoop so low.

On bread and water you they will slaughter

Beneath the rafters of Granite Hall,
To lie and languish in tears and anguish

Until the summer runs into fall.

The golden summer will bring the bumper

And red coat straying with rushing feet,

The constant gabble of the drunken rabble

Will fill with clamor the crowded street.

Driven from the City without care or pity,

Through field and forest you trudge your way—

Denied employment and food and raiment

What hope, enjoyment is yours to-day?

The public conscience is worse than nonsense

To help a fellow when he is down;

No hand's extended nor cause befriended,

They're but attended by Fortune's frown.

But swell of voices and tramp of horses

Along their courses, and dogs and cats,

With sounds melodious or vile and odious

In bass and tenor, and sharps and flats

Cannot affect you or resurrect you

Or e'en protect you from your living tomb,

The wild birds' cadence, the bright sun's radiance

And flower's fragrance bursting into bloom.

Cannot come near you to soothe or cheer you

Or warm your dreary cold prison cell;

Although for hours you try your powers

Of shrubs and flowers you can't get a smell.

Oh, Mr. Graham, it was a shaham

You lent your naham to prosecute

This friendless mortal, because your portal

He had profaned with his dirty boot.

You're warm and cosy and red and rosy,

And quite a posey, as people say;—

But, Fortune's tosses make gains and losses

And the biggest bosses may come down some day.

Though not an angel or an evangel

You'd entertain in him unawares,

He's still God's creature in form and feature,

For whom Christ died, and who hears his prayers.

The Son of Man, both barred and banned

Without house or land, could not lay his head

On land or billow, on floor or pillow
And was even born in an humble shed.

If he was tramping and out doors camping

As once he hid beside Galilee

With his Apostles, no friendly hostels
Would open to them with doors flown free.

No! You'd decry him; you'd crucify him

Like Abasuerus, the wandering Jew,
Or weak-kneed Pilate,—your heart

you'd spoil it

By giving in to the murdering crew.

Ye men with plenty, can it content ye
To drive a poor man to suicide?—

While you have shelter he must freeze or swelter

In winter, summer, by the loan road-side.

Ye modern judges, ye should bear no grudges

Against the poor and downtrodden tramp,

While letting free in Society
The drunken scoundrel and polished scamp.

For what your spires, whom all admires

'Neath whom your choirs raise their notes to God;—

They make Truth a liar, and dame and squire

Tread in the mire, the common clod.

The day is coming, when tramping, bumming,

Hard-hearted cunning and heathen hate

With selfish rudeness, dishonest shrewdness

Cannot disgrace a well-ordered state.

Where Nature's gifts, unto all her children

Will flow unstinted through Heaven's door,

And equal measure of work and pleasure

Shall be allotted to "rich and poor."

In wealth and station, in clothes and ration

In home and nation throughout the world,

The Social Banner with glad hosanna
And peaceful clamor shall be unfurled,

No more, in horror of a dread to-morrow

We'll drown our sorrow in the flowing bowl,

Or in desperation end our creation
And bring damnation to our burdened soul.

No throned tyrant, commercial giant
Will starve our bodies and dwarf our souls,

But free and equal will be the sequel
Of this fierce struggle ere the century rolls.

And War's wild clamor and Thor's dread hammer

With the beacon glamor of the burning pile

Will no more annoy us as e'en employ us

Or again destroy us: "twill not be the style."

For conquered nations, commiseration

And reparation for untold wrongs,