



VOL. 16. No. 8.

FREDERICTON, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1906.

{ 35 cents per year
Single Copy 3 cen

Dr. W. H. STEEVES
DENTIST.

Queen Street., Opp. Post Office.

All kinds of

Dental Work

Performed Promptly and Efficiently with all the

Advanced and Improved Methods.

A SPECIALIST ON CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.

DENTISTRY

in all its branches.

F. W. Barbour, D.D.S.

Boston Dental College, 1891.

Hale method for painless extraction.

Crown and Bridge Work.

Young lady in attendance.

Telephone at office and residence.

First class work guaranteed in all the

Leading Styles of Photos

-AT-

HARVEY'S STUDIO.

We keep the finest line of Frames in the city

Great Novelties in

CAKE and PASTRY

Fruit and Plain Cakes a Specialty.

Every Saturday

Turnovers, Doughnuts, Tea-Buns, Rolls, Cream Drops.

Ask for O'Neill's Cream Bread.

H. O'NEILL, Jr.

95 Regent Street.

MODERN DENTISTRY

Dr. A. T. McMurray,

Offices, Queen St., Opp. Soldiers' Barracks.

Office Hours: 9 to 6 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

Telephone 93.

Latest methods in Crown and Bridge Work.

Gas administered for painless extraction.

F. St. JOHN BLISS,

Barrister, Notary, Etc.

Offices: Corner Queen and Carleton Streets, entrance Carleton St.—Tel. 284.

R. W. McLELLAN,

Attorney at Law.

Registrar Probates York County.

MONEY TO LOAN

on Personal and Real Estate Security.

WAVERLEY HOUSE

Grieves' Hotel

REGENT ST., - - FREDERICTON

For 25 years the most popular hotel in Fredericton. Hotel is now under the management of Johnson & Dewar. The house has been thoroughly renovated and repainted throughout. The owners thank the public for past patronage and promise for the future an excellent table, light, airy and clean rooms and every accommodation for the comfort of guests.

TERMS: \$1.00 PER DAY.

Johnson & Dewar

Managers

BOYHOOD MEMORIES.

Proem.

Beyond the hills that a rampart form,
A shelter from cold and wind
For the city that smiles by the fair St. John,
Lie the hills that I left behind.

The hills of my youth, whose summits stand
Outlined against the sky
Of a wilder, a sweeter, a sterner land
Where my childhood's memories lie.

The maples and hemlocks toss high their arms
As the blast goes hurtling by,
And beneath the swirl and the wind's alarms
Is the loon's defiant cry;—

"Blow north wind, blow and the ice and snow
May gather above my head,
For safe in my nest from their urgent quest
I have made me my winter bed."

And the loon's loud cry was echoed by I
As the night came on apace,
For safe at rest in the old home nest
I had my abiding place.

And the trees might sigh and toss to the sky
Their arms, and the mighty wind
Surge to and fro, and the frost and snow
The moonbeams chill and blind;

For the home and heart can have no part
In the war of the elements—
And Life and Love will rise above
The most appalling events.

For the winter drear will come every year
With its chilling ice and snow,
And every heart must bear its part
Of misery and woe,

Till the sunlight smiles through the forest aisles
And the brooks leap forth amain,
And the fettered lake does the frost forsake
When the spring returns again.

And the buds expand and the forest grand
Is clothed in a robe of green,
And the silken floss of the trailing moss
The branches hang between.

And the nimble trout of his pool leaps out

In the alder's vernal shade
For the dragon-fly as he passes by
As he skims the flowery glade.

All these and more, where the tranquil shore
Resounds to the stealthy tread
Of the hare and fox o'er the jutting rocks
Their sinuous pathway thread,

Or the prowling bear, with never a care
Goes fearlessly on his way,
And the deer and moose, on the birch and spruce
Feed on till the close of day.

In memory's cup I have treasured up
Of the halcyon days of youth
E'er my heart was sore with the world's rough war
And my brow held the stamp of truth.

From those "hills of God" I fling abroad
Like leaves on the tossing wind
Of the days of yore that will come no more,
And the scenes I left behind.

TOWNSHIP THIRTY-NINE.

PART I.

One winter morning I set forth from Grand Lake's rugged shore,
Determined a new home to seek before the day was o'er;

And time and circumstance and will together did combine
To mark the spot and cast my lot in Township Thirty-Nine.

Continued on page 8.

HOTEL LORNE.

N. McDonald T. Feeney

Regent St., Fredericton.

Renovated, repainted, refurnished throughout. Ample yard and good stabling.

With our many years experience as managers of the Waverley House and our knowledge of the travelling public we confidently assure patrons of the Lorne of every satisfaction. We take this opportunity of thanking our friends for past favors and bespeak a continuation of public patronage.

McDonald & Feeney