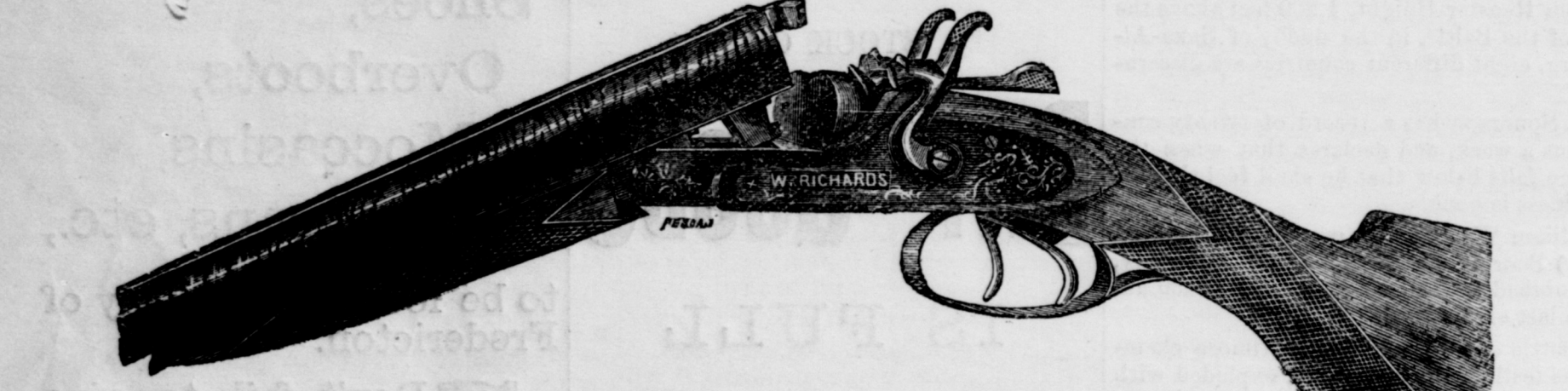


L. C. MACNUTT, Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1885.

VOL. VII., NO. 17



Double and Single Barrel BREECH LOADING GUNS!

Paper and Brass Shells, Wads, Powder, Loading Implements. SINGLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOT GUNS, \$3.60, \$13.75 AND \$1500

T. McAVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OLD AND RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES!

'Imperial' of London, England; 'Etna' of Hartford, Conn.; 'Hartford' of Hartford, Conn.; 'Northern' of London, England; 'City of London' of London, England; 'Fire Insurance Association' of London, England.

Representing in the aggregate in Capital and Assets, over One Hundred Million Dollars.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

CHICKEN LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Hens and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless...

OVERCOATINGS

Beaver, Pilot and Worstings, Green, Olive, Brown, Blue and Black.

WANTED

Friends and the Public to know that I have opened a window in G. W. Schleyer's Studio.

GOOD WORK AT SHORT NOTICE.

Prices moderate, and goods delivered on promptness. FRED. J. McCAULAND

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Unlocks all the closed passages of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver...

NEW GOODS.

LEMONT & SONS. 14 BARRELS, 1 Cask, Beautiful Parlor Lamps with colored shades and white shades.

Man Wanted

Salary \$75 to \$100 for 12 months. Man Wanted for the position of a... W. D. McCLAREN, MONTREAL.

Poetry.

Three Little Stockings.

Three little stockings, dainty and small, Hanging against the fire lit wall...

The Christmas log, now burning low, Lighting the room with its fitful glow...

Over them bending, with happy smile, Lighting her beautiful face the while...

At morning dawn three pairs of eyes Open and sparkle with glad surprise...

Three little stockings, worn and old, Hanging against the chimney cold...

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What do you do here on Christmas eve?

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard.

"What have you got in the bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever, for he had thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

"The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and then, raising his voice, exclaimed:

"And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?"

To this inquiry the invisible chorus replied in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the church organ.

"The goblin grinned a broader grin than before as he said: 'Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?'

"The sexton gasped for breath. 'What do you mean, the man of this Gabriel?' asked the goblin, kicking up his feet in the air on either side of the tombstone, and looking at the turned up points with as much complacency as if he had been contemplating the most fashionable pair of Wellingtons in all Bond street.

"It's—it's very curious, sir," replied the sexton, half dead with fright; 'very curious, and very pretty; but I think I'll go back, and finish my work, sir, if you please.'

"Work!" said the goblin, "what work?"

"The grave, sir—making the grave, stammered the sexton.

"Oh the grave, eh?" said the goblin; "we know the graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?"

Again the mysterious voices replied—"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

"I am afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin, thrusting his tongue further into his cheek than ever.

"Under favor, sir," replied the sexton, "I don't think they can, sir; I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir."

"Oh, yes, they have," replied the goblin; "we know the man with the sulky face and the grim scowl that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying spade the tight-rope."

"Here the goblin gave a loud, shrill laugh that the echoes returned twenty fold, and throwing his legs up in the air, stood upon his head, or rather upon the very point of his sugar-loaf hat, on the narrow edge of the tombstone, from whence he threw a somewhat rapid and grim scowl that fell to the sexton's feet, at which he planted himself in the attitude in which tailors generally sit upon the shop-board."

"I am afraid I must leave you, sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Gabriel Grub going to leave us, Ho, ho, ho, ho,"

As the goblin laughed the sexton observed for one instant a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church, as if the whole building were lit up, it disappeared; the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterparts of the first one, poured into the churchyard and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones, never stopping for an instant to take breath, but covering the highest among them, one after another, with the most marvelous dexterity.

"It was not," said a deep voice. Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot with astonishment and terror; for his eyes rested on a form which made his blood run cold.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, which Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long, fantastic legs, which might have reached the ground, were cocked up and crossed after a quaint fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare, and his hands rested on his knees.

On his short, round body he wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes, and a short cloak dangled at his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief, and his shoes curled up at the toes into long points.

boiling round her chair.

The mother occasionally rose and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object.

A frugal meal was served upon the table and an elbow chair was placed near the fire.

A knock was heard at the door; the mother opened it, and the children crowded around her and clapped their hands for joy as their father entered.

He was very wet and weary, and as the children crowded round him, and seizing his cloak, hat, stick and gloves, with busy zeal ran with them from the room.

Then he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happy and content.

But a change of scene upon the view almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bed room, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying.

The roses had fled from his cheek and the light from his eyes; and even as the sexton looked upon him, he was dead.

His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrunk back from the touch and looked with awe on his infant face, for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace as he seemed, his eyes were open, and he said that he was an angel looking down and blessing them from a bright and happy heaven.

Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished to half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face and beamed in every eye as they crowded round the fire and told and listened to the old stories of earlier and bygone days.

Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave, and soon after the mother followed him, and there was no more to be seen of them.

"What do you think of that?" said the goblin, turning his large face toward Gabriel Grub.

Gabriel murmured out something about his being very pretty, and looking somewhat ashamed as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

"You miserable man," said the goblin, in a tone of excessive contempt. "You—" He appeared disposed to add more, but indignation choked his utterance, so he lifted up one of his pliable legs, and flourishing it about his head a little to insure his aim, administered a good round kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which all the goblins in waiting crowded around the wretched sexton and kicked him without mercy, according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, and hug who royalty kings.

"Show him some more," said the king of the goblins.

At this command half a dozen obedient goblins, with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

As the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were quite transparent as he tossed down the flame, "this warms one, indeed. Bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub."

At this the king, who was unfortunately being very kind, and who was in the habit of taking anything warm at night, for one of the goblins held while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat, and the whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed and choked and wiped away his tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes, after swallowing the burning draught.

"And now," said the king, facetiously poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton's eye, and thereby occasioning him the most exquisite pain—"and now show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse."

At these words the cloud was again dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view.

There is just such another to this day within half a mile of the old abbey tower. The sun shone from out the blue sky, the water sparkled beneath his rays, and the trees looked greener and the flowers more gay beneath his cheering influence.

The water rippled on with a pleasant sound, the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves, and the birds sang upon their boughs, and the lark soared on high over the meadow.

Yes, it was morning—the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass was instinct with life. The ant crept forth to her daily toil, the butterfly fluttered and basked in the warm rays of the sun; myriads of insects prevailed in their brief but happy existence. Men walked forth clad with the scene, and all was brightness and splendor.

"You miserable man," said the king of the goblins in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave a look at the sexton, and descended on the shoulders of the goblin, imitating the example of his chief.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with pain from the frequent application of the goblins' foot-herent, looked on with an interest which nothing could diminish. He

Board of Works

what men who worked hard and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour were cheerful and happy, and that to the most ignorant the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy.

He saw those who had been brought up nurtured, and tenderly brought up cheerful under privations and superior to suffering that would have crushed many of a rougher grain, because they bore within their bosoms the materials of happiness—contentment, and peace.

He saw that woman—the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures—were the oftenest superior to sorrow, adversity, and distress; and he saw that because they bore in their own hearts an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotedness. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who smiled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable sort of a world after all. No sooner had he formed it than the cloud which had closed over the last picture opened to settle on his senses and fall him to repose. One by one the goblins faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker-bottle lying empty by his side, and his coat, spade, and lantern, all well-whitened by a last night's frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first rested the goblin seated stood bolt upright before him, and the grave at which he had worked the night before was not far off. At first he began to doubt the reality of his adventures, but the acute pain in his shoulders when he attempted to rise assured him that the kicking of the goblin was certainly not ideal.

He was staggered again by observing no traces of footsteps in the snow in which the goblins played leap-frog with the gravestones, but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that being spirits they would leave no visible impression behind them. So Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could for the pain in his back, and brushing the frost off his coat, put it on and turned towards town. But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his reputation would be scoffed at and ridiculed for a few moments. He hesitated for a few moments, and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

The lantern, the spade, and the wicker-bottle were found that day in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate at first, but it was speedily determined that he had been carried away by the goblins, and there was not wanting some very creditable witness who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse, blind in one eye, with the hind quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. At length all this was devotedly believed, and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious, for a trifling emolument, a good sized piece of church weathercock which had been accidentally kicked off by the afore said horse in his aerial flight, and picked up by himself in the churchyard a year or two afterwards.

Unfortunately these stories were somewhat disturbed by the unlooked for re-appearance of Gabriel Grub himself some ten years afterwards, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his history to the clergyman and also to the Mayor; and in due course of time it began to be received as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to the present day.

The weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again; so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone, and they affected to explain what he supposed he had witnessed in the goblins' cavern, by saying that he had seen the world and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time, and, be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was affected with rheumatism, was of his days, this story has at least one moral—if it teach no other one—and that is, if a man turns sulky, and drinks by himself at Christmas time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it, let the spirits be ever so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblins' cavern.

Valuable information—Johnston's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent diphtheria that most to be dreaded of all dreadful diseases. Don't delay a moment, prevention is better than cure. No family should be without the Anodyne in the house.

A Stanley woman was feeding her fowls the other day when her wedding ring slipped from her finger and was gobbled up by one of the fowls, she thought the whole flock might be necessary to recover it, she is in a quandary what to do.

Uncle John, I thought your cows were well bred? Of course they are, my dear. They are Alderneys, and I have their pedigree from way back.

I don't care about that. They are not well bred. One of them just chased me out of the pasture lot, and I think they are just as rude as they can be.

A. M. Hamilton of Warkworth, writes: "For weeks I was troubled with a swollen ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value." Beware of Electric or Electron Oils, as they are imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Story of a Postal Card. I was affected with kidney and urinary trouble—"For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters.

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time." Respectfully, B. F. BOOTH, Salisbury, Tenn., May 4, 1883.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, indigestion, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. Mrs. FANNY GREEN.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., May 4, 1880. I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried several physicians, but they did not reach the worst part of the disease. I had never seen a person who had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two more bottles, I felt much better. I had taken two more bottles, and I felt much better. I had taken two more bottles, and I felt much better.

\$3.00 Lost! "A four cent note that cost me \$3.00 done" is good good that one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia.—Mrs. R. M. ALBURN, N. Y.

So, BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, 1879. SIRS:—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and has done me more good than all the doctors.

MISS J. A. CHELSEA.

Baby Saved. We are so thankful to say that our darling baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitter by its nursing mother, which at the same time returned her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of seven Hop on the white label. Show all the vile, poisonous stuff with a "Hop" or "Hops" in its name.

Miscellaneous.

The Bible contains 3,500,000 letters, 810,000 words, 31,173 verses, 1,184 chapters, and 66 books.

"A chair of matrimony is talked of at Vassar College." Of course it will be a big rocking chair strong enough to hold two.

An Irishman, who had just landed, said the first bit of meat he ever ate in this country was a roasted potato—boiled yesterday. And if you don't believe me I can show it to you, for I have it in my pocket.

To the Invalid, the convalescent, the aged and infirm we would recommend the use of Baird's Kidney and Liver Wine. It gives tone and vigor to the whole system, and is rightly termed a Food Medicine.

The new girl was told to watch the turnover a few minutes; when the lady returned the turnover was burnt to a crisp, and the girl remarked: "Sure, she watched it, mum, but it hasn't turned over yet."

"Will you please give a sick man a few cents to buy some medicine with?" whined a tramp on the station platform. "Sick, are you? What's the matter?" "Been sleeping in bars, and I had a bad case of hay fever."

For Dyspepsia, Debility, Loss of Appetite, and a Stomach and Liver Tonic, use Baird's Quinine and Iron Tonic. There is no preparation old or new, that will so completely eradicate all ailments from the system. It makes Pure Rich Blood.

A big Yankee from Maine, on paying his bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum paid down didn't include the waiter, did you? He roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did you? He was in the room, but I didn't, though; and there was no further discussion."

REGULARITY is the main spring of life, and regularity of the bowels is one of the most essential laws of health. Barcock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels in a natural manner, cures Constipation and prevents serious diseases.

A Frederick couple stood before a Queen street jeweler's, the other evening, when the young lady remarked: "Gawgie, don't you think there is something perfectly lovely about those clocks?" "What do you admire so much about them?" he asked. "Why, don't you see they—they name the day." The future will tell if Gawgie was tumbled.

THE STOMACH is the grand central of the living system, the first organ developed in animal life, and the first to suffer from excess. Regulate its diseased action by Barcock Blood Bitters, which restores health to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood.

The tipplings of the white elephant, King Thebar are said to be worth a million dollars. The royal regalia are reputed the most valuable in the world, especially in rubies and sapphires. Rubies exist just north of the Equator, to which no European has ever been allowed access. The Burmese war is, therefore, likely to yield plenty of loot.

Here are some French superstitions: "The first time an infant's nails are cut, put a piece of gold or silver in its hand. To make baby a good singer, cut its nails behind a door, and to preserve it from toothache cut the nails on Monday." Has the child a cold, to which no European has ever been allowed access. The Burmese war is, therefore, likely to yield plenty of loot.

Nervous Debilitated Men. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the first time an infant's nails are cut, put a piece of gold or silver in its hand. To make baby a good singer, cut its nails behind a door, and to preserve it from toothache cut the nails on Monday.

With Electric Syringe Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred diseases. Also, for many other ailments. Complete. Some men will live more comfortably, and know how to provide comforts, and know how to save sickness and doctor's bills. They waste not, and want not. A few shillings expended for HURPERY'S Electric Syringe Appliances, for Malaria, for Fever or Rheumatism, or Cough or Cold or Whooping Cough, for Croup or other illness, at once cures the child and saves the mother's life. Such people know what they buy, and they save every time, knowing that the dollar saved is not only one dollar in money, but another dollar in the habit, and they save every time.

MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in Cloth and Gold, will be sent post paid upon application to the Co., 100 Fulton St., New York.

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