Poetry.

[For the "Maritime Farmer."]

FREDERICTON.

Sweet in the patriot's ear thy tumult swells!
Thy shrilling whistles summoning skillful hands—
The white-winged rush of barks from ultra lands—
The thunder of thy trains through fruitful dells—
Are fitting sounds where the Canadian dwells.
Six days with vigorous toil thy frame expands,
And hallowing the week's fulfilled demands
Booms sacred tumult of thy Sabbath bells.

Sweet wild-flower City in the forest shade,
Thine are all gifts of greatness to enjoy,
For in thy stars this prophecy I find:
"Her years of plenty shall not be delayed
If but her idle opulence employ
Her craftsmens' broad stability of mind."

B. STRATON.

Fredericton, March 25, 1885

Literature.

INGRATITUDE REVENGED.

You've got a neat little spot here, remarked Farmer Hayes to his friend, Mr. Johnston.

The two old men were sitting upon wooden seats, which were placed on either side of the rustic porch, that formed a kind of arbor entrance to the front door of the dwelling.

The speaker was a spare, little man, with dark hair, thinly sprinkled with gray He wore a swallow-tailed coat, adorned with brass buttons; corduroy breeches, fastened at the knee; thick blue worsted stockings encased his legs, and a pair of low shoes covered his feet. His visage had a placid expression, as he glanced first at the well-kept garden, with its rows of potatoes and other vegetables; then out to the little paddock adjoining, where two cows were grazing, and next over the wide, undulating meadow land beyond, his eyes resting finally on the far distant hills. He put the end of his long clay pipe between his lips, and watched the wreaths of smoke slowly ascending from it.

Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man; his snowy hair and long white beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His countenance lacked that acute, intellectual expression which is so often stamped upon the visage of a middle-aged "town-man." His eyes were thoughtful, but gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate good ness. The few wrinkles, which had gathered on the white, placid brow, had been gradually traced there by time's relentless fingers, and not suddenly cut by a keen sharp sorrow. He smoked silently for a few moments, and then replied to his friend's remark:

"You're right; this is a neat little spot. But I'll tell you what I've been a thinkin' on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's agoin' to be married to Robert Meadows. She's my only child, so of course she'll have all my belongings when I'm gone; but I've been a-thinkin, that, soon after she's settled, I'll have a deed of gift drawn up, and turn everything over to her; then there'll be no proving the will, and all that fuss; and the lawyers won't have a pickin' out o' my bit o' property. I shall live here and be master just the same. What do you say to that, friend Hayes?"

The old man put a hand on each knee, and gazed into the other's face, with an expression which said, "Don't you think it's a very brilliant idea?"

His friend took the pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head dubiously; then replaced it between his lips, and gazed fixedly before him for an instant ere he answered; then he said, slowly and emphatically:

"I don't like it."

He shook the ashes from his pipe, and began leisurely to fill it again with tobacco.

"I never seed a play but once," he began, in slow, measured tones, "and that was many years ago, when I was a young man. I was in London, and my friends got me to go to the theatre to see a grand piece that had been made up by a great man hundreds of years ago. Well, I went and the sight o' the lights, the gay dresses and the flash folks, I shall never forget. But it was the play that struck me. There was a good old king who had three daughters, and he thought he'd divide the kingdom amongst 'em. They was very pleased; the eldest went down on her knees, and swore how she loved him more than anybody else; and said as how he was the kindest, noblest, and best father that ever lived—or words summat like them. The next said about the same, only a great deal more, but I thought both on 'em looked too big and handsome and wide-awake to stick to their word. The third daughter said very little; but I thought she was the nicest-looking of all the lot. The king was huffed because she would not own she loved him. So he divided the kingdom between his two eldest daughters. I thought he was a silly old fellow to put the reins into them spirited looking creatures hands. But he did it, and he rued it. They treated him very well at first; but after a time they began to alter, and let him know that he wasn't master. Well, one night they turned him out of the castle, when there was such a dreadful storm that it was not fit to turn a dog out; and he who had once been a king, had to roam about like a beggar. The poor man went nearly crazed. I almost forgot how it ended; but I think they was all killed at last."

"And what has this to do with what I was saying?" inquired Mr. Johnson, testily. "I was talking about deeds of gift, and not plays."

The other began to smoke—puff—puff. After a few minutes the full meaning of his friend's words dawned slowly upon his mind.

"Well, I was thinking as how, when Jane got possession of the house, she might, maybe, after a bit, turn you out, as the king's daughters turned him out. Keep the reins in your own hands, man—you can draw them tight, or let them loose, when you please; but don't give them up till you die. That's my advice, friend Johnson."

There was a little flash of anger in the other's eyes, as he replied:

"You don't know my Jennie; she's the loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever lived. She would never wrong her father."

In the meantime Jennie and her lover were in the orchard, at the back of the house, slowly walking up and down the path between the trees.

The moon was brightening in the purpling sky, and the evening star glimmered faintly.

"When two more days have passed, you will be my wife!"

The young man looked down lovingly into the shy, dark eyes raised to his, and clasped the hand that rested on his arm.

"I am so glad, Robert, that I shall not have to leave my home," she said, after a pause; "for I was born here, and here my mother died. It was very kind of father to propose that we should live with him. Now you can keep all the money in the bank that you have been saving so long to buy furniture with, and if we are careful we shall soon add some more to it."

"Your father is very good, Jennie; we must be kind to him."

The wedding day arrived.

Mr. Johnson was placed in the seat of honor; he moved among the guests, with a kind word and cheery greeting for all.

Jennie was a blooming, bonnie bride, and seemed proud of her stalwart husband.

Jennie was installed as housekeeper in her father's home. After a time, Mr. Johnson presented his daughter with the deed of gift, and the young people were formally acknowledged as master and mistress of the farm, with the understanding that Mr. Johnson was to reside with them.

All went well for a time. Then gradually there came a change over the serene atmosphere of the dwelling, and the old man became conscious that he was no longer treated with courtesy, nor his wishes respected.

"Would you mind sleeping in the back bed-room for a few weeks?—we have a visitor coming!" said Jennie, one morning, about six months after the wedding.

The old man stared in great surprise.

"Why can't the visitor go into the back room?" he asked.

"Oh, it's such a little poky place! I don't mean that exactly!" she exclaimed checking herself in confusion. "The room is very clean, and there is really a beautiful view from the window, and a good feather bed. But Miss Martin is very particular; she has such a grand home that we cannot put her anywhere."

Mr. Johnson leisurely crossed his legs, put his newspaper on the table, took his spectacles off, rubbed them, put them in the case, and then slowly rejoined:

"If there is such a fine view from the window, your visitor may enjoy it, and she can sleep on the feather bed. I've slept in the front room five-and-forty years, and I ain't a-going to be turned out now. If Miss Martin ain't satisfied with the accommodation, she may stay away!"

"Stay away indeed!" fired Jennie. "It's just like you, father. I call you very selfish."

She hastily left the room, shutting the door with a bang.

The old man took up the newspaper, but the words ran into one another, for large tears gathered in his bright, gray eyes, and his lips quivered painfully.

Miss Martin came, and informed Jennie that her father was the most aristocratic-looking gentleman she had ever seen; but during her stay, Mr. Johnson was subjected to many slights, as Jennie and her husband were ashamed of some of his old-fashioned ways.

One evening Mr. Johnson returned from the village, where he had spent the day with a friend. He walked leisurely up the garden path; but suddenly paused and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

A fine hawthorn tree, which had stood near the house, and had been full of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon the ground. On examining it, he discovered that it had been cut off near the roots. He turned hastily to enter the house by the front door, when he observed that the monthly rose tree, which had twined the porch and been full of bloom all summer, lay across the garden path, cut into a number of pieces and an attempt had been made to dig it up by the roots.

"Robert! Robert!" cried Mr. Johnson.

"What's the matter?" queried a voice from an inner room.

"Who's been cutting them down?" cried the old man, excitedly, entering the apartment, and waving his hand towards the garden.

"I have," answered Mr. Meadows, complacently.

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I chose to."

"There, don't quarrel," said Jennie. "It's all my fault, father. The hawthorn tree was close to the parlor window, and made the room dark—so I asked Robert to cut it down. The rose tree is not much good; we are going to have a finer one put in its place."

"That hawthorn tree your mother set with her own hands, and the rose tree I planted on the day you were born. Your mother loved them both, and heaven forgive you for what you have done!"

He turned away, ascended the stairs, entered his own room, and closed the door.

"If Farmer Turner calls, just send round for me, will you, Jennie?" asked Mr. Meadows, one morning at breakfast. "He's coming to look at old Bettie."

"Yes, I'll send," replied his wife.

"What s the matter with the cow?" inquired Mr. Johnston.

"Oh, nothing," replied the young man. I'm going to sell her.

"Sell her?" repeated the other.

"Yes; she's old, and don't give much milk. I'm going to buy a young one in her place. Jennie's been complaining of the butter for a long time; it don't come up to our neighbors."

But I won't have her sold! cried the old man, angrily.

You have nothing to do with her; she is mine, and I shall do as I like, rejoined the other haughtily, as he rose to leave the room.

Mr. Johnston turned to the window, without uttering another word.

A few hours later he saw Farmer Turner's man driving old Bettie out of the yard.

Ah, its the one she used to milk! he soliloquized.

And tears gathered thickly in his eyes, as he watched his late wife's favorite cow driven by a stranger.

Here's a letter from my sister Jane, remarked Mr. Johnston, one afternoon, to his daughter. Poor thing! her husband has been dead only two months. The bailiffs have sold her furniture; she is destitute, and is staying with a neighbor for a few days, and then she don't know where to go to. Poor Jane! mused the old man, as a dreamy look came into his eyes and his thoughts reverted to the past. She was a pretty girl when she was young, and many a handsome fellow came after her. But she took no heed to any, except Tom Jones, who became her husband. Then she had such a pretty, blue-eyed child, with soft, golden hair. She lived to be six years old and then died. I thought Jane would have broke her heart. Then her son grew up to be a fine man, and was a-going to be married in a week. But one morning he tried to stop a horse and wagon that was a-running away, when the horse threw him down, the wheel went over his head, and he was killed on the spot. And now her husband's gone, and she's left alone. Poor Jane!

"Hasn't she any money to live upon?" inquired Jennie.

"No; and I've been a-thinking we'd better have her here. She can't starve."

"Have her hear!" repeated his daughter, in astonishment. "What can you be thinking about, father? There's plenty of us to keep already."

She broke her cotton with a jerk, and threaded her needle impatiently.

"We're going to have company this afternoon," resumed Jennie, after a pause in a conciliatory tone; "and as they are very fine people, I think you'd better have your pipe in the kitchen, father. You would not enjoy yourself with us."

"Very well, my dear," he answered, quietly. He put his slippered feet on the fender, and gazed over his gold-rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire. "I've been a-thinking, my dear," he resumed, quietly, after a pause, "that there's a little error in that deed of gift."

"An error?" repeated Jennie, as she dropped her work, and looked up with a scared, white face.

"Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It wouldn's be pleasant for you, if the property was to be thrown into Chancery, after I'm gone would it?"

"Oh, father!"

"Well, fetch the deed down to me: I'll look it over, and set all right."

Jennie hastened up stairs, and soon returned with the precious paper.

The old man took it in his hand, smoothed out the creases gently, read it over, and said:

"Ah! it is all one great mistake!"

Then, with a quick movement, he threw the document into the blazing fire, and pressed it down with the poker.

Jennie screamed; and, darting forward, atempted to rescue the deed from the devouring flames; but her father held up his hand sternly, and said, in a tone of authority:

"Stand back!"

At this instant Mr. Meadows entered.

"What's the matter, Jennie?" he inquired. "Father what have you been doing to her?"

The young man confronted Mr. Johnston, who stood with the uplifted poker in his hand.

"I am master of this house!" cried the old man; "and I'll allow no one to dictate to me!"

"We'll soon see about that!" exclaimed the other, sneeringly. "If you're going to put on such air, I'll have you turned out."

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" cried his wife; "the deed—the deed——"

An hysterical fit of weeping checked her utterance.

"What do you mean?" queried her husband, with a white face, and a touch of fear in his tone.

"Father's burnt it!"

"Father is master of his own house, and will have you turned out if you don't behave yourself!" returned the old man.

Angry words passed. Robert declared that he would go to law; he would not be done out of his rights; the house was his and Jennie's.

Prove it! grimly restorted his father-in-law. "You may have your company this afternoon, Jennie," he continued, after a pause, "but it will be your last party in my house. I shall send for farmer Hayes, and we shall enjoy our pipes together this evening, in the best parlor, as we did before you were married. As for you Robert, you haven't provided a home for Jennie at present; but you'll have to do so now. There's a cottage to let in the village, which I think will suit you. A month to-day I shall expect you to be clear from my house; and you needn't think I shall do any more for you. What I mean to give you—if I give you anything at all—you'll have to wait for until I'm dead. No more cutting down my favorite trees—or selling my old cows—or making me sit in the kitchen when you've got fine company. I'll send for my sister Jane, and she shall have a home with me as long as she lives."

Jane, the sister, came to live at the farmhouse, and passed away at the advanced age of eighty-six. Mr. Johnston lived ten years after her, retaining all his faculties to the last, and died in his ninety-sixth year.

Jennie and her husband had to work very hard in order to bring up their large family respectably. Robert's hair was silvery white, and Jennie's thickly streaked with grey, and their sons and daughters were men and women, when the formerly ungrateful couple were again allowed to take possessiod of the old farmhouse.

English Fairs.

The Provincial fairs of England is a survival of an ancient religious custom. In early times, when England observed Saints' days, a crowd of worshipers and pilgrims used to assemble within the precincts of a church or abbey, during the festival of a popular saint. To supply the wants of the throng, tents were pitched, and stalls for provisions were set up in the churchyard.

Peddlers and traders found many customers among the worshippers, and in the course of time these pious assemblies were known as "fairs."

Many odd customs associated with English fairs, illustrate the social life of Englishmen, centuries ago. The opening of the fair in several English towns, was announced by hoisting a large glove in a conspicuous place When there was a law that no fair could be held without Royal permission, the King used to send his glove to a town as a token of his consent.

In Liverpool, a hand was exhibited in front of the town hall, ten days before and after each fair day, to signify that no person coming to or going from the fair, might be arrested for debt, within the town's precincts.

At Paignton fair, Exeter, an immense pudding was drawn through the town, by four yoke of oxen, and afterward distributed to the crowd. Its ingredients were 400 pounds of flour, 170 pounds of beef suet, 140 pounds of raisins, and 240 eggs. It was boiled in a brewer's copper, three days and nights.

Cutting Glass with Scissors.

Many persons may not be aware that glass can be cut under water with greatest ease, to almost any shape, by simply using a pair of shears or strong scissors. In order to ensure success two points must be attended to—first and most important, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied: and secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and to reduce the shape gradually to that required, for if any attempt is made to cut the glass to the shape as we would cut a piece of cardboard, it will be most likely to break just where it is not wanted. Some kinds of glass cut much better than others: the softer glass is the best for this purpose. The scissors need not depend on the state of the edge presented to the glass. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. This method of cutting glass has often been of service when a diamond has not been at hand, for cutting ovals and segments, and though the edges are not as smooth as might be desired for some purposes, it will answer in many cases. The two hints given above, if strictly followed, will always ensure success.

Dr. Goersen, the Philadelphia murderer recently executed, had an ingenious arrangement to enable him to read at night. As there was neither a gas jet nor a lamp allowed in his cell, he was obliged to devise some means to aid him to pass away the time in reading. He obtained a sheet of tin, and, after brightening it, he placed it outside his window at such an angle as to catch the rays of light from a gas lamp in the kitchen yard, sixty feet away from his cell. These rays were then concentrated inside of his cell by means of a magnifying glass, and by placing his book or paper near the glass he obtained enough light to read by.

Joe Goss, the celebrated pugilist, who is lying at the point of death, told a reporter that while he found fighting with all the boys about the "shire" one of the best amusements, his other brothers pursued a different course, and as a result, one of them, John, younger than himself, is now an honored Methodist clergymen in England, while another is a subaltern officer in the 64th Infantry of the British army. Three of his sisters are well off, and these, with his two brothers, are now the only ones in the family living besides himself.

I suppose I shall be an old maid all my life, sighed a young woman of 25.

That's a grievous complaint, responded an old bachelor.

Very, again sighed the maiden.
Don't you want to cure it?
Of course I do.
Take me for a husband?
Do you mean it?
Certainly.
Well, desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and I guess I'll try you.

Minard's Family Pills promptly relieve the stomach, correct foul breath and an unpleasant taste and cure dyspepsia and constipation.

There are over thirty Mormon chuches in Colorado.

ROYAL
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall street, New York.

FUN, FACT AND FANCY.

Five Minutes Light Reading for Everybody.

When choosing a wife choose one of small waste.

Nobody serves cake at dinner parties any more. It is considered old-fashioned.

True friendship is like sound health; its value is seldom known until it is lost.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The young woman who sneeringly remarks that men are all alike generally shows her sincerity by taking the first man who offers himself to her.

Punctuality is one of the characteristics of politeness. He who does not keep his appointments promptly is unfit for the society of gentlemen, and will soon find himself shut out from it.

If you are suffering from a sense of *extreme weariness*, try one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will cost you but one dollar, and will do you incalculable good. It will do away with that tired feeling, and give you new life and energy.

No man can do anything against his will, said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to prison against his will—faith he did."

A chicken with a clipped wing made several ineffectual attempts to fly over a fence. An Irishman who witnessed the efforts of the chick, laughingly exclaimed: "Begorra, she has a defective flew."

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to a lady with two children.

"O, yes, they are twins," replied the lady.

"Excuse my curiosity, Madame; but are you the mother of both of them?"

Worth Knowing

One bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* will effectually cure bronchitis, inflammatory sore throat, sore lungs, bleeding at the lungs, chronic hoarseness hacking cough, whooping cough, and lame stomach.

"Papa, did mamma say yes to you right off when you asked her to marry you?"

"Certainly she did."

"Why don't she say yes now just as quick when you ask her to do things?"

"Mamma's hearing is not as good, now, darling—that's all."

CRYING FOR AID.—Loss of appetite, headache, depression, indigestion and Biliousness, a sallow face, dull eyes and a blotched skin are among the symptoms which indicate that the liver is crying for aid. Minard's Family Pills stimulate the liver to proper action and correct all these troubles. No family can afford to be without Minard's Pills.

An Irish waiter at a hotel complimented a turkey in the following manner: "Faith, its not six hours since that turkey was walking around his real estate with his hands in his pocket, niver dreaming what a pretty invitation he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

As the happy couple were leaving the church, the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: "Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you. Why, you were all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say 'I will.'" "I will have more courage and say it louder next time," said the blushing bride.

Roller skating is a harmless amusement, but there is a limit. Says a New York minister:—"My heart was sick and my ear was pained when I heard that a church had to set apart a big room for a roller skating rink to help to pay the salary of its pastor. I thought then that the church should be called 'The Church of the Holy Rink.'"

The late Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home on a bright Sunday morning when the good folks were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran from her she appealed to the first passer by who happened to be the inebriate, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "woman, this is no day for whustlin'."

Mr. Parpetus Boileau, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas, Eclectric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

A city lady recently employed a washerwoman, who came well recommended, and who soon made herself very agreeable.

Mrs. S——'s front name is Annie, while the washerwoman bears the name of Sarah.

Monday Sarah reported for work, and, during the forenoon, Mrs. S——, who happened to be in the kitchen, said:

"I guess I shall have to call you Sarah, hereafter, Mrs. M——, it is so much shorter."

"All right, marm, do; and I may call yon Annie. It comes natural. I used to work with an Annie, years ago."

A Plant of Rare Virtues.

Is the common and well-known Burdock. It is one of the best blood purifiers and kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters possesses wonderful power in diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys and stomach.

"What a incomprehensible Mirandy's got to be sence she when to thur Normal School," remarked Mrs. Homespun to her husband.

"W'y, wot's the gal been doin' now?" asked Daniel.

"Doin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, "w'y, she said she must go to her room to disrobe, as she wished to retire early."

"Disrobe and retire," murmured Daniel, "wot's them, ma?"

"I dunno," replied ma; "but she didn't do nothin' o' the sort. She only undressed and went to bed. Did ye ever hear o' sich p'evarication?"

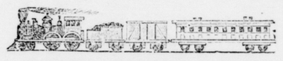
Judging from the groan that came from Daniel, it is safe to presume that he never did.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*
The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.
The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.
PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS
OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
'84 Winter Arrangement '85
On and after MONDAY, December 1st, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:
Trains will Leave St. John.
Day Express, ... 7.30 a. m.
Accommodation, ... 11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex, ... 4.35 p. m.
Quebec Express, ... 7.20 p. m.
On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.
Trains will arrive in St John.
Express from Quebec, ... 7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex, ... 8.35 a. m.
Accommodation, ... 1.30 p. m.
Day Express, ... 7.20 p. m.
All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE.
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 1884



NEW BRUNSWICK
RAILWAY.
(Operating 443 miles.)
WINTER TIME TABLE.
All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actual time.
COMMENCING OCTOBER 18th, 1884, Trains run as follows:
St. John Division.
DEPARTURES.
8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.
3 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.
8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.
2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
7 25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
9 00 A. M.—From Fredericton for points West, North and South.
7 20 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.
ARRIVALS.
6 30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North
10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.
5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.
4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.
7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.
Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.
No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.
A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.
Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.
Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.
Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office.
Passengers for points north of Grand Falls will have to remain over at Grand Falls until next morning.
E. R. BURPEE,
Gen'l Manager.
N. T. GREATHEAD,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
St. John, N. B., October 18, 1884

A CHANCE to secure a first-class Farm in the Red River Valley at $3.00 per acre is an opportunity for a profitable investment that a
WISE MAN never allows to pass; and during the past year a large number of actual settlers availed themselves of this liberal offer by the ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY CO., BOUGHT choice tracts, and commenced improvements. The Company has also many thousands of acres of choice lands, well adapted to Dairy, Live Stock and General Farming purposes, from which A FARM can be selected that cannot be excelled in any STATE in the UNION.
FOR PARTICULARS, MAPS, ETC. WRITE TO
J. B. POWER, Land Com. &
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R'y Co.
ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

JAS. D. FOWLER'S
Is the cheapest place in the city to buy
Gold and Silver Watches
GEM RINGS,
SIGNET RINGS,
SCARF PINS.
Elegant Gold suits of Jewellery, Fine Gold Necklets and Lockets, Rolled Plate Silver and Jet Jewellery.
The finest stock in the city of
SILVERWARE
All new patterns, in
Tea Setts, Pickle Jars, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Jewel Cases, Toilet Stands, etc.
Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere
JAS. D. FOWLER,
Successor to John Babbitt,
Opp. New Post Office, Queen Street.
Fredericton, Dec 12

JAMES W. McCREADY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public & Conveyancer,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Collections a specialty.
Office with JOHN BLACK, Esq., Queen St.
Fredericton, March 4, 1885

H. B. RAINSFORD,
Attorney & Barrister-at-Law,
Notary Public,
Carleton St., - - Fredericton, N. B.
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
April 9, 1884—1y

JOHN BLACK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, ETC.
OFFICE: Queen Street, Fredericton,
Over W. U. Telegraph Office, directly opposite Post Office.
Loans negotiated Accounts collected.

Dr. R. McLEARN
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE, - - - QUEEN STREET,
Opp. Davis' Drug Store.
Residence, Queen Hotel.
Fton, Feb. 4, 1885.

C. Fitz-Henry Campbell, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
SPECIALTIES—Diseases of the Nervous System, and Diseases of Women and Children.
General Practice also attended to.
Office and Residence recently occupied by the late Dr. Dow, Phœnix Square, opposite City Hall.
Fredericton, Dec. 31st, 1884—3 mos.

CITIZENS'
INSURANCE COMPANY!
Notice is hereby given that we have been appointed Agents of the above Company.
WETMORE & WINSLOW.
Fredericton, Dec. 30th, 1884—3mos

20th Annual Sale.
DEVER BROS.
Special reductions in all departments for the months of
DECEMBER AND JANUARY.
SPECIAL PRICES IN
DRESS GOODS
SPECIAL VALUE IN
Black Silks, Velveteens, Ottoman Cords and Mantle Brocades.
Also a full line of the most fashionable
Ulster Cloths.
A large variety of articles suitable for Presents.
Silk & Cambric Handkerchiefs, in half-dozen Fancy Boxes.
Lined Kid Gloves and Mits,
For Ladies and Gentlemen.
Fur Tippets, Wool Squares, and Promenade Scarfs.
GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, COLLARS, CUFFS, GLOVES, HALF HOSE SHIRTS & DRAWERS,
With an assortment of
Scotch Tweeds & Diagonal Suitings.
DEVER BROS.
Fredericton. December 17, 1884

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO

WHY DO YOU SUFFER?
When such Valuable Remedies are within your reach.
Life of Man Bitters
will cure most all diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, including the worst cases of Dropsy, and is certainly the best blood purifier known.
Invigorating Syrup
cures Dyspepsia, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Worms. Acts as a gentle physic, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.
Acadian Liniment
cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat, Rheumatism Quinsy, Cuts, and pains of all kinds, as well as for other ailments of man and beast.
Nerve Ointment
is truly a household necessity and is used externally and internally for the Lungs, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, cutaneous eruptions of the skin, and a hundred ailments flesh is heir to.
Vegetable Plaster
cures Boils, Cuts, Cracked Hands and Lame Back. Being put up in in boxes, it is one-third cheaper to use than those ready spread, besides being so much better.
Certain Check
cures Cholera, Diarrhœa, and all like complaints in children and adults.
Eye Relief
cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Chilblains. Don't forget to try it this winter
All the above preparations are manufactured by C. GATES, SON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S., and may be relied on. Send for Pamphlet of cure. Sold by all respectable Druggists and dealers.

KNABE
PIANO-FORTES.
UNEQUALLED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
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FREDERICTON
MONUMENTAL WORK!
Queen St., just above Reform Club Rooms.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he is prepared to execute all sorts of
PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL
MONUMENTS, TABLETS,
FENCE STONES & POSTS,
First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.
JOHN MOORE.

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BUILDERS OF
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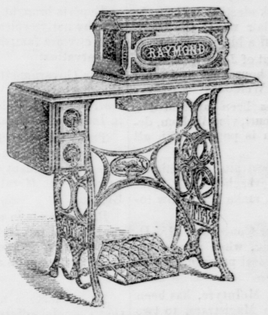
King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B
Concord Wagons, Miller Spar Wagons, Brewster Wagons,
Piano Box Wagons, White Chapel Wagons, Cronin Wagons,
Iver's Wagons, Top Phætons, Open Phætons.
Soe Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.
These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.
These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880
Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice
Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25
Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
EBEN MILLER & CO

CALL AND SEE THE
NEW "RAYMOND,"
With Large Improved Arm, at
D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.
Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N. B.



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—
Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.
Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scotia.
D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Provinces
Address all communications P. O. Box 164, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 18, 1883

FAY CURRANT CRAPES
HEAD-QUARTERS. BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD
SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS. EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. FREE CATALOGUES. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

SEED Warranted to Grow.
or order refilled gratis. I have sold vegetable and flower seed to over a million farmers and gardeners in the United States, perhaps some are your neighbors, if so ask them whether they are reliable. Mr. Thomas Henshall of Troy, Kansas, writes me: "For 26 years I have dealt with you. I have lived in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, and Kansas, and no matter what the soil or climate, the result was always the same, to wit:—religiously honest and good." This is the kind of seed I raise and sell. The Hubbard and Marblehead Squash, Marblehead Corn, Marblehead Cabbages, Ohio Potato, Eclipse Beet, are some of the vegetables of which I was the original introducer. A Fair with $500 in premiums. See my catalogue, free to all.
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Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies.
THE undersigned having been appointed Agents for the County of York, for the following First Class Insurance Companies, viz:—
THE NORWICH UNION,
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THE ROYAL CANADIAN
Insurance Company of Montreal, and the
Travellers Life and Accident
Insurance Company of Hartford, Con., are now prepared to accept risks on all classes of Insurable property at current rates.
WETMORE & WINSLOW,
Barristers, &c.
Fredericton, July 30, 1884

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HAS NOW IN STOCK THE
Finest Assortment
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CALL AND EXAMINE
Prices to suit the times.
Fredericton, April 30 1884