## Hoetry.

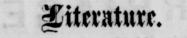
## The Long Journey.

When our feet become heavy and weary. On the valleys and mountains of life, And the road has grown dusty and dreary, And we groan in the struggle and strife ; We halt on the difficult pathway, Glance back over valley and plain And sigh with a sorrowful longing To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures, And seasons of joy and delight, While before all is doubting and darkness, And dread of the gloom and the night ; All bright sunny spots we remember-How little we thought of them then ! But now we are looking and longing To rest in those places again.

But vain of the vainest is sighing. Our course must be forward and on We cannot turn back on the journey, We cannot enjoy what is gone. Let us hope, then, as onward we travel That oases may brighten the plain, That our road be beside the sweet waters, Though we may not begin it again.

For existence forever goes upward-From the hills to the mountain we rise, On, on, o'er invisible summits. To a land in the limitless skies, Strive on, then, with courage unshaken-True labor is never in vain-Nor glance with regret on the pathway No mortal can travel again.



## THE HOUGHTON-HOUSE MURDER.

The first appearance in society of the pretty heiress, Claire Fitzroy, was anticipated with no small interest by handsome fortune-hunters; mothers who saw a formidable rival to their own newly-presented daughters, and daughters who had rested upon her lips. passed into their second and third seasons, and were still in "maiden meditation fancy free."

Miss Fitzroy was brought out by her mother, at the house of an aunt in London who had long been acknowledged a leader of the "ton." Nature and fortun

Mrs. Fitzroy turned deadly pale while -shire at once to complete certain ing kinsfolk, and the murder was shroudthis testimony was being given; but a arrangements pending his marriage. To ed in the darkest mystery. look of fixed resolution came into her Claire it seemed that her lover was very Speculation, conjecture, suspicion ran

face, and her set teeth, firm lips and sad all through the evening; but then riot for six or eight weeks after the murmarble pallor gave taken of the powershe said to herself: "He is always so der; and then it died away, and was par. ful self-control she was exercising. when we are to be parted for ever so tially forgotton, and never spoken of Claire's counsel fought for her braveshort a time. Dear Arthur! how proud among the county families who had first

y; but Jane Mundy was neither to be and happy I am to know that he loves me been so wild about it. At this time oc shaken or confused ; and defended herso well." curred an event that not only awakened self from the suspicion of any desire to But although she said this, and meant the tragedy again to all its previous life, abet the crime by declaring that she con

it, too, there was a deeper gloom settling but added a new and awtul horror to it. sidered Miss Claire to have been sleepdown upon her heart, and she was almost Miss Fitzroy, the mourning young bride- walking, and therefore would not have glad when a movement was made to break elect of the deceased, suddenly left her betraved her; but on hearing her own up the little circle formed of herself, her home one morning, and seeking the near- confession, and learning that she had

lover, Mrs. Lorraine and her young cous- est magistrate, solemnly deposed to the been fully conscious while committing ins. Sir Arthur bade her a very tender fact that she was the murderer of Sir Ar. the crime, "her conscience freed her "good night" as they parted at the foot thur Carlington, and gave herself up to from any blame in telling all she knowed about it.' of the long oaken staircase : and looking justice. The day drew toward a close, and the

deep into the sweet eyes that had never It is impossible to describe the excitetrial lingered; the second day passed in looked but lovingly on him since the day ment caused by this terrible and most unexpected turn of affairs. Mrs. Fitzroy alof their betrothal, he said : on the third day, when the jury at length

"Nothing can part us, dear Claire. You most entirely gave way beneath this fresh would not let any misfortune or trouble stroke of misfortune, and declaring her and fifty-three minutes, returned a verdaughter to be "Mad-mad from grief dict of "Guilty !" separate us ?"

"No, surely not, Arthur. Why do you and constant brooding over the loss of her The unfortunate girl, who now seemed ask such a question? The hand of Heaven lover," entreated all who heard her to be. for the first time to realize her awful alone can come between you and me .- lieve that she gave the correct solution of position, uttered a piercing cry and fell You are evidently gloomy to-night, and the mystery.

you have almost made me catch the m- With the tenderest anxiety did she wait risen to pronounce sentence of death, fection of your sadness. But be comfort- upon the unfortunate self-accused, and, waited till she was restored to conscioused. One of those charming old sayings in every way minister to her happiness ness. Suddenly a low, clear, perfectly we pretend to laugh at, and yet hug to our and comfort; but small, indeed, were the distinct voice broke the dreadful stillness, and all eyes turned toward the hearts, foretells pleasure to come when services she was permitted to render. The

we are sad without knowing why, just as delicate, sensitive, refined girl, who had speaker. Mrs. Fitzroy was whiter than marble, her eyes gleamed with a light it foretells misfortune when we are over been reared in the lap of luxury, was conmerry without sufficient cause." fined in a cold dreary cell, and her dis-

burned steadily, and neither faltered nor "Bless your bright little heart, darling ! tracted and heart-broken mother was per- fell beneath the hundred of glances turn-Good-night!" And Sir Arthur kissed both mitted too see her only during a short ed upon her; her hands were clasped the fair hands he held; and then gather. time of each day, and never without wit- tightly, and sometimes the fingers twitch-

ment, pressed his lips to Claire's passion. that Claire Fitzroy was indeed crazy mad. steady and unshaken to the end. " My lord, and you, gentlemen of the ately, tenderly, sorrowfully; and Claire dened by the horror of her lover's murjury, and all within reach of my voice, extricated herself, not displeased, but der, and constant brooding over her loss; who have just heard that innocent, poor, olushing deeply; for, except her father's, but when at last the trial opened, and she crazed girl pronounced 'guilty' of the it was the first time that a man's kiss had persisted in the damning evidence against murder of Arthur Carlington, listen and herself, which no legal advice could perhear me proclaim myself, in hearing of Good-night ,dear Arthur-good-night! suade her to withhold, the story she gave Heaven, and with God and the

she said, hurriedly; and he watched the in was so minute in all its descriptions dead man's spirit to witness, that I-I graceful figure running up the stairs along that the sincerest believers in her insanalone-am the author of the crime for the corridor, till Claire was quite beyond ity and innocence, groaned in depth of which my daughter stands convicted, his sight, and then turned away with a woe at the case which could be made A few words can explain all. I loved 50 Beaver Overcoats; sight and then turned away with a second the case which could be made Sin Arthur Configuration with all a 50 Beaver Overcoats; 50 Beaver Overcoats; 50 Beaver Overcoats; 50 Beaver Overcoats; Sir Arthur Carlington - with all a against her.





alike united to make her debut a successful one. Miss Fitzroy was pronounced a beauty and a belle, and the star of the season, long before the evening came to a close among the early morning hours. In height somewhere about medium ; she was an exquisite blonde, with fair hair inclining, perhaps, a little more toward the silvery yellow than the brighten tinge called golden, with perfect moulded form, regular features, made charming by an expression of mingled mirth, modesty and girlish reserve ; her eyes were large, deep, soft and hazel; and her mouth so exquisitely rosy, pouting, dimpled and sweet, that a half a dozen young men endeayored to make rhyms to its loveliness before she had thrice appeared in society. Under the direction of her mother, an elegant woman, still looking so youthful and handsome that it seemed impossible to realize that the fair girl of eighteen was her daughter, Claire was dressed in such exquisite taste that the graces of a perfect toilette enhanced the charms so liberally bestowed by nature, and her in troduction to society was a complete triumph.

With so many advantages, no one can wonder that Miss Fitzroy soon had an army of suitors in her train ; but even the vainest among them could not flatter himself that she held him in any special estimation ; and the most loving of scandal-mongers must have been satisfied with her behavior, so perfectly even was her bearing toward all.

At last, however, it began to be noted that one suiter in particular was favored aboye the rest by Mrs. Fitzroy, if not by Claire, and this was Sir Arthur Carlington. The baronet-made such by the recent fear. dimise of an elder brother-was young, rich and handsome; a man framed to win the love of woman; and it soon became evident that he had won the heart of Claire Fitzroy. It was a great blow to the fortune-hunters : but what availed useless regrets when Sir Arthur had heard from sion. the lips he loved that she was not indifferent to his happiness, and referred him, assurances of modest encouragement, " to mamma." As to the mothers with lately presented daughters, and the daughters who wished in their hearts that they, too, were lately presented, the loss of Sin Arthur from amongst them was almost atoned in the fact that he removed a dreaded rival from their various paths.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur Carlington had

Claire was a little flurried after she was alone in her room, and then remembering At the wish of her mother she had been him with a made passion. I gave my her lover's evident depression during the betrothed to Sir Arthur Carlington, while consent to his marriage with my child. evening, a little saddened; but that pas- her whole heart was given to another-a determined to overcome my insane pre- JAS. R. HOWIE sed quite away, before she had finished poor man, who never would have been re- dilection. It was impossible. On the brushing out the waves of her shining hair, cognized as her suitor. She had resolved day preceding the night of his murder, I and was finally forgotten in the happy to give up this love, and to accept the sent him a letter, desiring him to meet QUEEN ST., - FREDERICTON lover which her mother so earnestly dedreams that visited her light slumber. At a somewhat earlier hour than usual sired that she should marry ; and she had she was awakened on the following morn. striven to the utmost to mrke her heart ing by hurried running to and fro through follow in the path of duty. Successful she knew he would not fail me. My coachthe halls : and thinking : "It's Arthur's had hoped and believed herself to have man delivered the letter-let him be servant and doubtless he is soon going been; but alas! on that night, as unable called; as to the letter itself, it will proaway, for he said he must be gone early to sleep, she had lain awake and thought bably be found among the late baronet's n the morning," she rose and hastily be. of her lover-the man whom she truly papers, if not already found. He met gan dressing without ringing for her maid loved-a conflict had raged within her me. I told him he could never marry anxious only not to be too late to receive soul; her passion burned within her heart Claire-I formally withdrew my consent her lover's "good-bye." In a much like a seething fire; till at last, in restless. -he was in despair, He upbraided me, shorter time than young ladies usually re- ness of spirit, she had rizen and striven to he spoke bitterly, he wept, and threw quire to make even a morning toilete, she calm herself by walking through the lone himself at my feet. The sight of his was running down the stairs and toward corridor and the empty rooms. Fate had anguish, and a jealous pang at seeing he breakfast room, humming a love-song led her to the door of Sir Arthur's, chamwhich Sir Arthur had taught her. The ber, and on trying it she found it unlock- all the madness of my heart, and he breakfast room was empty, although the ed; temptation led her footsteps forward heard me with amazement and horror table was laid with tempting viands, and and looking on the sleeping man-the that fast settled into disgust, and with feeling that she was early rather than late, man she now hated, and who would have some cutting words that smote me to Claire took her customary seat, and, drum. separated her forever from the man she the heart, and raised all my pride and a ming on the white table cloth with slen, loved-an overpowering desire to cut her very fury within me, he turned and der fingers almost as white, waited half bonds asunder entered her heart. The walked away. He did not walk toward

impatiently. After a few minutes spent dagger hung in its sheath beside her- the house, but from it; I guessed at in this manner, she became conscious of what way so easy? Her arm soon fell like once that he would not return immediincreased confusion overhead, and a be- iron; her fingers clutched the dreadful ately, and on the instant my plan sprung, wildering running to and fro in the halls, weapon; and raising it on high, her arm matured, from my brain. I felt that half deadened by an uproar of voices. "What can be the matter? Surely some tion, but with all the strength of which one is sick or hurt," and trembling at the she was capable-and he lay dead before the grounds and entrances to Houghton thought, she started from the chair and her ! Calmly and connectedly Miss Fitzroy

hurried to the door. Her own maid was passing along the hall at the moment, and made her statement, and, save for the Miss Fitzroy caught her arm. without any sign of agitation. "Rose, what's the matter ?-what's happened ?" she gasped, with fast gathering

moments there was a slight confusion. "O, Miss Claire-Miss Claire!" exclaimed the girl, shrinking from her gaze and Happily Claire was well defended ; and covering her face. when her lawyer began to speak it was

"For Heaven's sake speak, Rose, and very soon evident how a few words could tell me what has happened !" almost strip her story of all its apparent clear hour he entered, locked the door, and screamed Claire, in an agony of apprehen. ness and plausibility.

Could Miss Fitzroy give any idea of the tire to rest, leaving his lamp burning. "O, don't ask me-don't ask me, Miss time at which the murder had been com- It was a weary time before he slept at Claire ! Indeed, I couldn't bear to tell mitted ? No, she had formed no idea on last, and then I ventured softly from my that subject. Could she describe the situ. hiding-place. He was sleeping softly you," sobbed the waiting woman. And Claire, releasing her, turned her ation of the baronet's room? No. Was and soundly, though occasional sighs bepale face and frightened gaze on others of the dagger hanging in its sheath or placed trayed the uneasiness of his mind. I the servants now filling the hall. "For God's sake l" she cried out in a sheath, she thought-then declared posi. was very pale and very handsome ; tears shrill, piercing voice, "will no one tell tively, after a momentary hesitation. Was rose to my eyes, and then I remembered.

Her statement was brief but conclusive : woman's heart I adored, worshipped me that night at eleven o'clock, in the arbor in the garden at Houghton House, telling him that an insurmountable barrier to his union with Claire had arisen. ed my secret from me. I poured forth descended, almost without her own voli. this man and I could not live in the same world-the wide globe was not large enough to hold us both. I knew

House better than any one about it or in it: I was even aware of a secret entrance, and by that I entered, and wild and wandering glance in her eyes, found my way to the room of the man now hated with the fury of jealousy and As she ceased speaking Mrs. Fitzroy fell humble pride. I can well describe its fainting to the floor, and for some few locality and everything it contained. though I never saw the inside of it but that once. I concealed myself behind

the heavy curtains at the end of the room, and waited for his coming. I had not long to wait. In less than half an sighing drearily, slowly prepared to re-

on any stand or table close by? In the looked at him for some moments; he Gents 'He hates me and despises me !' and me? Sir Arthur—he has met with some accident—he is ill—--" And then, through the confusion of room? She could not remember—it must 'He hates me and despises me!' and with a sudden revulsion of feeling I glanced around. I saw the empty dag-ger-sheath hanging on the wall, and beger-sheath hanging on the wall, and bevoices, the exclamations, the rough ex. have been on the side next the bed, how. neath, two pistols crossed upon an elk pressions of pity, the awful truth reached ever, because it was right in front of her. horn. I dared not hazard any noise, and

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begged of Mrs. Fitzroy the privilege of becoming her son, and she had heard him with unconcealed emotion, which could her at last. not surprise him, for she was tenderly attached to Claire. The girl was her only murdered in his bed! child, and she had no husband to whom to turn for consolation and love when her one pet lamb should be carried away. "You are sure, Sir Arthur, that you ing to her room, in agony that was happily Then she raised it again and hung it on

really love my daughter?" relieved at last by the reaction which fol. the nail? No! she had forgotten all Sir Aurthur, with his hand on his heart lowed such intense mental anguish; and about it a moment afterward. Subseand all a lover's ardor and sincerity, was for the rest of the day she remained al. quently, however, she had taken it up and quite sure; but even that did not seem, just yet, quite enough for Mrs. Fitzroy. She looked into his face long and ardently, and then her own changed; it flushed, condition remembered the great blow being questioned concerning it. twitched nervouly, and very suddenly fell which had fallen upon her. down upon her hands, and her form was shaken with convulsive sobs. When the young baronet, much moved by such an exhibition of grief, would have soothed her, she motioned him to be quiet, and then, soon obtaining control over her emotions, presently raised her head, and showed a face quite calm, pale, set and liar circumstances connected with the pied. cold.

murder, to arrest every one who had slept "Sir Arthur," she said, "I give you my child, the only one left to me of five. pray you take good care of the gift 1 bestow on you, for Claire is a good girl, and murdered man, justice itself could not herself was equally so. value her heart as a pure, true heart, give the order for her arrest. loving for the first time, should be valued. I know all you would say, and I believe ed that Sir Arthur had been murdered you; but go and say it all to Claire, it is more fitting."

hung upon the wall, where he was accus. Sir Arthur took Mrs. Fitzroy's hand tomed to place it; his valet testified that account of its own thoughts and impres and kissing it with warm respect, left her and sought the younger lady and keeper he always carried the dagger with him sions when travelling. It was further made to his heart. manifest by the examining surgeons that

It was arranged that the marriage of the baronet's death could not have been Sir Arthur Carlington and Miss Fitzroy brought about by his own hand, for the was to take place in the following fall : nature of the wound was such as could and as the season in town was now almost not have been dealt by himself: he had over, Mrs. Fitzroy began making preparbeen found in a recumbent and easy posi. on Claire's confession. ations to retire with her daughter to tion, which he could not have attained Monckton Grange, and there woo back after dealing the wound, the nature of of the murder she had been awakened. the roses that were faintly paled upon Claire's cheek before the wedding day which-the dagger having pierced the being a light sleeper, by the sound of should require them in all their rosiest heart-proved that death must have been footsteps hurriedly passing through the instantaneous. Furthermore, the valet corridor, and rising, she looked out and hues.

## Sir Arthur's country seat was in an ad- had found the door unlocked, when, after saw Miss Claire, loosely dressed in a light joining shire: but he continued, never. knocking several times, he had finally morning-robe, running swiftly along the theless, to spend at least three fourths of tried it. Subsequently it was observed corridor. Astonished and frightened, she his time between Monckton Grange and that they key was on the inside. followed at some distance, and was amazed to see her enter the room of Sir Ar-Houghton House, the home of Claire's From these and many similar circumthur Carlington, the door of which appearfavorite aunt, and but a few miles dis- stances it seemed a foregone conclusion ed to be unlocked, for she had not waited tant from the Grange. The time drew that the unhappy young man had been to put any key in it. nigh for Miss Fitzroy's marriage-it want- mu.dered by some inmate of Houghton

Upon examination it had been discover.

ed, indeed, but three week's of the wed- House; for not the smallest evidence Z. R. EVERETT. "Well," continued Jane Mundy, "] Frederitcon, January 13, 1886 ding-day, and Claire was on a visit of two could be found to warrant the suspicion only thought if a poor girl were to be seen Call, Call, Call, Tea. Tea. Tea. or three days at Houghton Huuse, where that anyone had clandestinely entered or entering her lover's room in this way, as and examine my stock of Groceries, too numer-ous to mention. Wholesale and retail, at POV /DER Sir Arthur was also staying. Already the emerged from the house during the night. that young lady did, there would be a fine JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK : little lady's visit to Mrs Lorraine had Notwithstanding which crowning proof of talk about it by the morning. However, W. H. VANWART'S. 35 H ALF Chests Tea-quality Sextra. Also Caddies of 5, 10, 12 and 20 lbs. each. At passed the extent she had promised, and the criminality of some person or persons it's no business of mine. So she returned March 17. Absolutely Pure. she had determined on returning to the that night beneath the roof of Houghton to her room, leaving the door a little ajar ; Brushes. Brushes. Grange the following day. Perhaps this House, it was impossible to fix the guilt and in a short time, hearing footsteps This powder never varies. A marvel of purity determination was augmented by the on any one; and all were acquitted, more again, she looked out and saw Miss Claire strength and wholesomeness. More economi-cal than the ordinary kinds, and eannot be sold Just Received: JUST OPENED: CASE BRUSHES. General Assortment. knowledge that Sir Arthur also said fare- or less honorably, according to the force returning; but now she walked very slow, 10 GROSS RISING SUN STOVE POLISHknowledge that Sir Arthur also said fare-well to Houghton House on the following well to Houghton House on the following murdered baronet was buried by mourn. wrung her hands piteously." Z. R. EVERETT. morning, being compelled to return to murdered baronet was buried by mourn. wrung her hands piteously." April 7.

hatred with which servants sometimes fol

low those above them, and always abhor-

red the self-accused criminal, came for-

ward with testimony that stamped truth

Jane Mundy asserted that on the night

Did Miss Fitzroy recollect whether the at that moment my gaze fell on the Sir Arthur Carlington had been found sheath remained on the wall, or was loos- naked dagger lying on the table within ened by her dragging the dagger from it? easy reach of my hand, and seizing it,

Claire received the intelligence with a The sheath fell. Was Miss Fitzroy sure? I plunged it in his heart. He groaned cry that sounded like the very death-knell Yes, the sheath fell, and made some slight once only, and all was still. He was

**Furnishing Goods** 

1885]

to reason or life, and was carried shriek. noise that for the moment startled her. dead. I turned and left the room. All within the house was silent-not a creature stirring-not a sound. I escaped as I had entered, and walking rapidly to the Grange, entered and sought my room unnoticed. That is all.'

most insensible-low moans, occasionally hung it on the nail? No, she was quite As Mrs. Fitzroy ceased, a murmur. escaping from her lips, alone giving evi- certain she had not touched it, and never low but ominous, arose, and swelling dence that she still lived, and even in that thought of it again till that moment on soon to shouts and execrations, she was only rescued by the efforts of the consta-Miss Fiztroy's counsel smiled-a kind bles from the fury of the mob; for even

as Claire's tale had been listened to in Day after day passed, till a week was and encouraging smile, for in the answer credulously and with pity, her mother's gone; and Claire remained in the same to almost every question Claire had shown was believed almost from the moment condition. She had been removed to her her innocence, and to those familiar with she began to speak. mother's house, however, and was tender- the rooms at Houghton House it was evi-

The sequel is brief. Claire Fitzroy ly watched over, day and night, by the al dent that she never had even entered Sir was fully exonerated from guilt, or most heart-broken woman. It had been Arthur's apartment; and could not, inconsidered necessary, in view of the pecu- deed, tell which apartment he had occuwhich a disordered imagination and an insane mind had fixed upon herself. She

The case seemed about to close very never recoved, and languished out the in Houghton House that night; but ow- suddenly; and while Claire's insanity rest of her days in a madhouse. ing to the condition of the poor young seemed patent to every one, her inno-Mrs. Fitzroy was tried, convicted, and girl, so soon to have been the wife of the cence of the crime which she laid upon sentenced to an ignominious death, which

she escaped by the interposition of a But now a most untoward circumstance merciful executioner-on the morning occurred, and what seemed before the set apart for the expiation of her crime proof of Claire's inflocence became only she was found in her cell, cold and dead, with his own dagger, the sheath of which the wanderings of a mind conscious of its the victim of a broken, and, let us hope,

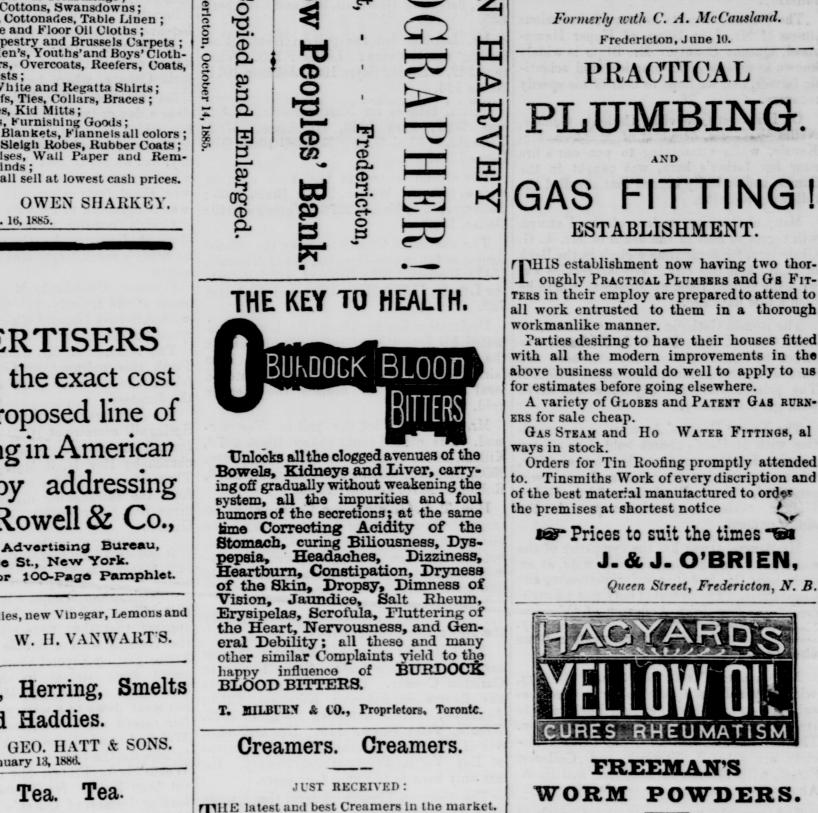
"It's a great comfort to be alone,"

said an Irish lover, "especially when One of the maids at Houghton House, your swatcheart is wid ye." who, with that unrelenting and bitter

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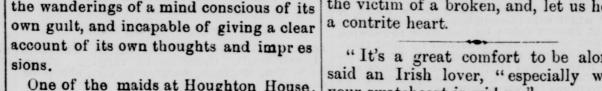
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