

POETRY.

WAITING.

All day long I walk the shore, Gazing out across the sea, Where the merry white-capped waves Chase each other in their glee.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATRIARCH," "HOMEROUND BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

Elizabeth checked her filly and looked up, with an unconscious but alarmed air, at the very cause of her danger, while she listened to the crackling sounds that awoke the stillness of the forest; but the next instant her filly was seized by her father, who cried, "God protect my child!" and she felt herself hurried away, impelled by the vigor of his nervous arm.

Each one of the party bowed to his saddle-bow as the tearing branches were succeeded by the rushing of the wind, which was followed by a thundering report, and a shock that caused the very earth to tremble as one of the noblest ruins of the forest fell directly across their path.

One glance was enough to assure Judge Temple that his daughter and those in front of him were safe, and he turned his eyes, in dreadful anxiety, to learn the fate of the others. Young Edwards was on the opposite side of the tree, his form thrown back in his saddle to its utmost distance, his left hand drawing up his bridle with his greatest force, while the right grasped that of Miss Grant so as to draw the head of her horse under its body. Both the animals stood shaking in every joint with terror, and snorting fearfully. Louisa herself had relinquished her reins, and, with her hands pressed on her face, sat bending forward in her saddle, in an attitude of despair, mingled strangely with resignation.

"Are you safe?" cried the Judge, first breaking the awful silence of the moment in the net, like a postman's right in the law." — PERICLES OF TYRE.

The advance of the season now became as rapid as its first approach had been tedious and lingering. The days were uniformly mild, while the nights, though cool, were no longer chilled by frosts. The gay and fluttering bluebird, the social robin, and the industrious little wren, were all to be seen enlivening the field with their presence and their songs; while the soaring fish-hawk was already hovering over the waters of the Osego, watching with active voracity for the appearance of his prey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Help, masters, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a postman's right in the law." — PERICLES OF TYRE.

The tenants of the lake were far-famed for both their quantities and their quality, and the ice had hardly disappeared, before numberless little boats were launched from the shores, and lines of the fishermen were dropped into the deepest recesses of its deepest caverns. More destructive means were resorted to; and, as the reason had now arrived when the bass-fisheries were allowed by the provision of the law that Judge Temple had procured, the sheriff declared that he would assist himself of the first dark night, to enjoy the sport in person.

"And you shall be present, Cousin Bess," he added, when he announced this design, "and Miss Grant, and Mr. Edwards; and I will show you what I call fishing—not nibble, nibble, nibble, as 'dinks' does when he goes after the salmon-trout. There he will sit for hours, in a broiling sun, or, perhaps, over a hole in the ice, in the coldest days in winter, under the lee of a few bushes, and not a fish will be caught, after all this mortification of the flesh. No, no—give me a good seine that's fifty or sixty fathoms in length, with a jolly parcel of boatmen to crack their jokes while, with Benjamin to steer, and let us haul them in by themselves; I call that fishing!"

"Ah! Dickon," cried Marmaduke, "thou knowest but little of the pleasure there is in playing with the hook and line, or thou wouldst be more saving of the game. I have known thee to leave garments enough behind thee, when thou hast headed a night-party on the lake, to feed a dozen famishing families."

"I shall not dispute the matter, Judge Temple; this night will I go; and I invite the company to attend, and then let them decide between us."

The night had now become so dark as to render objects, without the reach of the light of the fire, not only indistinct, but in most cases invisible. For a little distance the water was discernible, glistening, as the glare from the fire danced over its surface, touching it here and there with red quivering streaks; but at a hundred feet from the shore, there lay a boundary of impenetrable gloom. One or two stars

were shining through the openings of the clouds, and the lights were seen in the village, glistening faintly, as if at an immeasurable distance. At times, as the fire lowered, or as the horizon cleared, the outline of the mountain, on the other side of the lake, might be traced by its undulations; but its shadow was cast, wide and dense, on the bosom of the water, rendering the darkness in that direction trebly deep.

Elizabeth watched the motion of the bateau as it pulled from the shore, letting loose its rope as it went, but it soon disappeared in the darkness, when the ear was her only guide to its evolutions. There was great affection of stillness during all these manoeuvres, in order, as Richard assured them, "not to frighten the bass, who were running into the shoal waters, and who would approach the light if not disturbed by the sounds from the fishermen."

The hoarse voice of Benjamin was alone heard issuing out of the gloom, as he uttered, in authoritative tones, "Pull larboard oar," "Pull starboard," "Give way together, boys," and such other dictatorial mandates as were necessary for the right disposition of his seine. A long time was passed in this necessary part of the process, for Benjamin prided himself greatly on his skill in throwing the net, and, in fact, most of the success of the sport depended on its being done with judgment.

At length a loud splash in the water, as he threw away the "stake," or "stretch," with a hoarse call from the steward of "clear," announced that the boat was returning; when Richard seized a brand from the fire, and ran to a point, as far above the centre of the fishing-ground, as the one from which the bateau had started was below it.

"Stick her in dead for the squire, boys," said the steward, "and we'll have a look at what grows in this here pond."

In place of the falling net were now to be heard the quick strokes of the oars, and the noise of the rope running out of the boat. Presently the bateau shot into the circle of light, and in an instant she was pulled to the shore. Several eager hands were extended to receive the line, and, both ropes being equally well manned, the fishermen commenced hauling in with slow and steady drag, Richard standing in the centre, giving orders, first to one party, and then to the other, to increase or slacken their efforts, as occasion required. The visitors were posted near him, and enjoyed a fair view of the whole operation, which was slowly advancing to an end.

Opinions as to the result of their adventure were now freely hazarded by all the men, some declaring that the net came in as light as a feather, and others assuming that it seemed to be full of leeches. As the ropes were many hundred feet in length, these opposing sentiments were thought to be of little moment by the sheriff, who would go first one line, and then to the other, giving each a small pull, in order to enable him to form an opinion for himself.

The man rushed to the water's edge, some seizing the upper rope, and some the lower, or lead rope, and began to haul with great activity and zeal. A deep semicircular sweep of the little balls that supported the seine in its perpendicular position, was plainly visible to the spectators, and, as it rapidly lessened in size, the bag of the net appeared, while an occasional flutter on the water announced the uneasiness of the prisoners it contained.

"Haul in, my lads," shouted Richard—"I can see the dogs kicking to get free. Haul in, and here's a cast that will pay for the labor."

Fishes of various sorts were now to be seen struggling in the meshes of the net, it was passed through the hands of the laborers; and the water, at a little distance from the shore, was alive with the movements of the alarmed victims. Hundreds of white sides were glancing up to the surface of the water, and glistening in the freights when, frightened at the uproar and the change, the fish would again dart to the bottom in fruitless efforts for freedom.

Great care was observed in bringing the net to land, and, afterwards, all the whole shoal of victims was safely deposited in a hollow of the bank, where they were left to flutter away their brief existence in the new and fatal element.

Even Elizabeth and Louisa were greatly excited and highly gratified by seeing two thousand creatures thus drawn from the bosom of the lake, and laid prisoners at their feet.

While the fishermen were employed in making the preparations for an equitable division of the spoil Elizabeth and her friend strolled a short distance from the group, along the shore of the lake. After reaching a point, to which even the brightest of the occasional gleams of the fire did not extend, they turned, and passed a moment, in contemplation of the busy and industrious party who had left, and of the obscurity, which, like the gloom of oblivion, seemed to envelop the rest of the creation.

Through the obscurity, which prevailed most immediately under the eastern mountain, a small and uncertain light was seen, and, as it gradually increased, it became the size of a man's head, and continued to shine a steady ball of fire. Such an object, lighted as it were by magic under the brow of the mountain, and in that retired and unfrequented place, gave to the beholder a feeling of singular awe and mystery, which, like the gloom of oblivion, seemed to envelop the rest of the creation.

"Did you ever hear the singular ways of this Natty spoken of, Miss Temple? They say that, in his youth, he was an Indian warrior; or, what is the same thing, a white man leagued with the savages; and it is the story of his life, as he has been concerned in many of their incursions, in the old wars."

"The thing is not at all improbable," returned Elizabeth; "he is not alone in that particular."

"No, surely; but it is not strange that he is so cautious of his life; he never leaves it, without fastening it in a remarkable manner; and in several instances, when the children, or even the men of the village, have wished to seek a shelter there from the storms, he has been known to drive them from his door with rudeness and threats. That surely is singular in this country!"

his place." Elizabeth paused, and smiled, with an expression of peculiar archness, though the darkness hid his meaning from her companion, as he continued: "Besides, he certainly admits the visits of Mr. Edwards, whom we both know to be far from a savage."

To this speech Louisa made no reply, but continued gazing on the object which had excited her remarks. In addition to the bright and circular flame, was now to be seen a fainter, through a vivid light, of an equal diameter to the other at the upper end, but which, after extending downward for many feet, gradually tapered to a point at the lower extremity. The space was plainly visible between the two and the new illumination. It was soon evident that the latter was nothing but the reflection, from the water, of the former, and that the object, whatever it might be, was advancing across, or rather over the lake, and ascending to several feet above its surface, in a direct line with themselves. Its motion was amazingly rapid, the ladies having hardly discovered that it was moving at all, before the waving light of a flame was discerned, losing its regular shape, while it increased in size, as it approached.

"It appears to be supernatural!" whispered Louisa, beginning to retract her steps toward the party.

"A brilliant though wavering flame was now plainly visible, gradually gliding over the lake, and throwing its light on the water in such a manner as to tinge it slightly; though in the air, so strong was the contrast, the darkness seemed to have the distinctness of material substances, as if the fire were imbedded in a setting of ebony. This appearance, however, gradually wore off, and the rays from the torch struck out, and enlightened the atmosphere in front of it, leaving the background in darkness that was more impenetrable than ever."

"'Tis Natty, is that you?" shouted the sheriff. "Paddle in, old boy, and I'll give you a mess of fish that is fit to place before the governor."

The light suddenly changed its direction, and a long and slightly built boat hove up out of the gloom, while the red glare fell on the water-beaten features of the Leather-Stocking, whose tall person was seen erect in the frail vessel, wielding, with the grace of an experienced boatman, a long fishing-spear, which he held by its centre, first dropping one end and then the other into the water, as he proceeded, the little canoe of bark, we will not say through, but over the water. At the farther end of the vessel a form was faintly seen, guiding its motions, and using the paddle with the ease of one who felt there was no necessity for exertion. The Leather-Stocking struck his spear lightly against the short staff which upheld, on a rude grating frame of old hoops of iron, the knots of pine that composed the fuel, and the light which glared high, for an instant fell on the seaworthy features, and dark glancing eyes of Molegah.

The boat glided along the shore until it arrived opposite the fishing-ground, when it again changed its direction, and moved on to the land, with a motion so graceful, and yet so rapid, that it seemed to possess the power of replating its own progress. The water in front of the canoe was hardly ruffled by its passage, and no sound betrayed the collision, when the light fabric shot on the gravelly beach for nearly half its length, Natty reaching a step or two from its bow, in order to facilitate the landing.

"Approach, Molegah," said Marmaduke; "approach, Leather-Stocking, and load your canoe with bass. It would be a shame to seel the animals with the spear, when such multitudes of victims lie here, that will be lost as food for the wants of months to consume them."

"No, no, Judge," returned Natty, his tall figure stalking over the narrow beach, and ascending to the little grassy bank where the fish were laid in piles; "I eat of no man's waste ways. I strike my spear into the eels or the trout, when I crave the creature; but I wouldn't be helping to such a sinful kind of fishing for the best rifle that was ever brought out of the mountains. If I could but get a fir, like the bass, or you could tan their hides, like a buck, something might be said in favor of taking them by the thousand with your nets; but as God made them for man's food, and for no other dishonorable reason, I will sit and wasty to catch more than can be eat."

"Your reasoning is mine; for once, old hunter, we agree in opinion; and I heartily wish we could make a convert of the sheriff. A net of half the size of this would supply the whole village with fish for a week at one haul!"

The Leather-Stocking did not relish this alliance in sentiment; and he shook his head doubtfully as he answered: "No, no; you are not much of one mind, Judge, or you'd never turn good enough grounds into stumpy pasture. And you fish and hunt out of rule; but, to me, the flesh is sweeter where the creature has some chance for its life; for that reason, I always use a single haul, even if it be at a bird or a squirrel. Besides, it saves labor, for, when a body has how to do it, one piece of lead is enough for all, except hard-lived animals."

The sheriff heard these opinions with great indignation. "A very pretty confederacy, indeed!" he said. "Judge Temple is the owner and owner of a township, with Nathaniel Bumpo, a lawless squatter, and professed deer-killer, in order to preserve the game in the country! But, duke, when I fish I fish; so, away boys for another haul, and we'll send out wagons and carts in the morning to bring our prizes."

Marmaduke appeared to understand that all opposition to the will of the sheriff would be useless, and he strolled from the fire to the place where the canoe of the hunters lay, while the Leathes and Oliver Edwards had already proceeded him.

Curiosity induced the females to approach this spot; but it was a different motive that led the youth thither. Elizabeth examined the light ashens timbers and thin bark covering of the canoe, in admiration of its neat but simple execution, and with wonder that any human being could be so daring as to trust his life in so frail a vessel. But the youth explained to her the buoyant properties of the boat, and its perfect safety when under proper management; adding in such glowing terms a description of the manner in which the fish were struck with the spear, that she changed suddenly, from an apprehension of the danger of the excursion, to a desire to participate in its pleasures. She even ventured a proposition to the sheriff to let her father, leaning at the same time at her own wish, and accusing herself of acting under a woman's caprice.

"Say not so, Bess," returned the Judge; "I would have you above the idea of forming a party to go with me. He never leaves it, without fastening it in a remarkable manner; and in several instances, when the children, or even the men of the village, have wished to seek a shelter there from the storms, he has been known to drive them from his door with rudeness and threats. That surely is singular in this country!"

"It is certainly not very hospitable; but we must remember his aversion to the customs of civilized life. You heard my father say, a few days since, how kindly he was treated by him on his first visit to

only launched yesterday; for I'm not over-curious at such small work as brooms, and hot-making, and other like Indian trades."

Natty gave Elizabeth one of his significant laughs, with a kind nod of the head, when he concluded his invitation; but Molegah, with the native grace of an Indian, approached, and taking her soft white hand into his own swartly and wrinkled palm, said:

"Come, grand-daughter of Miquon, and John will be glad. Trust the Indian; his head is old, though his hand is not steady. The young Eagle will go and see that no harm comes to his sister."

"Mr. Edwards," said Elizabeth, blushing slightly, "your friend Molegah has given a promise for me. Do you redeem the pledge?"

"With my life, if necessary, Miss Temple," cried the youth, with fervor. "The right is worth some little apprehension; for of real danger there is none. I will go with you and Miss Grant, however, to save appearances."

"With me!" exclaimed Louisa. "No not with me, Mr. Edwards; nor, surely, do you mean to trust yourself in that slight canoe?"

"But I shall, for I have no apprehensions any longer," said Elizabeth, stepping into the boat, and making a sign to the Indian directed. "Mr. Edwards, you may remain, as three do seem to be enough for such an expedition."

"I shall hold a fourth," cried the young man, springing to her side, with a violence that nearly shook the weak fabric of the vessel assunder. "Fardon me, Miss Temple, that I do not permit these venerable Charons to take you to the shades unattended by your genius."

"To it, good or evil spirit?" asked Elizabeth.

"Good to you," said the maiden, with an air that strangely blended piety with satisfaction. But the motion of the canoe gave rise to new ideas, and fortunately afforded a good excuse to the young man to change the discourse.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE REBUKED A HIGH-STRUNG BOSTON DAMESEL.

The late Prof. Morren related once in our hearing a rebuke which he gave to a high-strung Boston Hill dame, which is worth repeating for the moral it carries, says the Boston Courier. The young lady was one of his pupils, and made herself particularly obnoxious by her haughty and even insolent bearing, displaying her contempt for all about her so markedly that it became last unbearable.

"I knew her mother in France, said the professor, who was a very fine woman, and a most exquisitely modest and unassuming woman. But the daughter was so insolent that she had to have a lesson; so I said to her: "Will you be as good as to remain after the lesson? I have something to tell you."

"She stayed, and in her haughtiest manner she said: "You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes. You are Miss So-and-So?"

"Yes."

"And you live at No. — Beacon street?"

"Yes."

"And your father is Mr. So-and-So?"

"Yes."

"And your mother is the lovely and sweet Mrs. So-and-So I have met in France?"

"Well?"

"Oh," I said, "you are sure there is no mistake?"

"No mistake! What do you mean?"

"I am exceedingly surprised that you come of such a family, and so well born."

"Sir?"

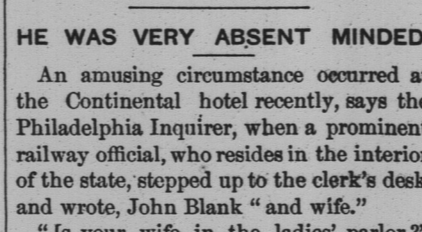
"I am much surprised. I have been sure you came of a new rich family, some parent."

"Sir?"

"You think, mademoiselle, I said, softening my manner, "that haughtiness is aristocratic? Now, you will pardon an old man if I remain you that the contrary is true. I have known your mother so long that I dare to be frank with you. You have been very insolent in the class."

"Yes, mademoiselle. You have mistaken this for a mark of aristocracy. You would much better copy your mother, your gentle, lady mother."

"And I made her my best bow and left her to think about it. And she was a good girl afterward; a very good girl."



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AFTER A SLICE OF TURKEY.

A report prevails in diplomatic quarters that, a dissolution of the Turkish Empire having become inevitable, Emperor William's visit to his imperial relatives and neighbors have been undertaken with a view of securing, if possible, a peaceful division of Turkey among the interested powers, thus settling the Eastern question for many years to come. Concerning this Earl Granville, who was Mr. Gladstone's foreign secretary, said:

"If anyone was to collect from day to day the evidence furnished by the telegrams from Turkey as to the condition of the Ottoman administration he would be convinced that nothing short of a miracle keeps the Turkish Empire in existence. Recently, for example, it was reported from Constantinople that the spread of brigandage in Asia Minor is so serious that additional troops must be sent to protect the workmen constructing the railroads. The state of Anatolia has been much the same for the last twelve years. The administration is powerless alike to preserve order and to carry on the ordinary work of government. Only a few days ago attention was called to the complaints of the Sultan's Mussulman subjects in regard to the mis-government of Asia Minor. This is the most significant sign of the near collapse of Turkey. The Christians may be ill-used freely, but so long as the Mussulmans are loyal the stability of the Sultan's rule, at least in his Asiatic dominions, is not dangerously menaced from within. But as soon as the Turks themselves are ripe for revolt the end must come."

What keeps the fabric still in appearance erect and strong is not its own solidity, but the desire of the great powers that it shall not at present collapse. This will enable the show of government to be carried on so long as the machinery does not fall to pieces from within. But the dry rot within the Empire has spread so rapidly in recent years that the powers may at any time be confronted with a new problem—that of propping up the Sultan against the force of his own Moslem subjects. Whether in view of this necessity the powers will be able to make arrangements to put aside their quarrels is a question not to be settled by speculation. In all probability those powers which favor the present state of things will be the most ready to see their own interests—their own share of the plunder.

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HUNTING BEE TREES. The outfit of the hunter for wild bees consists of a box of matches, some old honey-comb, and a small box with a draw cover and a little comb honey in it. Proceeding on a warm, still, fair day to within a quarter of a mile from the woods he proceeds to test, in the open field he builds a fire and heats two tin stoves. Placing one of the heated stoves on a convenient stump or rock, he puts on that a piece of old comb and covers it with the other hot stone, and then draws the lid of the box part way out, first placing in the burning comb, the scent of which attracts the bees, and they alight on the comb honey. Gorging themselves, they disappear. The first ones to leave rise high in the air, but as they come thicker and faster, they make a "bumble" from the box to their tree. The hunter makes this line by some large tree in the woods. He then closes the lid, shutting in bees, and proceeds to spot to seek a line at a right angle to the first line. Opening the box, the imprisoned bees depart directly to their trees. Having the "cross line," he follows it up to the point where it intersects the first line and there he finds the "bee-tree."

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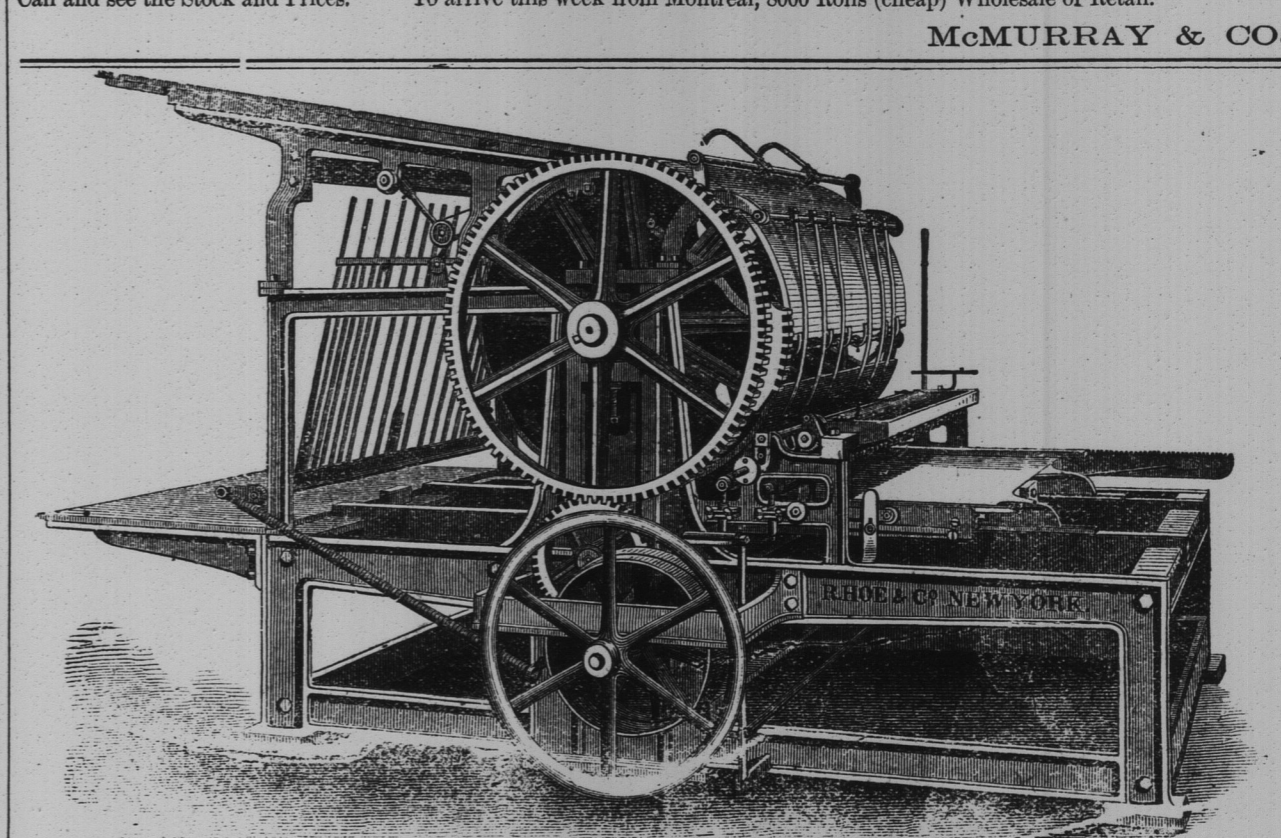


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