

# The Morning Star.

VOLUME 1.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

NUMBER 19.

**Business Cards.**

**ALLEN & WILSON,**  
Barristers, Notaries Public, &c.

Wiley's Building, Queen St.,  
OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Loans Negotiated. Accounts collected with  
despatch.

T. C. ALLEN, W. WILSON.  
**EDWIN STORY,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Choice CONFECTIONERY,

ICE CREAM, SYRUPS, &c.

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.  
**G. H. SIMMONS,**

DEALER IN  
**LEATHER**

AND  
**SHOE FINDINGS,**

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.  
All Orders promptly attended to.

**D. ELLEIOTT,**  
Regent Street, F'ron.

WORKER IN  
**SHEET IRON, TIN and COPPER.**

All orders promptly attended to.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
WM. HAWTHORNE, Proprietor.

Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

A Good Stable in connection with  
the Hotel.

**RAINSFORD & BLACK,**  
Barristers and Attorneys At Law,

Conveyancers, Notaries, &c.

OFFICE:  
CARLETON ST., F'TON, N. B.

Loans negotiated on good securities.

**J. F. McMANUS,**  
Barrister & Attorney At-Law,

SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

HAS OPENED HIS OFFICE IN  
**McManus' Building,**

REGENT STREET.

All business in his profession promptly  
attended to.

J. F. McMANUS,  
Barrister, &c., Regent Street.

**T. E. FOSTER,**  
MASON, BRICKLAYER,

AND PLASTERER,  
Mastic and Stucco Worker,

All kinds of color washing executed in  
the best manner and on reasonable terms.

Jobbing punctually attended to.  
Fancy, Plain and Ornamental Plastering.

Residence, Corner of St. John and Charlotte  
Streets.  
Oct 31, 1878.—3mos.

**"SHADES."**  
MYSHRALL'S ALLEY,

Opposite County Court House, F'ron.

Choice Wines, Liquors, and Cigars  
always in Stock.

New York Lager & English Ale on  
draught.  
JAS. CRANGLE.  
F'ron Oct. 31, 1878.—3mos.

**MISS KATIE CORNELLISON,**  
HAIR DRESSER,

and dealer in Braids, Chignons, Switches,  
and Curls, Combing made over in Curls,  
Puffs, Braids, Combing points to turn all  
one way. Human Hair bought and sold  
cheaper than anywhere in the city.

**OCTOBER 1878.**  
IN STORE:  
100 Bbs. Passiac Flour;  
100 " Minnesota Flour;  
200 " Corn Meal;  
50 " Oatmeal, Pilsenburgh;  
100 Bbls. and halves good Herring;  
25 Quintals Codfish;  
25 Bbls. Yellow C. Sugar;  
4 Hhds. Scotch Sugar;  
20 Bbls. Crushed and Granulated;  
Astral Oil;  
Sassaparilla;  
Syrup of Marshmallows;  
Syrup of Licorice;  
Syrup of Sarsaparilla;  
Syrup of Wild Cherry;  
Syrup of Elderberry;  
Syrup of Marshmallows;  
Syrup of Licorice;  
Syrup of Sarsaparilla;  
Syrup of Wild Cherry;  
Syrup of Elderberry;

**WILEY'S**  
**DRUG**  
**STORE,**  
Corner Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley  
and next above  
Lottimer's Shoe Store.



THE Subscriber would call the attention of  
purchasers and visitors to the Exhibition  
to his large and well assorted stock of  
**Medicines,**  
**Perfumery,**  
**Toilet Articles, &c.**  
Which he will sell at the Lowest rates both  
Wholesale and Retail.  
JOHN M. WILEY,  
Druggist.



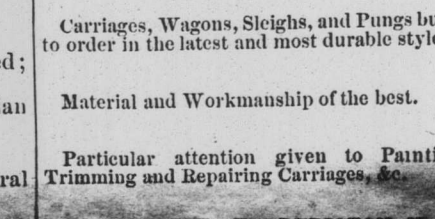
**RECEIVED**  
PER LATE STEAMERS,  
NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS,  
IN  
Blankets, Flannels,  
Wool Shawls, Vincerys,  
Ladies' Dress Materials,  
Ladies' Cloths, in all the newest makes,  
Ladies' Sacks, latest styles;  
Ladies' Ulsters;  
Lyons Black Silks;  
Lyons Black Silk Velvets,  
Velveteens;  
Table Damasks and Napkins;  
and a full assortment of seasonable goods  
I import my goods direct and cannot be  
undersold by any House in the trade.  
JOHN McDONALD,  
A large stock **Mourning Goods,**  
daily expected.



Dr. Warner's  
**HEALTH CORSET.**  
With Skirt Supporter  
and self-adjusting  
Pads, unequalled for  
beauty, style and com-  
fort.  
Sold by  
JOHN McDONALD.

JUST OPENED A LOT OF  
**TINT WALL PAPERS,**  
Warranted washable.  
JOHN McDONALD.

**Carriage & Sleigh Factory,**  
R. COLWELL, Proprietor.



Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, and Pungs built  
to order in the latest and most durable styles.  
Material and Workmanship of the best.  
Particular attention given to Painting  
Trimming and Repairing Carriages, &c.

**FIRE! FIRE! FIRE. EXHIBITION!**

**No. 4, Coy's Block.**  
**Scully and Collins**  
**CLOTHIERS!**

**NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS.**  
Owing to the late fire we have determined to sell our entire stock of COATS,  
PANTS, VESTS, SHIRTS, a large Stock of White and Coloured Collars,  
Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Jumpers, Overalls, Socks, &c. at **COST PRICE—**  
ALSO,  
**SCOTCH, ENGLISH & CANADIAN CLOTHS!**  
AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH EVERYBODY.  
**A Lot of Tweed Remnants!**  
WILL BE SOLD  
**LESS THAN COST TO CLEAR THEM OUT.**  
Strict attention will be paid to the Tailoring Department.

Having the experienced Cutter Mr. JOHN COLLINS, one of the very best in  
the Dominion, we are prepared to take order for Gentlemen's Clothing,  
which will be cut up in the very latest styles and at **ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,**  
"A GOOD FIT GUARANTEED OR NO SALE,"  
**NO ALTERATIONS NECESSARY.**  
**SCULLY & COLLINS,**  
No. 4, Coy's Block, directly opposite Western Union Telegraph Office.

**EXTRA INDUCEMENTS!**

**PHOTOGRAPHS! PHOTOGRAPHS!**  
**Tintypes. Tintypes.**  
Read carefully! and observe the following inducements, it is just what you  
want A NICE PHOTOGRAPH! you can have it by calling any time during the  
day and secure a sitting at

**Schleyer's Photograph Gallery,**  
Between Logans and Dever Bros., Dry Goods Stores, opposite the Normal  
School.  
The subscriber having secured the services of W. A. MOOERS, Esq., as  
operator for the EXHIBITION WEEK, in addition to the services of four other  
first-class hands, is prepared to attend to the wants and wishes of all, and  
especially to the visitors who will visit our City during Exhibition week and  
who are desirous of procuring a first-class Photograph or a Tintype.  
Mr. Mooers is known throughout the Province as a first-class operator, and  
we will guarantee a perfect Picture, to all who will favor us with their patronage.  
Copying and Enlarging Old Pictures, a speciality. Scenery: Card,  
Cabinet, Stereoscopic 8x10 and 8x12 Views of Fredericton and surrounding  
country always in stock.

**NEW DRY GOODS STORE.**

TO OPEN  
**WEDNESDAY, OCT., 9th.**  
IN INCHES BUILDING,  
Directly Opposite City Hall, Queen Street, Fredericton.

**A. A. MILLER & CO.,**  
Will open their New Store on Wednesday next, and will show a full  
stock of New Goods, selected from the best Houses and many of them  
direct from the manufactories in the United States and European  
Markets. We will offer our Goods at lowest prices.  
Please call and see us.  
A. A. MILLER & Co.

**LEMONT'S Variety Store**  
DO YOU WANT TO BUY A  
**CABINET ORGAN**  
OR  
**PIANO?**  
If so, you can do so at a very low price, at  
**LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE**

**FURNITURE,**  
**Crockery and Glassware!**  
AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.  
**SEWING MACHINE**  
Call and examine our stock of Goods.  
**LEMONT & SONS.**

This space is reserved for  
**P. McPEAKE, Merchant Tailor,**  
&c., Queen Street, Fredericton.

**Select Story.**

**THE TREASURE CAVE.**  
*A Tale of Golden Bay, N. F.*  
CHAPTER IV.  
IN CAPTIVITY.

"Nor Stoney towers nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the power of spirit."  
"JULIUS CÆSAR."  
Much that flash of light revealed  
to the heart broken Helen. Above,  
as we have said, frowned majestic  
cliffs, around were their arms of  
adamant, behind a narrow passage,  
where the ship had entered from  
the ocean. O, horrors,—here was  
a prison house of nature. The  
silent tongued cliffs told no tales  
and spoke only in echoes, the  
gurgling waters murmured to  
themselves and had no sigh of pity,  
no sound of relief. She was shut  
in from the world, from the free  
air of nature, from all those she  
loved.

And worse than this: heaven's  
lurid light showed a cave, whose  
yawning mouth seemed ready to  
swallow, to imprison her. Where-  
fore did she come here? Why  
not end her trouble by one bold  
leap from the boat of her captors?  
A mercy it would have been to hear  
the dark waters close over her  
head, to consign herself to the cold  
stillness of the deep sea, rather  
than submit to a living tomb, and  
perhaps to worse.

Now such escape was impossible.  
Fierce men clad in the habiliments  
of war formed a guard about her,  
and her captor advancing towards  
her said, "We now disembark, and  
none hath ever entered our palace  
seeing the way. Put this hand-  
kerchief over your eyes."  
"In heaven's name what further  
would you," she asked in the wild-  
ness of despair. "Why bandage  
my eyes—give me at least the  
small boon of looking upon the  
living tomb whence I go. You  
take from me my liberty, consign  
me to a horrible fate, and bandage  
my eyes while you lead me! If  
you be more than those cruel  
cliffs that frown above us, hear a  
helpless female's request."

"You know not what you ask  
fair lady. This is the cave—look,"  
and, while he spoke, a flash of  
lighting again swept through the  
pit of darkness, revealing the  
words emblazoned on a sign be-  
fore the entrance.  
"CAVE OF SECRETS."  
She shuddered, and a cold chill  
settled about her heart. Was it  
Despair's icy fingers that were en-  
twining it—had she now made  
memory and life and all that makes  
"this side" dear a blank? She  
again looked into the darkness  
whither she was now asked to go.  
But two days before she had read  
Dante, and shuddered as the mighty  
poet entered hell's portals. Those  
dreadful words, "Cave of Secrets,"  
put her in mind of the poets inscrip-  
tion over the infernal gates, "Who  
enters here leaves Hope behind."  
She took a handkerchief from her  
pocket and, while her hands trem-  
bled, bound it round her forehead.  
It was only darkness now, but her  
heart throbbled to think of  
where she was to be brought.  
Some one took her hand, she  
trembled at its touch. The touch  
of the slimy rattlesnake could not  
be more repulsive, and she shudder-  
ed.

"Fear not me," came in the  
leaders tones, "in a few minutes  
you can have rest."  
Detestful, loathsome, rest. Bet-  
ter the biting frosts of the Caucasus,  
or the fever laden heart of a torrid  
clime with the air of Freedom,  
than all the wealth wrung from  
honest toilers in a detested  
prison.

But she followed. There was in  
her very despair a kind of courage.  
What was it? It was like the ray  
of light that occasionally shoots  
through the dark canopy of clouds  
that lower down upon us. It was  
a gleam of Hope, touching the  
chords of her soul. At its touch,  
Courage sprang up. "Hope  
springs eternal in the human  
breast."  
She followed, and was led along  
a kind of path leading for

while then she stood upon the  
solid rock. She had landed. Still  
her captor led on; still she follow-  
ed with beating heart and trembling  
limbs. Then he stopped, and re-  
leased her hand.  
"Remove the bandage fair lady  
and be seated." She did so,—  
What a blaze of wealth and beauty  
burst upon her gaze! Had she  
dropped into the palace of Aroun  
Alraschid, or one of the Arabian  
Knights' Castles?  
It was a spacious room and cir-  
cular in form. Above was a ceil-  
ing like a miniature sky. What  
appeared to be monster diamonds,  
but in reality stalactites, hung down  
dazzling and sparkling from the  
roof. They scintillated and flashed  
at each motion of the light in the  
massive golden chandeliers that  
hung through the palace.  
And on the floor were the cost-  
liest carpets, the texture of Turkey  
and dyes of the ancient Tyre.  
Furniture of mahogany, richly up-  
holstered in crimson and black,  
ottomans, lounges and footstools,  
gave to it an air of Oriental taste  
and luxury.  
A huge table stood in the middle  
of the room, upon which were  
gems of priceless worth, some in  
boxes of ivory, others in costly  
settings. The rings of princes and  
potentates, the brooches of prin-  
cesses and dowagers, pearls from the  
Eastern seas, and jewels from  
Ophir's sides were strewn over it.  
And the curiosities of barbaric  
princes, with trinkets of finery and  
art too, formed a feature in  
that collection. On the walls  
hung paintings and crayons,  
—a large landscape painting of  
an Alpine Vale with its  
pleasant cots looked down upon  
by the snow capped Alp tops—  
stretched far around the side. It  
was a gorgeous painting and upon  
it despite her position Helen gazed  
rapt. She was a keen lover of the  
beautiful, fond of art where it  
truly copies nature. The artist  
here had thrown his soul as well as  
his skill into the work. No dis-  
tortion, no incongruity—no start-  
ling contrast, nor sleepy sameness.  
The spotless white of the moun-  
tain tops, the rich green of the  
valleys, the bold outline of the  
hills and the evenness of the vales  
were all drawn as the Great Artist  
had left them.  
And who but an Angelo or a  
Verdi could lend to the heroes and  
Madonnas around the wall such an  
expression. The Virgin, clasping  
her Child to her bosom, seemed to  
say to the hapless Helen, "Come,  
under my protection thou art safe."  
The soft and tender eyes, and the  
heavenly fire that the artist,  
Promethean like, should have  
stolen from heaven, gave to both  
an air of living power and heavenly  
grace. Heavens brightest spirits  
they were, breathing an air of  
sanctity through this horrible pit of  
luxury.  
"Dread man," she thought,  
"the wealth foully got, the 'pre-  
cious bane of hell,' he blends with  
the beauties of heaven. Dread  
monster—with a nature to sym-  
pathize and love what was the  
glory of Italy's gifted ones, with a  
soul black enough to rob and per-  
haps murder, to rend the unpro-  
tected child from the bosom of her  
home." She fell into a seat and  
began to wring her hands. A silver  
bell tinkled on the table, a door  
opened and her abductor entered.  
But what a change. The rough  
savage looking pirate leader now  
appeared graceful as a prince.  
He was clad in Eastern costume  
and with simple grace and elegance.  
A sash of silk encircled his waist  
and bound together the loose folds  
of a turkish gown. Slippers were  
on his feet in which glistened  
diamonds.  
He approached Helen, and in  
horror she turned her eyes away,  
burying her face in her hands.  
It seemed to take no notice of  
this but began:—  
"Lovely Helen, you must know  
why I took you from your parents,  
arms. It was not to adorn the  
beauty of my palace, for behold its  
wealth, it was not for pastime or to  
wring your heart. It was Helen