

POOR DOCUMENT

POETRY.

Love of the Shamrock.
Three little leaves of Irish green,
United on one stem.
On Irish soil are often seen:
They form a magic gem.
One leaf is Truth, and Valor one,
The other one is Love,
And these three magic leaves are wet
By dew-drops from above.
When Irish soil received the plant
The elfin kings can tell—
Love, Truth, and Valor wandered there
And liked the soil so well.
Each left an emblem in a leaf,
And these together grew,
Sustained by Heaven's warmest beams,
And nurtured by its dew.
To thee I give the triple leaf,
An emblem of my love;
I only hope the modest gift
May not unwelcome prove.
A flower of more pretense is worth
Could not more plainly tell
The triple faith I have in thee
Than the shamrock of the dell.

SELECT STORY.

HOME-MADE BREAD.

"She's an old darling," said Grace Crax all. "An I mean to help her all I can. I've got a beautiful recipe for chocolate eclairs, and on Friday I am going there, to make up all I can, so that the school children will buy them on Saturday. I know how to make cinnamon apple tarts, too, and lemon-trops, an' icosanuit balls."
"Grace, I do believe you have taken leave of your senses," said Medora May. "One would think it was disgrace enough for Aunt Deborah to—our own mother's sis ter—to open a horrid little hawkster's shop without our mixing ourselves up in the affair."
"But Aunt Debby must live, you know," said Grace, who was perched, kit en fashion, on the window-sill, feeding the canary with bits of sparkling white sugar. "And Cousin Nixon couldn't keep her any longer—and her eyes aren't strong enough for fine needlework, and her education has not fitted her to be a teacher, and her poor rheumatic bones keep her from going behind a counter or entering a factory. I suppose you wouldn't be willing to have her come here and live with you?"
"I?" cried Medora. "Do you suppose I want to proclaim to the whole town that I have such a dilapidated old relation as that?"
"I would take her quick enough," said Grace, "if I didn't board with Mrs. Hewitt, and share the little upstairs bed room with the two children. Just wait until I marry some rich man," she added, with a saucy upturning of her pretty Auburn brows, "and then see if I don't furnish up a state apartment for Aunt Debby!"
"Don't talk nonsense," said Medora, acidly. "It's very likely, isn't it, that a factory girl like you are going to marry a rich man?"
Grace Craxall laughed merrily. All through life she and her cousin, Medora May, had agreed to differ on most points. Grace, seeing no other career before her, had, on the death of her last surviving parent, cheerfully entered a factory, while Medora taking her station on the platform of a false gentility, had done fine sewing and all the embroidery on the sly to support herself, "putting on all the airs of a young lady of fashion the while. And now Aunt Deborah May, to the infinite disgust of her aristocratically-inclined niece, had actually opened a little low windowed shop in a shabby street just out of the thoroughfare and, as Medora despairingly expressed it, "gone into trade!"
For Aunt Debby, in her bewildered loneliness, had scarcely known what to do until Grace Craxall came to the rescue with her hopeful courage and straight forward sense.
"I only wish it wasn't sinful to take a good big dose of laudanum and put myself out of the way," sighed the poor old lady.
"Now, Aunt Debby, that doesn't sound a bit like you," said Grace, cheerfully. "But what an I do to do?" said Aunt Deborah.
"What can you do?" said Grace. "I don't know as I am good for anything," said the old woman, with a quiet tear or two, "except to help around the house—and I ain't strong enough for regular hired help. Your uncle always used to say I was a master hand at making bread."
"Then make it," brightly interrupted Grace.
"Eh?" said Aunt Debby.
"There's a nice little store to let on Bay street," went on Grace, "for ten dollars a month."
"But I haven't got ten dollars a month," feebly interrupted Aunt Debby.
"I'll lend it to you," said Grace, "out of the wages I have saved. And there's a pretty bedroom and sitting room at the back of the shop, and a clean, dry basement under it, where you could bake your bread, I know, for the sister of the lady where I board is looking for dress-making rooms, and I heard her speaking about it."
"Do you mean to open a bakery?" said bewildered Aunt Debby.
"Not exactly that," explained Grace. "But if Mrs. Howitt, or Mrs. Taylor, or any other of the ladies around here could get real home-made bread such as you make, do you suppose they would put up with the sour stuff they get at the baker's shops? and you could easily get up a reputation on your raisin cakes, and

fried crullers, and New England pumpkins. Now, couldn't you?"
The old lady brightened up a little. "I used to be pretty good at cooking," said she. "And if you think I could support myself—"
"I am sure of it!" cried the cheerful Grace. "And I'll go there with you this very day to look at the place, and will engage it for three months on trial. And I can paint you a sign to put over the door, 'Home-Made Bread by Mrs. Deborah May.' And I'll have you some curtains and arrange the shelves in the low window I almost wish I was going to be your shop girl," she added, merrily. "But I can help you in the evening, you know!"
Grace Craxall's prophecies proved correct. Aunt Debby's delicious home-made bread, lighter than powdered lilies, sweet as ambrosia, soon acquired a reputation, and the old lady could scarcely bake it fast enough. People came half a dozen blocks to buy the yellow pumpkin-pies and delicious apple tarts; children brought their hoarded pennies to invest in chocolate sweetmeats, vanilla caramels and cream cakes with puffy shells and delicious centres of sweetness. The little money drawer grew fat with coins—and Aunt Debby's dim eyes grew bright and hopeful again.
And one day Mr. Herbert Valance, walking by with Medora May, stopped and looked in.
"Isn't that your cousin Grace," said he, "behind that counter?"
Medora turned crimson with vexation. "My cousin Grace?" she cried. "No, indeed! We are not—in trade!"
What possessed her to utter this delicate falsehood, Medora could not afterward have told. Partly the sting of false shame, partly a disinclination for Mr. Herbert Valance to know that her relations were not to use her own expression, "ladies and gentlemen."
Mr. Valance looked up at the sign, over the door.
"The name is May," he said, indifferently.
"Yes," said Medora, angry at herself for blushing so deeply, "but we are no relation."
Mr. Valance thought over the matter afterward: he had met Miss May at an evening party given by a friend where pretty Grace Craxall was also present—he had taken rather a fancy to the bright blue eyes and delicate blonde beauty of the former. Valance Hall on the hill just out of the city was solitary enough, now that his sisters had all married and gone away, and perhaps a man might find a less attractive and graceful wife than Medora May. But—he could not be mistaken, he thought, in Grace Craxall's identity!
And so, the next evening, at about the same time he sauntered into the shop.
Grace was behind the daintily clean little counter, taking some newly baked maple-caramels off the pans. She looked up with a smile.
"Good evening, Mr. Valance," said she.
"So," he thought, "I wasn't mistaken, after all. And the little blue-eyed seraph is mortal enough to tell a lie in spite of her angelic appearance!"
"I did not know that you were in the trade," said he.
"Didn't you? Well," merely retorted Grace, "I am my Aunt Deborah's shop girl just at present I always come here in the evenings to help her. Because," she added, with a sweet shade of seriousness coming over her face, "Aunt Debby was old and poor—and she didn't quite know how to maintain herself in independence. And unfortunately my wages at the factory are not enough for us both. So I advised her to open this business. And she did. And she's doing very well. And she bakes the most delicious bread and pies you ever ate, so," with a saucy twinkle under her eyelashes, "if you know of any customers, will you please recommend our firm?"
"To be sure I shall," he answered, in the same spirit. "And I'm very glad, Miss Craxall, to see that you are not ashamed of being a working girl."
"Of course I am not," said Grace. "Why should I be?"
"But your cousin Medora is," Grace gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "Very likely," said she. "Medora and I differ in many things."
Mr. Valance bought a pound of caramels and went away.
"She is a beauty," he said to himself. "And she is a sensible beauty into the bargain. One of those rara caries in our country, a thoroughly well-balanced girl." He must have been very well pleased with his purchase, for he came again the next evening just in time to walk home with Grace Craxall. And they talked over Aunt Deborah's affairs, and concluded that as flour was low just then, it would be a favorable opportunity for the old lady to lay in her winter's stock through Mr. Valance, who was acquainted with one of the great New York grain merchants.
Only a few weeks had elapsed, when Medora May was electrified with amazement to learn that her cousin Grace was "engaged."
"To some master baker, or journeyman confectioner, I suppose," said she contemptuously.
"No," said Grace, with eyes roguishly sparkling, "to Mr. Herbert Valance."

"I don't believe it," said Medora, growing red, then pale.
"But it's really so," said Grace. "And we are to be married in three months. And Aunt Debby is to come to the Hall and live with me, as soon as she can dispose of her business to advantage. And dear Medora, I hope you will often come and visit me there."
Medora May did not answer. She could not. But in her secret heart she recognized how infinitely more successful in life's list had been Grace's true, frank honesty than her own subtle and diverse course.
Like many another, however, the lesson had come to her too late!

Easter Beef.
I WILL have at my Store, on Regent Street on **SATURDAY NEXT, Four Carcasses of Steer Beef,** Fatting by the following well-known Cattle Feeders: 1 Mammoth 5-year old, fed by Daniel Worden, P. W. weighing 1670; 1 5-year old fed by Henry Kelly, Long's Creek, which will be sold at prices to suit the times. T. MURPHY. From April 6, 1882—21

Samuel Owen.
HOUSE FOR CHEAP GOODS.
TRUNKS
At Manufacturers' Prices,
(Munroe's Make.)
Clothing, Cheaper than my Neighbors.
This is the house where PEDDLERS ought to buy.
Bargains in all lines of Dry Goods

Golden Fleece.
New Fall Goods
87 Packages now Opened,
COMPREHENSIVE IN PART
WHITE AND GREY BLANKETS,
CAMP BLANKETING,
GREY AND WHITE FLANNELS,
LADIES' MANTLES,
LADIES' MANTLE CLOTHES,
(A very large stock, all colors and qualities).
LADIES' FURS,
LINEN GOODS,
(In Table Damasks, Napkins and Towels).
BELLIN GOODS,
(In Cloaks, Jackets, &c., &c.)
MOURNING GOODS;
FRENCH MERINOS, CASHMERE,
COUBRES AND LUSTRES,
LARGE STOCK OF WINCKEYS,
(Good values).
COLORED DRESS GOODS
3-BUSHEL GRAIN BAGS
and a general assortment.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
PRICES MODERATE.

John McDonald
NEW
Dry Goods store
The Subscriber has rented the store lately occupied by
P. McPeake, Esq., Wilmot's Block,
Where he will keep on hand a well assorted Stock of
Staple & Fancy Dry Goods
Prices as low as any in the trade.
JOHN McDONALD
CUTLERY, Etc.
Just received per Steamship "Cassian," via Halifax:
ONE case Fabba Cutlery; 1 case Pocket Knives; 1 case Cow Ties and Hairer Chains; 1 case Horse Bells and Chains; 1 case Bad Locks; 1 case Trunk Locks; 1 case Drawer Locks and Cupboard Locks.
For sale low by
JAMES S. NELL.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE TRAINS.
FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 A. M. and 2.15 P. M.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily, Sunday excepted.
Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 A. M., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted.
NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.—Trains leave Gibson daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M. for Woodstock, Aroostook, Caribou, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.20 P. M. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain over night at Grand Falls.
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax Express leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M.
The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 7.30 P. M.; and arrives at 7.35 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

THE POST OFFICE.
The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Offices are open from 7 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 P. M. The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. Boxes are located as follows: Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sunbury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Braxley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 8.30 A. M., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row boxes; at 12.30 P. M., the Barker office boxes; at 12.30 P. M., Queen Hotel; Barker House 12.40; Braxley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W. U. Telegraph Office 1.00.
The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 P. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P. M.

THE COUNTY OFFICES.
The Office of the Registrar of Deeds is on the corner of King and St. John streets. Office hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
The Secretary-Treasurer of York County is on Carleton street, near Queen.
The Clerk of the Peace on Queen street, opposite Phoenix Square.
The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.
A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampson, Secretary.
Meetings at their room, on the Officer's Square, on the last Saturday of every month.

SOCIETIES.
Church of England Temperance Society.—Patrons: His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hays.
St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A. No. 166.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; T. Horsman, Secretary.
Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.
Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Steadman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.
Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its rooms in Reform Club building.
St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, F. McGooldrick.
Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.
York Division S. of T.—W. P. R. H. Mackey; R. A. G. Barry, Secretary.
Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall, on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.
Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips.
Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Albertson; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Coulthard; M. D.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 162.—W. J. Crawford, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
Meets in the E. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 p. m. Limit of insurance, \$5,000.
Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Wraycott.
American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Com. Com.; C. G. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.
Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
Meets on the first and third Thursday in every month, in Y.M.C.A. Rooms. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.
Fredericton Historical Society.—George E. Fenby, President; A. Archer, Secretary.
Regular meetings on the second Thursday in January, April, July and October in each year.
Hiram Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; T. G. Loggie, Secretary.
Meets in Mason Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.
Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77, Reg. G. R. A. Chapter of Scotland.—G. D. Loggie, P. M.; R. M. Pinder, H.; N. Campbell, J.; A. F. Street, P. P.; Scrie E.
Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.
Alexandria Lodge, F. & A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary.
Meets first Tuesday in each month in Hanson Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.
Victoria Lodge, No. 13, L. O. O. F.—W. A. Quinn, N. G.; John Withrow, Secretary.
Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgcombe's Block, York Street.
Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.
Graham Lodge, L. O. A. No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master; Joseph Walker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, west end, on the first Friday in every month.
Walker Lodge, L. O. A. No. 35.—H. S. Carman, Master; Geo. S. Parker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the Herald will be issued on **EVERY THURSDAY,** at four o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a quarto, that is, an eight page paper, and will be printed upon a sheet 31x45 inches in size. It will be LARGER THAN ANY OTHER SHEET PUBLISHED IN FREDERICTON, and the equal in size of any paper published in the Maritime Provinces. It will be emphatically **THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE PROVINCE** Something that every one, rich or poor, wants. It will give all the news of the week, both home and foreign, up to the hour of going to press, in fresh, readable style. To ensure this the services of competent correspondents have been secured who are to send any late news by telegram. **NO OTHER WEEKLY PAPER IN THE PROVINCE GIVES TELEGRAPHIC NEWS REGULARLY ON THE DAY OF PUBLICATION:** The Herald will do this, because its aim is to be **THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.** I believe a first-class family paper will pay, and I am going to try the experiment. The WEEKLY HERALD will always contain a good story, will tell all the news of the religious world, will give the CHURCH APPOINTMENTS for the next Sunday and the ensuing week, and have an **Agricultural Department,** in which it will endeavor to give its country readers valuable information relating to the Farm. In this latter respect it will aim at being an agricultural newspaper. **New Features will be Introduced which Experience may show are Desirable.**

REMEMBER THE HERALD IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON WHICH HAS UPON ITS STAFF A CITY EDITOR, WHOSE TIME WILL BE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS.

It is the ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON having a corps of CORRESPONDENTS who are instructed to send in **LATE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH** IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON ESPOUSING THE LIBERAL CAUSE IN POLITICS.

The WEEKLY HERALD will not be simply a REPRINT, but will contain much matter which will appear in no other paper.

Or delivered free to Subscribers in the City, Gibson and St. Mary's Ferry.
To Subscribers to the EVENING HERALD, or tri-weekly edition, the weekly edition will be sent for FIFTY CENTS.
All subscriptions before January 1st good until December 1st, 1882.
CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.
Fredericton December 5 1881.