

THE HERALD.

VOL. IV., NO. 3.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REBUILT AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE, AT ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR OFFICES, and BEAUTIFULY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor. FRESHLY VENTILATED and BEVERAGES throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating OVER HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is today one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently situated RAMPED ROOMS in Canada, having steam engines and also connecting with Hotel.

THE BUSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIBERTY STABLES of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite the Steamship and Ocean Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Post Office, City Hall, and the various Public Buildings.

W. J. CLARK, BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WILLIAM WILSON,

Attorney-at-Law,
SOLICITOR AND CONVEYANCER

Offices: Carleton St., East Side,
Directly opp. Dr. Coulbards' Office.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clerk of the Peace and District Registrar,
Real Estate Agent, Licensee, Registrar of
Office: Lower flat of County Court House,
Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES,

Attorney and Solicitor,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: WHELPLEY BUILDING,
Opp. Post Office,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,
Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

STONE ST. NEAR GAS WORKS,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

Jobbing a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

ALL TO BOSTON, &c.
RAIL THE SHORT LINE
TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 3rd 1892.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15 A. M. - Express for St. John and intermediate points: Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hamilton, Woodville, and Kildonan Junction.

10.30 A. M. - For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points West, Kildonan Junction.

2.55 P. M. - For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.25, 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.10 a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.
Madison Junction, 10.30 a.m., 5.50 p.m.
Vancouver, 10.10 a.m., 2.45 p.m.
St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.20 a.m.
St. Andrews, 1.50 p.m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a.m., 1.15, 7.10 p.m.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.50 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

D. MCGILL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,

Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

Spring Overcoating,

Suitings,

and Trousersings,

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,

WILMOT'S AVE.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS
PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and all the Organs, and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Female of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are peculiar.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Red Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gonorrhoea and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contused and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
25, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON.

and are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s., 4s., 6d., 11s., 21s., and 38s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 11-10-83 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

STEAMSHIPS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think of it. In the more than thirty years since its discovery, it has cured more than any other medicine. It is a true and reliable remedy for all the ailments of the human body. It is a true and reliable remedy for all the ailments of the human body. It is a true and reliable remedy for all the ailments of the human body.

ALLAN LINE.

1892 WINTER SERVICE 1893.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Halifax and Portland services.

From	Stations	Days
Liverpool	St. John's	10 Dec
Liverpool	St. John's	17 Dec
Liverpool	St. John's	24 Dec
Liverpool	St. John's	31 Dec

Liverpool, Queenstown, St. John's, and Halifax Mail Service.

From	Stations	Days
Liverpool	St. John's	5 Dec
Liverpool	St. John's	12 Dec
Liverpool	St. John's	19 Dec
Liverpool	St. John's	26 Dec

GLASGOW AND HALIFAX LINE.

From	Stations	Days
Glasgow	Halifax	1 Dec
Glasgow	Halifax	8 Dec
Glasgow	Halifax	15 Dec

RATES OF PASSENGER NEW YORK TO GLASGOW.

From	Stations	Days
New York	Glasgow	1 Dec
New York	Glasgow	8 Dec
New York	Glasgow	15 Dec

ADAMS BROS.

W. M. THOMSON & Co., Agents,
ST. JOHN N. B.

ADAMS BROS. FUNERAL

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Bleaching, and other purposes. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

BLANKETS.

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness. Residence over Warerooms.

INCIDENT.

SOME people in this town seem utterly incapable of appreciating a generous act, merely because a young man calls on a young lady half a dozen evenings during the week, and occasionally drops in between meals.

HENRY RUTTER,

Opp. COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

"INASMUCH."

A Christmas Story.

You say you want a meetin'-house for the boys in the gulch up there, and a Sunday-school with pictur'-books? Well, put me down for a share. I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the cattle feed.

And I believe in preachin' too - by men for preachin' born. Who let alone the hanks of creed and measure out the corn. The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are Gospel-fed; And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star of Glory led.

So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the stable; I always give the best I've got whenever my partner calls. No matter about the 'initials' - from a farmer, you understand, Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an ordinary hand.

I've never struck it rich; for farming, you see, is slow; And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices are always low. A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same. The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game.

It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees - "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, you've done it to me." I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote; It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.

I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain: 'Twas down in 'Frisco, years ago - had been there hauling grain. It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento pike, Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatterin' like -

Not the likeliest place to be. I remember the saloon, With grocery, market, baker-shop and bar-room all in one. And this made up the picture - my hair was not then grey, But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday.

A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter there or twelve at most, but worn with grief and care. And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold -

Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old.

She said: "Two bits for bread and tea, ma'am? much to eat; Forty-minors say, 'Keep up your courage, and by all our means, We've been half-starved all winter, but spring will soon be here; And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is always near.'"

Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called away. To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as forty-minors say, I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd.

But the poor third girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels deep, On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.

Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some 'fello' I say, stranger, what have you over that?"

The boy then told her story; and that crew, so fierce and wild, Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.

The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader, "Boys, see here; For my part, I don't believe in whiskey, drinking deep our Christmas cheer. Here's two dollars. I've got feelings, which are not entirely dead, For this little girl and mother suffering for want of bread."

"Here's a dollar," "Here's another," and they all chipped in their share, And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.

Then the spokesman took a double-egg from his belt, Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt; Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed the silver into gold. "See there, boys, the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear-drops rolled.

One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street. Gently he awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet With a dazed and strange expression, saying, "Oh, I thought 'twas true; Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stones roses grew, We had everything we wanted, food enough, and clothes to wear; And my hand burns when an angel touched it soft with fingers fair."

And she looked and saw the money in her fingers glistening bright - "Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite, How you've went way up to Heaven, where the golden treasures are, And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar."

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NEW RAISINS.

In Stock and to Arrive:

CHOICE Valencia Raisins.

CHOICE Valencia Layer Raisins.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

CAUTION.

MYRTLE NAVY T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Bleaching, and other purposes. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

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Where does he get his GIFTS from? Why, LEMONT'S, of course.

Do the People Read Our Advertisements? Some do, some don't. We

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LEMONT & SONS

Establishment is.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered by a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration; so it was not wonderful that Mrs. Austin, under these exact conditions, looked anxiously into her husband's face. She was holding up for his inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should come. Every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch cast, the result was displayed for "papa's" approval.

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma, and took deep interest in all nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the nursery for a few brief months and then been hidden by coffin-lids deepened the love for the children who came later to comfort the aching hearts. But it is very certain that the little Austins were as much loved and petted as children could be, and did not dream more hopeful of Christmas treasures than their parents did to be supplying them.

So it was with some alarm, too, that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needlework and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

"What is it Charlie?" she asked.

He drew her into a loving embrace before he said, sadly: "I met father again to-day. Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken; looking so old and sick that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. But he would not speak to me. I said all I could in the street, and tried to follow him home; but he stopped short and said: 'I do not know you, sir! I will cease to annoy me!' And I could not make a scene in the street."

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but, being a man, he kept back the sob that would have followed. Mrs. Austin's tears were falling fast.

"At Christmas time, too," she said. "It seems useless to send presents, Charlie; he has sent them back every year."

The story this conversation referred to was an old one, a true loving marriage made in the face of disinheritance and paternal displeasure. Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and good social position; a man proud, arrogant, and full of his own importance. When his only child, his idolized, indulged, son and heir, told him of his love for pretty Margaret Hay, a factory-girl, living in the factory boarding-house, wearing calico dresses, and earning a mere living, the old man was a maniac in his fury.

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He would not see that the girl was pleading in manner, refined in taste, well educated and sweet tempered, one to brighten any home, and make any good man thoroughly happy. He gave a fierce command that the matter should end then and there. Charles Austin, utterly unaccustomed to be crossed in any way, refused obedience, never before exacted, and the conversation ended in a stormy quarrel and the young man's expulsion from home.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in the household affairs as Margaret managed them, loved and mourned the older children, and dying when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large fortune to his "beloved nephews, Charles Austin."

And while the sunshine of prosperity did not cloud for his wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all awry. Some commercial panic was the first blow to Simon Austin, and an effort to repair the loss by speculation only added to disaster. He missed the cool, clear head of the son who had of late years been his active timber, the judgment he had first trained and then trusted to guide his large business. He was angry, and his angry impulses led him into dire blunders, until he grew so involved that there was no escape, and he failed for more than his entire fortune.

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under any obligation to a disobedient child or his beggar wife.

A proud man always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch. He found letters telling him anonymous sums of money were in the bank in his name, and wrote back refusing to claim them. He mistrusted every offer of service, as dictated by his son, and returned to Charles every scrap of aid sent to him, often perplexing his son by sending what had not come from him, though he always refused to believe this.

And being old and broken in health, he sank lower and lower, unable to fill lucrative positions, and taking the work that gave him barely food and the poorest clothing.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the possibility of helping one who would not let his appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried: "Charles, I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card."

"My dear, he would not open the envelope."

"But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try and see if your father will not dine with us to-morrow."

"Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy!"

"Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear."

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But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in the household affairs as Margaret managed them, loved and mourned the older children, and dying when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large fortune to his "beloved nephews, Charles Austin."

And while the sunshine of prosperity did not cloud for his wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all awry. Some commercial panic was the first blow to Simon Austin, and an effort to repair the loss by speculation only added to disaster. He missed the cool, clear head of the son who had of late years been his active timber, the judgment he had first trained and then trusted to guide his large business. He was angry, and his angry impulses led him into dire blunders, until he grew so involved that there was no escape, and he failed for more than his entire fortune.

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under any obligation to a disobedient child or his beggar wife.

A proud man always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch. He found letters telling him anonymous sums of money were in the bank in his name, and wrote back refusing to claim them. He mistrusted every offer of service, as dictated by his son, and returned to Charles every scrap of aid sent to him, often perplexing his son by sending what had not come from him, though he always refused to believe this.

And being old and broken in health, he sank lower and lower, unable to fill lucrative positions, and taking the work that gave him barely food and the poorest clothing.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the possibility of helping one who would not let his appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried: "Charles, I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card."

"My dear, he would not open the envelope."

"But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try and see if your father will not dine with us to-morrow."

"Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy!"

"Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear."

"Do you ever fail to get that?" was the laughing query, for something in his

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