

# POOR DOCUMENT

## POETRY.

### "My Laddie That's Awa."

The sound o' children's laughter,  
Come to me on the breeze,  
With the whisperin' o' the grasses  
And the rustlin' o' the trees;  
The wee bit birds sing saftly,  
I hear and see them a',  
But I'm thinkin' o' my little lad,  
My laddie that's awa.

See nicht the golden ladder  
Came 'neath frae the stars,  
And hung before his bonny een  
Wi' a' its shimmerin' bars,  
Which name may treat but angels  
Wha heed the Master's ca';  
He heard the voice and smil'd gude-ly,  
My laddie that's awa.

There's na a bud or blossom  
That smiles in sunny June,  
There's na a feathered psalmist sings,  
As ere he's saftly doon,  
His hymn o' tender melody  
To see about us a',  
But minds me o' my laddie lad,  
My laddie that's awa.

Help me to say: "My Father,  
Thy will, not mine, be done!"  
To look awa' life's morning,  
Beyond the shining sun,  
To see about earth's little while  
The crown and robes o' sin,  
And know I'll greet my laddie again:  
My lad that's awa.

## SELECT STORY.

### THE VENGEANCE OF FATE.

"You look as gloomy as a November morning, Trafton."

"Do I?"

"You do indeed. What ails you?"

"Nothing that I can think of, Grafton. I'm sure. Attack of indigestion, perhaps."

"A wet night and a heavy game, eh?"

"Not at all. I didn't touch the cards last night."

A figure passed the open door of Victor Trafton's office, and a knock at the next one sounded loudly.

"It's so late for me," said Grafton, rising; "I expect a pot of money this morning, and perhaps that is it. When it does come, I'll try the virtue of a magnum of Clouquot towards drowning your blue devils, old boy. Meanwhile, don't let them get the better of you."

Left to himself, Victor Trafton relapsed into the gloomy reverie from which his neighbor's call had roused him. "So you're going to get a pot of money, are you?" he murmured. "Curse it, I wish I was. What miserable folly was it that took possession of me last night? To sit down to play with such men, knowing that if I lost I couldn't pay, and feeling that I would lose."

He rose and paced the room with rapid, nervous strides.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he muttered. "If it were fifteen thousand I would be no worse off; or fifteen millions for the matter of that. Come in."

Grafton's jovial face appeared in the doorway.

"I've got to take a run down to the Clarion office," he said. "They've sent for me about that *feuilleton* of mine. I'll be back presently. If anything comes for me, meanwhile, receive it, will you? It may be the magnum you know."

"Now, there's a lucky dog," muttered Victor Trafton, listening to the sound of his neighbor's footsteps die away. "A wretched Bohemian, a scribbler for the press, who picks up money by the handful, and has no vices but a taste for beer and tobacco. I suppose if he wanted fifteen hundred this morning he could get one of his publishers to advance it on a new story, while I don't know where I could borrow the price of a new hat."

He walked to the door and looked out into the hall. It was an old office building, and the upper floor on which he and Grafton had their law chambers and lodgings respectively, had no other tenants but a couple of old bogies of conveyancers long since out of real business, who lived in the country but retained offices in town out of mere force of habit, and visited them for an hour or so a couple of times a week at most. This was not their day in town, evidently, and Trafton and his Bohemian neighbor had the floor to themselves.

"If I thought there was anything there worth stealing," said Trafton, with a grim smile, eyeing the doors opposite, "I'm d—d if I don't believe I'd be tempted to commit a burglary. I think I am quite safe in asserting that no moral scruples whatever would stand between me and any heinous crime whatever. Well, what do you want?"

A man in a sort of uniform coat, and with a peak-brimmed cap, who had come up the stairs during the perplexed lawyer's soliloquy, was the subject of this address. He had a tin box suspended from his shoulders by a stout leather band, and further secured to his body by a strong chain, and carried a book in his hand.

"Mr. Grafton?" he inquired.

"He is here," responded Trafton.

The man opened the tin box with a touch upon some secret spring, and took one from a number of more or less bulky envelopes. It bore the address of "Henry Grafton," and on the envelope was the imprint of the National Express Company, money department.

"Will you sign the receipt, sir?"

Trafton signed in the place designed in the express messenger's book and the man went down stairs, leaving him with the heavy envelope in his hand. Then, for the first time, Trafton looked at it. In one corner, stamped in red ink, were the figures \$1,500.

The young lawyer started as if some one

had dealt him a heavy blow. In a moment more he was in his room, with the door closed, turning the envelope over and over on the table before him.

A desperate man already, it took little more temptation to make him a criminal one. Involuntarily, almost, his fingers commenced to dally with flap of the envelope. It was stoutly sealed, however, and resisted the first effort to open it. But this did not discourage Trafton. From finesse to violence was but a step, and in the end the precious package lay open and fifteen hundred dollars in notes were upon the table before him.

Then, for the first time, the enormity of his crime and the peril to which it had exposed him, flashed upon him, and he put the notes nervously back into the envelope.

"Pshaw!" he said. "Our names are nearly alike. I can tell him I expected a package, too, and opened his by mistake. He won't care as long as the money is safe."

And he pushed the temptation from him.

As he did so, a noise in the room attracted his attention. Absorbed as he had been, he had not noticed a knocking at the door, or been aware that some one had turned the knob and entered, till he looked up and saw the express messenger standing in the doorway.

Victor Trafton almost screamed with fright, and could barely muster self possession enough to stammer—

"What do you want?"

"I beg pardon, sir?" replied the messenger, "but you are not Mr. Henry Grafton, are you?"

"No; I am Mr. Victor Trafton."

"Then that package is 'nt for you, sir."

"Certainly not, but my friend, Mr. Grafton, authorized me to receive it for him if it came in his absence."

The messenger shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but it's against orders."

"What is against orders?"

"To give a money package to any one 'nt addressed to," was the messenger's quick response.

"But it's all right, I tell you."

"I don't doubt that, sir; but I'll have to take it, and bring it back when Mr. Grafton is here."

"Nonsense!"

"I must, sir."

"Well, you shall not."

"It's as much as my place is worth."

"Curse your place. Does it give you the privilege to regard me as a thief?"

"It isn't that, sir, but—"

"Get out."

"Give me the package, please, sir."

"Leave the room, I tell you."

"Please, sir, don't get me into trouble now."

The man advanced a couple of steps towards the table with outstretched hand, Trafton, with his forehead corrugated and his eyes red with blood, leaped at him, uttering a roar like that of an angry beast.

The poor wretch turned to fly, but it was too late. Blinded by fright and fury, Trafton struck again and again, each time burying the old dagger he had used as a paper knife deep in his victim's body. The door pushed shut in the struggle, closed with a snap of its spring lock.

When the red veil cleared form his furious eyes, and horror took the place of desperation in his soul, Victor Trafton found himself standing, with his right arm dripping with blood, over a horrible something on the floor, that neither breathed nor moved, and yet filled him with a dread he would not have felt before a score of hundred armed and desperate men.

He turned his back upon the dreadful thing and sat down, trembling, with his blood alternating from ice to molten lead, and all the strength gone out of his savage body.

Some one knocked at the door as he sat thus, and when he looked up he found that the room had grown dusky. Nearly the whole day had passed, like a swift dream of horror. He staggered to his feet, slunk stealthily to the door and shot the two bolts softly in his sockets, whoever had knocked, however, had gone away. Silence reigned outside as within the chamber of death.

Another hour passed before Trafton mustered courage enough to seize the body by its legs and drag it into the little room he used as a bedroom. It left a horrible red track along the floor, and when he laid it down a fresh gush of blood spread in a pool over the bedroom as it had over the office floor.

By this time the assassin had recovered his self-possession sufficiently to turn his thoughts to his own safety. His first work was to burst the fastenings of the messenger's box and rifle it of its contents.

"It might as well hang for a sheep as a lamb," he muttered, with a fantastic, grim smile at the aptness of the simile.

Tearing the envelopes he added several considerable sums to the one already on his table. There were some checks and drafts, which he applied the match to and reduced to ashes. Then he washed and dressed himself carefully, put a few shirts and collars in a little hand valise, and went out, carefully securing his door behind him.

He made his way, unobserved, into the street just as a neighboring time bell was striking nine o'clock. He had not the slightest idea where he was going, for

once he was out of doors his old weakness came over him, and he had to lean against a lamp-post to save himself from falling. When he had recovered a trifle he set out and walked until he found himself at the waterside, among a stream of people who were pouring into one of the ferries.

He fell in and drifted with the current, until he found himself at a ticket-seller's window, and knew that he was in one of the great railroad offices. He threw a bill down on the ledge and received a strip of coupons for it, and five minutes later was crossing the river with the cold wind blowing in his fevered face.

There had now taken possession of him a desire to hurry, to keep moving on, ahead of all pursuit. He would have walked overboard if the tall iron barriers had not prevented him.

As soon as the boat ran into the slip he leaped ashore and hurried to the cars. He found that the train would not start for half an hour yet.

"I'll go and get a drink," he said to himself. "If I don't do something I'll go mad."

He had to leave the depot to carry this purpose out, and at the nearest bar-room he poured half a tumbler of brandy down his throat.

It lent his blood a momentary fire, and his nerves a tension they had lacked before, and thus one drink invited another. In order to avoid exciting suspicion he went to another bar for it, and from this to another. He entirely forgot that his train was due, until he found himself, after half an hour, crossing a railroad track.

Then he heard shouts before and behind him, wild screams of fright that bewildered him, and the air was filled with a loud, singing roar. He looked up, and on either side of the crossing saw crowds of excited people crying and waving their hands. It flashed upon him then that his crime was discovered and that this was the pursuit.

He turned down the railroad track, and a glare of light flashed in his eyes. He ran towards it, not knowing what he did or where he was going. The shouting crowd gave utterance to a great scream of horror, through which rang a frightful, piercing shriek.

Something flew up in the air like a stone hurled from a catapult. A crimson shower pattered on the hot boiler of the locomotive, and the drops dried up with a loud hiss. The flying something fell again, just before the speeding engine, and the red wheels ground and mashed a bloody paste out over the cinder road-bed and the ringing rails.

Fate had set in judgment on Victor Trafton's crime and played the part of avenger as well as judge.

The Metropolitan Railway of London.—The "Underground," carried during the last six months of 1881 more than 24,000,000 passengers. During all that time it had to pay only £119 as compensation for personal injury. The goods and the passenger traffic are kept separate on that line.

A lady called into a drug store, where they also kept books, and enquired of one of the firm, "Have you 'Grote's Greece'?" "No, mum; but we've got some excellent bear's oil. Wouldn't that do?"

A taste for music, when exhibited by young persons, is certainly commendable, but don't start them off with a drum.

The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather, and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.

## CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF 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 Fredericton daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M. for Woodstock, Arcoctook, Carleton Place, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 P. M. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain over night at Grand Falls.

INTERPROVINCIAL 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. Letter 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 Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 6.30 A. M., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row box at 12.30; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.30; Barker House 12.40; Brayley 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 A. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P. M.

THE CITY OFFICES.

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

THE COURT 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 Pleasant Square.

The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampson, Secretary.

Meets at their room, on the Officer's Square, on the last Saturday of every month.

SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, Donald Hadden.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, 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. McGoldrick.

Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. F. R. H. Mackay; R. S. A. G. Jarvis.

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 Tuesdays of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Atherton; 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. 105.—W. J. Crowdon, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.

Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesdays of each month, at 8 P. M. Limit of insurance, \$5,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, R. S. Waycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 214.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; C. A. 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.

Fredericton Historical Society.—George E. Fenety, President; A. Archer, Secretary. Regular meetings on the second Thursday in January, April, July and October of each year.

Hiram Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; T. G. Loggie, Secretary. Meets in Masonic 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.; Scott E. Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary. Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.—W. A. Quinn, M. G.; John Withrow, Secretary. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgcomb'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. 32.—H. S. Cowman, 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 31x46 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.

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The WEEKLY HERALD will always contain a good story, will tell all about 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

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IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON HAVING A CORPS OF CORRESPONDENTS who are instructed to send in

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CHAS. H. LUORIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1882

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