

The Morning Star.

Pub. Landry Board of Works

VOLUME 1.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

NUMBER 9.

PROSPECTUS.

The die is cast! We have launched our barque! May our voyage be a successful one! We to-day present our first-born—the MORNING STAR—to the public. May they receive it with the good wishes for us that we have for them in making the offering.

THE MORNING STAR

is destined to fill a long-vacant place in the city. Everybody here must know that the

CAPITAL CITY OF THE PROVINCE should not be left to the tender mercies of two weeklies. These papers never could fill that void which we now propose to fill.

No doubt much is expected of us on our first appearance, some people expect to see us flout in silks, while others expect to see every "item" knock somebody down. They will be disappointed. Under the ragged coat often palpitates a noble heart—excuse our appearance if we look somewhat shabby at first—and we come not to knock down, but to build up. The easy way, like the old man who commenced pelting grass, we shall try, till a desperate case compels us to give harder knocks. It is only when badly angered we will bring a millstone on a mosquito's back. Some people—of course there are busy-bodies everywhere—are itching to know what the

POLITICS OF THIS PAPER ARE.

Our politics, dear friends, we create for ourselves. Rest assured our paper shall not, like a cur, creep, and lick and fawn, and wag its tail or its tongue, that dame Lucre may follow. No we shall set up no man as an idol; to none shall we "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," from Sir John Macdonald to Mr. Fraser, from Mr. Fraser to nobody. We shall not shape our policy after a flock of clamorers, be they Government or Opposition, for when these fellows' stomachs are filled, they, as a rule, subsides like gormandized gulls. Our policy shall be

A POLICY ON PRINCIPLE!

And we don't care who upholds that policy, we are with them. But let nobody be deluded into believing that if we stick to our party when on the road of political rectitude, we are going to follow it into every dirty slough. No. When we approach a dirty neighborhood, we act the part of the coward and return to our own broad platform.

We shall not define just now what the particulars of our policy are, but suffice it to say, that as far as the Great Disposer has given us what He has not given many of our politicians, we shall use the same towards ameliorating the people's condition, towards battering down those walls that divide one paltry clique from the other, in trying to bring discordant elements into harmony, and in trying to rout once and for ever from the field those clamoring crows whose sole object is to fill themselves.

THE MORNING STAR

we hope to make an EXCELLENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER. No slang or degrading literature shall find a place in its columns; no crew of rampant scribblers shall practice on its pages. It shall be devoted to choice literature, important and reliable information, and several departments we hope to make in time specially suited to

OUR YOUNG READERS.

We shall have it circulated all over the Province, yes, beyond St.

Lawrence Gulf. In the woodman's hut and the farmer's cot it will be found, on summer evenings and winter nights, bringing mirth to the jocular and wholesome information to the inquiring. In the railway cars and on the steamboats, in the hamlet and in the town, the STAR will be found always full of matter to please the old or the young, the poet or the calculator. We hope to be able to afford little that the ignoramus will enjoy. Catering to this section of humanity, alas! is becoming the curse of the press, due in part to the ignorance of attaches in part to the greed and low taste of the managers.

We know pretty well what the public want and what is good for them. We shall give

SPICED DISHES

and varieties of food. We guarantee nothing that will take an emetic to work off, nor anything that will make a soporific. Others in the business can do that better than we. We shall sound no notes on the Temperance or the Opium question, on Orange ascendancy or Fenian degeneracy—we weigh the two latter, observe—but should these questions at any time come up, did intimidators stand with pistols or pitchforks, money or "slobber," we shall

LAUNCH OUR BROADSIDES

into the action and on the right side. During Exhibition week the MORNING STAR will be published daily—every morning—after which we shall issue a tri-weekly—always trying to keep up to the mark—on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. On Saturday evening we shall strike off the

WEEKLY STAR,

a large paper, containing considerable original matter. The latter paper will be excellently adapted for people living outside the city.

And now this part of the tale is told. We hope to be long in the field, and if ever we get into a contest, we hope to show our wounds on the front. If we go down, it will not be without a hard struggle. Gnats cannot affect us, nor sneering opposition take a feather out of us. The heart, strength and respectability of the community are on our side, and we cannot but win. We have full confidence in the public, and, to be candid, no small amount of confidence in ourselves.

We have been in the dark long, but this issue of the

MORNING STAR

—bright herald—announces approaching day. The dark shadows of night flee before its piercing twinkle, and a new flood of light bursts upon us. May it ever be a true light, shewing things as they are. May we ever stick fast to our motto.

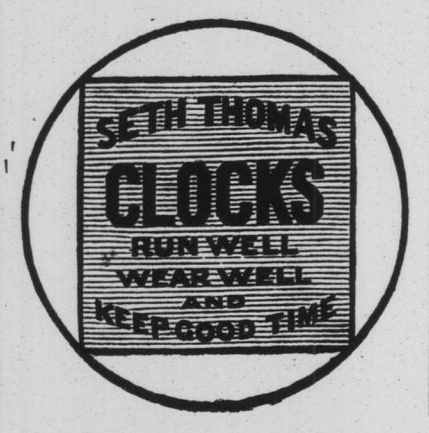
Before our pen shall Error fly,
And Truth the vacant place supply.

The best Bargain in Real Estate in this City.

A DOUBLE Two Story Solid Brick Building, thoroughly finished throughout with Barn and Outbuildings complete, is offered at the extremely low price of \$25,000 to close an Estate. The building is situated on East side of King Street, opposite the Madras School House and originally cost over \$4,000 to construct. The property well right, and a decided bargain.

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All Orders promptly attended to.

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Regent Street, F^{TON}.

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SHEET IRON, TIN and COPPER.

All orders promptly attended to.

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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.

EXHIBITION!

—AT—

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.

**WILEY'S
DRUG
STORE,**

Corner Queen St. and Wilton's Alley
and next above.

Lotimer's Shoe Store.



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Medicines,
Perfumery,
Toilet Articles, &c.

Which he will sell at the LOWEST rates both

Wholesale and Retail.

JOHN M. WILEY,
Druggist.

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NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS,

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Wool Shawls, Winceys,
Ladies' Dress Materials,
Ladies' Cloths, in all the newest makes,
Ladies' Sacks, latest styles;
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Lyons Black Silk Velvets,
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Table Damasks and Napkins;
and a full assortment of seasonable goods.

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Pads, unequalled for
beauty, style and comfort.

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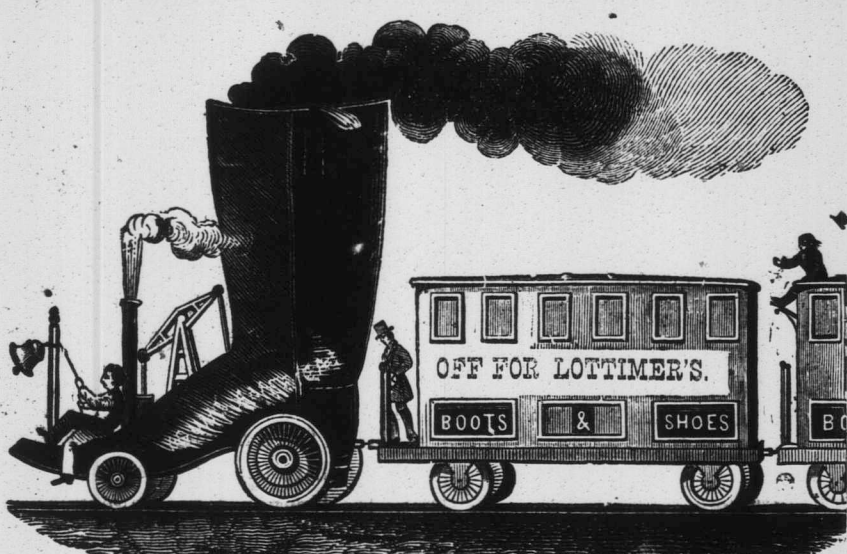


Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

Material and Workmanship of the best.

Particular attention given to Painting
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I SAY! I SAY!
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IS THE BEST PLACE IN FREDERICTON
TO BUY YOUR BOOTS & SHOES.

He has received upwards of 50 Cases (and more shortly to arrive), of

NEW FALL GOODS,

EMBRACING MANY OF THE LEADING STYLES FOR

FALL & WINTER WEAR,

in Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses Boys, Youths, and Childrens wear.

If you want to buy very durable Boots and Shoes, very cheap, by wholesale or retail, you can get them at LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE, nearly Opposite Normal School, and next door below Wiley's Drug Store, Queen Street, Fredericton.

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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 Photgraph Gallery,

Between Logans and Dever Bros., Dry Goods Stores, opposite the Normal School.

The subscriber having secured the services of W. A. MOERS, Esq., as operator for the EXHIBITION WEEK, in addition to the services of 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. Moers 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 specialty. 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. M.—

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.

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

THE TREASURE CAVE.

A Tale of Golden Bay. CHAPTER I.

A DISCOVERY.

"Her hair in ringlets hanging down, as black as any snow. Her rolling eyes distracted me, her skin as white as snow."

It was an August evening. Heavy banks of clouds lit up with all tints of the setting sun hung low on the horizon's rim. The great orb of day had gathered about him his mantle of purple clouds, and was preparing to retire to his far ocean couch for the night.

In Golden Bay our story opens. A wild, yet beautiful spot it is. Towering cliffs many hundred feet high rise on either side; between runs a long level strand against which the ocean waves make ceaseless roar. In the background is a beautiful quiet vale embosomed between two hills that enclose it within their verdant arms. A brook in which gambols the sportive trout winds and bubbles its way through alder clumps, under bridges adown and brawling over some ledge and away complaining over the shingly beach till it yields its tribute wave to the ocean.

Beyond on the clear blue waters of Golden Bay sail the downy hantans of the northern seas; away upward in the dizzy height of the cliff sits the sea bird pruning her wings or devouring the shell fish she a moment before snatched from its quiet sea bed.

From a clump of bushes in the bosom of the glen curls a spiral column of smoke rising upward on the ambient air; through the vistas may be seen the unpretentious sides of a cot.

This is the far famed Golden Bay, the resort of pirates and freebooters,—where lie hidden chests of bullion, kegs of gold coins and Mexican dollars. Near this is the famous cave heard of the country round, but never seen by other than freebooter's eye.

Below the cottage is a nook run, ing between an opening in the hill; it is shaded with alder, birch and fir. In the centre is an unpretentious wooden seat. But is the fair creature sitting there some lovely nymph, or an inhabitant of the secluded spot? She holds a book in her hands, poring intently over some passages. It is from the gentle Cowper she reads:

"Blest he though undistinguished from the crowd
By wealth or dignity,"

she reads aloud, when the wind turning over the leaves causes her to start from her reverie. She looks up, and as she gives a hasty glance seaward an exclamation, half of surprise, half of alarm bursts from her lips. A ship under full press of canvas tacking across the Bay, it is that startles her. And it is no wonder. Not to know what the maiden knows, one need but look at the long low, black hull, the tapering taunt spars of the vessel, her full flow of canvas, to feel alarmed. In a few minutes she disappears around a bluff headland, and the maiden, her book thrown away, sits, her hand against her temples, in evident agitation.

Will our readers pardon us for a moment while we try to describe our heroine? She was of that height which is graceful in women, queenly and erect without hauteur: her skin was fair and might well be compared to the wilderness lily that she was. Her face had that expression which nature pure and simple, unsparing upon those favored ones bestows. Fashion had not taught her to dissemble, nor society to put on airs. From under the long silken lashes of her lustrous eyes, shot forth a glance that might melt the beholder as much from its artlessness as its fascination. Dark, full, lustrous, were those eyes,—brilliant as the diamond they sparkled. The mouth was artless, yet firm,—the face oval—there was beauty, without affectation: expression without art.

And long and rich hung down her glossy raven hair now gently abraded by the autumn wind.