

# Fredericton

Board of Works

L. C. MACNUTT, Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1886.

VOL. VII, NO. 86

## FARM FOR SALE

THAT valuable farm property situated in the County of Kings, about one mile from the town of St. John's, and containing about 100 acres of land, with a good house, barn, and other outbuildings, and a large pond, is for sale at a low price. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

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## NOTICE

THAT the undersigned, Richard Bellamy, of the County of Kings, do hereby certify that the above named farm property is for sale at a low price, and that the same is situated in the County of Kings, about one mile from the town of St. John's.

Richard Bellamy, of the County of Kings.

25 Poultry Yard.

Seeds, Seeds, Seeds.

200 B. Clover Seed, 200 B. Red Clover Seed.

W. H. VANWARTS.

Continued Seed.

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Continued Seed.

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## BAIRD'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND.

For the relief and cure of Catarrhs of the Throat, Sore Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, &c. Baird's Balsam of Horehound is composed of choice gums and other vegetable remedies which soothe and allay the most obstinate Cough. It produces easy expectoration, is very healing in its nature, and by its tonic properties strengthens the muscles of the Throat and gives tone and vigor to the organs of speech. Baird's Balsam of Horehound will give relief at once by its magic. Sold by dealers. Price 25 cents.

Wholesale by R. W. McCarty, St. John; Brown & Webb, Halifax.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

## PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

## MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

CHURPPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1886

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FAIR IN SQUARE DEALING.

GREGORY'S SEED

Curves Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness.

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## Agriculture

The Cause and Remedy for Matted Wool on Sheep.

In regard to wool matting on sheep

One thing is certain: a healthy sheep

will not produce a matted fleece, any

sheep may be thought to be healthy

in perfect health; neither is it abso-

lutely necessary that a sheep that pro-

duces a fleece more or less matted

be so seriously ill as to endanger its

life. Dampness in the sheep house,

bad ventilation, or a bed on ferment-

ing manure, may all have a tendency

to produce a matted fleece. It would

be almost impossible to enumerate all

causes that might have a tendency

to produce a matted fleece. It would

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## Scientific Agriculture.

A correspondent in the New England Farmer, writes:—

Those farmers of the old school who have

followed the footsteps of their fathers

have been opposed to anything that

bore any resemblance to book or

scientific agriculture. This opposition,

bitter in the past, is gradually

fading out for two reasons: one be-

cause the youth of the years that have

been passing have been educated to a

better understanding of the necessities

and advantages of a more scientific

knowledge of the various processes

required in agricultural operations.

Another because the good results that

have followed from the scientific

advantages and experiments that have

been carried on during the past few

years have been so manifestly good

change in public sentiment. Farmers

are not so unlike every other class as

to refuse to adopt any course that will

add to the profits of their labor, and

they will not close their eyes to the

fact that science teaches them how to

increase their crops, how to practice

economy in feeding, and many other

points of view that for it we cannot

be grateful where they now stand,

early into bearing and will bear pro-

gress in the season, and before the

fruit is out of the ground. The stalks

are left standing till the frost is out.

Moore's Acre is a good

looking plant, is easily grown and

will bear fruit in good season.

A better plant will be wanted like

Lombard or Yellow Gage. Plant

will thrive but a few years.

The proper course is to plant out

the old ones, and to plant the new

ones, and to plant the new ones

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## FARM NOTES.

The closing winter has been marked

by a series of severe frosts, and

the winter has been a very dry one.

Consumers of butter in the

United States pay 133 per cent gain

on the cost of producing this article.

Three years is about the average

average of the life of a horse in

the United States, and not much of it

is spent in the stable.

The natural life of the horse is

shorter than that of any other

domestic animal. Five or six years is

the limit of prime life, though

valuable breeding stock may be kept

one or two years longer.

Injudicious training will develop

and even impair vices and faults

to the horse which do not materially

belong to his disposition. The horse

should be handled with kindness, care

and judgment, to insure it being a

safe and obedient animal.

If you have a good farm horse

keep him. The difficulties in the way

of securing a good horse are not

many. The horse should be

trained to the work he is to do

and to the work he is to do

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## MAN AGAINST HORSE.

An Exciting Contest with a Canadian

Stallion.

The Vicious Beast Tries to Eat the

Professor, and well nigh Suc-

ceeds—Pistol, Whip, and

Cord Brought into

Play.

(New York Sun.)

Horse men must have been

scared at the theatre last evening,











## Poetry

### The Long Journey.

When our feet become heavy and weary,  
On the valleys and mountains of life,  
And the road has grown dusty and dreary,  
And we grow in the struggle and strife;  
We halt on the difficult pathway,  
Glance back over valley and plain,  
And sigh with a sorrowful longing  
To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures,  
And seasons of joy and delight,  
While before us is doubt and darkness,  
And fear of the gloom and the night;  
All bright sunny spots we remember—  
How little we thought of them then!  
But now we are looking and longing  
To reach the journey again.

But vain of the vainest is wishing,  
Our course must be forward and on;  
We cannot turn back on the journey,  
We cannot enjoy what is gone;  
We must hope, then, as on our way,  
That some day we may reach the goal,  
That our road will be bright and clear,  
Though we may not begin to know.

For existence forever goes upward—  
From the hills to the mountains we rise,  
On, on, on, we go, we go, we go,  
Till we land in the land of life;  
There, on, on, on, we go, we go, we go,  
Till we reach the land of life;  
There, on, on, on, we go, we go, we go,  
Till we reach the land of life.

## Literature

### THE HOUGHTON-HOUSE MURDER.

The first appearance in society of the pretty belle, Claire Fitzroy, was accompanied with no small interest by her friends and admirers; mothers who saw a formidable rival to their own newly-presented daughters, and daughters who had passed into their second and third seasons, and were still in "maiden meditation" stage.

Mrs. Fitzroy was brought out by her mother, at the house of an aunt in London who had long been acknowledged a leader of the "ton." Nature and fortune alike united to make her debut a successful one. Miss Fitzroy was pronounced a beauty and a belle, and the star of the season, long before the evening came to a close among the early morning hours.

In the bright morning hours, she was in high good humor, and her mother, who was an exquisite blonde, with fair hair, molting, perhaps, a little more toward the silvery yellow than the brightest tint called golden, with perfect moulded form, regular features, made charming by an expression of mingled mirth, modesty and girlish reserve; her eyes were large, deep, soft and blue, and her mouth an exquisitely rosy, pouting, dimpled and sweet, that a half a dozen young men endeavored to make rhyme to its loveliness before she had thrice appeared in society.

Under the direction of her mother, an elegant woman, still looking so youthful and handsome that it seemed impossible to realize that the fair girl of eighteen was her daughter, Claire was dressed in such exquisite taste that the grace of a perfect toilette enhanced the charms so liberally bestowed by nature, and her introduction to society was a complete triumph.

With no small advantage, no one can wonder that Miss Fitzroy soon had an army of suitors in her train; but even the vainest among them could not flatter himself that she held him in any special estimation; and the most loving of scandal-mongers must have been satisfied with her behavior, so perfectly even was her bearing toward all.

At last, however, it began to be noted that one suitor in particular was favored above the rest by Mrs. Fitzroy, if not by Claire, and this was Sir Arthur Carlington. The baronet—made such by the recent demise of an elder brother—was young, rich and handsome; a man framed to win the love of woman; and it soon became evident that he had won the heart of Claire Fitzroy. It was a great blow to the fortune-hunters; but that staid useless regrets when Sir Arthur had heard from the lips he loved that she was not indifferent to his happiness, and referred him to his assurance of most encouraging, "to mamma."

At the mothers with lately prophetic gleams, and the daughters who wished in their hearts that they too were lately presented, the loss of Sir Arthur from amongst them was almost stoned in the fact that he removed a dreaded rival from their various paths.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur Carlington had begged of Mrs. Fitzroy the privilege of becoming her son, and she had heard him with unopposed emotion, which could not surprise him, for she was tenderly attached to Claire. The girl was her only child, and she had no husband to whom to turn for consolation and love when her one pet lamb should be carried away.

"You are sure, Sir Arthur, that you really love my daughter?"  
Sir Arthur, with his hand on his heart, and all a lover's ardor and sincerity, was quite sure; but even that did not seem just yet, quite enough for Mrs. Fitzroy. She looked into his face long and ardently, and then her own changed; it flushed, it twitched nervously, and very suddenly fell down upon her hands, and her form was shaken with convulsive sobs. When the young baronet, most moved by such an exhibition of grief, would have soothed her, she motioned him to be quiet, and then, soon obtaining control over her emotions, presently raised her head, and showed a face quite calm, pale, set and cold.

"Sir Arthur," she said, "I give you my child, the only one I have, and I give you your take good care of the girl! I believe you, for Claire is a good girl, and value her heart as a pure, true heart, loving for the first time, should be valued. I know all you would say, and I believe you; but go and say it all to Claire, it is more fitting."

Sir Arthur took Mrs. Fitzroy's hand, and kissing it with warm respect, left her and sought the younger lady and keeper to his heart.

It was arranged that the marriage of Sir Arthur Carlington and Miss Fitzroy was to take place in the following fall; and as the season in town was now almost over, Mrs. Fitzroy began making preparations to retire with her daughter to Monkton Grange, and there to wait the season that were fairly paid upon Claire's check before the wedding day should require them in all their rosiest hues.

Sir Arthur's country seat was in an adjoining shire; but he counted, never there, to spend at least three-fourths of his time between Monkton Grange and Houghton House, the home of Claire's favorite aunt, and a few miles distant from the Grange. The time drew near for Mrs. Fitzroy's marriage—it was, indeed, but three weeks' of the wedding-day, and Claire was on a visit of two or three days at Houghton House, where Sir Arthur was also staying. Already the little lady's visit to Mrs. Lorraine had passed the extent she had promised, and she had determined on returning to the Grange the following day. Perhaps this determination was suggested by the knowledge that Sir Arthur was said to have been to Houghton House on the following morning, being compelled to return to

shire at once to complete certain arrangements pending his marriage. To Claire it seemed that her lover was very sad all through the evening; but then she said to herself: "He is always so when we are to be parted for ever so short a time. Dear Arthur! how proud and happy I am to know that he loves me so well."

But although she said this, and meant it, too, there was a deeper gloom settling down upon her heart, and she was almost glad when a movement was made to break up the little circle formed of herself, her lover, Mrs. Lorraine and her young cousin. Sir Arthur bade her a very tender "good night" as they parted at the foot of the long oaken staircase; and looking deep into the sweet eyes that had never looked but lovingly on him since the day of their betrothal, he said:

"Nothing can part us, dear Claire. You would not let any misfortune or trouble separate us?"

"No, surely not, Arthur. Why do you ask such a question? The hand of Heaven alone can come between you and me. You are evidently gloomy to-night, and you have almost made me catch the infection of your sadness. But be comforted. One of those charming old sayings we pretend to laugh at, and yet bug to our hearts, foretells pleasure to come when we are sad without knowing why, just as it foretells misfortune when we are over-merry without sufficient cause."

"Bless your bright little heart, darling! Good night!" And Sir Arthur kissed both the fair limbs he held; and then, gathering the slight form to his heart for a moment, pressed his lips to Claire's passionately, tenderly, sorrowfully; and Claire, extorted herself, not displeased, but blushing deeply; for, except her father's, it was the first time that a man's kiss had rested upon her lips.

Good-night, dear Arthur—good-night! she said, hurriedly; and he watched the graceful figure running up the stairs along the corridor, till Claire was quite beyond his sight, and then turned away with a sigh.

Claire was a little hurried after she was alone in her room, and then remembering her lover's evident depression during the evening, a little saddened; but that passed quite away, before she had finished brushing out the waves of her shining hair, and was finally forgotten in the happy dreams that visited her light slumber.

At a somewhat earlier hour than usual she was awakened on the following morning by hurried running to and fro through the halls; and thinking: "It's Arthur's servant and doubtless he is soon going away, for he said he must be gone early in the morning," she rose and hastily began dressing without ringing for her maid, anxious only not to be too late to receive her lover's "good-bye." In a very short time than young ladies usually require to make even a morning toilette, she was running down the stairs and toward the breakfast room, humming a love-song which Sir Arthur had taught her. The breakfast room was empty, although the table was laid with tempting viands, and the flag was the early rather than the late; Claire took her customary seat, and, drumming on the white table-cloth with slender fingers almost as white, waited impatiently. After a few minutes spent in this manner, she became conscious of a well-known confusion overhead, and a bewildering running to and fro in the hall, followed by a knock at her door.

"What can be the matter? Surely some one is sick or hurt," and trembling at the thought, she started from the chair and hurried to the door. Her own maid was passing along the hall at the moment, and Miss Fitzroy caught her arm.

"Rose, what's the matter?—what's happened?" she gasped, with fast gathering alarm.

"O, Miss Claire—Miss Claire!" exclaimed the girl, shrinking from her gaze and covering her face.

"For Heaven's sake speak, Rose, and tell me what has happened!" almost screamed Claire, in an agony of apprehension.

"O, don't ask me—don't ask me, Miss Claire! Indeed, I couldn't bear to tell you," sobbed the waiting woman.

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"No, surely not, Arthur. Why do you ask such a question? The hand of Heaven alone can come between you and me. You are evidently gloomy to-night, and you have almost made me catch the infection of your sadness. But be comforted. One of those charming old sayings we pretend to laugh at, and yet bug to our hearts, foretells pleasure to come when we are sad without knowing why, just as it foretells misfortune when we are over-merry without sufficient cause."

"Bless your bright little heart, darling! Good night!" And Sir Arthur kissed both the fair limbs he held; and then, gathering the slight form to his heart for a moment, pressed his lips to Claire's passionately, tenderly, sorrowfully; and Claire, extorted herself, not displeased, but blushing deeply; for, except her father's, it was the first time that a man's kiss had rested upon her lips.

Good-night, dear Arthur—good-night! she said, hurriedly; and he watched the graceful figure running up the stairs along the corridor, till Claire was quite beyond his sight, and then turned away with a sigh.

Claire was a little hurried after she was alone in her room, and then remembering her lover's evident depression during the evening, a little saddened; but that passed quite away, before she had finished brushing out the waves of her shining hair, and was finally forgotten in the happy dreams that visited her light slumber.

At a somewhat earlier hour than usual she was awakened on the following morning by hurried running to and fro through the halls; and thinking: "It's Arthur's servant and doubtless he is soon going away, for he said he must be gone early in the morning," she rose and hastily began dressing without ringing for her maid, anxious only not to be too late to receive her lover's "good-bye." In a very short time than young ladies usually require to make even a morning toilette, she was running down the stairs and toward the breakfast room, humming a love-song which Sir Arthur had taught her. The breakfast room was empty, although the table was laid with tempting viands, and the flag was the early rather than the late; Claire took her customary seat, and, drumming on the white table-cloth with slender fingers almost as white, waited impatiently. After a few minutes spent in this manner, she became conscious of a well-known confusion overhead, and a bewildering running to and fro in the hall, followed by a knock at her door.

"What can be the matter? Surely some one is sick or hurt," and trembling at the thought, she started from the chair and hurried to the door. Her own maid was passing along the hall at the moment, and Miss Fitzroy caught her arm.

"Rose, what's the matter?—what's happened?" she gasped, with fast gathering alarm.

"O, Miss Claire—Miss Claire!" exclaimed the girl, shrinking from her gaze and covering her face.

"For Heaven's sake speak, Rose, and tell me what has happened!" almost screamed Claire, in an agony of apprehension.

"O, don't ask me—don't ask me, Miss Claire! Indeed, I couldn't bear to tell you," sobbed the waiting woman.

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**MUFFINS**  
SAFE YEAST  
The House-keeper's friend. It is Pure, Health Preserving and Wholesome. If your food does not keep it, send for this to you by mail to  
Warriner's Safe Yeast Co.,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

**JAS. R. HOWIE,**  
MEROHANT TAILOR,  
Queen St., - Fredericton,  
Is showing a very large assortment of New Goods for  
**FALL AND WINTER,**  
In new and attractive designs and shades direct from the Manufacturers

**NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.**  
Arrangement of Trains—In effect October 12, 1885.

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**Gents' Furnishings.**  
Fifty doz. Canadian Shirts and drawers, very cheap;  
Ten doz. Scotch Lamb's wool and heavy Merino Shirts and Drawers;  
Cardigan Jackets, Gloves, Braces, Linen Collars, Cuffs, Silk Handkerchiefs, &c., &c.;  
62 doz. Gents' Silk Ties, at half price;  
50 Nap and Frieze Ulsters;  
20 Men's and Boys' Reefers;  
Which I will sell at less than cost.

**JAS. R. HOWIE,**  
Fisher's Building, opp. Normal School,  
QUEEN ST., - FREDERICTON  
November 26, 1885.

**WELCOME SOAP**  
TRADE MARK  
PAYS NO FANCY PROFIT  
But is an original compound, made from the PUREST STOCK, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

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**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY**  
'85 Winter Arrangement '88  
On and after MONDAY, November 16th, 1885, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**Trains will leave St. John:**  
Day Express, 7.50 a.m.  
Accommodation, 11.00 a.m.  
Express for St. John, 4.30 p.m.  
Express for Halifax & Quebec, 7.50 p.m.

**Trains will arrive at St. John:**  
Express from Halifax & Quebec, 7.50 a.m.  
Accommodation, 11.00 a.m.  
Express from St. John, 4.30 p.m.  
Express from Halifax & Quebec, 7.50 p.m.

**Trains will arrive at St. John:**  
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**Trains will**