

Toilet Soap.
0 BOXES Toilet Soap, just received at
GEO. HATT & SONS.

FARMERS' Insure your buildings. Every
 Citizen owing a house should have it insured
 at very low rates for one or three years.
JOHN RICHARDS.
 Fredericton, May 24, 1884.

lamb with shaggy bred horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, he can at least take steps in that direction. It will not cost much to buy a thoroughbred bull-calf, whether Jersey, Guernsey, Holstein, Galloway, Hereford, or Short Horn and a pure-bred ram, lamb

necessary amount of milk for her pigs and they draw a lot of it. Few have any idea or thought about how much milk a sow must give to keep a litter of pigs. Plenty of skim milk with any of the seeds named, in connection with grass will enable her to furnish milk for her pigs and keep in good condition. — *National Live Stock Journal.*

half filled with some hay or other feed, the odour from this takes away his appetite for what is freshly placed before him. Disregard of this fact is one reason why horses often grow poor on cut feed moistened and fed to them in warm weather. It sourd very quickly at this season and a very little left in the feed box will soon destroy a horse's appetite.

weight proportionately. Some of the small breeds lay eggs larger in size than do the larger breeds, such as the Black Spanish, but if large eggs are desired they can only be procured from fully matured birds, no matter what the breed may be. No amount of food will compensate for youth and imperfect growth. The hens over a year old lay the largest eggs.

None genuine without a bunch of s
Hops on the white label. Shun all the
poisonous stuff with "Hon" or "Hors" in

Poetry.

TRIOLE EVERYWHERE.

There's trouble in the dwelling,
There's trouble in the street;
Of every one and midnight
Morning, noon and midnight
There's trouble in the air,
And oh! there's no denying
There's trouble everywhere.

There's trouble in the garden;
Beside the sweetest rose,
Beside the fairest lily,
The thorn of trouble grows;
There's trouble on the ocean;
There's trouble on the land;
And when the sunshine brightens
There's trouble close at hand.

From troubles that pursue us
We never can escape;
There's sure to come a day
In some place or shape;
To reach the happy land;
Or else, we must be woe;
Trouble's sure to find us,
Wherever we go.

But the storms of trouble,
How blessed is the calm!
And after winds of war,
How soothing is the balm!
And when from tribulations
Our spirits find release,
If but for one brief moment
We know the joy of peace.

So trouble has its mission,
As through the world it goes,
A message to mortals
In every breeze that blows;
It moves the stagnant water;
It stirs the life of health;
Gives courage to the weary;
To every laborer worth.

The trouble that inclines us
To brave and daring deeds,
The trouble that prepares us
To feel another's needs;
Each heart must bear its burden
Of suffering and care;
For man is born to trouble,
And he finds it everywhere.

Literature.

THE BLOOD ON THE RING.

I.

An old man lay, moaning with pain,
Upon a bed in a large but quiet chamber
Of an ancient and dilapidated house
Which stood almost alone in the half-ruined
suburbs of a large city.

By the dim window sat a young man
Of perhaps five and twenty, with a book in
his hand, which, however, he was gazing
upon with frowning brow, but abstracted
eyes, that showed its pages had no connection
with his thoughts.

A more than usual, deep groan caused
him to turn his head toward the occupant
of the sick bed.

"Why do you not die?" he muttered.
"John, I am a drunkard," said the old
man, in a broken voice. "Come! I
won't—ugh! ugh! I have to wait—
long, my son, for—ugh! ugh!—for you
to come!"

The young man rose, and taking a
crisp glass from a table, held it to
the old man's lips, saying as he did so:

"Oh! you are worth a good many dead
men yet, father. I've seen you as bad
before now."

"No, no—not so bad!—never so bad as
this," whispered the sufferer. "But may
be I'll weather it. Yes, you say, I'm
worth a good many dead men yet. And
men, yes, John, and then you'll have to
wait a little longer, eh?—he! he! he!
ugh! ugh! ugh!—oh, John?"

"D—n—n—n, father! don't aggravate
me—I mean don't exhaust yourself by
talking. There—go to sleep! I'll send
Brigette up, and go out for a while. I'm
chooking for a breath of air. And he
seized his hat and hastily left the chamber.

In a few moments, the woman called
Brigette entered, and approaching the
bed of the sufferer, asked him how he
did.

"Do? I'm done, Brigette—done to
death. John says I shall get over it, but
I know better. I am sinking rapidly, and
shall go down with the sun. Has Lizzie
been here to-day?"

"Indeed she has, and begged me, with
tears in her eyes, to let her up over it.
But I says, says I, it's no use, Miss Lizzie,
he won't see you; and so I let you up
unbeknownst, he'd drive me out of the
house that minute, but she proved a
devil, and so you have said you would—
more shame to you, Mr. Henshaw!"

"Hush, woman! I am a dying man, I
tell you, and I would see Lizzie ere I go.
They say it is never too late to repent.
Will you go and fetch my son's widow,
Brigette?"

"That I will, sir, and gladly. Oh! how
happy the poor soul will be to think that
you—"

"No words; there is no time to waste!
Go, quickly, quickly, I say, ere John re-
turns!"

The old woman was gone ere the last
sentence left her master's lips.

No sooner was the sick man again alone,
than he made a desperate effort to rise,
and succeeded in sitting up on his pillow.
After pausing to recover the breath this
effort had cost him, he reached his feeble
and uncertain hand over the head of his
bed, and felt along the back of his head-
board, as if for some object concealed
therein.

It was an instant he had found
what he sought, and he drew it out, and
saw, to his astonishment, a small, round,
only-wrought, steel key, and he held it
close to his eye, as though to make sure
of its identity, then once more endeavored
to place his feet on the floor, trembling,
and with a fearful rattle in his throat.

At the very moment he had nearly suc-
ceeded in attaining his object, the door
suddenly opened, and John Henshaw
made his appearance, with a flushed and
angry face and excited manner.

The young man's eyes were instantly
caught by the glitter of the steel key, and
his father's unwonted position confirming,
no doubt, a previous suspicion, he ex-
claimed: "Ha! I knew it!" and sprang
toward the bed.

The old man instinctively uttered a cry,
and flinging himself back on his couch,
by an impulsive action, quick as thought,
engulfed the key in his toothless jaws,
and closed his thin lips upon it.

The next instant his son's hand was on
his throat, and he said, hoarsely:
"Open your mouth, father, or, by—
I will force it open!"

The old man merely look with a glaring
eye into the face of the would-be par-
ticide, and shook his head. John's hand
grasped closer and closer the wrinkled
neck of his dying parent, but the jaws
were as firm as steel, and with rivet of
iron. Tighter and more desperate grew
the grip, black and livid the sufferer's
face, but still the jaws moved not. It
was a hideous scene, but the end drew
nigh. John released the throat of his
victim, and entering the jaws with a savage
force, wrenched them partly asunder, and
thrust his hand between them. A horri-
ble convulsion racked the old man's
form, and he writhed himself about as
if some wounded serpent. But it was
only for a moment. His vital strength
was expended; his limbs relaxed; he
uttered a long, feeble wail, and sank like
a wilted lily on the bed, as the par-
ticide drew his hand from the now gaping

jaw, with the fatal key in his fingers.
As he did so, a small stream of blood
flowed out upon the grizzled beard of the
murdered father, and the fingers of his
unnatural assassin were dyed with the
crimson evidence of his fearful crime.

The murderer, leaving his victim as he
had fallen, wiped the blood rapidly from
his hand with his handkerchief, and going
to the foot of the bed, knelt down, and
with some effort drew forth a strong steel
box. This he opened with the key of
his possession, and searched eagerly
among its contents, which were chiefly
papers, till he found what he wanted. It
was a document with three seals, and for
a moment John Henshaw hesitated
whether or not to break them then and
there. But a noise in the street appar-
ently decided him, and thrusting the
paper into his bosom, he looked and re-
placed the strong box, laid the key under
the dead man's pillow, and stealthily but
rapidly left the chamber and the house.

Ten minutes later Brigette arrived, with
out Lizzie, whom she had been unable to
find at home—ten minutes too late! The
old woman entered her master's chamber,
beheld the ghastly form stretched in death
upon the bed, with the blood still oozing
from the dropped jaws; and instinctively
recoiling with the awful shock, she rushed
down stairs and into the deserted
street, starting with solitary silence with
the terrible cry of "Murder! murder!
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II.

Simon Henshaw was a prodigal in his
youth, and a miser in his age—not an un-
common transition. He married, for
money, at forty, and two children were
born to him, at five years interval, the last
of whom, John Henshaw, cost his mother
her life. For this reason, perhaps, it was
that Old Simon (as he was even then
called) never loved his child, regarding
him somehow as the cause of his wife's
death, and he came to look upon her,
not exactly with real affection, but as
something necessary to his selfish com-
fort. Shortly after her death Simon re-
moved to the squalid quarters described
in the first chapter, and commenced the
sordid life that became them, leaving the
younger boy to the teachings good and
evil, of vagabond chance, and his own
inclinations. The fruit thereof was
described in the first chapter. The wind was
sown, and the whirlwind inexorably
reaped.

The elder son, Lester, meanwhile had
been taken by a distant relative; Simon
averring that he made too much noise
about the house, and was a constant
source of anxiety rather than a consol-
ation; and was brought up to manhood
far from the influence of his home.
Life must inevitably have produced.

But when young Lester was one-and-
twenty, his father had recalled him, and
for a year made him a drudge and a slave.
Then, however, he rebelled, and put a
fatal seal upon his rebellion by wooing
and wedding Lizzie Marden, a soft-eyed,
gentle girl of eighteen, good as she
was fair, but poor unto death poverty,
and with a crippled mother to support.
For this Simon Henshaw drove his eldest
son from house and heart (if he had such
a thing) for ever. So Lester had gone
into the army, and to the battlefields,
and upon one of them had yielded up his
life—so said the war-bulletins, though his
body was never found. And his death
Simon, with strange inconsistency, laid
at Lizzie's door, instead of at his own, and
thereforeforth hated her, and forbade her
name being mentioned in his presence.

During this time John Henshaw had
grown prematurely old and hardened in
crowds, and was a bitter thorn in the
side of the war-bulletins. And his death
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unbeknownst, he'd drive me out of the
house that minute, but she proved a
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more shame to you, Mr. Henshaw!"

"Hush, woman! I am a dying man, I
tell you, and I would see Lizzie ere I go.
They say it is never too late to repent.
Will you go and fetch my son's widow,
Brigette?"

"That I will, sir, and gladly. Oh! how
happy the poor soul will be to think that
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"No words; there is no time to waste!
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The old woman was gone ere the last
sentence left her master's lips.

No sooner was the sick man again alone,
than he made a desperate effort to rise,
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After pausing to recover the breath this
effort had cost him, he reached his feeble
and uncertain hand over the head of his
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and flinging himself back on his couch,
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The next instant his son's hand was on
his throat, and he said, hoarsely:
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"It cannot be! no! it cannot be!" he
muttered; "and yet that voice! but—"
he had recourse to the wine again—"ha!
ha! ha! your friend friend friend, Drake
with his stage voice and his infernally ugly
mug. He did, upon my soul!"

"The captain's mug, as you call it, was
made as it is by a hand of war, Hen-
shaw, replied Drake. "A caution blow up
under his nose, and saved him the trouble
of disguising himself for the future in case
he should want to avoid the recognition of
his former acquaintances. I invited him
to meet us to-night—the first of his ar-
rival—in order to judge if the change were
so entire as he believed; for the captain
was once known to you, I think."

John Henshaw had listened to this with
fast increasing signs of agitation, and at
the conclusion he again rose to his chair
and said in a voice of concentrated rage:

"I will stand this mystification no longer!
I neither know nor care who your
grim-faced friend may be, but I know
you, whom she had been unable to
find at home—ten minutes too late! The
old woman entered her master's chamber,
beheld the ghastly form stretched in death
upon the bed, with the blood still oozing
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uttered a long, feeble wail, and sank like
a wilted lily on the bed, as the par-
ticide drew his hand from the now gaping

The sign of a seamstress—A-hum!
"Yes, it is the time to serve the Lord,"
a hymn most popular with old sin-
ners.

The man who wants but little here
but generally gets it, but is not satis-
fied.

The world once every man a living
but some of us are finding collections
very slow.

Man is the only animal known to
naturalists that is fool enough to drink
when not thirsty.

"I'll join you presently," as the min-
ister returned to the young couple just
as he started for the key to the church-
door.

An exchange speaks of "the bustle of
the future." The future is before us.
"Is the bustle to be worn the same
way?"

The most gigantic sharp in the world
are said to be found near Australia. Of
course this discovery will make some of
our lawyers mad, but facts are facts.

It was a Frederickian girl who told
her lover that the engagement ring he
presented her was the handsomest one
she ever had given him.

Creditor—"Can't you let me have
my little bill?" Debtor—"Certainly,
but don't destroy it. I may want to
pay something on it in the future."

We are beginning to doubt that "eco-
nomy is wealth." At least we have a
good deal of economy piled away which
we would like to exchange for a little
wealth.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton sir?"
thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new
footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the
canny Scot, "I'm no' lang here, an' din-
na ken yet."

"My daughter, you ought to have
some aim in life," said a father to his
sixteen-year-old. "Oh! I am going to
be a papa!" was the enthusiastic reply. "I
have got my bean already."

I am coming by and by, you will hear
my plaintiff cry in accents mild and gen-
tle as a lamb: "I'm not coming on a frolic
but to give small boy the cold, sing he,
the small green apple that I am."

Standing before a clergyman who was
about to place on the list of those who
will never be missed. "Who is it?" asked
the man started in surprise, and replied:
"Ay, surely! Why, I kummed a pup-
pus."

When you see a man take off his hat
to you it is a sign that he respects you,
but when he does not take it off, it is a
sign that he intends to try to make you
respect him.

The relaxing power of Johnson's An-
odyne Liniment is almost miraculous. A
gentleman's leg was bent at the knee
and stiff for twenty years had it limber-
ed by its use, and the leg is now as good
as the other.

A Philadelphia paper says:—"The
fewer fathers a woman has in her hon-
or in this world, the more she will have
on her wings in the world to come."

This sort of trimming for heaven is car-
rying the millinery business too far.

"I have discovered another person to
be placed on the list of those who will
never be missed. Who is it?" asked his
friend. "The girl who gets married. Peo-
ple cease to miss her then, you know."

"Ma, has aunt got bees in her
mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a
question?" "Cause that little man,
with a heap of hair on his face, caught
hold of her, and said he was going to
take the honey out of her lips; and she
said: 'Well, make haste!'"

An amusing contemporary informs its
readers that a man at the East-end calls
himself, on his card, "Temperance Boot-
maker," and suggests that the need of
temperance boots is apparent, for though
they are not generally drunk it is a very
notorious fact that they are often very
tight.

The cheapest doctor you can employ is
to always keep in your house a "Min-
ner's Family Remedy." Conqueror of all Pains,
and the common plums, good for all
Pulmonary troubles. "Minner's Family
Pills" the best Liver Pills known, and
general cathartic. "Nelson's Cherokee
Venereal" the Worm-Killer, pleasant
and effective.

"Do you go to school, son?" "What
do you learn?" "Don't learn nawthin."
"You do not learn anything? Why not?"
"Don't have to. School teach-
er's dead struck on the director's daugh-
ter, director's clean gone on the young
school chump, and the school master's
mashed on one of the big boys. You
bet we don't learn nawthin."

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, &c., Belle-
ville, writes:—"I find Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil the best medicine I have
ever used in my stable. I have used it
on bruises, scratches, wind puffs and
cuts, and in every case it gave the best
satisfaction. We use it as a household
remedy for colds, burns, &c., and it is a
perfect panacea. It will remove warts
by paring them down and applying it
occasionally."

A clergyman's wife, calling on Mrs.
Gladstone, who had a headache, and
speaking of the election, that these were
troublesome times. "But," ejaculated the
pious, "there is one above that will
guide us." "Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone,
"he will see through it; and, if you will
take a seat, I dare say he will be down
in a few minutes."

Mr. Thos. Bell, of Messrs. Scott, Bell
& Co., proprietors of the Wingham Fur-
niture Factory, writes:—"For over one
year I was not free one day from head-
ache. I tried every remedy I thought
would give me relief, but did not derive
any benefit. I then procured a bottle of
Norton & Lyman's Vegetable Dis-
covery, and began taking it according to
directions, when I soon found the head-
ache leaving me, and I am now com-
pletely cured."

The manufacture of alcohol from wood
has increased rapidly within a few years,
and it is said to be used largely for pa-
tient bitters, ginger extracts, and other
alcoholic compounds whose strong flavor
makes it necessary to use a better quality
of spirits. Wood alcohol is a dangerous
product, and sometimes gives rise to
serious disturbances of the brain and
nervous system.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial
is prepared from drugs known to the
profession as thoroughly reliable for the
cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, and
other ailments of the bowels. It has been
used successfully by medical
practitioners for a number of years with
satisfactory results. If suffering from
any summer complaint it is just the
medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle.
It sells for 25 cents.

What "Old Fritz" Said.
It was an aphorism of Frederick the
Great that "Poets are divine things."
An undoubted fact is that Dr. Pierce's
"Golden Medical Discovery" is the most
powerful liver vitalizer extant, and by
its characteristic and searching action
will cure cholera, dysentery, diarrhea,
kidney disease, sick-headache, and other
maladies which, popular opinion to the
contrary notwithstanding, are directly
traceable to a diseased condition of the
liver. By its use the liver will be
cleared of all obstructions, and the
blood is made impure. All druggists.

When Ethalinda De Wiggs visited her
cousins in the country last week, one of
them said:
"Linda, don't you want to help me
pick peas this morning?"
"I'd like to, dear," replied Ethalinda,
"but I am not properly dressed for pick-
ing peas, quite correct."
"I forgot to bring a pea-jacket with
me."
"Why, how is that?"
"And you pretend to say," remarked
a lawyer to a witness, "that you remem-
ber the exact words this man said to you
ten years ago?"
"I do."
"Well, if my memory serves me, I
met you in Saratoga about five years
ago, and I should like to know if you
can swear to any expression which I then
made?"
"I can."
"Now, Mr. J., I want you to remem-
ber that you are under oath—now, under
oath, you swear that you can quote with
great accuracy a remark I made to you
at Saratoga five years ago?"
"I can."
"Well, what was it?"
"You met me in the hotel corridor."
"Yes, quite correct."
"And you shook hands with me?"
"Naturally I did."
"And you said to me, 'Let's go and
take something.'"
The cry of the court had to call in-
terference for ten minutes and the lawyer
confessed that the witness had a remarkable
memory.

Just the Thing.
W. J. Guppy, proprietor of Newbury
writes:—"Dr. Fowler's Wild Straw-
berry is just the thing for Summer sick-
ness. I sold out my stock three times
last summer. There was a good demand
for it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild
Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery,
Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:
10 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and in-
termediate points, and for Vancouver, San-
 Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and all points
West. M. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hon-
 ton, Fredericton, and all points North.
10 30 A. M.—Express for St. John, and in-
termediate points, and for Vancouver, San-
 Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and all points
West. M. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hon-
 ton, Fredericton, and all points North.
11 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and in-
termediate points, and for Vancouver, San-
 Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and all points
West. M. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hon-
 ton, Fredericton, and all points North.
11 30 A. M.—Express for St. John, and in-
termediate points, and for Vancouver, San-
 Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and all points
West. M. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hon-
 ton, Fredericton, and all points North.
12 00 Noon—For Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
12 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
1 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
1 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
2 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
3 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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3 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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4 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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4 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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5 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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5 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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6 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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6 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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7 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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7 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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8 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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9 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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9 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
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10 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and
St. John, and all points East.
10 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and