



## Hard Times scared to Death!

"We cannot tell a lie, we did it with our little hands" when we knocked the covers off our business, low prices.

## SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

And now we are ready to give you a welcome that means business. We have laid in a new

## SPRING STOCK

English, Scotch, French, German, Canadian, and Domestic Cloths.

"Simon pure" Goods.

## Ready made clothing

which will equal any lot in the Province

Men's and Youths'

## Boots and Shoes,

positively in prices a surprise to all

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

in all the latest styles.

## HATS AND CAPS.

Zinc, Leather & Wood

## TRUNKS.

Lates Fashion Plates,

Just received—away up.

We astonish the sight-seer with an unrivalled

Elegant Styles and Beautiful Fabrics.

We delight the purchaser with prices, which

are never so low. We afford all an

opportunity to secure the

NEWEST AND BEST

Spring Garments

at prices within their means.

These plans demand your attention, and

we respectfully advise an early examination,

and invite it.

T. W. Smith & Son

CLOTHIERS,

Low priced Boot and Shoe Men.

Fredericton, May 11

## ALBION HOUSE!

AUGUST 9th.

## NEW GOODS!

In addition to Spring importations, I

am receiving shipments of new

Staple and Fancy

## DRY GOODS

Every week, thus keeping the stock fresh

and well assorted.

JUST RECEIVED:

New Black & Colored Satins,

BLACK AND FANCY

MOIRE WATERED SILK,

Black Broche Silk.

LACES:

Black Beaded Lace.

Black Spanish Lace.

Black Spanish Lace.

Maltese Lace.

Bretagne Lace.

Torlon Lace.

Edelweiss Lace.

Point D'Alencon.

Guipure D'Art Lace.

Insertion Lace.

Hamburg Embroideries.

Lace Collars & Fichues.

Spanish Scarf Lace.

Black & Cream Scarf

LACE.

Watered and Brocade Ribbons, Under

wear, Gloves, Hosiery, Hoop

Skirts, and Corsets, Buttons,

Dress Trimmings, &c.,

Madras and Pearl Nets.

Also a full line of Staple

Goods, in Cottons, Ducks, Tickings,

Prints, Shirtings, Treeds, &c.,

with leading novelties in Gents'

Furnishing Goods.

Parks Warps and Knitting Cottons,

in all numbers.

Wholesale and Retail.

F. B. EDGEcombe,

Queen St., Fredericton,

Branch Store: St. Mary's Ferry

Fredericton, July 12

## Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., August 16, 1882.

The Situation.

The Porte will intervene along with England in Egypt. Whether it will carry out its agreement in good faith, remains to be proved. It has entered into military convention by which it engages to send troops, 6,000 Turks will be sent, and the Porte has also given way to the demand of England that it shall proclaim Arabi a rebel; and a proclamation setting forth its friendly relations with England, and announcing the intention of the Sultan to support the authority of the Khedive and condemning Arabi and other military leaders who are aiding and abetting him, as rebellious criminals, has been drawn out, and will be on the landing of the Turkish troops, be read at the Citadel of Cairo, and at the same time, the Khedive, always supposing that Arabi will permit it. The operation of the Porte, should one thing, would not be to shake the determination of the arch-criminal himself. But though he knows that the Porte has turned against him in deference to England's demand, he may have received secret advice which may greatly relieve his mind, and he may be alarmed that attitude is calculated, of itself, to cause. The suspicion that the Porte intends treachery, is not, easily, to be got rid of. At any rate, by his actions, Arabi shows that he has no intention of giving in. He has been fortifying still more strongly his three lines of entrenchment, with the Lake Marouti, to Aboukir, and he has pushed forward his first line some 500 yards so that it can be distinctly seen from the British position at Ramleh. He has a hundred guns mounted. The position has become more formidable, and cannot it be feared he carried away by a very strong force, and great loss of life.

A flanking movement is talked of from Rosetta—which will have first to be captured—up the Nile as far as Damietta, and by the skirts of the Elko Lake, which would bring the English in the rear of his position. It is possible also that the British will endeavor to cut him off from retreat to Cairo, by advancing from Ismailia. It is thought that Sir Garnet Wolsey, who is now in Egypt, contemplates sending a force down the Suez Canal to that place. But from all accounts, Arabi has a strong force entrenched at Nefesia Junction, where the Suez, Ismailia and Cairo lines of railway meet, with the intention of commanding the approaches to Zagazig, which is on the direct line of the march from Ismailia, and is a central point where branch lines of the railway to Cairo meet; and Anglo-Indian forces may at the same time be sent from Suez to Cairo. The delay in pursuing up Arabi, after the taking of Alexandria, has been a defeat ten times more difficult for the British than it would have been if a force had been in readiness to land immediately after the bombardment. It is said that energetic action like that would have aroused the suspicion and anger of the other Powers, but if Arabi had been at once put down, the British Government would have shown no disposition to take and control Egypt for England's sole benefit, they would have acquiesced. The delay has given Arabi time to arouse the fanaticism of the people and enlist strong support. He may or may not receive further access of strength from the "false prophet," of whom little or nothing is now said, but with the force he has, and situated as he is, he is in a position to give the British an immense deal of trouble. The way he treated Alexandria, shows of what he is capable. He may order the destruction of Cairo before it falls into the hands of the British, and he may ruin the country's hopes of its cotton harvest next year, by cutting the dams of the irrigating canals by the Nile, and flooding the country. The Nile is at flooding point, though not at its highest, this month, and were the country flooded it would become impassable for troops.

Up to this time the British have made no advance or achieved any success. The last reconnaissance in force has been pronounced a mistake, at least nothing was gained by it to compensate for the loss of life. But with the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolsey, and additional troops in Egypt, some stirring event may surely be expected ere long. There is still before the 45th of September to deal Arabi his death blow.

Latest telegrams state that the Porte is struggling with regard to the proclamation against Arabi, and the British Government insists that the Turkish troops shall be under the command of English General-in-Chief.

Sir Garnet Wolsey.

Some one, evidently in society above the subjugation of "Koma," has, for some time past, been addressing open letters in the London World, to certain persons in England, and speaking in no mincing terms of their public achievements and personal traits. "Koma" reminds one of the famous and mysterious "Junius," who made himself excessively disagreeable to exalted people in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, but he has not the deep ferocity, the scathing invective, the satirical and libellous temper of that truculent writer. He has addressed a letter to Sir Garnet Wolsey, which differs from most of his other epistles, in as much as it is altogether complimentary, and calculated to strengthen the confidence of the people of England, at this crisis, in him. Sir Garnet Wolsey is a man of the soldier's type, a man of war, who has had to struggle hard against Court and high aristocratic influence, as efficient, active, astute, smart in appearance, and with a very deep insight into the characters of men and able at a glance to tell the exact stamp of person he requires to develop his policy and do his bidding. An unassuming clever fellow in fact, who has never said so much as "fall in" his vocabulary. We quote a passage from the letter:—

"It is not only because your name is associated with no failure that you are a first-rate power with the English people, but you represent to them other ideas than those of success. You stand forth to their imagination as the champion of freedom against privilege, and enlightenment against prejudice. You are supposed to have encountered much opposition in high places, and in the ranks of your profession. All the forces of prescription, tradition and vested interests have been against you; all have been compelled to give way before you. The country well knows what value to attach to the cheap reproach, so often levelled at you, that you have been engaged in no military enterprises really led down by the merrow and the staid judgment of feeble and bungling Jominis. In Asia, as in Zululand, you had the wise audacity to disregard these principles. It was predicted that you would pay the penalty for your presumption; it was hoped that you would pay your reputation. You did neither, and the explanation is that reason was on your side, while on that of your opponents was only mechanical fidelity to an office tradition. The democracy has never failed to see in you the pioneer of a new order of things, the advocate of a wholly novel military system."

Last week the well known American, Henry George, author of the "Progress and Poverty," was arrested under the Repression Act by detectives in plain clothes while at Galway, a small village thirteen miles off from the police of associating with suspects. Mr. Gladstone, when he heard of the arrest, was, it is reported, indignant, and ordered his immediate release. When the officers were severely questioned as to their reasons for taking George into custody, one of them answered: "the prisoner is a common enough looking man, and to which the reply was given: that 'the British Government deemed him a very uncommon person."

A First Arrest under the Repression Act.

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## Madawaska Election.

"Un Electeur," St. Basile, Madawaska, takes the "dear MARITIME FARMER," to task for his article on the Madawaska election in connection with M. Theriault's protest. He favors the readers of the *Moniteur Acadien*, in which his letter appears, with what he calls a translation of our article, and a free translation is in fact, that we did not at all recognize it. However, his version of it may pass, as it is not an absolute falsification. He says that our principal fault is "a want of reflection," and accuses us of allowing M. Theriault, whose veracity is not (according to him) proverbial, to stuff our article with his own views, to suit himself. The principal fault of "Un Electeur" is making imaginary statements. We never had any conversation with M. Theriault, regarding the election or the protest. Our information was gathered from other sources. We never said, that there was collusion between M. Theriault and Mr. Lyonnais to run out M. Theriault, but it looked as if there was a strong determination among his enemies, of his own nationality, to defeat him by hook or crook. They would have acted more wisely for their own purpose if they had not brought out a candidate of their own, but given all their efforts to Lyonnais, in that case, the majority of Lyonnais (only 1) would not have been so excessively narrow as to put temptation in their way. "Un Electeur" cannot understand why we make so much of M. Theriault, and says that during the twelve years he sat in the House he never once opened his mouth. Well, in maintaining silence, he showed his discretion. It is not in the power of all French members to command all the respect of the House, like Hon. Mr. Landry. M. Theriault was always in his place to vote, and he, we believe, looked well after the interests of his constituents. We dare say, that had he been allowed to speak, he would have been heard with great respect, and he could have argued fluently and well. "Un Electeur" cannot, again, understand why M. Theriault should accuse Nadeau and Lyonnais of bribery and corruption, when, it is well known, (he says), that he himself purchased a number of votes. Well, that is to be proved.

## Telegraphic Operators as Spies.

It is said that the British Military authorities are suspicious of the fidelity of the telegraphic operators who must from absolute necessity, be employed to translate despatches sent not only over the region in Egypt, but the theatre of conflict, but also to the Home Government. The language used in the transmission of messages is the Arabic. Of the telegraphic operators, it is said, that it is safe to say that they are among the worst scoundrels to be met in the Eastern world, but they are at the seat of government of every provincial municipality or governor, a most important personage. The operator, although strictly prohibited from divulging the contents of the telegrams, is employed to translate despatches sent not only over the region in Egypt, but the theatre of conflict, but also to the Home Government. The language used in the transmission of messages is the Arabic. 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## Poetry.

FORTY.

With many a careless, joyous bound,  
With many a weary, tread-mill round,  
O'er smooth-spread turf or dangerous ground,  
By many a limpid stream, and mild,  
By many a mountain fort or wild,  
I, from a simple, trusting child,  
Have wandered on to forty.

From feet that skipped to foot-tread—  
From mind with foolish fancies fed,  
To sounder judgment, wiser head,  
The change to work from thoughtless play;  
The change from gayer thoughts to gay  
Which came to me along the way  
I stride while reaching forty.

Through visions which had real seemed—  
Through shadows which had gleamed—  
Through sunny places half or crest,  
But ere shapes which fitted fast—  
For brightness came along last,  
And youth must merge in forty.

Now let me count my treasures o'er,  
What have I won or lost? Far more  
Have lost than gained. Such boundless store  
Of faith and hope I had, when  
I wandered from a lad of ten  
To where my vision broadened. Then  
My faith exceeded forty.

Somewhat have learned, and much unlearned,  
Some good received, and some have gained,  
And much that might have been discerned  
I left unlearned—wandered  
With careless or averted eye,  
Forgetting that the moments fly  
So fast from youth to forty.

I've reached the summit of the race,  
And would move on with slower pace;  
But forty has no bounding place:  
So swift it turns me as I will,  
The years will crowd and jostle still,  
And I may hasten down the hill  
To score another forty.

I view the path I've wandered on,  
Where forty years have come and gone,  
And much of faith and hope is shown,  
And pray they may prove most gold.  
The remnant of the faith I hold,  
And shed of hope I still unfold,  
And last another forty.

## Literature.

### A MADMAN'S STORY.

This cell has not always been my abode.  
I once laughed and leapt beneath the  
blue dome of Heaven. I once revelled  
with the best of them. My taste then  
set the fashion. I was the prevailing  
authority. The new poem succeeded if  
I praised it. The new play was inevitably  
damned if I denied it my approbation.

I have lost the reckoning of days and  
months, and years. It seems a century  
since they first confined me here. I can  
not count the summers and winters I  
have known here; I preserved their number  
for a long time, but during a brief  
but severe illness that must have hap-  
pened years ago, I lost the stick on which  
I had notched them with a rusty nail  
discovered in my cell, and it seems to me  
that I have dreamt ever since, for time  
has played wild pranks, as if too, too  
delight to sport with my diseased intel-  
lect.

They have granted me, for their own  
purposes undoubtedly, the use of pen,  
ink and paper, and the resident surgeon  
assures me, that what I now write will be  
published to the world. I am glad of it,  
I will indite an episode in my life which  
may possibly attract public curiosity to-  
wards myself, and begot sympathy for my  
wretched condition.

When I was in the world, I know not  
how many years have since elapsed, but  
George the Fourth was on the throne, and  
a dull character. One while I was the re-  
tired student, making companies in my  
lone study of the world's chiefest ages,  
exploring nature in her secret depths,  
and rising treasures from her reluctant  
bosom. Another time I was a rolicking  
blade, an adept in all mischief, and the  
very idol of the female sex.

But let me be precise.  
It was on the 12th of January—I re-  
member the month and the day, but the  
Anno Domini has escaped my recollection.  
The Great Unknown, as he was  
called, was writing his novels; Byron, too,  
was just dead, that is all I am certain of.  
Perhaps both these authors are no longer  
read, perhaps they will be as enduring  
as time—I do not know. It was on the  
12th of January, however, that I found  
myself the interior of a large fortune.

My memory must wonderfully have failed  
me, since I cannot remember how I came  
by it; some relation was deceased, I  
know not whom. I cannot recollect the  
amount of my income, only that it was  
very large, and that I was universally  
considered the happiest of men.

But I was anything but happy. I was  
the most miserable of the human race. I  
loved devotedly, and my passion was not  
unrequited.

The object of my love was very beauti-  
ful—oh God! she was angelic. I never  
saw a face which in the least approxi-  
mated her's in loveliness. Nature—does  
not Ariosto use the prettiest—broke the  
mould in which her features were cast.

I loved this woman better than my life.  
I had no other life but in constant wak-  
ing thought, and nighty dream of her.  
She was all my world. And she loved me  
in return, and her hatred drove me—

No, not mad. I am sane as the coolest  
and most prudent of men. But I had  
like affected my health, I neglected my  
person. My friends wondered and  
whispered. I overheard their remarks, and  
saw through their closed teeth, and from  
that moment I shunned them.

Once more, let me be precise. The  
leading of my love married. Her husband  
was a frigid, viridol individual, whose  
blood flowed sluggishly through his veins.  
He was young, and expected a large for-  
tune, larger even than mine, at his father's  
death. His father died, and, of course,  
marriage was found to be imprudent. For  
his inheritance, brood to pursue, there  
was not a dollar. I sent them money  
through a channel unknown to her. She  
might have guessed the source from  
whence flowed the unfailing stream of  
gold that supplied daily comforts for her-  
self and husband. I do not know. I do  
not know. Of this only am I certain, that  
for four years they subsisted upon the  
resources which I furnished them with.

At length one day she presented herself  
before me. I shall never forget it. They say I  
am mad, but I can recall every incident of  
this eventful episode of my life, as vividly  
as if it were written with a pen of iron  
on imperishable tablets. She, the wife  
another, presented herself at my feet to  
implore pardon for the wrong she had  
done me, for the continually she had  
heaped upon me.

I raised her and embraced her. At  
that moment the door was burst open,  
and her husband, accompanied by two of  
his friends entered the room. It was a  
plot arranged between them. She was a  
betrayer. An action was brought, and  
the damages and legal expenses deprived  
me of half my fortune. Even my former  
benefits were turned against me. No one  
believed my Quixotic generosity. From  
that period I grew careless, and even des-  
perate. I plunged into wild dissipation,  
and I soon found myself a ruined man.

Now, if it please you, I am mad. A young  
creature whose parents were just dead, and  
who hitherto, had been bred in the very  
lap of luxury. I had some talent, but it  
was not of an available kind. I was not  
qualified for either trade or profession.  
I had no expectancy—no means of living;  
and yet I married a young delicate girl,  
penniless herself—yes, I was mad, indeed.

From this date misery became my  
housemate; my breast was soon filled with  
bitter bread, was steeped in tears. Yet  
she, angel as she was, upheld and cheered  
me—never repining, never giving utterance  
to a single complaint or gracious  
powers; how it became me to have  
cherished her. But I did not, I ill-used  
her.

Let the never complained.  
Chill penny misery. I worked as a  
menial, but could obtain only a scant sub-  
sistence. An infant came to world as to  
care. My poor wife sickened, but I  
did not die. Grief is strong, but devoted  
affection and maternal love are stronger  
still.

I know not whence came the wicked  
whisper that prompted me to do so, but  
the suggestion grew to be ever present  
with me. Some demon must have urged  
me on. Aye, I will tell you what demon

it was. The same that haunts the foot-  
steps of men whose faces are haggard and  
whose eyes are bloodshot—on whose men-  
tal condition society sets the seal of  
scorn—who work for inadequate wages—  
who behold wives and children starving  
on insufficient food. There are frightful  
demons lying wait in such men's paths,  
and heaven send they may soon be exer-  
cised. I yielded to the wrongful impulse,  
I can scarcely recollect what I stole. I was  
not to convey a package to a coach-  
office. I remember that it was heavy,  
and unless that my memory has also  
gathered proof treacherous, it was a bale  
of linen. I have said that I worked as a  
menial—I, who was once the fashion, had  
become a tattered porter. Better that than  
be dishonest, but I was dishonest notwith-  
standing.

Better I had died.  
But I must go on. I was detected and  
committed to prison. The judge was  
lenient. I had formerly known that  
judge, and had paid a hundred guineas  
for a dinner at Long's, of which he had  
partaken. He sentenced me only to a  
month's imprisonment in a cage. My brief  
term of confinement was expired, he sent  
me a bank-note for fifty pounds, and he  
dismissed me with a package in a coach-  
office. I fell upon my knees and returned  
thanks to Heaven.

My affairs now took a better turn.  
Touched by my misfortune, some of my  
wife's friends set afoot among themselves  
and connections, a subscription to get a  
passage to America. I refused to go; I  
was incensed at the thought of expatri-  
ation; I persisted in clinging to the soil  
that gave me life. "The stars," they  
overlaid, "and a friend, endeavoring to  
unhinge my determination. 'Yes,' I  
replied, "and the sun, and moon, and  
the green, rejoicing earth also, but I love  
England and its metropolis—I will reside  
in London."

Oh that I had consented to exile, that  
I had planted my foot in swamp or  
savannah, that I had scorched myself to  
death beneath the fiery sky of the torrid  
zone! There I should at this moment  
have been at liberty, and have escaped  
the consequences of a fearful crime.

When a man has once committed a  
great fault, there is no redemption for  
him, no security will be accepted for his  
subsequent good conduct; no person will  
be extended to him.

From this epoch I was a marked man.  
Good conduct would avail me nothing,  
had no further right to character.  
Yet I might have been redeemed.  
I might—I might—I feel it here in my  
heart of hearts. I know that my nature  
was not destitute of good. If he had  
trusted me! They did otherwise, and  
I went from bad to worse.

I remember that when evil thoughts  
came into my mind, that an influence  
begotten of my old studies, sought to win  
me back. I had been a student—I had  
unlearned the spirit of Plato. My lamp  
had shone at midnight hours, and  
till it was eclipsed by the dawning day,  
light—when I was a youthful and ardent  
student, after knowledge. And those  
nights returned upon me now, and the  
spirits that I had questioned, came in  
hordes, and with pious soliloquies  
endeavored to turn me from the  
path of guilt. My old college days—  
my old college friends—my old college  
hopes and aspirations—all came back,  
and gathered round me, and would not  
leave me, but pursued me through  
thick and thin, and where most men  
stood with money-getting faces, and  
where the sons of mirth and drunkenness  
laughed and quaffed from noon to noon,  
and noon to descending night. For  
whole weeks they left me never, but  
attended me whither I went, and still fol-  
lowed me on and on.

They soon quitted me in despair.  
For I cast the benign influence behind  
me, and plunged yet deeper and deeper  
in guilt.

A woman had crossed my path. I  
knew her immediately—how could I for-  
get her—the author of all my misery?  
Amidst the throng in Cheapside I gazed  
upon her unnoticed. Her husband had  
prospered upon the legal damages of  
which he had defrauded me. He was a  
great man now, and society esteemed him  
highly. He had a fine house, and a fine  
carriage, and a fine wife. I saw him  
and I knew better than that, for the devil  
always whips in my ear.

I laid my plan. I ascertained that the  
man I hated went at a certain hour to at-  
tend a meeting. I reached home, and took  
from my poor wife the last wreck of her  
finery, pledged it, and with the money pro-  
cured by that means, purchased a horse-  
rider. I laid wait for the alderman, and  
fired into his carriage. I hit! I hit! my aim  
was unerring—the ball went through his  
heart. They seized me on the spot. I  
was tried, and—oh! Justice, how wert  
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lows of the ground of insanity.

Since that time, I have dwelt here.  
While hairs cover my temples, and death  
comes not. Sometimes I feel that I shall  
never die.

I awake on moonlight nights, and  
wonder where my wife is—I—where my  
children! I see them here at times; but  
I know I am deceived by phantoms. Yet  
I feel that the issue of my body  
and she, my help-mate, are not dead, but  
breathe and live without me.

### Happiness in the Royal Opera House.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Con-  
ner, Royal Opera House, (Toronto), he  
spoke as follows to a representative of a  
prominent journal in reply to a question  
concerning his health: "During the early  
part of last October I had a severe attack  
in my right knee, which my physicians  
pronounced acute rheumatism. I used  
many so-called rheumatic remedies, with-  
out receiving any apparent benefit.  
Observing that St. Jacob's Oil was being  
constantly recommended by many of the  
leading members of our profession, I  
decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I  
purchased a bottle of the article and ap-  
plied it as directed. From the first  
application I commenced to improve, and  
before I used two-thirds of a bottle I was  
able to walk, and have experienced no  
return of my ailment."

The Anglo-American Packing and Pro-  
vision Company of Chicago, have sus-  
tained killing hogs, and 100,000 men are  
thereby out of employment. The scarcity  
and high price of corn has sent that cereal  
to market instead of into hogs and grain  
markets can overleap him now. Other  
establishments are running very tight,  
good corn crop would bring great relief.

### Answer This.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease  
of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver  
Complaints that is curable, that Hop Bit-  
ters does not cure? Ask your  
neighbors if they can.

There are 497 fountains and 502 troughs  
in London, which, it is estimated, supply  
water for 250,000,000 drinkers each year.  
The society which provides these humane  
conveniences reports that nearly twice as  
much water is drunk in London as in any  
other city. The daily consumption of water  
in London is only about 100,000,000 gal-  
lons.

PEARLS—Get your mouth full by using  
"TEABERRY," the new wonder for the  
Teeth and Breath. Brush vigorously.

Nine-tenths of the wheat in Michigan  
will be ruined by the seven days of rain,  
the grain being sprouted in the stock and  
the straw rotted. Farmers are greatly  
dismayed.

The relaxing power of Johnson's An-  
drome Liniment is almost miraculous. A  
gentleman whose leg was bent at the  
knee, and who had been so for twenty years  
had it limbered by its use, and the leg is now as  
good as the other.

"It's no use to feel of me wrist, doc-  
tor," said Pat, when the physician began,  
taking his pulse; "the pain is not there,  
sure; it's in me hid entirely."

If you have a cough resulting from a  
sudden cold, procure *Adams's Botanic  
Balsam*, take one half to one teaspoonful  
three times a day, and your cough will  
cease. Trial bottle, 10c.

The sum to be raised in New York city  
this year by taxation is \$27,412,825.66

### FLIES AND BUGS.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice,  
gnats, chupunks, cleared out by  
"Rough on rats." 10c.

### There are 1165 lawyers in Boston.

Honest men's words are as good as their  
bonds.  
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound cures all female complaints by re-  
moving the cause."  
Investigations in Germany show that  
the average life of well-to-do persons is  
fifty years, while that of the poor people  
is only thirty-two.

Nothing so simple and perfect for  
coloring as the Diamond Dyes. For car-  
pets, tapestries, and all other fabrics, it  
is better and cheaper than any  
other dye-stuff.

But I must go on. I was detected and  
committed to prison. The judge was  
lenient. I had formerly known that  
judge, and had paid a hundred guineas  
for a dinner at Long's, of which he had  
partaken. He sentenced me only to a  
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from my poor wife the last wreck of her  
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lows of the ground of insanity.

Since that time, I have dwelt here.  
While hairs cover my temples, and death  
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I awake on moonlight nights, and  
wonder where my wife is—I—where my  
children! I see them here at times; but  
I know I am deceived by phantoms. Yet  
I feel that the issue of my body  
and she, my help-mate, are not dead, but  
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comes not. Sometimes I feel that I shall  
never die.

I awake on moonlight nights, and  
wonder where my wife is—I—where my  
children! I see them here at times; but  
I know I am deceived by phantoms. Yet  
I feel that the issue of my body  
and she, my help-mate, are not dead, but  
breathe and live without me.

I laid my plan. I ascertained that the  
man I hated went at a certain hour to at-  
tend a meeting. I reached home, and took  
from my poor wife the last wreck of her  
finery, pledged it, and with the money pro-  
cured by that means, purchased a horse-  
rider. I laid wait for the alderman, and  
fired into his carriage. I hit! I hit! my aim  
was unerring—the ball went through his  
heart. They seized me on the spot. I  
was tried, and—oh! Justice, how wert  
thou cheated! I was saved from the hal-  
lows of the ground of insanity.

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## BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT VERXA & YERXA'S

Where you will find the well selected stock,  
Cheap for Cash. Until further notice,  
we will sell

3lb. Liquor Tea for \$1.50,  
and your choice of a Handsome Volume.  
4lb. Good Black English Tea  
for \$1, good flavor and strength.

GOOD MIXED COFFEE 20c. per lb.  
JAMAICA 26c. JAVA 30c.  
CANNED GOODS  
at Lowest Prices.

Corn 15 cents per Can.  
We keep constantly on hand the following  
grades of flour, in whole and half barrels,  
Buda, White Pigeon, Ocean  
Star, and Crown Gold.

All grades Sugar at lowest prices for  
Cash.  
VERXA & YERXA.  
July 28, 1882

1882--1882  
SPRING & SUMMER  
IMPORTATIONS.

NEW GOODS.  
WM. JENNINGS,  
Merchant Tailor,

Would invite an inspection of his  
Stock of  
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,  
CONSISTING OF

English and Scotch Suitings,  
FANCY TROUSERS,  
SPRING OVERCOATINGS!

WORSTED  
AND  
DIAGONAL COATINGS,  
Fancy Vestings and Serges,

Fine Broadcloths & Doeskins,  
Making it one of the most desirable  
Stocks to select from in the city.

WM. JENNINGS,  
Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley,  
Fredericton, April 27

JACKSON ADAMS,  
CABINET MAKER  
AND  
UNDERTAKER

(near County Court House.)  
Queen Street, - - Fredericton,

Where may be found a stock of  
Furniture of all Descriptions.

Also, a full line of  
GASKETS and COFFINS,  
IN  
Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered

Robes & Shrouds,  
Crapes & Cloves.

Orders from the Town and Country will  
receive prompt and careful attention.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.  
Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers would beg leave to inform  
the public, that they have this day associated  
themselves in the business of Printing and  
Publishing, and that they will be hereafter known  
under the name of Limerick, Reid & Co.  
They feel confident that with the above ad-  
vantages, they will be able to furnish the public  
with all the work promptly, and at the lowest pos-  
sible prices.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.  
LIMERICK, REID & CO.  
May 4, 1882

Cheapest Tinsmith in Town.  
We are now prepared to fill any orders in the  
Tinsmith, Galvanizing, and Plating busi-  
ness.

Wrought Iron Furnaces  
on hand, and fitted up in the latest and most  
improved manner. Pumps of all kinds, Pipe  
and Fittings. Well boring done to order, a full  
stock of Tinsmiths' tools on hand. Moves and  
Saw Pits, Gas Fittings on hand, or imported  
by order.

Jobbing in any of the above branches pro-  
mptly attended to.  
All work guaranteed.  
LIMERICK, REID & CO.  
May 4

PRACTICAL  
PLUMBING.  
AND  
GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.  
THIS establishment now having two thor-  
oughly practical Plumbers and Gas Fit-  
ters in their employ, are prepared to attend to  
all work entrusted to them in a thorough  
workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted  
with all the modern improvements in the  
above business, would do well to apply to us  
for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURN-  
ERS for sale cheap.  
Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fittings, at  
all times in stock.  
Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended  
to. Tinsmiths' Work of every description, and  
of the best material manufactured to order  
the premises at shortest notice.

Prices to suit the times.  
J. & J. O'BRIEN,  
Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

## JUST OPENED S. F. SHUTE'S,

2 cases, containing the following:  
German Work and Lunch Baskets,  
Japanese Bamboo Baskets,  
PHILANDONER RAZORS,  
SCISSORS, POCKET KNIVES,  
Nickel Paper Weights,

ASH PANS, NUT PICKS,  
Fruit Knives, Cigar Lighters,  
and Ventilated Armlets.

A NICK LOT OF  
WALKING STICKS.  
Long Handled JAPANESE  
FANS for Covering.