

THE ALBION

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1890.

MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

WE SEND BY MAIL **SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER** IN LARGE 2½ POUND CANS FOR \$2.00, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CENTS POST PAID.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

It is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is a stimulant to the system, it keeps the blood pure, it cures all diseases of the system, it makes the hen lay more eggs, it keeps her healthy, it makes her fat, it makes her sleek, it makes her shine, it makes her lay more eggs, it makes her lay more eggs, it makes her lay more eggs.

ATLAS

OF THE WORLD.

By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S., Etc.

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FOR SALE BY **McMURRAY & CO.**, Fredericton, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c.

The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS IN EFFECT DECEMBER 30th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

7.00 A. M.—Express for St. John and Intermediate points.

10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points West; Yarmouth, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, and points West; Woodville.

2.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John, connecting at the Junction with Post-Express via "Short Line" for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 9.45, 11.20, a. m.; 4.10, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 11.25, a. m.; 5.00, p. m. Yarmouth, 10.45, a. m.; 12.25, p. m. St. Stephen, 5.50, a. m. St. Andrews, 5.50, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 12.45, 2.10, 6.40, p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

7.15 A. M.—Mixed for Woodville, and points West.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.15 P. M.—Mixed from Woodville, and points West.

A. J. HENRY, F. W. CREAM, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Gen'l Manager.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information regarding the most fashionable and up-to-date fashions, it is a necessary and indispensable addition to the home-dresser and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its articles attractive and of the highest order. Its clever stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays, all of them, and its last page in French, a bouquet of wit and humor. In its weekly issues, it contains the most interesting and valuable information. During 1889, HARPER'S BAZAR, CHRISTMAS NUMBER, HARPER'S BAZAR, and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by WALLACE BAZAR and T. ROBERTSON.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.....\$4.00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....4.00
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Package free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the first number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$12.00 each. Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.50 each.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY is a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The interest in its editorial and literary contents has secured for it the respect and confidence of all important readers, and the most successful and profitable literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular authors of the present day, and the most interesting and valuable information. During 1889, HARPER'S WEEKLY, CHRISTMAS NUMBER, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by WALLACE BAZAR and T. ROBERTSON.

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Over \$38,000 paid for losses in York County in 1886.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889.

On and after Monday, June 10th, 1889, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.00

Accommodation for Putnam and Chatham.....11.30

Fast Express for Halifax.....14.30

Express for Sussex.....16.35

Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal.....16.35

A party can save each way daily express rates leaving Halifax at 8.20 o'clock and St. John at 10 o'clock, and returning from St. John to Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.30 and 1.30 respectively.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30

Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec.....10.50

Fast Express from Halifax.....14.50

Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....20.10

Express from Halifax, Putnam and Malgrave.....23.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., June 10th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the Office of JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton.

FRANK I. MORRISON,

AGENT.

LARGEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, OVERBOOTS.

FOR WINTER WEAR.

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE.

We have now in stock a large and splendid assortment of Gents' Plush and Velvet-lined Slippers; Ladies', Gents', and Children's Overboots; also Ladies' and Gents' Patent Goods in great variety.

We would call special attention to our large stock of

Gents' Lace Boots.

Also a large variety of MOCCASINS in stock, for Ladies', Gents', Misses', Boy's and Children's wear.

A. LOTTIMER,
210 QUEEN STREET.

POETRY.

TO ADELINA PATTI.

I heard you last evening, dear Patti,
I sat in seat B, 98,
Attired in a swallow-tail tuxedo,
Which I frankly confess wasn't mine.

I paid seven dollars for tickets,
And eight for some sleek patent shoes;
I would give my old father the rickets
My last evening's bill to peruse.

Five dollars was livey man's plunder,
And I gave the coachman one more
To haw! my full name out like thunder
When he called at the theatre door.

And so, looking grim as the proudest,
I heard you, dear Patti, last night,
I answered you when you sang loudest,
Like the others, in your delight.

One thing rather hindered my pleasure
And a tinge of solicitude brought;
My friend isn't quite of my measure,
And his coat didn't fit as it ought.

For the tails hung on me like a rooster's
A-strut in the rain and the wind,
'T would have taken a bad like Worcester's
To have made me en regie behind.

So I found greatest pleasure in cleaving
To my seat though the evening was long,
And at the end in the midst of a throng,
But the warbling was grand, and I am
To hear you when next you come through;
I'll be ready, if I'm saying,
And you don't come small '22.

—George Horner in Chicago Herald.

SELECT STORY.

A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

"Please, sir, can you tell me where Mrs. Conkey lives?" It's somewhere on Sixth Avenue, I know, and I had the number written down on a card in my bag, but it has somehow got misplaced, and I don't quite know where to go.

Now, his Satanish Majesty is not altogether as black as he is painted. According to sensational reports, a pretty, fresh-colored girl from the country, wrapped, most evidently, in the robes of inexperience, who should ask such a question as this in the crowded haunts of the Grand Central Station would assuredly come to grief. But Bessie Falkner, standing there with her traveling-satchel in her hand, and her innocent face turned inquiringly upward, was neither hustled into a cab whose mysterious driver lurked in the shadow of one of the iron arches, nor inveigled into the snow-covered darkness of the winter night by some villainous-looking fellow with a sabre in his button-hole. On the contrary, the big, fatherly-looking policeman whom she had addressed, looked at her with earnest interest.

"Conkey?" he repeated. "Conkey? Why, there's a clerk in the office upstairs by that name. Do you suppose it's the same one? Charles Conkey?"

Bessie's eyes brightened.

"Yes," she said. "But I didn't know he was here."

"He's only been here a month or so," explained the policeman. "Wait a minute, miss. Sit down—there's a vacant seat just by this little girl, and I'll send a porter up for Mr. Conkey at once."

Bessie sat down with a sigh of relief. She was only tired, for besides that three hours of railway traveling she had ridden five previous miles in a country lumber wagon, and it was the first time that she had ever been away from home. And presently a tall, fine-looking young man with a pallid complexion that betokened a mostly indoor life came up to her.

"I am Charles Conkey," said he. "Who wants me?"

Bessie Falkner rose up, blushing. She never had seen this cousin of hers, whose sister had spent all summer at Cherry Hill, but she doubted not that he would at once recognize her appearance.

"Marian had told him all about me, of course," she thought. "But when he regarded her with an unrecogized stare, she said, coloring rolier than before:

"Oh!" he exclaimed, his face brightening suddenly. "Bessie, eh? I'm glad you've come. My mother will be pleased to see you. Get my trunk?"

"Here's my check," whispered Bessie, lacking courage to correct him in his palpable mispronunciation of her name, and in a minute it was handed to an expressman, and she was seated beside her cousin in a car.

How strange it all was—the lights, the people, the crowded vehicles, all that eager current of life eddying around her! She shut her eyes and tried to fancy now the old farm house at home looked, with the dark woods circling around it, and the snow drifted high upon the door-step, and she could not. A home-sick feeling surged over her heart—the tears rose to her eyes.

"Why don't he say something to me?" she thought. "Oh, he is going to speak now."

"We thought you would have been here before," observed Mr. Conkey, suddenly breaking the silence.

"I couldn't come until this week," murmured Bessie.

"Well, I hope you'll be contented now," said Mr. Conkey, rather sharply.

Bessie did not know what to say, so she said nothing—but she felt more than ever like crying.

One thing rode past glittering blocks of light, through streets whose strange appearance made a moving phantasmagoria before Bessie's tired eyes, until at last her cousin told her that they were there, and a walk of two or three minutes brought them to a little copy-looking brick house, with iron guards to the stone steps, and lights gleaming behind the drawn

shades. A little woman carrying a lamp came to the door with an expectant face.

"Well, mother, I've brought her!" said Charles Conkey, exultantly.

"Brought who?" asked the little woman.

"Why, Betty, to be sure," said the young man. "This is my mother, Betty. I hope that you will do all that you can to please her. I'm sure she will treat you kindly if you deserve it."

Bessie looked timidly up. Surely Cousin Conkey would kiss her—wouldn't he?—that she was welcome. But she did not—she merely held the lamp close to Bessie's face and surveyed her as if she had been the wooden dummy in a shop-window.

"You look small and slight," said she. "I hope you're strong?"

"I—I think so," said Bessie, with a quiver in her voice.

"Well, come in," sighed Mrs. Conkey, "and I'll show you to your room. Here's the kitchen—I think you'll find it a cheerful place, and we've all the modern conveniences. But don't stop here. Your room is in the upper story. Come down as you've taken off your things," she added as she accompanied Bessie to a dreary-looking little den at the top of the house, where there was a cot bedstead, and a solitary dormer window draped with Turkey red calico, and then she left her visitor with small ceremony.

Bessie sat down on the side of the bed and burst into tears.

"She didn't kiss me," she thought. "She didn't tell me that she was glad to see me! And where is Marian? Oh, I wish I had never come here—I wish I had stayed at Cherry Hill!"

But as she sat there sobbing noiselessly into her pocket-handkerchief, she heard Charles Conkey's deep masculine voice below saying:

"Here's a scuttle of coal, mother—you've let your fire get pretty low, haven't you?"

"Oh, Charles, why did you bring it?" lamented the old lady. "Why didn't you wait until the new girl came down stairs?"

"She looked tired, mother—I presume the journey has fatigued her," was the reply.

"I'm afraid she won't suit," said Mrs. Conkey, mournfully. "I thought the people at the Protective Bureau said she was stout and healthy!"

"Don't condemn her without a trial," said the young man. "Give her a week's chance!"

"I wish Marian was at home," said Mrs. Conkey. "Marian could have instructed her about the work so much better than I can."

Bessie listened to these words with kindling eyes and cheeks that burned like fire.

"It's a fair mistake," she thought. "Such as one reads of in stories! They take me for some servant girl who has been sent to them! Me! Bessie Falkner! Well, let the thing go on! If Marian is not at home there is no one to undeceive them! Let us see how I can manage to fill the situation."

And Bessie, who had a shrewd sense of the humorous, smiled through her tears, and made haste to come down stairs.

"There's some oysters for tea, Betty," said Mrs. Conkey, in the plaintive tone that seemed habitual to her. "We're expecting a cousin from the country by the eight-o'clock train, and we won't cook 'em until she comes. She'll be cold and tired, poor dear, and need something hot."

And then Bessie remembered how she had congratulated herself on her own good luck in catching a train that was express, and reached New York two hours before the one upon which she had originally decided to travel.

"I hope you can cook?" said Mrs. Conkey.

"Oh, I am a capital cook," asserted Bessie. "Should I make you some hot biscuit for tea, or would you like a salad made out of this cold chicken? or a dish of scalloped oysters? Well, you have tea or coffee? If you prefer it I can make excellent chocolate."

Mrs. Conkey and her son exchanged gratified glances, as Bessie bustled cheerily around.

"I think she'll suit!" said Mrs. Conkey.

"I'm certain of it," nodded Charles, as he put on his hat and overcoat to turn to the station. "And I'm glad, mother, that I had a chance to bring her home, and set her going about the housework before the little Cherry Hill cousin came."

In a short time, however, he came back disappointed. The train was in—and Cousin Falkner's daughter had not come.

"Just like a woman," said Charles, with a long-drawn sigh. "Missed the train, of course! Well, there's no use expecting her before to-morrow, now. We must eat the scalloped oysters and salad ourselves tonight!"

And they did so, Bessie waiting on them with the utmost gravity and decorum.

"Very inconsiderate of the girl," said Mrs. Conkey.

"Oh, I don't think it's her fault," pleaded Charles. "You know Marian said she was such a sweet little thing. Anyone is liable to miss a train."

"I almost hope she won't come now," said Mrs. Conkey.

Bessie dropped the tray, and after she had stooped to recover it her face was redder than a carnation pink.

"My dear little mother, why?"

"Because—because Marian is sure that you will fall in love with her—and she is so set on the idea, and I don't want any fine lady to knock her in-law!" almost sobbed Mrs. Conkey.

"How do you know that she is a fine lady?" questioned Charles.

"Because Maria says she plays on the zither and paints, and makes antique lace on a pillow, and—"

"That would only argue that she is accomplished."

"But I want someone who won't be

above helping me about the housework—who will be really a companion to me!" persisted Mrs. Conkey.

"Don't fret, mother," laughed the young man. "If I really do marry this Cherry Hill cousin—and it's more than likely, you know, that she wouldn't accept me, even if I went on my knees to her—I'll promise to hire some one to do the housework for both of you."

Bessie fled into the kitchen here, on pretense of looking for some more biscuit—but at the same moment there was a sound on the front door-step, as if something heavy was being "ended" over and over. It was the expressman.

"It's the new girl's trunk," said Mrs. Conkey. "Go to open it, Charles, and see after it."

And presently they heard an exclamation of words and arguments in the hall.

"Hallo!" shouted Charles, "here is the trunk from Cherry Hill, with Bessie Falkner's name on it!"

"The trunk!" echoed Mrs. Conkey. "Then where is the girl herself? Oh! Charles! I'm afraid something has happened to her!"

But at this stage of affairs Bessie herself came forward to disentangle the riddle.

"Nothing has happened," said she, with downcast eyes. "It is my trunk. I am Bessie Falkner, from Cherry Hill!"

"But you said you were Betty Nolan, the new girl?" almost screamed Mrs. Conkey.

"I beg your pardon," gently protested Bessie. "You said so—not I. You took it for granted from the very first that I was Betty, and I had not the courage to contradict you. Do not look so appalled, Cousin Charles, (with a mischievous smile) "I am not going to lay siege to your heart. And I'll help you all you like with the housework, Mr. Conkey. I do paint plaques and play on the zither! Were not my biscuits good? And didn't you have a second helping of the scalloped oysters?"

Mrs. Conkey kissed Bessie cordially, and confessed herself outgeneraled. As for Cousin Charles, he kissed her too.

"Am I not your cousin also?" he pleaded. "The new girl arrived that same night—a stolid, stupid young woman, who was discharged at the end of the first week."

"We don't need anyone but Bessie," said Mrs. Conkey.

And it extremely doubtful whether "the little country cousin" will ever be allowed to return home. Mrs. Conkey loves her, and Charles hopes one day to call her his wife; while Marian, who is now at home, declares that she has always foreseen this state of affairs.

"For," says Marian, "she is the dearest little thing."

SALT WILL KILL MOTHS.

How to Take Care of Carpets and Furniture.

All housewives know that moths revel in close, dark places, yet many of them never think of this when they keep the parlor closed without light or air for any length of time, until, on taking up the carpet, or examining closely the furniture, they find conclusive evidence of the work of these insects.

Once these pests enter a house it is very difficult to dislodge them. Sprinkling salt thickly around the edges of the room before putting down the carpet may prevent their doing any injury to this article when the room is swept frequently and aired, yet if kept closed even salt will not prevent their destructiveness. Salt plentifully sprinkled into the crevices of upholstered furniture will stop the ravages of these pests, provided the room is not kept darkened.

Let in the light and air every day. The sun should also be a welcome visitor. Bigger than this season, there is danger of fading the carpet or furniture, throw down newspapers over the carpets and move the piece of furniture aside or cover it with the sun remains.

Of course, when cleaning the room thoroughly, it is a good plan to remove the lighter articles of upholstered furniture into the air, and the heaviest ones into another room in which the windows are opened.

Hair cloth is best cleaned by beating with a small cloth or rattan, afterward wiping with a soft cloth. If it is old and losing its color, it can be made to look almost as good as new by wiping it over with a cloth, wet in ink.

Finch furniture should be brushed with a bristle brush. A medium-sized paint brush is just the thing. Never switch brush, as it will leave a mark that any amount of brushing will not obliterate.

A small paint brush for the crevices of the woodwork is a necessity to keep it in good condition by removing the dust. Wipe over the woodwork with a soft, damp cloth, and polish with a dry cloth. A small quantity of warm linseed oil rubbed briskly with a soft dry cloth, will give the wood a nice soft polish.

See that the castors on the heavy pieces of furniture are in good condition, so that they will not wear or mark the carpet when moved from their places. A little machine or kerosene oil will do good service if applied to them occasionally, applying only enough to make them work freely, as too much is apt to work down and leave an ugly spot on the carpet.

Women and Wine are often classed together by the poets, but we have never yet heard of a poet who claimed that both of them improved with age.

Jags—"Have a cigar, Baggis?" Baggis—"No, thanks." "But this is one of those you gave me yesterday." "I know it."

Riches sometimes fail to bring popularity. It's not always the man with the fattest roll that sets 'em up the offest,

ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD'S CASTLE.

On a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting hand-shake:

"By-the-by, before you get to Anceira, there is a station called Champtoux. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle."

"Blue-Beard's castle! What Blue-Beard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one. Perrault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bone as you and I,—with this difference,—that he was a hard case to begin with,—and a marshall of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles De Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvellous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the blood-thirsty hero of Perrault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waning hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another, I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of terror, and drop fainting on the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the shrieking cries of "Prepare to die, Madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, save that no one comes!" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar the sounding approach of the gallowing rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtoux, where, sure enough, I was on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty medieval tower which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home. Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (Pays de Retz) having once been his—Louis Frechette, in the January Aera.

PACKED IN SNOW.

How the Ancient Romans Preserved Oysters and Fish Without Ice.

We are apt to think of the use of ice, or the obtaining of a freezing temperature in warm weather to preserve meat and other perishable articles, as a practice of quite recent origin. Our grandfathers, and even in many cases, our fathers did not ice in winter, and accordingly had no store of ice to draw upon in summer. The natural cooling of an underground cellar had the excellence of its oysters. They were served for the preservation of such articles inland by the use of snow. Each oyster was packed in close compressed snow, which was surrounded by a layer of straw and that in turn by a wrapping of woolen cloth.

This method succeeded so well that Apicius was able to send oysters from Brindisi to the Emperor Trajan in Armenia. These oysters, by the way, were from Lake Lucrinus in Italy, which was famous for the excellence of its oysters. They were the "Blue Points" of antiquity; they were the Emperor Augustus thought so highly of the lake which produced them that he provided it with a constant supply of water from the sea by cutting an artificial channel at a considerable expense.

It would be interesting to compare the quality of these ancient oysters with those of our own day, as might possibly be done if Lake Lucrinus was still in existence. But the spot where Apicius gathered his oysters for the Emperor Trajan is now covered by a mountain about four hundred feet high, which was raised during an earthquake and volcanic eruption in the year 1583.

The epicurean Emperor, Heliogabalus, undoubtedly understood the art of snow-packing, as described by Apicius, for it is related that he would never eat sea fish except at a great distance from the sea. He would then bring fresh sea fish from an immense expense, great quantities of the choicest kinds of fish, and distribute them among the peasants of the inland country.

Wife—"Dear, I am going to buy your Christmas present to-morrow. Husband—All right. Let me know how much it is and I will make you out a cheque.

Herald Extra.

STAND BY THE TICKET

THE CHARGE OF OVER-EXPENDITURE

Notwithstanding the full explanations given by Messrs. Blair and Wilson in their speeches, the Gleaner repeats its charge of over-expenditure. The charge has been thoroughly exploded. The fullest proof has been given that not only has there been no over-expenditure, but on the contrary the government has during every year but two kept the expenditure well within the income, showing surpluses of \$83,000 against deficits of \$27,000, making a net surplus of \$56,000 in the years they have been in power. Most of the apparent over-expenditure is due to the payment of the large floating indebtedness left by the Fraser government, and the Gleaner knows this perfectly well. For various reasons, which were fully explained at the time, some of them being satisfactory and some not, the government protracted the present one had carried a floating indebtedness from year to year. The first act of the present government was to pay this off. At the time the Gleaner claimed credit for the government for doing this, now it charges them with it as an over-expenditure. But not to repeat explanations that have been given already, let the electors of York stop to think what make up these alleged over-expenditures: There is the Parliament Building, the Fredericton Bridge, the Normal School, the Horse Importation, the Government Stables, and the new Departmental Buildings. Some of these were the work of the preceding government, but were paid for by the present one; that is to say the money which paid for them in the first place was repaid to the banks by the present government. The others are the work of the present government. Which of them does Mr. Gregory condemn? Which of them would the electors of York prefer not to have been made? These great works have been completed to the advantage of York and the whole province and the other public services have been fully provided for. No interest has been neglected. The revenues for the present year are all at the disposal of the government to meet the expenses of the year. Nothing has been borrowed in advance on the strength of them. In all the years the government has administered affairs it has not run the province one dollar in debt for ordinary expenditure. The year's business has been kept within the year's income, except on the occasions mentioned; and because in those years exceptional calls upon the Public Works Department by the destruction of bridges and the new Departmental Buildings, the expenditure exceeded the estimate, will the people complain? If a heavy freight carries away a bridge is it not better that the bridge should be replaced, than that for the sake of showing a surplus the people should be inconvenienced?

But the extraordinary thing about all this is that Mr. Gregory and the Gleaner not only tacitly, but openly, approved of every dollar of the expenditure they now condemn, except that of 1888, and they have never until now pretended to criticize that, and now only do so in most general terms. When were Mr. Gregory and the Gleaner right—when they approved or when they condemned? They cannot have been right on both occasions. What earthly value can be attached to criticisms that are animated by hatred and jealousy, that are favorable one day and hostile the next? Mr. Gregory and the Gleaner in every word they say concerning the government, condemn themselves for the approval of everything which they now say is wrong.

YORK WANTS FOURTEEN TO PULL TOGETHER.

The statement that sets itself out to figure how many letters a certain number of postage stamps will pay is not of a very high order. Where one hundred, two hundred or three hundred dollars worth of postage is used in an office during a year the inference is that there is something great deal of correspondence. Mr. Gregory affects to be amazed that the Secretary for Agriculture requires for his office nearly \$150 a year in postage, and as much more for telegrams. He knows absolutely nothing about the correspondence of the office. If he wants the facts let him go to the Post Office and Telegraph Office and enquire. So far as the Secretary for Agriculture is concerned the gentlemen in charge of those offices may tell all they know about his postal and telegraphic correspondence. A little incident may be here related. When the present Secretary for Agriculture was appointed, he spoke to Postmaster McPeake about a P. O. box, and said that "a specimen sized box would do."

ABOUT POSTAGE.

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Blair, Wilson, Bellamy and Anderson.

THE HERALD has not said much about Mr. Allen. He has a right to get annoyed because a friend is not appointed to office, and to run an election as an opponent of the government, if he wants to. This is a free country. At the same time in what respect is Mr. Allen better fitted to represent the county than either of the gentlemen on the government ticket. He is without business or political experience, and has never disclosed an aptitude for public life. True as the Gleaner alleges he is the son of the Chief Justice, but he is not responsible for that and can hardly receive any credit for the fact. The Chief Justice has three other sons. They are going to vote against their brother, if they vote at all. They will not vote for him. They think he has made a grave error in becoming a candidate. So the family cry does not have much effect in the family itself. No other qualification has been alleged on Mr. Allen's behalf except that he is a good fellow; but the woods are full of good fellows.

What Does York Want of an Opposition?

A HOLLOW CRY.

No greater fallacy can be imagined than that which underlies the canvass that "we want an opposition." What is an opposition? Does the City of Fredericton? And if so, why? Does the County of York? And if so, why? These are practical questions, and if they admit of an affirmative answer the reasons for the answer ought to be given. Does this constituency need an opposition in order to secure its share of public money? We had opposition representatives from 1883 to 1886. Did they serve the county any good purpose? Estimable men both were Messrs. Wetmore and Collier, one of them had been a member of the government, the other was leader of the opposition. What service did they render the county by being in opposition? What service could they render the county, and did not the county decline to re-elect them because they could no longer be of service? They had taken an attitude hostile to the government, and the county felt it could do better without them. This was the view the Gleaner took in 1886. It was a sound view. It is the view the electors of York will take next Monday.

"An opposition is wanted," they say. Opposition to what? To oppose what measure, what line of policy? The so-called opposition is silent in this county on this point. In Northumberland the opposition have something to talk about. They are opposed to the stampage policy of the government. Does York want any opposition to the government on this point? In St. John the opposition is on account of Mr. Ritchie's appointment to the Police Magistracy. Is there a man in the County of York who cares a straw about that? The opposition in the other counties is avowedly personal. It is not opposition to the government, but to the individual members from those counties. Take Kent for example. Mr. Thimney who leads the opposition there is not opposed to the government particularly, but to Mr. LeBlanc who is a member of the government. Take Carleton, Dr. Atkinson is opposed to Mr. Ketchum on personal grounds and hence picked a quarrel with the government over a railway subsidy. So in York, if Mr. Blair would give up his position to Mr. Gregory, the latter would jump at the chance of joining the very government he now opposes. His opposition is personal opposition to Mr. Blair. Mr. Allen is in opposition because his brother-in-law did not get an office.

Farmers of York Stand by the Country Candidates.

These facts are unquestioned: The Renous and Dugarron were offered for sale for several years in succession. Messrs. Tennant, Wiley and others, without consulting the Attorney General, applied for permission to lease the streams for less than the upset price, and were informed they could have them only at the upset price.

THE DUNGARRON MATTER.

The lease was made out to them and the rental paid. Up to that time the Attorney General had no connection with the fishing club and did not contemplate having connection with it, and since he joined it the only transaction the club has had with the government was to pay the rent as it fell due.

Was there anything wrong in the Attorney General joining the club after the lease was obtained?

No one can answer these questions in the affirmative. "Oh," says Mr. Gregory, "the club sub-let one of the streams for a larger rental than they pay for both."

Granted. Suppose the Attorney General had not joined the club, would anybody have suggested that there was anything wrong in this? If the streams proved more valuable than people thought, who should have the benefit if not the lessees? Wrong can only be made out of this by supposing that the Attorney General knew the property was of great value (which it is, not being of no real value at all, for the protection costs more than the income) and sought to let his friends have it in an underhand way. If this is the case the wonder is that the lease was granted to gentlemen, some of whom were his political opponents. Besides the fact that the lease was offered year after year at auction without eliciting a bid, shows that no one thought it was worth anything, and proves there was nothing under-hand in the transaction.

MR. ALLEN.

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GOOD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.

The government is to be congratulated with the results of nomination day. They are as follows:

In Charlotte, the Surveyor General and Messrs. Hibbard, Douglas and Russell are returned by acclamation. They are all government supporters.

In Kings the Solicitor General and Dr. Taylor and Mr. White, both government supporters, are returned by acclamation.

In Gloucester the Chief Commissioner and Mr. Poirer, a government supporter, are returned by acclamation.

In Restigouche Messrs. Murray and LaBillico, both government supporters, were returned by acclamation.

In Queens Messrs. Palmer and Hetherington, both government supporters, were returned by acclamation.

In Madawaska, Mr. Theriault, a government supporter, was returned by acclamation.

Total 14 seats by acclamation—all members of government or government supporters.

In Victoria two candidates are in the field both supporting the government.

In Sunbury three are in the field, two supporting the government, one independent.

In York six Candidates are in the field, four for the government, two in opposition.

In Carleton three Candidates—two government one opposition.

The government must therefore get five seats from these counties which give them nineteen seats more the rest of nomination day. A thing unprecedented in New Brunswick politics.

A coalition ticket of four is nominated in Westmorland, and a straight opposition ticket of two. The opposition is principally aimed at Mr. Hanington, and the government is certain to get two from Westmorland, which gives them a majority of the house already secured.

Most gratifying accounts come from Albert and Kent County. In the latter county the return of Mr. LeBlanc and Mr. McEweny (government) is a foregone conclusion. In Albert the fight is sharp; but everything is favorable to the government candidates, Emmerson and Osman. Two square tickets are contesting Northumberland, but Mr. Tweedie, who leads the opposition ticket, concedes that the government will be sustained throughout the province.

The government tickets prospects are very bright in St. John. Nobody pretends, not even those opposed to the government, that the opposition can carry the constituency. The most they hope for is to gain a couple of seats through the instrumentality of the scattering vote.

Advices from Carleton and Sunbury are very favorable.

Let York Stand by Her Guns.

ABOUT TRAVELING EXPENSES.

The opposition endeavor to score a point against the Attorney General by pointing out that his traveling expenses are larger than some of his predecessors. Granting this is true, it proves nothing. It does not follow that the travel was not necessary in the public interest. Indeed it is known that no attorney general ever traveled as much on public business as Mr. Blair has done. But objects the Gleaner, Mr. Blair has a car, and he does not pay railway fares in his traveling expenses? Mr. Blair's expense probably is to charge for traveling expenses what those expending the money do not charge for them. In six years the Gleaner says the traveling expenses of the Attorney General have been over \$4,154. This is not true, for in the amount are included the expenses of several delegations to Ottawa and elsewhere, and are not properly chargeable to the Attorney General but to other members of the government with him.

There is no pretence that he ought not to have gone on the delegations, no pretence that his other travel was not all perfectly right and for the public service. It is not alleged that any body else could have done the same amount of traveling for less money. Only the unfounded allegation is made and harped upon that the Attorney General charges as expenses sums that he does not pay out. This charge is absolutely without foundation.

Give Blair a Big Fear.

CHARLOTTE SENDS THE SURVEYOR GENERAL back with three colleagues; King's, the Solicitor General and two colleagues; Gloucester, the Chief Commissioner and one colleague. These counties vote confidence in the government by sending a full contingent in its support. Is it good policy for York to divide its support—to send enemies of the government to represent it? Is Mr. Blair too strong in the government for the interests of York? Charlotte, King's and Gloucester have made themselves solid with the government. Will York publish to the province that she has too much influence with the administration? It would be bad policy; the worst of policy in the light of what these counties have done, counties represented in the government, for York to refuse to return a full ticket. For the government will be sustained throughout the province. Make no mistake about that; it will be handsomely sustained. Therefore it is the interest of York to strengthen the hands of her representatives in the government, so that other counties may not be able to say: "We have given the government a better support than York and have stronger claims upon it."

Will the Gleaner give the time and place when the friends of the government conceded that "it would be impossible to prevent the return of Messrs. Gregory and Allen" and name some of the friends who conceded it? One friend will do to start and he need not be much of a friend either. In fact he may be a friend of the government who is going to vote for Mr. Gregory, only let us know who he is.

Two from the City and Two from the Country is a Fair Deal.

THE BRIDGE.

To reply to all the calumnies which a conscienceless opponent may make would be a wearisome task. It is sufficient to expose some of them to show thinking people how little reliance is to be placed in any of them. We take the Fredericton Bridge which the Gleaner alleges cost \$128,000 and insinuates that Mr. Blair corruptly misappropriated a third of the amount. What are the actual facts of the case? The following are the official figures and show every dollar paid on account of the bridge:

Cost of Bridge	\$73,662.46
Guard Piers	7,180.00
Repairs in 1886	1,879.93
Sidewalk	3,000.00
Repairs in 1887	1,240.00
Total	\$86,962.39

This is absolutely every dollar paid by the department of public works on account of this bridge, or directly or indirectly chargeable to it. Not a dollar is covered up in any other expenditure. There are no figures or amounts published anywhere, or not published; no statement of cost official or non-official, no papers, books, memoranda or anything of the kind warrant as much as suspicion that one dollar above \$86,962.39 was spent by the province directly or indirectly on account of the bridge. Mr. Blair in his references to this matter not having the figures by him has to be on the safe side put the cost as little above this; but these figures are official.

What reliance can be placed on the statements of an opposition which deals in false charges like that above referred to?

Eighteen Seats by Acclamation.

THE STOCK FARM WARRANTS.

Mr. Gregory and the Gleaner insist that no particulars are given of the expenditure of the warrants charged to Mr. Lagrin on account of the Stock Farm. This statement is either wilfully or ignorantly untrue. Every year full details are published both in the Auditor General's Report and the Report on Agriculture. Take last year for example; the details are on page 261 of the Auditor General's Report and on page 147 of the Agricultural report. They show how the warrants were applied and from the statement it appears that of the \$9,042.28 the total amount charged against the Stock Farm, \$105 only were for the expenses of the Secretary of the Board and the two members who constituted the Farm Committee. The remainder of the amount was for rent, manager's salary, expenses incurred by the manager, and for advertising, the several services and the amount for each being published after being audited and found correct. Now either the Auditor General has published a false report or the statements of the Gleaner and Mr. Gregory are unfounded. Do they make these statements wilfully, knowing them to be untrue or ignorantly? In either case they show how untrustworthy are the charges they make against the administration.

Farmers of York Stand by the Country Candidates.

FOR TWO YEARS the county has been deluged with falsehoods concerning the Attorney General and his friends. Every slander which ingenuity can devise has been spread far and near, and the man, in whom the whole province has confidence, who has gone through session after session of the Legislature without the slightest impeachment on his integrity, held up to the county of York as unworthy to every trust, as corrupt and dishonest. Does the county of York believe these things of Mr. Blair? Can they point to an act of his which will not stand scrutiny? Who are the men who assail him? Under what obligation have they ever laid this county? What guarantee have they ever given of honor and political wisdom? Compare the records of Mr. Blair and Mr. Gregory and judge for yourselves, electors of York, which of them will be your first representative.

14 out of 41 by Acclamation.

VOTE FOR YORK.

The St. John Sun and the opposition candidates are persistent in their attacks on the government expenditures in York. They attack the length and breadth of the City and County of St. John the cry being raised that York gets too much. Every dollar that has been spent here is being used as a reason why six men should be sent from St. John in opposition.

They call on the electors to oppose the government because it built the Fredericton bridge.

They cry out that the government should be defeated because the stables were erected here.

They attack the Provincial Secretary for consenting to the erection of the new Departmental buildings here.

Vote down the York government in the cry of the opposition in St. John.

Electors of York stand together. There is only one answer to make these men who assail you, and those who have stood by you, and that is to vote the full government ticket.

The opposition in St. John have made this the issue. "Let us crush York" is their cry.

Give them their answer, electors of York. You did not seek such an issue. It is forced upon you. Answer it by returning four government supporters.

Every vote for Mr. Gregory or Mr. Allen is a vote in aid and comfort of the enemies of your county.

Vote the Ticket.

ELECTORS OF YORK whom will you sacrifice on the altar of Mr. Gregory's morbid jealousy? Will it be John Anderson—successful farmer and business man—a practical working man, who knows his county and what its necessities are? Will it be Richard Bellamy who has five years been an honored and valuable representative? Is the only return the county can make him to vote want of confidence in him? Will it be William Wilson who has served the county so well and faithfully, and shown himself to be always active for its best interests? William Wilson is a son of York, if ever a man was—one who from humble beginnings has made himself known and respected all over the province. Will it be Andrew G. Blair, the best representative York ever had, the successful leader of the government, the astute and able public man?

Which will you sacrifice? Yourselves will be neither. There is nothing to gain by the sacrifice. You can gain nothing by weakening your influence with a government which will come back from the people with its strength in other parts of the province undiminished.

The Gleaner pretends to have had a discussion with THE HERALD on the finances of the province and that the latter has withdrawn from it. There has been no such discussion. Mr. Wilson's masterly presentation of the financial record of the province as published in THE HERALD extra last week gave the fullest possible refutation to the Gleaner's charges. He showed that instead of over-expenditure, the government in the five years it has been in power has kept the expenditure \$56,000 within the income, and yet has made greater expenditures than any of its predecessors. It could do this because it had a greater income than any of its predecessors, and surely the county expects the income to be expended.

Briefly the position is this. The present government from the province in debt on open account \$330,000. It paid off \$250,000 by issuing bonds and undertook to pay off the remaining \$80,000 out of revenue. It has done this. It has increased many important lines of new expenditure. It has had to pay interest on new railway subsidies. It has enlarged the Lunatic Asylum, bought and built upon the Asylum Annex Farm, built the Fredericton bridge, bought the government horses, built the government stables, built the new Departmental buildings and had to public service up to the standard and has to-day cash in treasury in the bank. The showing is a splendid one, and the facts cannot be controverted.

The Ticket Represents the Whole County.

In St. John and elsewhere a constant canvass against the government is that it is "too much for York." The opposition proclaim it wherever they go that Blair gets too much for his county. Is it more electors of York? Have you had more than your just rights? Will you play the game of the opponents of York by weakening the hands of the Attorney General? That is to be gained by sending a man to the House, who day and night, in season and out of season, will plot and plan to injure your representative in the government? Mr. Gregory represents no principle. He promises no reform. He advocates no new measures. He simply seeks to get what he can out of the pockets of the government. Defeat him he cannot; but has York no better return for the conduct of its representatives during the past four years than to send their most bitter opponent to the assembly? The election of Gregory would be a calamity for York. He can do the county no good. He seeks only to do Mr. Blair harm.

Farmers of York Stand by the Country Candidates.

FOR TWO YEARS the county has been deluged with falsehoods concerning the Attorney General and his friends. Every slander which ingenuity can devise has been spread far and near, and the man, in whom the whole province has confidence, who has gone through session after session of the Legislature without the slightest impeachment on his integrity, held up to the county of York as unworthy to every trust, as corrupt and dishonest. Does the county of York believe these things of Mr. Blair? Can they point to an act of his which will not stand scrutiny? Who are the men who assail him? Under what obligation have they ever laid this county? What guarantee have they ever given of honor and political wisdom? Compare the records of Mr. Blair and Mr. Gregory and judge for yourselves, electors of York, which of them will be your first representative.

Vote the Ticket.

MR. GREGORY seeks to make a point against Mr. Wilson because he is Registrar of the University. As Mr. Blair pointed out in his Maryville speech the government does not appoint the Registrar nor have any voice in his selection. He also points out the well known fact that the Hon. Charles Fisher was for many years Registrar of King's College and yet held his seat in the House. He might also have mentioned that Judge Stevens was Secretary of the Board of Agriculture under every man who has been a member of the Legislature. Election to office by bodies independent of the Legislature never yet was held to disqualify a member of the House or lessen his independence.

Give Blair a Big Fear.

"Unless all signs fail five counties alone, Northumberland, Kent, Westmorland, Albert and St. John, will elect eighteen members, pledged to defeat the government." It is true that it is not true but suppose it is; does not the Gleaner's main argument fall to the ground? That paper wants Mr. Gregory elected to form the nucleus of a good opposition and this is his own principal argument. Now if what the Gleaner professes to believe is true, there will be opposition enough without Mr. Gregory and York will do well to stand by the ticket.

MR. ALLEN might have corroborated what Mr. Blair said as to land owners speculating in riparian rights. Mr. Allen knows that his own brother-in-law made a handsome thing by selling certain riparian rights of his. It is reported that \$1000 was his share of the price. Mr. Beckwith had a perfect right to sell his riparian rights and every one was pleased that he got a good price for them. Reference is made to the transaction only to show that land owners will sell their rights and do not consider them valuable except to speculate upon.

"Look at the expenditures in York" says Mr. Tweedie in Northumberland, "and vote for the government if you can." Electors of York will do well to note this appeal. The sole bond of harmony between the several factions of the opposition is the expenditures in York. Electors of York will give no comfort to such an opposition.

THE Gleaner falsely alleges that Mr. Theriault is in opposition. He is a pronounced government supporter. It alleges that Messrs. LaBillico and Murray are independents. They are pronounced government supporters.

ON THE HUSTINGS.

A Cyclone of Enthusiasm for the Government Ticket.

THE OPPOSITION PARALYZED BY THE PROCEEDINGS ON NOMINATION DAY.

The Opposition Claqueurs Over-shadowed by a Solid Phalanx of Government Supporters.

PETTY GRIEVANCES, AND PERSONAL CANVASSES EXPOSED.

Mr. Blair's Telling Speech.

MR. WILSON RIDDLES MR. GREGORY.

Anderson and Bellamy Make a Grand Impression.

GREGORY AND ALLEN STUPEFY THEMSELVES BEFORE THE ELECTORS.

The Sheriff's Court for the nomination of candidates to contest the local elections opened in the Court House about eleven o'clock Monday morning, Sheriff Sterling presiding. There was a large number of electors present. The only thing done in the Court House was the nomination of the six candidates who are in the field. The speeches were delivered in the City Hall in the afternoon. Messrs. Blair, Wilson, Bellamy and Anderson were nominated by the following:

- Alfred Weyve, Maryville,
- Loran C. McNutt, Fredericton,
- Wm. Richards, Nashwaak,
- John Owens, Fredericton,
- Wm. Lemont,
- Walter McFarlane, St. Marys,
- Elisha Vanwart,
- Rainford Staples,
- Fred. P. Thompson, Fredericton,
- Richard A. Esty,
- John A. Morrison,
- David Pugh, Maryville,
- Robert L. Young, Nashwaak,
- Thomas Murray, Douglas,
- John A. Edwards, Fredericton,
- C. L. Estabrooks, St. Marys,
- Fred. B. Edgecombe, Fredericton,
- Jas. S. McMurray,
- Wm. E. Seawery,
- Geo. L. Gunter,
- M. McDade,
- Matthew Tennant,
- Robert Davies,
- Wm. T. Bell,
- Elias W. Henry,
- Benj. A. Everett,
- Chas. H. Thomas,
- Andrew G. Haslin,
- W. T. Whitehead,
- Henry Chestnut, Fredericton,
- Joe. C. Risten,
- M. S. Hall,
- James Dever,
- Luther Goodspeed, Peniac,
- Frank I. Morrison, Fredericton,
- James Rowan, Doaktown,
- Timothy Lynch, Fredericton,
- Ludlow Ferras,
- Alfred Haines, St. Marys,
- J. W. Wetmore, Fredericton,
- A. G. Edgecombe,
- John A. Canty, Fredericton,
- John A. Campbell, Kingsclear,
- H. C. Mackey,
- George Blaney, Lower St. Marys,
- B. M. Mullins, St. Marys,
- Jas. E. Simmons,
- Geo. N. Bookout, Fredericton,
- E. A. Barry, St. Marys,
- Wm. Bearisto, Fredericton,
- M. A. Brewer, Keswick,
- John F. Miles, St. Marys,
- W. A. Barker,
- H. O'Brien, Fredericton,
- Wm. A. Quinn,
- Oliver Barton,
- R. Boone, Douglas,
- John Edgely,
- Geo. Y. Dibble, Fredericton,
- Frank Bird, Bright,
- Tennant Christie, Bright,
- Benj. Burt, Douglas,
- Henry Burt, Bright,
- J. E. Casey, Dumfries,
- H. W. Vevey, North Lake, and hundreds of others.

Mr. Gregory was nominated as an Independent by Alderman Moore, Z. R. Everett, Jas. H. Crockett, Wm. Crockett, M. D. Osmie Crockett, Charlie Crockett, J. G. Gill, Lewis H. Bliss, J. B. Gunter, Chas. E. Duffy, Jas. T. Sharkey and about twenty others.

Mr. W. K. Allen was also nominated as an opposition candidate by the same gentlemen. Shortly after one o'clock the City Hall was packed to its utmost capacity, by a large and representative gathering of the electors of the city and county.

The Rising of HON MR. BLAIR

TO address the audience was the signal for long-continued applause. After a few preliminary remarks he proceeded to deal with the juvenile canvasses which had formed the stock-in-trade of Mr. Gregory in this campaign. It was not a difficult thing, he said, for an astute lawyer as Mr. Gregory was, to frame an indictment against the government by picking up little things here and there, and spreading these things among the people where there would be little opportunity of meeting them. It was impossible that he could

reach the mind of every elector and touch upon just the points that had influenced him in his particular case. He would rely upon the justice of his cause, upon the record of the government and upon its claims upon this county, and, doing that, he had no doubt whatever about the result of the contest now being waged in this constituency. (Applause.) "I am confident that the people of this province, if of no other county in this province, will have no disposition to condemn the government and allow the impression to be created abroad, and among its enemies, that it has had any portion of the confidence of the people of York withdrawn from it."

The Eighth Session Time.

It had never been his privilege to be elected by acclamation in this County. Other counties which considered that they had not received the same attention at the hands of the government as York had received were returning the supporters of the government with the opposition. In Restigouche, Gloucester, Kings, Queens, Charlotte and Madawaska the government supporters had to-day been elected by acclamation. In all these counties, where the people had just as fair an opportunity of judging of the merits of the government as those of York had possessed, no fault was found with the government, and the government representatives were being sent back with renewed expressions of confidence. This contest was not a question of men, but a question of policy, a question of the conduct of the administration during the past three years. The ballots of the people on the 20th inst. would be either for or against the administration, and therefore he proposed to deal with the acts of the administration as far as the limited time would allow in order that the people might be able to judge of its merits or demerits.

When the party which he had led for so many years was in opposition their opposition was not a mere negation; they placed their platform before the country and he was willing that that platform should be critically examined in the light of the subsequent acts of the present government. He was satisfied that any candid man examining the record of the administration could not but conclude that while they had not accomplished everything they had intended, yet in large measure they had achieved the results aimed at and promised to the people of this Province.

He showed how the Government had grappled with

The Question of the Crown Lands.

There had been a practice on the part of the old Government of giving the public lands to railway companies and private individuals at the most nominal figures. It was the policy of this Government—a policy that they had steadily adhered to, that it was better for the people that the Crown Lands, the timber lands of the county especially, should be held by the people for the people for all time to come. The Government decided to hold possession of these lands in order that the best possible results could be realized from this very valuable property. They had pursued the policy previously pursued, as a result of which, since this government had come in, not a single acre of timber lands had been sold, but were held to augment the revenues of the Province. At that time the stumpage was raised first to \$1 per thousand and afterwards to \$1.25. They had done that because there was no reason why private owners of forest lands should be deriving from those lands a rate of stumpage largely in excess of what the lands of the Crown had realized. That position they had maintained as a Government against strong opposition and persistent local pressure. Against the constant pressure of the North Shore Counties the Government had firmly held its ground. This was the secret today of the opposition to the Government in Kent and Northumberland.

Mr. Blair then took up the question of the fisheries and explained the course of the Government. There was not a man in the audience who had been in the Government, after a careful examination of the question, would not have pronounced precisely the same course which the Government had adopted with reference to this subject.

The speaker then proceeded to show what the government had done for

The Agricultural Interests of the County.

The government had grappled with that subject boldly and taken a most active interest in the farming interests of the province even though a large outlay of money was involved in so doing. A large importation of horses and sheep had been made. The government had not escaped the criticisms from all quarters on that subject, but the great body of the people had clearly and distinctly commended the policy pursued in this regard. Since the government had adopted this policy of promoting the interests of the farmers of the county, they had had communications from several of the other provinces of Canada, anxious to know what system had been adopted in order that they might inaugurate a similar policy, and the year after this system was adopted he was pleased to see it declared that it was the intention of the Imperial Government to adopt a system which in all substantial details resembled ours. The Agricultural Act as it had stood for the last eighteen or twenty years had been taken hold of by the government and remodelled in very many respects which had been of substantial service to the people of this country. Under the old law the Agricultural Societies were so distributed in the province that no matter how large or small a county was it received the same proportion of the agricultural grant. The government had concluded that it was unjust that a county like Sunbury should receive the same grant as the County of York. The whole province had therefore been divided, with the result that while the number of societies had not been increased in York and other large counties the number of societies had been doubled and therefore were now receiving

Double the Amount of Agricultural

They formerly received. The government had

FARMING MATTERS.

HINTS-USEFUL TO THE FARMER.

Feeding Poultry.

Prof. G. F. R. Bellows, of Ypsilanti, who raises poultry as a diversion and relaxation after the mental labor incident to getting up abstract geometrical problems to worry Normal students, and who yet is very business-like in his poultry business, tells the Poultry Breeder how he manages the feeding problem:

"My method of feeding varies so much that I can hardly describe it. In the main it is as follows: Soft feeding in the morning, made up of corn and ground oats one part, wheat bran two parts, mixed with boiling water.

"A light feed at noon consisting of scraps from the house, green stuff, etc., into which twice or three times a week is put also a little meat. At night I feed the young birds corn, and the old ones wheat and oats, changing from one to the other from day to day, with an occasional feed of corn."

"Twice or three times a week a kettle of boiled potatoes goes in the morning feed. As the pullets mature I lighten upon the corn as a regular feed, substituting wheat and oats."

"The above is the basis of my feeding, but I would say that in that connection consider that variety and not uniformity is the spice of chicken life.

EGGS IN COLD WEATHER.

The art of feeding may well be applied to poultry in winter, if eggs are expected. True, feeding is an ordinary matter, but how many consider what they are trying to accomplish when feeding? There should always be some object in view, and the feeding, if properly done, should conform to the realization of that which is sought. We said the "art" of feeding, for feeding is quite an art, and has science to keep it company. What do we feed to secure? Eggs—and in so doing we must look into the egg. We see it well-filled with rich, nutritious substances, and of a variety. Then we must adapt the food to the egg. If the hen is kept warm and comfortable, the food required to provide her with animal heat will be correspondingly lessened. Knowing that the food should contain an excess of the carbonaceous, or heat-producing elements, we look to those substances that furnish the albumen. All foods contain these, but they vary in proportions. When she farmer throws down corn and feeds his hens liberally he may secure but few eggs, as he is then feeding for the market, and not for eggs. A fat hen will not lay, and is as unprofitable as a fat sow for breeding.

What the hens most need is nitrogenous matter, for they can, if fed any grain at all, easily provide the yolk, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., but the large amount of albumen in an egg calls for more nitrogenous food than is usually allowed. Some, improperly, ascribe the failure to secure eggs to a lack of green food. While some kind of bulky food (such as clover hay, chopped fine and scalded, as well as cooked potatoes and turnips) is excellent, yet the great desideratum is animal food, and if less grain be fed and more meat, either raw or cooked, there will be more eggs. Milk and curds are also suitable, but meat is better than anything else. As a pound of meat daily will be sufficient for a dozen hens, and almost any kind of meat will do, the expense is a small matter compared to the high prices obtained for eggs in winter. It is not necessary to feed grain more than once a day. A morning meal of scalded, chopped hay, with some kind of animal food, and wheat at night, will give more eggs, if the hen house is kept warm, than any other method, and it will be cheaper than feeding three times a day on grain. A pan of warm water in the morning should always be allowed.

ONLY FIVE SHEEP.

A man who is farming and does not raise a few sheep is almost as bad off as if he had no poultry; yet few people can imagine how profitable a few sheep are. The following is an example, based upon so insignificant a number as five head, yet the result is in no way unsatisfactory. The item is from the Eagle Optic, of Larned, Kansas:

"Mr. J. P. Kelly, living four miles west of this town, is an example of what live thrift may accomplish in this regard. Less than four years ago this gentleman came to Pawnee County from his Michigan home, bringing with him, in addition to the usual outfit of the granger, five sheep of the Shropshire variety. Friends told him he was foolish for bothering with the sheep, and while he never disputed his friends, yet he held right on to his sheep. In something over three years he has sold \$10,000 worth of wool and increased from his little flock, and now he has a flock of 26 sheep for which G. H. Wadsworth, Pawnee county's veteran sheep man, is paying \$1,000 in cash and the offer of a new house."

"The sheep," Mr. Kelly. This beats raising a newspaper, and if you will figure out the per cent. of gain it will be found that there are but few lines of business that pay as well.

This year he raised sixteen lambs from eleven ewes, this breed of sheep being famous for twins and triplets. When the owner of these sheep remarked to us last spring that he would not trade his best ewe for the finest cow in Pawnee county, we thought him somewhat extravagant, but these facts and figures convince us that he was pretty well headed. Any intelligent farmer may find food for reflection in the above."

Young Lady (confidentially, to guide in foreign art gallery)—Is there any way for the uninitiated to distinguish between an old master and a modern painting? Guide—Yes, ma'am. If the people in the picture have clothes on it's by an old master.

Mr. Lushforth—You never help me on with my coat-like you used to in the days of our honeymoon. Mrs. Lushforth—Not And I never had to help you off with your boots in those days, either.

Mrs. Fung—I wonder why Dr. Fourthly always has his sermons type-written? Mr. Fourthly—Out of pure gratitude. You don't know how the invention has boomed the matrimonial market!

FEROCITY OF FIGHTERS.

Men who have faced John L. Sullivan claim that when in the heat of battle he has a most awful expression on his face, and stout hearts have quailed at sight of it. Paddy Ryan said, after his battle for the championship with the big fellow, that when he looked at Sullivan, toward the close of the fight he almost feared for his life, as there was the expression of a murderer on Sullivan's face. Others have said that they could not bear to look at the champion's face when boxing with him, lest their courage forsake them. There are those who attribute the big fellow's success in part to the awful terror inspired by his glare.

Peter Jackson, according to all accounts seems to possess the same savage expression at times.

Major Frank McLaughlin, one of the prime movers in the California Club, to which Jackson is under contract, speaking of this a few days ago, said:

"He is the 'colored Billy Edwards,' I claim, in this respect—that while a fighter he is a gentleman, a man of polish and culture. Jackson is jet black, but he has nothing of the distinctively negro features. In the heat of a fight at a crisis he looks more like a tiger than a man."

"Peter Jackson to me on one occasion, 'my boy is the heart blow,' and there he shows his sense. 'He is an anatomist, and he knows the position of every bone and muscle in the human body as accurately as any surgeon.' He doesn't batter up his hands and break his fingers with the blow at the point of the jaw or on the chin. His knock-out blow is the heart blow, which will kill a man if he fights long enough. That was the famous blow of the great Welsh black who generations ago made such an awe-inspiring reputation that he was called the 'Dead Boxer.' Jim Smith, Godfrey, Joe McLaughlin and Patsy Cardiff have all been induced by the tremendous force of his blows to throw up one hand in utter exhaustion, and hold on with the other to the ropes in dumb agony. Let his opponent feel him or get in a blow on him that hurts him, and the expression of Jackson's face becomes so savage as to be startling. Then, and then only for a moment, does the innate ferocity, the animal brutality which no one would think him capable of, come to the surface. As if ashamed himself of such an exhibition, no sooner has he reduced his antagonist to helplessness than he asks, in the politest manner possible, 'Have you got enough, sir?' He is the polished gentleman again."

OYSTERS ON TREES.

Business recently called me to Honduras and I have just now returned, well pleased with my trip. I had often heard of oysters growing on the trunks and branches of trees—groves of living green umbrageous trees, with oysters growing upon them—and my friend and I set aside the day to investigate the fact. Our dry cut the water like a knife and slipped along rapidly and easily, with hardly a ripple in her wake, and in about half an hour we had lost sight of the town, with its convent and shipping and sailing masts behind us. We were then nearly abreast of an island called Moho Cave. The front of it is embowered in graceful coconut trees and the back part trends off into a swamp and is covered with a dense grove of the red mangrove. This mangrove tree grows in either fresh or salt water swamps, and even in water three or four feet deep. The limbs of the trees send shoots of roots down into the water, and thus a thicket of mangroves is a matted mass of trunks and limbs and roots. On these trunks and limbs and roots, deep down under the surface of the water, cling bunches of single oysters, and thus are formed the oyster groves I had heard of. The leaves of these trees are of a beautiful dark green, and the swamp islands from a distance look like fairy bowers.

We poked our dory around to the south of the island, but could not get very near, as we were scraping bottom all the time. We passed over numerous oyster-beds while doing so, and with an ordinary rake which had been provided we hauled aboard a lot of the oysters. They were small and flat, and the shell looked more like a flat clam than an oyster. But the inside tasted all right, and our boatman swallowed that down with a relish. I did not care much for them myself, except as curiosities, for the mud that sticks to them did not smell appetizing.

"Lot journeyed wearily on," said the person, "with the fate of his poor wife fresh in his memory. 'How could that be,' his little son asked him after the sermon, 'when she was salt?'"

A good many people publicly thank the Lord for their prosperity who would be mad if somebody should suggest that they were not mainly responsible for it themselves.

"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

If spectacles could be fitted to men whose minds are short-sighted there would be less poverty, and possibly not so much crime in the world.

A customs official at Kingston picked up on the street what he supposed to be a glass stone, but which turned out to be a diamond worth \$700.

A monster hog, weighing 1,050 pounds, was shipped from Zealand the other day to New York city, where it will be placed on exhibition.

The Winnipeg Evening Sun has been sold for \$40,000 to a company with ex-Superintendent of Education Somerset as president.

Eulogies pronounced in celebration of the virtues of the departed may be characterized as foam on the funeral bier.

Respectability is contagious, but, like other contagions, you can't always catch it when you want it.

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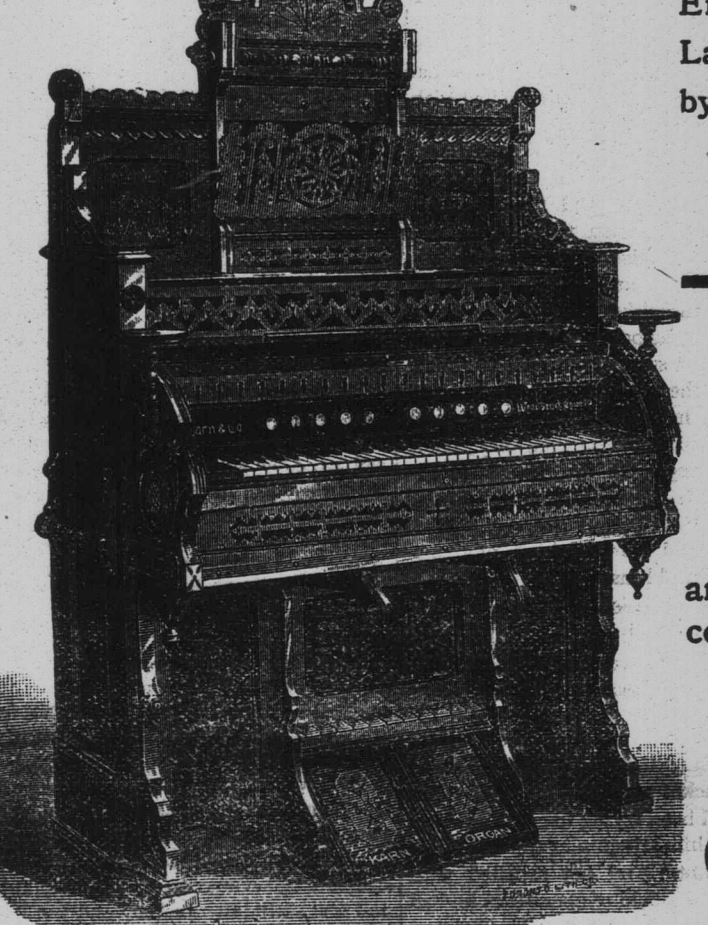
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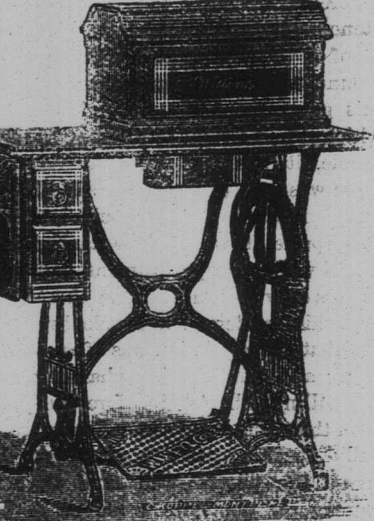
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