

Hard Times scared to Death!

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

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

And now we are ready to give you a welcome to 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.

in all the latest styles.

Zinc, Leather & Wood TRUNKS.

Latest Fashion Plates,

Just received—away up.

We establish the highest order 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.

T. W. Smith & Son

CLOTHIERS,

AND

Low priced Boot and Shoe Men.

Frederickton, May 11

March 30, 1882

ALBION HOUSE.

WHOLESALE.

NEW GOODS!

We beg to announce to our friends and the

trade generally, that having

largely extended our premises, our facilities

are thereby increased and improved,

which place is in a better position to

attend more fully to the wants of our

numerous customers. The stock is the

largest and most varied ever shown in

the city, and the prices are unusually

low. We call special attention to our

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!

which is now well stocked with a splendid

assortment of

Ready Made Clothing,

Scotch, English and Canadian

TWEEDS,

DUCKS, OVERALLS,

JUMPERS, &c.

STRAW AND FELT HATS

for Men and Boys at such low prices as

must command the attention of buyers.

Trunks, Valises,

with a complete assortment of

LUMBERMEN'S GOODS.

Orders by mail will be carefully

and promptly executed.

F. B. EDGECOMBE,

Wholesale and Retail,

Queen St., Frederickton, N. B.

March 30, 1882

Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICKTON, N. B., June 1, 1882.

Mr. Fraser's Candidature.

York County is now committed to a tri-

angular contest, thanks to the obstinacy

and arrogance of Mr. Fisher. He has absolutely

refused to submit to the decision of a

Convention of the Liberal-Conservative party,

as whether he or Mr. Fraser is the more fit

and proper person to be the standard bearer

of the party at this time. His ambition and

vanity, his preposterous ideas of his merits

and claims, have hurried him into adopting

the course he has taken, and made him utterly

oblivious of the duty he owes to his

party. It is a disastrous course for an aspir-

ing politician to take, and can hardly result

in anything but his annihilation.

What ground does Mr. Fisher arrogate

to himself the leadership of the Liberal-Con-

servative party? Because, according to his

own confession, when he ran last election,

he spent some two or three thousand dollars

of his own money, and he wants to secure

himself for a "purist" to make, but that by

the way. It is certain that by entering on

the coming contest in defiance of a large and

influential section of the party, he will, but

throw away bad money after bad money, and

utterly fail in his object.

But that is not his only reason for persist-

ing in his candidature unopposed by the party

As the dispenser of patronage for the last

four years he considers that he has claims to

be the head of the party, and that the position

of his candidature is his right. But who put

him forward? Certainly not the Members

of the Liberal-Conservative party. He has

forwarded of his own motion, encouraged by

some of the promises of Sir Charles

Tupper, that he would have the patronage of

the county, whether he won or lost the

election. That is a position which should be

the property of the party ought to recognize.

Certainly it is a position which members

of the party ought to sympathize with the

purpose of the party ought to make

efforts to get out of. They feel that it is

absolutely necessary to make a bold move

and with Hon. Mr. Fraser as their standard

bearer, they enter on the contest with con-

fidence. He has never been elected in any

election, and he has in his time had hard

concessions. He will again march the way to

victory. The perfect willingness he has

shown to submit to the decision of any con-

vention that might be called, and the readi-

ness with which he has put himself in the

hands of his friends, when all hope of recon-

ciliation was abandoned, and he was asked

in the interest of the party to come forward,

has greatly increased the always warm feel-

ing in his favor. His card to the electors of

York is out, and will be found in another

column. It will be read by hundreds of

our readers in every parish, and it will be

posted up everywhere in the county, so that

those who run may read. The card is but

his precursor. He will be round among his

friends shortly. By his personal inter-

course and addresses he will arouse up their

enthusiasm, which is ready to be fired, for

years of great encouragement have come to

him already from many quarters. Though

this is a very busy season with the farm-

ers, we hear he is taking great interest in

the election. Luckily the agony is sharp will

be over, and they will soon be free to give

their undivided attention to their own labors.

There are signs that the electors of the

county will be aroused as they never have

since the decisive confederation cam-

paigns, and that a very large vote will be

polled. In calculating Mr. Fraser's chances,

the fact that in the election of 1878, only

half a vote was polled must be borne in

mind. There were votes enough then to

elect a third candidate over the heads of Mr.

Richard and Mr. Fisher. With his prestige

and his past services to the city and county,

and his record as a statesman in his favor,

there should be no doubt that his prospects

of personal friends and supporters will be

greatly increased by hundreds, who will be

induced by the interest they take in the

present political situation, to cast their ballots.

We confidently count upon him scoring a

majority over the other contestants. The

committee who have undertaken the manage-

ment of the election, will spare no pains to

secure that desirable result. Let all true

friends of the party, let all who consult the

true interests of the county, unite and

put forth energetic efforts in his behalf.

The Dominion Elections.

Some philosopher, we think, once observed

that it was a solemn and noble thing to

behold people, free and self-governing, meet

to exercise their franchise right to choose

their representatives in high Parliament.

Such a spectacle does the Dominion now

afford "to gods and men." Its general effect

is very impressive, though it is inadvisable

to look too narrowly into its details. The cam-

paign was fairly opened last week in Ottawa

when Sir John and Sir Leonard spoke at a

convention meeting, to nominate a Liberal

Conservative candidate for the Capital. The

ministers were able to say with pride, that

when Parliament was dissolved, they were

stronger than when it met, but that dissolu-

tion and an appeal to the people were neces-

sary as they required five years more power

in order to re-assure capitalists who had in-

vested, or contemplated investing in differ-

ent enterprises, that their protective policy

would not be reversed. After five years se-

curity these enterprises would be able to

stand independently. The minister has dwell

with pride on the state of the Dominion now

compared to what it was in 1878, and con-

fidently expect that their appeal to the peo-

ple will meet with a triumphant response.

Their administration has been one of action.

They will be judged by its general spirit,

not by its details. They have acted, done,

and succeeded. It cannot be denied that

their tariff has accomplished its twofold pur-

pose: on the one hand, it has revived and

encouraged old industries, and produced new

all over the Dominion, it has given impetus

to thousands of operatives and stayed the

exodus; it has created the feeling that

the Dominion is a nation, independent, and

able to look after, stand up for itself; on

the other hand, their tariff has abundantly

accomplished its purpose of and to put an

end to the era of deficits, and of creating

surpluses which have been used to promote

the construction of public works, and to keep-

ing down the public debt. As signal has been

the success of their railway policy. Four

years ago the Liberal government was with

regard to the Pacific Railway exemplifying

the policy, "how not to do it." Since the

country was committed to the work it was

made to be desired that it should be proceed-

ed vigorously. The people generally were

tired with government policy, and they

sections of the road, sick of discussions that

threatened to be interminable. They felt in-

finately relieved when Sir John's government

put the work in the hands of a wealthy Syn-

dicate of the highest standing and were as-

sured that a work which had undertaken as a

government work, would have many admin-

istrations, and gone far to ruin the coun-

try, would be carried out with energy, and

completed in a few years, at a cost not too

great, considering the magnitude and impor-

tance of the work, and the great actual

and immense undeveloped resources of the

country which would increase and open up.

Four years ago the great Northwest was

compactly unknown. Owing to their en-

lightened policy, its fame has spread all

over the earth, and it has drawn thousands

of people from the overcrowded countries

of the old world, to settle in hopes on its

fertile prairie. Precisely they have vastly ex-

ceeded the Dominion by inducing the rapid

settlement of a region, which was but a

stretch of waste land, adding little to its

current wealth and strength, until their policy

put life and soul into it.

While the leaders of the government have

before the country, the leader of the opposition

has arranged it. Mr. Blake has issued a card

which all his followers swear by. The Cana-

dian Spectator an independent organ reviews

it in the following manner:—

Mr. Blake's address to the electors of West

Durham is, of course, intended to be Mr.

Blake's appeal to the whole country. He

opens his address with a complaint that

Parliament has been persistently dissolved

and a "surprise" sprung upon the Liberals

because Mr. Blake's own want of policy

took the heart out of his followers. And it

is quite evident that this means will not

take them the useful enthusiasm to carry on

election. It is cold, stilted and aged—merely

a rehearsal of his own speeches in the House

and Globe editorial. As a literary produc-

tion it is execrable, for the style is jerky and

confused; but, regarded as the address of a

statesman, it reflects anything but honor

upon its compiler.

Mr. Blake is mistaken if he imagines for

this moment that he will rally the

electors in any large numbers to his side. He

gives them only thrashed straw. The Re-

distribution of the Bill for the Pacific Rail-

way is, of course, the main theme. But in

other matters Mr. Blake suggests that the

taxation; the Civil Service and the North-

West Land policy; the Bill for the Pacific

Railway; the Bill for the Pacific Railway; the

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Poetry.

THE FARMER.

The king may rule over land and sea,
The lord may live in royal state,
The soldier rule in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide,
But this, or that, what'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The common sense is common things,
The doctor's bill, the lawyer's fees,
The miser follows the precious leech,
But this, or that, what'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar, what'er fall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
The men may rise, and men may fall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The Farmer dures his mind to speak,
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow;
The man that walks behind the plough
Is his own master, what'er befall,
And, king or beggar, he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds in milk, and milk, and meat,
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn, and all, go right,
God bless the sower, his hand be full,
For the Farmer he must feed them all.

Literature.

A GHOST STORY.

"Try not to be lonely without me, darling, and make yourself as happy as possible here with my sisters," said my husband as he held me to his heart and pressed the last kiss on my brow.

I tried to be brave and smile through the tears that were fast blinding my eyes, but I was a foolish girl, and made the parting all the harder for him.

At length I had let him go and settled down to a long cry, hoping to feel better after giving way to my feelings.

I had been married only one short month, and I was not to see my husband for a whole, long, long year.

How should I ever live through it? I thought as I glanced at the clock and discovered he had been gone twenty minutes.

George was a naval officer, and had been ordered away on a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, but in one year he was expected to be home.

To insure my comfort and happiness (as he thought) before he sailed, he brought me to his old home, where I was to pass the year he had been spared.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, in which the family had lived for two generations, and to George it was full of memories of his childhood and of later years.

But to me its large rooms, with their carved and painted furniture and its endless array of family portraits, seemed rather suggestive of gloominess.

His two sisters, who had been the maiden ladies over 50, who regarded George more in the light of a son than a brother, were the kindest and best of women, I knew, but they were so very quiet and stately in their manner that I felt convinced they looked upon my grief at parting from their brother as a great weakness, and so I retired to shed my remaining tears in the privacy of my own room.

"How absurd life is!" I said to myself, as I tried in vain to dry the still falling tears. "A year ago I had never seen George Spencer, and now I am breaking my heart at having to part from him for that space of time."

I was only 20, and had scarcely been a year out of school, when I was introduced to Captain Spencer at a large dinner party given in San Francisco, my native city.

I acknowledge to being quite captivated that evening. His naval uniform showed off his fine figure, and his handsome face won my girlish admiration.

He was very much flattered by his attention, and as I grew to know him and appreciate his noble nature, I did not find it difficult to give him all my heart's deepest love when he sailed for it.

Those were happy days to us both. Suddenly George received word that in three months he would be ordered to the Mediterranean. I don't know just how it happened. I remember feeling fearfully depressed at the prospect of leaving my family, and at the same time excitedly happy over my approaching marriage.

At last, we were married, and spent a blissful month travelling with my husband and enjoying sights as I had never imagined they could be enjoyed, and then I had to let him go.

I am afraid I had some very bitter thoughts regarding the navy, and devoted myself to the study of the book which I wished that the Spencer family had not, as Miss Maria remarked, "for generations distinguished themselves among its body of officers."

George had and I was sure to be happy with his sisters in the old home, and I was at this moment I could see nothing before me but utter and hopeless misery. I was convinced some terrible calamity had befallen my beloved husband; he would be drowned at sea, I was sure; if not that, he would take some deadly disease, and die in a foreign land, alone and unloved for he had just got to the point of feeling that there was nothing before him but the miserable lot of widowhood, and then I had to let him go.

She was very quiet in appearance and manner, and looking at her calm, unruffled face, I felt she could never be guilty of an emotion. She looked startled and surprised at my red eyes and swollen features, but said in a kind, gentle voice, "You look as though you had a headache, my dear. I am afraid you have not recovered from the fatigue of your journey. I would have been up before, but I feared you were having a nice comfort, and then I have been quite a little disturbed over the illness of our pet Mina, is not very strong. She is growing old, and Louise and I are obliged to take the greatest care of her."

At that moment my feelings toward my husband's sister, who had been anything but tender and stately, changed to a warm and sisterly affection. I was sure that she was the physical condition of that wretched animal, and I was sure that she was the physical condition of that wretched animal, and I was sure that she was the physical condition of that wretched animal.

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I would have been glad had she not peeped so thickly with those from another land. And when she kissed me kindly, and bade me good-night, hoping I would rest well, and left me alone in the great, old-fashioned bed-room, I devotedly wished I had never heard of the departed Spencer. There was but one of them named I wanted, and he was sailing far away from me, whereas my sleep was broken, and my dreams were full of the great-uncles and great-aunts of their race. Time passed slowly but smoothly with me. My sisters-in-law were very kind to me, and I tried to hide from them my grief at my husband's absence. Dick had at length been broken of his profane proclivities, and Mina's health seemed restored, though I failed to find in her that comfort and consolation her fond mistress had predicted. My husband's long and loving letters kept up my spirits and helped to endure my lonely life.

One evening, when George had been gone nearly a year, and I was beginning to look forward to the hope of going to him, Miss Maria had been entertaining me with a lengthy account of her great-uncle, Major Spencer, and his various exploits and his sad ending.

"I felt my flesh begin to creep, and hoped sincerely the departed uncle Joseph would not take a notion to appear in my dreams," said sister Louise, "have you ever shown Lillie his sword and hat? We have them," she said, turning to me, "and I am pretty sure they are in the closet in your room."

"Yes," assented Maria, "they are, and I'll show them to you to-morrow."

We said good-night, and I got into bed, determined to get to sleep as soon as possible, and shut out the recollection of my husband's ancestor. But, of course, the more I tried to close my eyes, the more persistent they were in flying open.

At last I gave it up, and lay there staring down the great room, with its massive old furniture, and thinking of the great-uncle as he looked in the portrait down stairs, and of his hat and sword that were in my closet. Then I fell into a long train of thoughts about my husband, picturing, as I always did, all sorts of evil befalling him. I had just reached the climax of my imagination by wondering if I should die of fright if he were to appear to me as his great-uncle did to his wife, when the door into the hall, at which I was looking, slowly opened, but I did not want, hoping, yet dreading to see him, I opened my eyes, expecting to find him standing in the doorway, and I was paralyzed by the sight of the light footstep.

It crossed the room, and to my horror I saw the door of the closet that contained the relics of the departed Major opened, as if by an invisible hand; then there was a light flash, and a rustling of paper, as if the departed had come back from the other world to look over his late possessions which the family had lived for two generations, and to George it was full of memories of his childhood and of later years.

But to me its large rooms, with their carved and painted furniture and its endless array of family portraits, seemed rather suggestive of gloominess. His two sisters, who had been the maiden ladies over 50, who regarded George more in the light of a son than a brother, were the kindest and best of women, I knew, but they were so very quiet and stately in their manner that I felt convinced they looked upon my grief at parting from their brother as a great weakness, and so I retired to shed my remaining tears in the privacy of my own room.

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ST. JACOBS OIL.

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT CERNAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil. It is a tried remedy, but the comparatively few who use it have found it to be a most reliable and positive proof of its efficacy in every case.

Directions in Every Language. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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It is a Pure, Prompt and Effective Remedy for Nervousness in ALL its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Prostration, Night Sweats, Spasmodic, Seminal Weakness, and General Debility of Power. It is a tried remedy, but the comparatively few who use it have found it to be a most reliable and positive proof of its efficacy in every case.

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Directions in Every Language. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Go-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers would beg leave to inform the public that they have this day associated with them, in the Gas-Fitting, Plumbing, and Tin-Smith Business, Mr. Wm. Jennings, who has been in their employ for the past three years, and that they will be hereafter known under the name and firm of Limerick, Reid & Co. They feel confident that with the above addition they will be more competent to fulfill any work entrusted to them.

A. LIMERICK & CO.
Frederick, May 1, 1882.

Cheapest Tinshop in Town.

WE are now prepared to fill any orders in the Tin-Smith, Gas-Fitting, and Plumbing business.

Wrought Iron Furnaces

on hand, and fitted up in the latest and most improved manner. Repairs of all kinds, Pipe and Fittings. Well Drilling done to order, a full stock of Stoves always on hand. Stoves and Stove Pipes, Gas Fixtures on hand, or imported to order.

Jobbing in any of the above branches promptly attended to.

All work guaranteed.

JAS. R. HOWIE

HAS RECEIVED HIS

SPRING AND SUMMER

CLOTHS,

and respectfully invites the inspection of customers to his large and well selected stock of

British and Canadian

TW EDS.

Diagonals,

BROAD CLOTHS,

DOESKINS, Etc.

GENTLEMEN'S

Wedding and Mourning Outfits

A SPECIALTY.

The Furnishing Department

is the Largest in the City.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICK.

May 11, 1882

JACKSON ADAMS,

CABINET MAKER

AND

UNDERTAKER

(near County Court House.)

Queen street, - - Frederick,

Where may be found a stock of

Furniture of all Descriptions.

1882---1882

SPRING and 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 TROUSERINGS,

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 Wilmet's Alley.

Frederick, April 27.

NEW STOCK

OF

TEAS AND COFFEE.

JUST ARRIVED!

Direct Importation!!

WE ARE NOW SELLING A CHOICE

CONGOU TEA

for 35 cts. per lb.

Good Black English Tea

for 30 cts. per lb.

Fresh Ground Coffee

from 20 cts. up to 35 cts. per lb.

AMERICAN PICKLES

by the gallon.

PICKLED LIMES.

A handsome Volume given away with every 2 lbs. of the Liqueur.

GARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - Frederick, N. B.

R. VOLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,

SLEIGHS and FUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable style.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP OF THE BEST

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc.

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS,

PIANO BOX,

TOP PHETONS,

WAGON CONCORDS,

GENERAL GRANDS,

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND FUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

NEW

Dry Goods Store.

The Subscriber having rented the Store lately occupied by

P. McPeake, Esq.,

WILMOT'S BLOCK,

Where he will keep on hand a well assorted Stock of

Staple and Fancy

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