

Will be published every SATURDAY by ANDREW LIPSETT, at the OFFICE ON QUEEN STREET, Opposite City Hall, F'ron, N. B.

Subscription, - \$1.50, in advance. Should the subscription remain unpaid for 3 months from the time the first paper is sent to the subscriber, the price will be \$2.00.

Agriculture.

THE EXHIBITION. We have much pleasure in being able to announce that arrangements have been made for the erection of the Exhibition Building in this city which will engage the holding of the exhibition at the time previously mentioned, and which we believe will be satisfactory to all interested.

The Agriculturist.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

ANDREW LIPSETT, Publisher. "AGRICULTURE THE TRUE BASIS OF A NATION'S WEALTH." TERMS: \$1.50 per year, in Advance. VOL. 1. FREDERICTON, N. B., JUNE 15, 1878. NO. 10.

The editor of the Farmers' Advocate has lately made an excursion to Arkansas and gives a glowing account of what he witnessed. As many of our people are looking that way just now, we extract a portion of the first article, descriptive of the country. It is probable we may make the same use of some of the others as they appear.

with the horns resting on the ground the eyes are not only insensible to light, but may be touched by the finger without the animal evincing consciousness; the breathing is stertorous, and attended with difficulty, and the power of swallowing entirely gone. Obstinate and unceasing constipation is seen from the commencement.

at \$15.00. The work of putting it in the ground will cost in ordinary land about \$27.00. Thus we see that the cost will not be far from \$50.00. Will it pay? We know a gentleman in Virginia, who had a 20 acre field, which was entirely unproductive—it would grow nothing, and was for the most of the year a swamp.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of all descriptions.

EXECUTED ON MODERATE TERMS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Ordinary advertisements, line, 1st insertion, \$1.00

Each subsequent insertion, .50 BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted for 6 months or 1 year on moderate terms.

The number of weeks an advertisement is to be inserted should be clearly stated. When this is not done it will be continued until ordered out, and charged the full time it has been inserted.

I would try to guess what kind of a man I was to meet. I am not much of a guesser, but I hit it this time exactly. In less than three minutes by the watch he said "dollar," although my business was not of a pecuniary nature.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Children of Nature" by the Earl of Dart...

The Victorial History of the World...

There has long been a great and universal...

This is the only complete History of the...

Evor Life—Nature gives us grandeur of...

To COSMETICS—The production of a...

At the Mason, on the 10th, by the Rev...

At his residence in South Chicago, Cook...

New Advertisements.

Opened to-day, 2 Cases of CHEAP DRESS GOODS.

4 Bales of GREY COTTONS.

Dever Bros.

THEATRE!

CITY HALL. Wm. MANNARY, Lessee & Manager.

ONE WEEK ONLY, Monday Evg., June 17

MISS MAY HOWARD, supported by a FIRST-CLASS COMPANY...

Per Schr. Maud & Bessie from Boston.

43 PACKAGES HARDWARE.

DEAWING Knives, Garden Trivels, Zinc...

R. CHESTNUT & SONS, FREDERICTON

Gas Light Company.

CHEAPEST AND BEST FLOUR

Municipality of York.

COSSITT'S RAKE

Eight Provincial Exhibitions

Over Fifty First Prizes at County Fairs.

G. M. COSSITT & BROTHER, Brockville, Ontario.

BUCKEYE MOWERS AND SELF-RAKING REAPERS.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

BUCKEYE REPAIRS

Sections & Rivets

R. Chestnut & Sons

COSSITT'S CELEBRATED MOWERS

RAKES.

For Schr. "Jessie."

25 ROLLS of dry Sheathing Paper.

WANTED At the Albion House.

MONEY TO LOAN

GRIND STONES.

GRIND STONES.

SUN SHADES

in great variety From 40 cts. to \$2.50

LOGAN'S.

Have Received

New Frillings, and now ready for inspection

WHITE SUELAND SHAWLS.

New Corsets, "Cinderella," "May Queen," "Eclipse," "Abdominal," "Grand Opera."

DRESS LINENS

ORIENTAL CAMBRICS, White Figues,

STRIPED PERCALES

WHITE QUILTS, at \$1.20.

STRONG TWEEDS, for Boys Wear.

Straw Hats

SUN DOWNS.

THOS. LOGAN.

TO THE Free and Independent YORK COUNTY.

THERE is saying every man to his trade...

PITCHERS, BOWLS, BASINS OR JUGS,

OUR CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

NEW GLASS, CROCKERY, CHINA AND CUTLERY STORE.

TO PAINTERS AND OTHERS.

REFRIGERATORS.

NOTICE.

June 1st, 1878.

LANDING this day for the people...

WANTED At the Albion House.

MONEY TO LOAN

GRIND STONES.

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NEW GOODS.

DEVER BROS.

Have Received

To the Electors

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INSURANCE!

THE undersigned continue to effect insurance...

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

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NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership...

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THOROUGHLY PREPARED FOR A LARGE BUSINESS.

We thank the public for past favors...

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NEW DRUG STORE.

TO OPEN 1st MAY.

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Literature.

THE JUNE ROSE

Florence Vane gazed listlessly about among the early flowers in her pretty garden, smiling her white silk parasol in an absent sort of way, and looking as if every thing had lost its brightness to her.

She was very fair—the most inexorable misogynist must have granted her that—with eyes of heavy blue, and fair that shone like golden floss-silk where the long beams kissed it; with the delicate tint of the sea-shell to her complexion, and the perfect lips so tempting; with a slender form, whose faultless outline was displayed to the best advantage by the shabby, silver-gray dress she wore.

She could not well have been prettier, but she might have been happier. The Vane's were comparatively rich, and Miss Florence their only daughter. She was petted and loved by all who knew her, not for her beauty alone, but for her sweet disposition, her true nobleness of soul, and those approved feminine qualities that render matronhood so irresistibly charming. But her whole youth was in danger of being crushed and blighted by that dark cloud looming on the horizon of her happiness.

She loved Doctor Edward Castlemaine, the young physician who came from the city a year ago and set up an office in the village near her father's home. She loved him with all the strength of her clinging affectionate nature, and in the halcyon days gone by he had given her more reason than one to believe that the passion was mutual. But now—now the dream was beginning to fade; the future was losing its visionary bloom.

Her cousin, Miss Veronica Vane, had come down from the city to pay her a visit. This visit, being originally intended to last two weeks, had lengthened into two months, and was likely to continue through a third. Miss Veronica meeting Doctor Castlemaine, had recognized an old acquaintance of school-day memory—an "old flame," as she confidentially informed her cousin—and from the hour of their first meeting she proceeded to monopolize his society. This left Florence much to herself, and as you may imagine her thoughts were anything but agreeable. She could not help being provoked at the flirtation; it was impossible not to see that her lover was being daily lured further and further away from her, and she felt that she was playing her false at last forced upon her own mind.

It did not occur to her that her cousin Veronica was the only cultivated one in the affair. She thought Doctor Castlemaine was attracted by the beauty and brilliance of the queenly brunette, and so gave himself up entirely to his new infatuation. She was thinking of this to-day as she strolled among the gorgeous flowers, and her heart gave a sudden jump when the voice of her cousin fell upon her ear.

"All alone, Floy? Why, what a taste for solitude you seem to have acquired lately!"

Tall and gloriously beautiful she came along the walk, attired in a black silk dress, with velvet sleeves and trimming, the elegant train held gracefully in one lifted hand. There was grace in every movement—even in the way she held her parasol.

"I am not alone," said Florence calmly. "At least, I never feel as if I were alone when I am with my flowers."

Veronica laughed. "That is a very pretty idea," she said—"very romantic, and all that—but I am afraid you would find flowers but dull company if you were allowed to have no other. But I didn't hunt you up to talk nonsense. I've got a letter, and I want to show it to you." She drew it from her pocket as she spoke.

"It is from Doctor Castlemaine," his office boy brought it, just as I returned from the village." "Doctor Castlemaine lives close enough to be the bearer of his own messages, if he chose," observed Florence, quietly.

"He explains why he decided to put this one on paper," laughed the brunette. "But you shall read it, little coz, and see if you don't agree with me that your hand, some doctor is a precious fool."

Florence retreated a step. She had no desire to read the letter, and said as much. "Oh, but I want you to," coaxed Veronica. "You can't sympathize with me until you know something of the unpleasant position in which I am placed. It is so provoking! I am sure I never intended to flirt. Do read this, Floy, and tell me what to do."

Florence felt as if her composure would stand nothing more, and she put up her hand to push away the proffered note. But Veronica, slipping her arm around the girl's waist, and holding the open sheet before her eyes, read aloud the hastily written lines:

"Miss Vane:—There is no need to tell you what your feminine perception has already discovered—that I love you! I felt satisfied at one time that I had nothing to fear in putting my fate to the touch; but what am I to understand from your cold indifference and reserve on certain occasions? I have sought you an opportunity to speak with you alone; you know how I am situated with your cousin; but this uncertainty and reserve is intolerable, and I must know whether there is hope for me or not. If you can tell your future in my favor, I will love me sufficiently to be my wife—pardon me, I mean your mind by wearing a June rose in your hair at the party to-morrow night. But will you show me that my fondest hopes are realized. If I do not see the flower in your hair, I will know that I have loved in vain, and will never trouble you again."

"Edward Castlemaine." White and cold as still, Florence stood there like an image carved in marble while the words of that note seemed to swim before her eyes in characters of fire. At the conclusion she heard herself laugh and make some jesting remark, and the voice was so unlike her own that she did not recognize it. Then she heard her cousin saying:

"Isn't that just like a man? He takes very faintly about my 'feminine perception,' but he never gave me the slightest reason to believe that he was in love! And he mentions you as if you had been in the way, or was likely to be jealous, and I am sure your manner is enough to convince any sane person that you positively dislike him. The idea of wearing a June rose in my hair at the party! I shall do no such thing."

advice always do," and there was a ring of irony in Veronica's voice. "You mean that you intend to trifle with him?" exclaimed Florence, with a look of mingled horror and incredulity. "Oh, no!" contradicted her cousin. "I shall run no risk of losing him entirely. I really like Doctor Castlemaine, and—and well, he is rich, you know, and everybody must admit that it will be a good catch. But I am not the person to fall plump into the snare of the first signal. No, no, I will wear no rose to-morrow night. Suspense never killed any one yet, and a small dose of it will do him good."

Florence made no reply to this, but turned and bent over a June rose-bush at one side of the path. The sun was prompted by a wish to conceal her white face and the stony, agonized expression it wore; but she might have spared herself the pains, for those dark, searching eyes had read her as if she were an open book.

"These flowers are very beautiful," she said, toward one of the largest roses on the bush, "and the color would be very becoming to your style of beauty. If you care for him, it is scarcely generous to cause him unnecessary pain."

"You dear little innocent!" cried the brunette. "Don't you know he will be sure to see me if I show my hand? My hand is not to be laid for the mere asking? It is one of the secrets of success, and you would do well to remember it, Floy."

Florence resolutely changed the subject at this point, and the conversation drifted into a discussion of the dresses they were to wear on the following evening. The party was given by Florence's parents, in honor of their daughter's nineteenth birthday, and no pains or expense were spared to make it a brilliant affair. Poor Florence tried to keep up a show of interest in the preparations that were going forward, but the mental pain of her face was more than once commented upon, and she was at last obliged to confess that she was not feeling as well as she could wish. She declared she would be herself again before she was called upon to receive her guests, and she struggled to lead to make her work as light as possible.

"I did not see the envelope," she faltered. "The letter commenced 'Miss Vane' and you know that as such Veronica's name as mine."

"And you, Florence—what would have been your answer had you known it was meant for you? Would you have worn the June rose?"

"Yes," she whispered; as he caught her to his breast, and kissed her trembling lips again and again.

Miss Veronica Vane came to the window and looked out, just in time to witness this interesting scene. She turned away, and went directly to her room, with a look of baffled rage on her white face that made it almost hideous, in spite of its wonderful beauty. She went away at the next morning, without so much as saying good-by to Florence; but Florence was too happy to grieve much over the neglect.

When Doctor Edward Castlemaine came in and bowed low before Florence, she observed that he was densely pale. In spite of her own suffering, she pitied him from the depth of her aching heart, for she understood that he had looked in vain for the rose among the jewels that adorned Veronica's hair, and was trying very hard to bear the shock bravely.

But she was filled with surprise a few minutes later to see him dancing with her cousin. He still looked pale and troubled, but Veronica was talking and laughing as merrily as if she were innocent of causing him the slightest pain.

"How can she be so cruel?" thought Florence; and then resolutely turned her attention to the entertainment of her guests.

In the course of the evening her friend, May Dutton, came to her and said: "Floy, dear, do you know how lovely you are this evening? But you haven't quite color enough. Let me fasten this red rose in your hair—it will lighten the effect wonderfully."

"A June rose?" said Florence, fairly sickening at the sight of it. "Please see it away. I think I have ornaments enough."

"No; you must let me put this among your verbenas," insisted May Dutton, and as she was a girl who generally had her way in everything, her will predominated in this case.

Florence did not deem it worth while to make a determined resistance, so the June rose was twined and her golden braids, and she suffered it to remain.

She had forgotten all about it in two minutes, and was not a little surprised when Veronica suddenly confronted her with the exclamation:

"Floy, in the name of wonder what are you doing with that glaring red rose in your hair?"

Florence's first impulse was to retreat; but before she could get upon her feet, Castlemaine hurried forward with an exclamation of joy, and seized one of her hands. "Oh, Miss Vane—Florence, my darling—you have changed your mind?" he cried, eagerly. "Is it yes, after all?"

She drew her hand away and retreated a step, conscious of thinking for the moment that his disappointed and driven mind. The sudden joy that had transfused his countenance gave way to a look of doubt.

"Don't don't!" he broke forth in a passionate husky voice. "Don't tell me you have not changed your mind! Surely, surely, you can not be so cruel."

"Doctor Castlemaine!" interrupted the girl, in a clear, distinct tone; "you don't know what you are saying; neither do I know what you mean!"

"The rose!" he exclaimed; "the June rose in your hair! It was not there when I came in this evening, and I thought it there as an answer to my note, or only to mock my misery?"

The lights, the trees, everything began to swim before Florence's eyes, and for an instant she thought her senses were leaving her. She leaned against a pillar to keep from falling.

"The note!" she gasped. "You—you are making a mistake. It was not to me you sent the note—"

"Not to you!" he echoed, with a mystified air. "I beg your pardon, Miss Vane, it was to no one else. I sent it to you by your cousin, yesterday. Did you not see it?"

"Yes, I—I saw it," she stammered, "but she—Veronica said it was hers—that you sent it to her."

"What!" ejaculated the man, as the whole truth suddenly broke upon his mind. "Did she say that? What could have possessed her? I met her yesterday as she was returning from the village; I entrusted her with the note, requesting her to present it to you. The envelope was addressed to 'Miss Florence Vane.' Florence was trembling violently now, and her heart almost suffocated her with its fierce throbs of joy.

"I did not see the envelope," she faltered. "The letter commenced 'Miss Vane' and you know that as such Veronica's name as mine."

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"I did not see the envelope," she faltered. "The letter commenced 'Miss Vane' and you know that as such Veronica's name as mine."

"And you, Florence—what would have been your answer had you known it was meant for you? Would you have worn the June rose?"

"Yes," she whispered; as he caught her to his breast, and kissed her trembling lips again and again.

Miss Veronica Vane came to the window and looked out, just in time to witness this interesting scene. She turned away, and went directly to her room, with a look of baffled rage on her white face that made it almost hideous, in spite of its wonderful beauty. She went away at the next morning, without so much as saying good-by to Florence; but Florence was too happy to grieve much over the neglect.

When Doctor Edward Castlemaine came in and bowed low before Florence, she observed that he was densely pale. In spite of her own suffering, she pitied him from the depth of her aching heart, for she understood that he had looked in vain for the rose among the jewels that adorned Veronica's hair, and was trying very hard to bear the shock bravely.

But she was filled with surprise a few minutes later to see him dancing with her cousin. He still looked pale and troubled, but Veronica was talking and laughing as merrily as if she were innocent of causing him the slightest pain.

"How can she be so cruel?" thought Florence; and then resolutely turned her attention to the entertainment of her guests.

In the course of the evening her friend, May Dutton, came to her and said: "Floy, dear, do you know how lovely you are this evening? But you haven't quite color enough. Let me fasten this red rose in your hair—it will lighten the effect wonderfully."

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She drew her hand away and retreated a step, conscious of thinking for the moment that his disappointed and driven mind. The sudden joy that had transfused his countenance gave way to a look of doubt.

"Don't don't!" he broke forth in a passionate husky voice. "Don't tell me you have not changed your mind! Surely, surely, you can not be so cruel."

"Doctor Castlemaine!" interrupted the girl, in a clear, distinct tone; "you don't know what you are saying; neither do I know what you mean!"

"The rose!" he exclaimed; "the June rose in your hair! It was not there when I came in this evening, and I thought it there as an answer to my note, or only to mock my misery?"

The lights, the trees, everything began to swim before Florence's eyes, and for an instant she thought her senses were leaving her. She leaned against a pillar to keep from falling.

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BECKWITH & SEELY, Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, etc. Office in CITY HALL, FREDERICTON. Attend at Oromocto and Fredericton Junction, alternate Saturdays. Accounts Collected, and Loans Negotiated.

ALLEN & WILSON, Barristers