

Poetry.
NIGHTFALL.
Softly on the earth descending,
Lights and shadows strangely blending,
While the day with loneliness pinions,
Slightly to new dominions
Wings her flight.
See the Sun at his departing,
Golden glances backward darting;
Ty the sky;
Then the eastern hills caresses
With his arms of light, and kisses
Them good-bye.
Respite comes to high and lowly;
Labor's myriad wheels more slowly
And their—
Quietest and peace from heaven—
Blest beams to the weary given—
Seem to drop.
From above the stars are peeping,
And, like angel eyes, keep
A watch there.
And one finding sweet remission,
Room in dreams through fields of vision,
Free from care.

Literature.
LITTLE MARY.
A TALE OF THE BLACK YEAR.
That was a pleasant place where I was born, though 'twas only a thatched cabin by the side of a mountain stream, where the country was so lonely, that in summer time the wild ducks used to bring their young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you could go over the bank to raise a plover full of water, without frightening a shoal of beautiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard, that now grown a fine capable young man, has him—and myself, used to set off to gather up the mountain pick onions of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for birds and wild beasts. 'Tis long ago—and though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as you might call it, the young ladies, on account of my being foster sister to poor darling Miss Ellen, that died of cholera, treat me more like their own than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still at times, especially when James Breezy, a decent boy of the neighbourhood, comes to take a walk through the fields in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the old times, and how I used to be so busy with my own work, and how I used to be so busy with my own work, and how I used to be so busy with my own work.

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"Good news!" says he, "good news, father! there's work for us both on the Drumcra road. The government works are to begin here to-morrow; you'll get eight-pence a day, and I'll get six-pence." "If you saw our delight when we heard that," said my father, "it would be the present of a thousand pounds that come to us, falling through the roof, instead of an axe to our heads." "You're right," said my mother, "but it's a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of our own bread, and to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the cartrons were to be used for beds, and even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning, Richard and I were up long before day-break, for they had a long way to walk to Drumcra, and they should be in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them to eat for their dinner, and poor dry food that was only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; and some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow color, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it—and they said, indeed it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix their food as if it were made of mud. Glad enough, poor creatures, they were to get it afterwards, when seaweed and nettles, and the very grass that was cut from the fields, and was made to put into their mouths.
When my father and brother came home, they had a bowl of thick milk, the two long walks and the day's work, my mother would always try to have something for them to eat with their porridge—a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick milk, or maybe a few eggs. She always gave me plenty as far as it would go; and she'd give me a piece of good soap, especially the day that we took half-dozed eggs from under the hatching hen, and "Blind Tom" with them, she'd interfere for us, and say—"Tim, a'wey, don't touch them this time, they're only just they are; they'll get more sense in time." And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our own good so pleasantly, that a thundershower could not blot her out. She did wonder too about the house and garden. They were both dirty and neglected, though when she first came over them; for I was too young and foolish, and my father too busy with his outdoor work, and the old woman that lived with her, and she was too kind to keep the place either clean or decent; but my mother got the roof raised, and the garden from drained, and a parcel of roses and honeysuckles planted there instead. The neighbours' wives and girls, they were so proud and upsetting folk, to keep the kitchen floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; and, besides, 'twas a cruel, unkind thing, they said, to take away the pool from the ducks, that they always used to paddle in so handy. But my mother was always too busy and too happy to heed what they said, and she was, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of pure shame, they had at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

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ing some morning, would eat it so happily, and then fall quietly asleep in her mother's arms.
At the end of some months I got the sickness myself, but not so heavily as Richard did before. Any way, he and my mother tended me with the greatest care, and sold almost every little stick of furniture that was left, to buy me drink and medicine. By degrees I changed, and the first evening I was able to sit up, I noticed a strange wild brightness in my mother's eyes, and hot flush on her thin cheeks—she had taken the fever.
Before she lay down on the wisp of straw that served her for a bed, she brought little Mary over to me: "Take her, Sally," she said—"and between every word she gave the child a kiss—"Take her, she's safer with you than she'd be with me, for you're over the sickness, and 'tint' long any way I'll be with you, my jewel," she said, as she gave the little creature me, long close hug, and put her into my arms.
'Twould take long to tell about her sickness—how Richard changed, and how that night we had tended her night and day; and how, when every farthing and farthing was spent, and the world was fast losing her, she came down from the big house, the very day after the family returned home from France, and brought the desolate look in his face when he sat down by the ashes of the turf fire that had just baked a yellow meal cake for his supper. My mother's spirit died, and she sat side, giving little Mary a drink of sour milk out of her little wooden piggins, and the child drank it like it, being delicate and always used to sweet milk, so she said:
"Mamma, won't you give me some of the nice milk instead of the sour?"
"I haven't it ashore, nor can't get it," said her mother, "so don't you fret." "Not a word out of the little creature's mouth, only she turned her little cheek in towards her mother, and stayed quiet young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you could go over the bank to raise a plover full of water, without frightening a shoal of beautiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard, that now grown a fine capable young man, has him—and myself, used to set off to gather up the mountain pick onions of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for birds and wild beasts. 'Tis long ago—and though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as you might call it, the young ladies, on account of my being foster sister to poor darling Miss Ellen, that died of cholera, treat me more like their own than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still at times, especially when James Breezy, a decent boy of the neighbourhood, comes to take a walk through the fields in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the old times, and how I used to be so busy with my own work, and how I used to be so busy with my own work, and how I used to be so busy with my own work.

Every evening, before I say my prayers I read a chapter in the Bible, and Miss Ellen gave me; and I remember I felt my tears dropping for ever so long over one verse.—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." The words made me think of them that are gone—of my father, and his wife that was a true fond mother to me; and above all, of my little sister Mary, the chosen one that nestled in her bosom.
I was a wild slip of a girl, ten years of age, and my brother Richard about two years older, when my father brought home his second wife. She was the daughter of a farmer up at Lachlan, and was reared with care and decency, but her father held his ground at a rackrent, and the middleman that he bred him and the head landlord did not pay his own rent, so the place was ejected, and the farmer collected every penny he had, and set off to America, and my father had a liking for the youngest daughter, and well he might, for he had, for a young man, never drew the breath of life; but while my father passed for a strong farmer, he was timorous about asking her to share his little cabin; however, he said, how matters stood, he didn't lose much in finding out that she was willing to be his wife, and a mother to his boy and girl. That she was a patient loving one. Oh! it often sticks me like a knife, when I think how many times I have seen my coolness and my side ways, and how 'twas a long time before I'd call her "mother." Often, when my father would be going to the market, he'd give me a piece of good soap, especially the day that we took half-dozed eggs from under the hatching hen, and "Blind Tom" with them, she'd interfere for us, and say—"Tim, a'wey, don't touch them this time, they're only just they are; they'll get more sense in time." And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our own good so pleasantly, that a thundershower could not blot her out. She did wonder too about the house and garden. They were both dirty and neglected, though when she first came over them; for I was too young and foolish, and my father too busy with his outdoor work, and the old woman that lived with her, and she was too kind to keep the place either clean or decent; but my mother got the roof raised, and the garden from drained, and a parcel of roses and honeysuckles planted there instead. The neighbours' wives and girls, they were so proud and upsetting folk, to keep the kitchen floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; and, besides, 'twas a cruel, unkind thing, they said, to take away the pool from the ducks, that they always used to paddle in so handy. But my mother was always too busy and too happy to heed what they said, and she was, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of pure shame, they had at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

West of our house there was a straggling, stony piece of ground, where, within the memory of man, nothing grew but nettles, docks, and thistles. One Monday, when Richard and myself came in from school, my mother told us to get about weeding it, and to bring in some basketsful of good clay from the banks of the river; she said that she had seen it at it until Saturday, she'd bring me a new brook, and Dick a jacket, from the next market-day; and encouraged by this, we set to work with a will, and didn't leave off till supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees when we saw the best of the ground, that we got out, growing big, and the ground looking nice and smooth and red and rich, we got quite contented about ourselves, and we built a nice little fence round it to keep out the pigs. When it was mowed, my mother planted cab-bages, parsnips and onions in it; and to be sure, she got a fine crop out of it, enough to make us many a nice supper of vegetables stewed with pepper, and a small touch of bacon or of red herring. Besides, she sold in the market as much as she could in the country, and she sold for herself, a fine pair of shoes for Dick, and as pretty a shawl for myself as a'er collected in the country could show at mass. Through means of my father's industry, and my mother's good management, we were, with the blessing of God, as snug and comfortable a poor family as any in Munster. We paid but a small rent, and we had always plenty of potatoes to eat, good clothes to wear, and health and decency in and about our little cabin.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE.
Is a Sure, Prompt and Effective Remedy for Rheumatism in ALL its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Nervousness, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power. It restores Nervous Fluid, Repairs the Injured Intellect, Strengthens the Digestive and Absorptive Organs, and cures the most stubborn cases of the Rheumatism. The testimonials of thousands prove it. An invaluable Remedy. The Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two weeks' medication, and is the cheapest and best. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.
Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 25 cents per box, or 12 boxes for \$2.50, or by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing:
MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Sold in Fredericton, by
GEORGE H. DAVIS, and all Druggists everywhere.
HANINGTON BROS., Wholesale Agents, 101 St. John, N. B. February 2, 1882.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.
THE subscribers would beg leave to inform the public, that they have this day associated themselves in business, for the purpose of carrying on the business of Mr. Wm. Reid, who has fallen down upon the child like snow, and that they will be heretofore known under the name and firm of LIMERICK, REID & CO. They feel confident that with the above additions, they will be more competent to carry on the business entrusted to them.
A. LIMERICK & CO. Fredericton, May 1, 1882.

Cheapest Tinshop in Town.
WE are now prepared to fill any orders in the Tinmith, Gasfitter, and Plumbing business.
Wrought Iron Furnaces
on hand, and fitted up in the latest and most improved manner. From the smallest kind, and small fittings. Well having done to order, a full stock of Tin and Sheet Iron, Brass and Copper Pipes, Gas Pipes, and all kinds of imported and local work.
Jobbing in any of the above branches promptly attended to.
All work guaranteed.
LIMERICK, REID & CO. May 4.

JAS. R. HOWIE
HAS RECEIVED HIS
SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHS,
British and Anglo-Canadian
TWEEDS,
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., FREDERICTON,
MAY 11, 1882

JACKSON ADAMS,
CABINET MAKER
AND
UNDERTAKER
(near County Court House).
Queen street, - - Fredericton.

THE GREAT GENIUM REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings of the Joints, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGLER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

PERUVIAN SYRUP
Wholes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Makes the Weak Strong, Builds up the Broken-down, Enlarges the Brain, and
CURES
Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhoea, Bile Dropsy, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and
ALL DISEASES ORIGINATING IN A BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR ACCOMPANIED BY DEBILITY OR A LOW STATE OF THE SYSTEM.
SERTH W. FOWLER & SONS, Proprietors, 40 Harrison Street, Boston, Sold by all Druggists.

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 3 lbs. of the Li-Qu-tea.

VERXA & YERXA,
Fredericton, May 1
1882---1882
SPRING & SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.
NEW GOODS.
WM. JENNINGS,
Merchant Tailor,
Would invite an inspection of his Stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
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,
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S. F. SHUTE'S,
2 cases, containing the following:
JAS. R. HOWIE,
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MAY 11, 1882

JACKSON ADAMS,
CABINET MAKER
AND
UNDERTAKER
(near County Court House).
Queen street, - - Fredericton.

JAS. R. HOWIE
QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON,
MAY 11, 1882

JACK