Literature.

COUSIN ISABEL

Why are women so coquettish? The question lingers at my pen's point to-day, as I call to mind my beautiful, witching Cousin Isabel, the heroine of my little sketch. Do not wonder that I, a woman, ask the question; may be I have found the "spirit of evil" in my own heart, without knowing from whence it came. Of that I may not speak. I am not writing of myself, but of charming Isabel Waldgrave, who, I'll wager, has turned the heads and hearts of more men, by her arch coquetry, than a dozen scores of common women.

I was her friend and confident always, and for several years a member of her father's household, and so it was that I came to know her wilful, but still noble heart, so perfectly. Of all who were the victims of her caprice, she cared but for one; and that one she tortured more than all the rest together. I used to wonder, sometimes, as I watched the proud, almost kingly bearing of young Henry Wilson, how he bore with her so patiently and well; and why Isabel did not, for her womanhood's sake, put her trifling away, when a heart so loyal and true paid its most reverential homage to her. But no, she would say, as I expostulated with her, there was no use in a woman's being won so tamely; a man in spite of himself, relished a fine spirit;—besides, if she really did not care for Harry, which, of course, she doubted somewhat, why, in all the many years that were before her, she presumed she should have ample chance to let him know it.

"But would Harry be content to wait years before knowing it?" I asked, one day, while we were walking together. "Would he always bear her trifling so patiently?"

"She didn't know," she answered with a pout of her cherry lips; "perhaps, she didn't care;" she added, tossing her head, and springing down the path before me.

I would have followed her, but at that moment I saw Harry Wilson turn from the street, up the very mall which she was walking, and so I sat down near the brink of a litttle fountain, and watched them as they stood together, making a beautiful picture with the afternoon sunlight of early June playing upon them—Isabel standing where the white blossoms of a syringa tree reached down and played with the dark waves of her hair,—her cheeks flushed, her red lips parted, and her whole figure, from her beautiful head to the tip of he small arched foot, bending in a perfect poetry of motion to the music of her clear, ringing voice; and Harry like a young king, bending his head to catch her slightest word, while the tender green of the shrubbery at his back, made a firm background, against which was limned his graceful, manly form. And so I watched them, until by the dropped eyelids of Isabel, the impassioned manner of Harry, I saw that he was speaking to her as he had never spoken in words before. Would Isabel be true to herself? As I asked that question, I saw her neck arch like a swan, and her small feet beat a restless tune upon the green mossy turf. She said something, I know not what, but the next moment Harry spoke, loudly, clearly, and distinctly, so that I could hear with ease his every word:

"Very well, very well, Miss Isabel. I am glad to find you so frank. But mind you, I know your heart as well as I do mine. I have not been in your presence so long to be cheated by your idle coquetry: yet I will accept your answer as a final one. You do not love me! at least so you wish me to understand by the frivolity of your manners. Let it pass. Believe me, I would not, for worlds, revoke your decision. Will you accept these flowers?"

He had torn a few roses from a bush near by and twined them in with a branch of the white syringa blossoms. He held them out for her acceptance as he spoke.

Heavens! how her mad eyes kindled, and what a superb look of scorn drifted over the red of her perfect mouth, and ran up to the very top of her white, rounded forehead! She looked as though she would have crushed him by a single motion of her slender hands, as she caught the flowers from him and tore them cruelly in pieces, and then stamped upon them with her dainty, slippered foot.

"Now, sir Harry, let me tell you, if I loved you better than I loved aught else on earth or in heaven, I would not say so to save a million lives, after your miserable, conceited boast! *You know my heart!*—well, and I know yours for a bauble of conceit and vanity! Don't think my happiness for life is wrecked because you do not ask me to revoke my decision; dear life! you might plead until you were graybeard without bringing the faintest shadow of joy to my heart! Conceit!" she said, flashing and brightening as she spoke Then came the answer:

"Isabel, Isabel Waldgrave, as true as heaven, I *do* know your heart! and as true as heaven, knowing it as I do, I would not desecrate my lips by speaking of love to you again. You can go. Nothing that you ever may say will have power to blot your words from my memory. Remember, remember that."

With a white face he turned proudly away from her, and in a moment was lost behind the trees that skirted the street Then Isabel turned towards me, her white hands shut tightly by her sides, and her red lips curled with a smile of intense anger.

"It is played out, Margaret, dear,' she said, throwing herself at my feet and crossing her bare white arms upon my lap. "Sir king has retired—I suppose, he thinks, leaving a vanquished foe upon the field, a heart forever robbed of happiness, since its pulsation will never be quickened by another confession of love from his lips. Do you perceive any difference in the color of the sky, dear? Has nature changed?"

I shook my head sadly as she ran on, and tried to hold my hand over her rosy mouth to stop its impassioned flow of words; but she wrested it away and continued, in her own bitter, sarcastic way:

"Oh, then, there is no perceptible change? that is singular. I pledge you my life that Harry Wilson expected some alteration in the air, sky, or upon the earth, when he made that mighty speech. Out upon such conceit! It's a fine thing for humanity that it has scriptural records of the world since its beginning, otherwise he might palm himself off as the originator of the whole concern—to say nothing of the human hearts, which he reads so plainly. How I like his boast! Let him come to-morrow and I will show him a leaf of the book he has scanned so perfectly!"

I put a hand upon either of her burning cheeks and turned her face upwards, so that the soft glow of the sunshine, falling through the trees, could rest upon it.

"Oh, Isa, Isa!' I said, looking away down into her eyes, till I saw a glimmer of tears in their dark blue depths, "I'm afraid you do not know what you are saying. I'm afraid—"

"No, don't say that!' she cried, interrupting me, and dashing her white fingers against the snowy curtains of her eyes; "see how like a fool I am now—you always make me one. But mark you, my eyes shall never be found guilty again, though I pluck them from my face. There let it all go, that's a dear; there don't speak again—let me talk. And, by the way, what a soft, sweet day this is; how like a perfect dream of poetry seems everything. The tremulous sound of the breeze, the low murmur of the water, the mottled shadows upon the brown way, the white, creamy richness of the syringa blossoms, the—but that makes one think: Have you ever read 'Lamartine's Pictures of the East?'"

I shook my head again, and smothered the glossy bands of hair from her forhead. She was trying to be brave and indifferent; I knew that by the way her heart sent up its dewy softness to her eyes, and her white teeth went crushing down upon the scarlet of her lips, she was trying to put a curtain before my eyes that I might not see that pride and love were at battle within her. But I could not be so easily deceived; she found out at last and dropped her shining head upon my lap, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. I did not speak to her; I thought that she would be purer and better after the cloud of anger had spent itself in a hearty flow of tears. Perhaps I am not right in my conjecture, for when she arose, her face was calm, yes, almost stony in its expression, and she said, in a low, quiet tone looking me tenderly in the face:

"That is all, Cousin Margaret—all!"

I did not answer, save by a slight inclination of my head, but walked by her side, silently, until we gained the house.

At lunch Isabel was quite herself again. Her eyes had on their accustomed light; looking at them, one could not have imagined that a tear had ever dimmed their lustre, or the first shadow of grief had for a moment found a resting place in her glad merry heart.

So the days went away, and were lost in weeks, and in turn weeks were thrown into the broader channel of months, and Isabel and Harry did not meet. At first the wonderment was great among the old people that he came no longer, for he was a great favorite among them; but, as Isabel steadily avoided explanation, the subject was allowed to drop, and they grew, by degrees reconciled to his absence, I think I never saw Isabel so recklessly gay before. In August, and during the early part of September, she was at N——, where she reigned triumphantly, the belle of the season. Winning hearts at every turn, she kept hers a recluse within her—never showing by word, or scarcely by a look, that she possessed any of those qualities that go to make up a perfect womanhood. I used to wonder sometimes what the end of it all would be; whether she would ever go back to the beautiful sweetness and tenderness of a few months before, or grow still harder and colder as she remained in the frigid frivolous world of fashion. If I asked her what it meant, if her conscience upheld her in her course, she would say:

"Oh, yes; her conscience not only upheld her, but applauded her. She considered herself a sort of good Samaritan placed in the world to draw from men the poisonous compound of vanity and conceit that was destroying them so rapidly. She was sure all the while, that hers was no mean mission.'

I could not help smiling at her replies, though sometimes I longed to whisper the name of Harry Wilson in her ear, to see if her cheeks would crimson and her eyes sparkle as they used to in times past; but something I knew not what, deterred me from doing so.

One evening about two weeks after our return from N——, as Isabel and I were sitting alone in the gothic window that overlooked the west where we had been watching the sun go rippling down to rest in a grand sea of purple clouds, I ventured to tell her a little piece of gossip that one of my friends had told me concerning Harry Wilson. Isabel had been unusually sad all the day, and so I did not wonder so much that she dropped her white forehead upon her hands as I spoke, or shook the brown curls that clustered at the back or either ear, over her cheeks.

"And so," I said, "if what I have told you is true, Harry Wilson is a poor man—not worth even a peasant's cottage."

I waited for her to answer, but she remained silent. I had an idea that her head dropped heavier upon her hands for a moment, but perhaps I was mistaken at any rate, I went on, determined to sound her heart deeply and well.

"It is a very lucky affair for you, Isabel, very lucky, that you did not accept him last June, when he offered himself; it would have been so awkward to release yourself from such a betrothal. Of course with your senses in a sound condition, you would not have married him.'

Now there was no mistaking; her head moved, but not lower upon her hands. She raised her face proudly, and I could almost see through the purplish gray of the twilight, the queenly crimson of her heart go up in great dashes over her cheeks. I knew that her lips curled, and her eyes flashed as she said, in a low voice:

"Go on, Margaret; I have always liked the way that you have lectured me upon my duties and my womanhood."

I smiled at her sarcasm, and continued in a light, running way:

"Lizzie says—it was Lizzie Parsons who told me about it—you know Harry has long been intimate with her family—that he bears up bravely under his misfortunes. There has been an idle report about, that you foresaw his wreck of fortune, and that was what occasioned your breaking faith with him; you know Uncle Waldgrave has always been a sort of an adviser, or guardian, as you might say, of his."

"Well?"

She spoke in a husky whisper, which I pretended not to heed at all.

"Lizzie asked him the other day, while she was talking with him, if the story was true. He said no—curving his lips, as you know he will—that there had never been any faith between you and him to break; if there had been, he hadn't a doubt but what the report would have been true enough."

"Did he say that of me, Margaret? Did he, indeed, speak so unjustly and cruelly?" she cried, bending forward, and clasping both hands about my arm. "Oh, I thought—I was sure, indeed, that he knew me better; that he knew how in my heart of hearts I despised the miserable fools who build up a lifetime of happiness upon the sands of wealth and worldly distinction. Hear me, Margaret; hear how I, in all my pride can speak. I would rather be the wife of Harry Wilson, though he had not a friend in the world beside me, and not a single farthing with which to buy him bread, than the mistress of millions! Let him say what he will, speak as cruelly as he can, there is the truth."

She stood up before me, as she spoke, but the shadows fell to heavily upon her for me to see her face. I knew she was terribly agitated, though not only by the confession which she made, but by the quivering of her sweet, musical voice, which sounded like a low melody of sighs. She did not wait for me to answer her, but glided softly from the room, and up the wide staircase.

She had been gone but a few moments, when a servant entered with light, and announced Mr. Harry Wilson. I started with surprise on seeing him. He came to see my Uncle Waldgrave, he said in a proud way, which implied a great deal more than his words, and he thought it well to wait for him, since he had been told that he would not be absent more than an hour. Yet, if I would pardon the request, he would prefer to await his return in the library.

"Certainly," I said, smiling in a way that caused him a moment's embarassment. "I would be pleased to conduct him there."

In a moment more I stood before Isabel in her chamber.

"Harry Wilson is in the library below," I said. "Will you go to him?"

Her face flushed and paled alternately, and her eyes her splendid eyes, drooped and gladdened as sometimes the sun will upon an April day. Love and Pride were arrayed against each other in battle for the last time; that was plainly told by the arching of her head, the soft, tremulous smile that came and went its path of dimples about her rare, red mouth. Heaven be praised! Love conquered! She came to my side and held her right hand out to me. She tried to speak, but her words were wrecked in utterance. But over all her face there was a look of ineffable sweetness, that told what new king reigned, at last, untroubled in her heart.

I stood and watched her with tearful eyes. She went to the mirror, and put back the dark hair from her forehead, and rebound it like a crown about her head; she snatched the spray of costly pearls from her bosom, and fastened in its stead a cluster of waxen snow drops. There were jewels upon her hands; she drew them off, wearing only a band of gold upon one white finger—the only gift of Harry. And so she went down; and when she went, it was as though a sun had set from my sight, so dark, and dim, and rayless was the room when she left it.

Harry was sitting in the library, with his head bent upon his hands. He glanced up as the door opened, and for a moment was startled out of his usual presence of mind, as he saw Isabel standing there so like a beautiful statue; the old pride vanished from her lips and mouth, and in their stead, a beautiful softness, such as only breaks up from the wells of a heart which has put afar from it, its ungodly idols. Harry was very proud, and for a little time he thought that she was coming back to him with her old ways of coquetry and frivolity—back to him like a beautiful dream of the past—that past now so dead and broken, so completely unlinked from the dark, merciless, almost beggared present. But she did not stand there long to perplex him, but went forward, holding out, as she went, both white hands, as if to invite the eager clasp of his and saying:

"Harry, Harry, let me say what you have vowed never to repeat to me again that——'

She broke down there, and her eyes half closed, as if to shut in from his gaze the tears that were filling them. Ah! Harry Wilson was as tender and true as he was proud and passionate, and with his glad eyes beaming with love, and his deep arch voice tremulous with emotion, he sprang forward to meet her, and finished the sentence that had broken upon her lips. And more, he said, as Isabel stood with one hand upon her shoulder, and her beautiful face resting upon his broad breast.

"Oh, Isabel, Isabel, after all, it was your heart that was truest—your heart that was the most noble—and, after all, the darkness that I saw upon it was but the shadows that lay upon my own eyes. Bless you, bless you, my Isabel!"

CABINET MAKING.

JAS. D. HANLON,

CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

King Street, Fredericton, N. B.

ALL kinds of Furniture made and repaired at short notice and at reasonable rates.

Orders for UNDERTAKING from the town and country attended to with promptness.

☞ Picture Framing a Speciality. ☜

F'ton, May 18, 1878.

To the Electors —OF— YORK COUNTY.

THE time is at hand when you will be called upon to elect

FRASER.

And to celebrate that glorious event call at our store and see our varied and select stock of CUPS and SAUCERS.

But you want four men. Your next will be

BLAIR,

And 'twould never do not to have a "big time" over him. You want to fit up your tables, and at our store you can get all kinds of GLASS WARE to do it with.

But you have only two yet. Your third will, of course, be

BARKER

The farmer's man, who is always a friend of the poor crockery men, and he will show you to our store and select just what you want to give him a big time. He will "go for" our STONE TEA SETS. And last, but not least, you have

THOMPSON,

The man who is famous for his great Mowing Machines. He knows just what kind of GLASS and CROCKERY we sell, for often has he put them on the anvil and never has he succeeded in breaking them. We keep a full line of cheap and fancy GLASS CROCKERY and CHINA WARE, which we will sell as low as any House in this City for cash. Please call and see our New Store, opposite the Normal School.

E. E. Phair & Co.

F'ton, May 11, 1878.

LAND FOR SALE.

WE are instructed to offer the following LOTS OF LAND for sale:

A Lot situate in the Parish of Douglas on the Western side of the Old Cardigan Road, and lying between the Old Cardigan Road and the Royal Road, being a part of Lot number two, granted to John Colling and conveyed by the late Benjamin Wolhaupter, containing forty acres more or less.

Also a Lot situate in the Parish of Southampton, adjoining on the southeast a tract of land granted to Michael Knapp and five others on the Nackawicac Stream, and known as Lots Number One and Two, granted to Henry Morehouse and George Morehouse, containing four hundred and forty acres, conveyed by Thomas Murray to the late Benjamin Wolhaupter.

☞ For terms and particulars apply to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW, Solicitors.

F'ton, April 3, 1878.

New Livery Stable.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the public that he has opened a

LIVERY STABLE —ON— Westmorland St., near Queen St.,

will always keep ready for customers

FIRST CLASS TURN OUTS,

SECOND TO NONE IN THE CITY.

He hopes by strict attention to business and Reasonable Charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

J. A. RUSSELL.

F'ton., May 1.—3m.

T. W. SMITH,

FISHER'S BUILDING,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.,

WOULD beg leave to inform his numerous friends and customers, and the public in general, that he has received from

EUROPE, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES

One of the best and cheapest stock of

CLOTHS, CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS,

— AND —

Gents' Furnishing Goods

ever offered in this market and will be sold

CHEAP FOR CASH.

☞ Further particulars next week.

Call and examine for yourselves.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

Just Received

From LONDON, LIVERPOOL and GLASGOW,

Per steamships "Ontario," "Alsatia," "California,"

10 CASKS Scotch Sugar, 50 kegs Soda;
25 sacks Rice, 16 sacks Java Coffee;
1 cask Copperas, 1 cask Blue Vitriol;
1 " Alum, 1 case Saltpetre;
5 bbls. Ginger, 5 bbls. Pepper;
1 case Nutmegs, 1 case Cinnamon,
1 " Pimento, case Cloves;
1 " White Pepper;
1 " Ground Mace;
1 " Bermuda Arrowroot;
20 " Colman's Starch;
2 " " Mustard;
5 " Candles, 20 gross Arnott's Ink;
25 gross Nixey's Black Lead;
12 doz. Keiller's Marmalade;
12 cases Currants;
1 " Prunes in 2 lb. bottles.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

April 27.

JUST RECEIVED BY RAIL FROM BOSTON.

4 CASES READY MIXED PAINTS, from 1 to 5 lb cans.
2 cases VARNISH, in ½ Pints, Pints, Quart tins for retail;
1 bbl. White Frozen Glue;
1 bbl. Com. Frozen Glue;
1 bbl. Pale Glue;
1 bbl. Common Black Glue;
2 cases containing Burnt Umber, raw Umber, Burnt Sceanna, Raw Sceanna; Drop Black; Indian Red, Chromo Yellow, Vermilion, (ground in oil and dry); 50 lb. Rose Pink.
1 keg Borax; 1 case Potash; 1 keg Alum;
1 keg Saltpetre; 2 cases Axle Grease;
3 reams Sand Paper; Shellace; Glaziers Points, etc. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton., April 13, 1878.

Flour Flour

Assorted Brands and prices at

Ely Perkins

Also, Kiln Dried Corn Meal, in Barrels and Bags, CHEAP.

IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE:—

1,000 bushels Oats.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

SALT AND MOLASSES.

—AT— ELY PERKINS'

Landing this day:—

100 SACKS SALT. Also, a choice lot of Molasses for the people.

April 27.

STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS.

50 DOZ. Mens' Youths' and Boys' Straw Hats. Best value in the market. They will be sold from 10 cents upwards. Inspection invited.

April 27. THOS. W. SMITH.

PER SCHOONER *MAUD & BESSIE.*

60 ROLLS Roofing Felt,
10 casks Roofing Pitch;
12 Pitcher Spout Kitchen Pumps;
12 Reams Flint Paper.

Just received and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

May 4.

Scrap Pictures.

LARGEST Lot, best assortment, nicest variety in the City. Scrap Book Pictures and Bordering.

We will sell the above at greatly reduced rates.

We will cut out sheets to suit purchasers.

J. L. BEVERLY, Coy's Block.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

Novelty Oil Cans.

JUST received a lot of Novelty Oil Cans, a new and useful article.

10 Dozen Snow Shovels 1 dozen Coal Sifters.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

JUST received from Oshua, Ontario, 65 Packages as follows:

Manure and Hay Forks;
Cast Steel and Malleable Garden Rakes;
Hoes, Sythes, Bush Sythes, Scythe Snaths;
Manure and Hay Fork Handles;
Shovel handles. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

PER S. S. DIRECT.

230 BOXES Window Glass, running from 7x9 to 36x42. Just received and for sale by

May 11, 1878. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BEVERLY'S Bookstore and Bindery HAS REMOVED TO THE *Corner of QUEEN and CARLETON STS.*

May 4.

CUT NAILS.

Just Received and in Stock:

160 KEGS Cut Nails and Spikes.

JAMES S. NEILL.

GRANULAED SUGAR.

20 BBLS. Granulated Sugar, For sale by

April 27. GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fraser, Wetmore & Winslow,

ATTORNEYS and BARRISTERS at LAW,

Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc.

MONEY NEGOTIATED, and LOANS MADE.

F'ton., April 13th, 1878.

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 and Attorneys

AT LAW.

Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c., Loans Negotiated, Accounts Collected.

OFFICE up-stairs in Wiley's Building, next below Logan's Store.

WAVEFLY HOUSE

FREDERICTON.

THIS well known hotel has been improved on, and the premises enlarged. The Stables are the best in the city. Charges low.

JOHN B. GRIEVES, Proprietor.

HUGH McMONAGLE,

Sussex Corner, King's County,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Breeder of Ayrshire Cattle, and Leicester Sheep

SEEDS.

SEEDS!

FRESH

GARDEN

Field and Flower

SEEDS.

THE Subscriber has just received from one of the oldest and most reliable seed houses in Great Britain his usual

SPRING STOCK OF Seeds,

which will be found fresh and true to their kinds.

GERMAN FLOWER SEEDS

in original packages, very fine.

COLORED MOSSES and BOUQUETS.

Danvers True Yellow Onion Seed.

GEO. H. DAVIS.

Druggist and Apothecary,

Cor. Queen and Regent Sts.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

1878. SEEDS. 1878.

FRESH

Garden, Field and Flower

SEEDS.

THE subscriber has just received from London, ex-Steamer "Sarmation," his usual spring supply of SEEDS, which will be found true to their kinds. The assortment of

Garden Peas

are unually fine, and low in price

FLOWER SEEDS,

in original packages from Germany, and of the choicest varieties. Novelties in

METAL WREATHS.

—ALSO—

Colored and Plain Mosses, Boquets, Wreaths, Dyed Mosses, etc.

☞ Dealers supplied at a liberal discount.

GEO. C. HUNT,

Druggist, Queen Street.

F'ton April 13, 1878.

EDGECOMBE'S BLOCK,

York Street.

WHITTIER AND HOOPER

American and

CANADIAN FLOUR

THE following brands in store and to arrive:

Haxall,	Reliance,
Union,	Big "A,"
National,	Dickson,
New Nation,	Faultless,
Gibbs' Best,	Tidal Wave,
Strong Bakers'	Venango,
Hazel Dell,	White Pigeon,

ALSO: Coles County Corn Meal, Oatmeal, Codfish, Herring, Canned Goods, a large variety.

ALSO:—

1000 bush. Canadian Oats,
500 " " " for seed.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

Superphosphate,

FARMERS' PLASTER.

☞ All the above at lowest prices, and trades allowed a liberal discount.

Whittier & Hooper,

EDGECOMBE'S BLOCK, York Street.

F'ton., May 11, 1878.

COMING AGAIN

MR. GETCHELL, the talented Artist of Boston, who, some two years ago, was at Moogers' Gallery, will arrive at Fredericton the first of June, and be prepared to execute all styles of Photographs and attend the wants of customers in his usual first-class style.

Parties wishing to improve the present favorable opportunity would do well to call early as he will only be here for a few weeks.

W. V. SEGEE & CO., Artists, Successors to W. A. Mooers, Queen St., Fredericton.

May 18.—2m8.

SHAD AND SALMON TWINE, MILK Pans, Lamp Chimneys, Crocks, Flower Pots. For sale at

BENJ. EVANS. Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 4, 1878.

THOS. LOGAN

Has now opened and ready for inspection

50 Packages of

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CARPETINGS:

Brussels,

Tapestry,

Dutch,

Wool,

Hemp,

HEARTH RUGS

—AND—

DOOR MATS,

Cocoa Matting

—AND—

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

Lace Curtains,

Lace Lambrequins,

Aplique Tidyes,

Gilt Cornices and

Window Poles.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Prices lower than ever before

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, May 11, 1878.

JAS. L. BEVERLY,

Bookseller, Stationer, Book-binder,

dealer in Fancy Goods, &c.

QUEEN STREET, - - Fredericton, N. B.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

KEEP COOL.

ICE. ICE. ICE.

THE subscriber desires to return his sincere thanks to his customers for so liberal supporting him in his ICE undertakings and would inform his old customers and the public generally that he has now on hand the largest and best lot of ICE in this city, and will be prepared in the coming season to supply all of his old friends and as many new customers as will favor him with their patronage, he hopes by strict attention to the wants of his customers to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him during the last ten years that he has been in the business.

GEORGE MORECRAFT.

F'ton, April 18, 1878.

JUST RECEIVED AT

GEO. HATT & SONS,

20 BARRELS of Granulated Sugar;
20 bbls. Crushed Sugar;
20 bbls. Apples;
10 cases Oranges;
2 do. Lemons;
1 do. Bananas;
2 do. Prunes;
150 boxes Raisins;
35 do. Tobacco;
175 half-chests Tea;
20 Boston sugar cured Hams;
Rankine's Biscuit, of all kinds.

F'ton, April, 1878.

CASH FOR HIDES

FOR THE

Gibson Tannery.

CASH and the highest prices paid for Hides for the Gibson Tannery, Moncton Point, Gibson, by James McCauslan, at the Tannery, Benjamin Close, Gibson Corner, Railway terminus; Christopher Broderick, Regent Street, Fredericton; Richard Hudson, City Market, Fredericton; Thomas A. Beckwith, Oromocto.

JOHN A. BECKWITH, Secretary-Treasurer.

Moncton Point, Gibson

TAKE NOTICE!

The Highest Prices in Cash paid for

HIDES & BEEF TALLOW,

BY

F'ton Leather Co.,

KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

Special Notice.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the people of Fredericton and surrounding country that a large portion of his Stock has arrived and the balance is expected within the ensuing month, I have abondoned a declaration of war against the Jews, believing that their misrepresentations and wily scheme are well understood by the people of this Country. An establishment that sends forth paper soles and oil cloth uppers will find war enough without any assistance on my part. Boasting about paying cash for Goods and at the same time buying them from Montreal agents on Five months credit is altogether too thin.

Remember the old stand opposite the Officers Square, where you will be dealt with honestly.

Respectfully,

D. LUCY.

GRIND STONES.

ONE and a half Tons GRIND STONES, For Sale by

JAMES. S. NEILL.

FOR SALE!

THAT Valuable Residence and Freehold Premises, situate on George Street, Fredericton, lately occupied by Elias Shepherd.

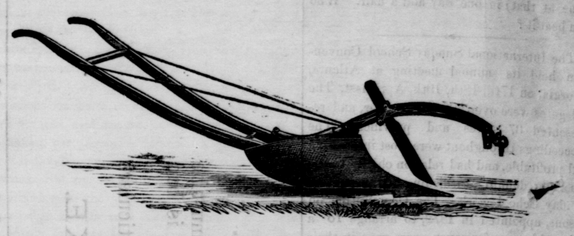
☞ Possession given immediately.

Apply to

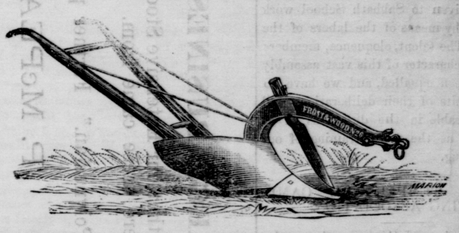
FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

April 18.

PLOWS. PLOWS



50 WROUGHT IRON BEAM AND STEEL MOULDBOARDS;



50 CAST IRON BEAM AND STEEL MOULDBOARD.
25 CAST IRON BEAM AND STEEL MOULDBOARD AND END SIDE.
25 CAST IRON BEAM AND CAST MOULDBOARD;
6 DOUBLE MOULD BOARD PLOWS;
6 WOODEN BEAM AND CAST MOULDBOARD.

25 HAY KNIVES.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fredericton, June 4, 1878.

NEW STOCK,

NEW DEPARTMENT.

Youths' Clothing,

YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

Will receive THIS WEEK:

4 CASES

YOUTHS' READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Extra Value.

INSPECTION INVITED.

COMPETITION DEFIED.

THOMAS W. SMITH,

Merchant Tailor.

Fton, June 8, 1878.

Are you in need of a Good Suit of Clothes!

if so call and examine as fair assorted stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, GERMAN, CANADIAN and DOMESTIC CLOTHS,

as can be produced in the city. A complete line of

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

PAPER COLLARS, IN GLASS JARS, TRUNKS, PAILS, ORNAMENT BOXES, &C.

a superior stock of

Ready-Made Clothing,

HATS, CAPS, &c.

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A Perfect Fit in all the latest Styles Guaranteed, at BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ All Goods Warranted as represented at the Clothing Establishment of

THOS. W. SMITH,

Fisher's Building, Queen Street, Fredericton.

FARMERS!

WHITTIER & HOOPER

Are selling the best grades of AMERICAN AND CANADIAN FLOUR at as low rates as can be bought in F'ton.

CORNMEAL, best quality, very low.
OATMEAL, extra quality, at St. John prices.

ALSO, constantly on hand

GOOD CANADIAN OATS,

Suitable for Seed or feeding purposes.

—ALSO:—

Canned Goods, Brooms, Dried and Smoked Fish, Smoked Meat, Butter, etc., etc.

WHITTIER & HOOPER,

Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

F'ton., April 13, 1878.

Paints. Paints.

75 KEGS BEST WHITE LEAD;
90 kegs Yellow, Red, Green, Blue and Black;
4 kegs Pure Zinc White;
50 One pound cans Best Light Shutter Green;
50 lbs. pure Bright Red (new color);
100 " One pound Tins White Lead;
50 " Five pound tins White Lead;
50 " Five pound Drabs;
50 " Five pound Grays—

and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

May 4.

Brushes. Brushes.

JUST received by rail from McLaughlan's Brush Factory, Boston.

1 case of Brushes, containing Whitewash, Paint, Paste, Varnish, House, Scrub, Dandy and Shoe Brushes, Sash Tools, marking, and Shaving Brushes.

For sale cheap by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, April 20, 1878.

All Nature Dies and Lives Again.

50 bush. Grass Seed

—AT—

ELY PERKINS.

TO ARRIVE:

1000 lbs. Northern Red Clover.

IN STORE:

600 BUSH. OATS.

CUSTOMERS I know many of you require these SEEDS at this season of the year when all nature is springing into life, and beckoning you on to renew her pledge with you. That there shall be seed time and harvest, while time remaineth on earth.

☞ Bring your bags and dont forget the money.

ELY PERKINS

At his

Wholesale and Retail

FLOUR STORE.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

A BACK SEAT.

50 BARRELS.

THE Millers say all other brands have to take a back seat when this brand of FLOUR is in the market.

ELY PERKINS

HAS 50 bbls. of this extra A. Howland for his customers to try.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.