Literature.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Continued.

As if touched by an electric flash Adrienne rose, her little face beaming with the natural sequence of the ideas, her little hand raised, as if to command attention. 'Then, where is papa?'

'Heaven knows; perhaps in Paris, but more likely at Fontenoy.'

'Is he gone, gone away? He put me to sleep last night,' said Adrienne, unheeding.

There was a low murmur of pity.

'The child is losing her reason,' said Marie Meyer.

'Ask her what she means?' said Aglae Leroux. 'She does not look at all crazy.'

'See, mamma stayed with papa, and did not put me to bed. I have my dress on still, and he had his supper with us; and I did not want to go to bed, but he said I must, because he had something to tell mamma.' At the word, her little face contracted, and she began to kiss and call her mother by every pet name that Madeleine was wont to address to her.

A frightful foreboding of a horror too great for words was gradually creeping over the group. They glanced around; the table was laid, certainly, with plates and utensils enough for three, and Jean's great mug, out of which they had often seen him drink his cider, stood near one plate.

Martin Despard hazarded a question:

'Adrienne, when did papa come?'

'It was dark; I watched for him all the afternoon; then mamma cried because he did not come, and then he came. I knew he would, because the other man was here.'

'The other man?' said several voices.

'Yes; he had some soup and omelet; he was hurt, too and tired; and then mamma brought water and linen for his leg, and then he went away.'

'Who was he?' asked Marie Meyer, recollections of Jean's old jealousies forcing themselves on her burning brain. She began to trace causes and effects, yet feared to put her thoughts into words. 'What was his name?' she said, seeing Adrienne's puzzled expression.

'I do not know—he had a coat like papa's.'

'Good Heavens! no doubt it was Victor Ponson! That is it! Jean was always jealous of him ——'

'Hush. Marie! do not put words in the child's mouth. Let us listen to her; no doubt she knows more,' said Martin, gravely.

Aglae Leroux put her arms around the little figure, and gently took her on her knees.

'Tell us, Adrienne, what did mamma say to you when she put you to bed?'

'She did not; I was with papa; I sat on his knee, and we had supper.'

'Yes; and then you fell asleep and they put you to bed, and you heard nothing more?' said Aglae, soothingly.

'Yes, I heard the noise, and mamma calling out. It wakened me. Then I knocked and called to mamma to come to me, and she—she could not come,' sobbed Adrienne, as her fright and misery came back to her.

'Poor little thing! Poor Madeleine! Oh, this is too terrible!' cried Marie Meyer, kneeling by her dead friend. 'Oh, my poor child! how often I have told and warned you of men's fearful passions.'

'Mamma screamed like that; and then I went and knocked again, and she said ——' Adrienne stopped as if to recall the words.

'Yes, yes. Go on! What did she say?'

'Go to sleep my child; I am with your father.' There was an unconscious imitation in the slow tones.

'And did she speak to you again?'

'No, no, I cried, but she never spoke, never came. Oh, where is papa?'

A heavy booming of guns seemed to answer the piteous cry.

'It will be a mercy if he never comes back,' said Martin, with a glance about the room. 'My friends, let us pray that he may meet a soldier's death this day. We must do our duty. The *Procureur du Roi* must be informed at once of the murder. Who will go?'

Several volunteered to go together, and soon started for Montagne. The hours crept slowly away. The women having arranged the cottage, and prepared the body of their unfortunate neighbor for the grave, sat near it in little groups, and with suppressed, horror-stricken voices, discussed the childs terrible story. To add to the gloom and mystery of the scene came the sounds of musketry and guns from the distant battlefield, and Adrienne's grief, as the moments passed, and her mother did not waken and speak to her, was sad to witness.

The seneschal from the village of Montagne arrived at the cottage toward dusk.

Having made a rapid survey of the cottage, and decided that nothing had been tampered with, he announced his intention of taking Adrienne to the battle-field and there confronting the guilty man with his accuser.

The women were shocked at this proposal, but the officer was obdurate.

'It must be done!' he exclaimed. 'The wretch may try to escape.'

'But the danger of going,' said Marie.

'There is none now. The victory is ours. Fontenoy was won to-day, and the king will at once return to Paris and take his regiment with him. There is no time to be lost The man can easy deny it if the child is not heard while the event is clear in her mind.'

'Then I will go and carry the little one,' said Marie. 'She will not feel frightened if I am with her.'

Adrienne was quite ready to go and see her father, and the small party, late as it was set out for Fontenoy.

Over the little hills and across the soft meadows, which Jean had so quickly cleared the previous evening they slowly made their way. Sometimes quickening their steps, and again stopping to rest, they at last came in sight of the field, and were shown the camp of the regiment to which Jean belonged.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING'S OWN.

Quite a different scene was then going on in front of the colonel's tent. That officer had called his men together to announce the result of the day's fighting, and to compliment them for their brave conduct and noble deeds. It was an old story with the regiment; Fontenoy was but another blossom added to their crown Colonel d'Aubretot, however, had not finished his little speech There was one especial deed to be mentioned.

'I am told,' he said, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking proudly at the attentive ranks, 'that a member of this regiment has again distinguished himself personally. During the final charge upon the English center, when our men were swept down by hundreds, this man came out of the struggle carrying an English flag. Let him present himself.'

There was an opening made in the ranks and a tall man, holding a discolored flag, advanced in front of the small group of officers. It was Jean Renaud. A shout went up when he was recognized.

Colonel d'Aubretot received the flag, and spoke aloud to the listening guards:

'Jean Renaud, I accept this, and thank you in the name of His Majesty Louis XV. The king shall hear of it without delay, and will no doubt reward you for the courage and fidelity you have shown in his service.'

Another shout for the king, and still another for Jean Renaud, applauded the colonel's speech, and then the men were dismissed.

Like most deserving persons, Jean Renaud had no words with which to thank his comrades. Colonel d'Aubretot, however called him aside, and, in a low voice, congratulated him on his achievement.

'There is no doubt, Jean but that you will have your promotion now. The king will take an interest in your advancement The countess will be delighted when she hears of this brave deed. I shall take great pleasure in describing this scene to her.

The colonel pressed the soldier's hand, and then returned to his tent. Jean was now surrounded by an excited crowd, all eager to hear the particulars of the capture. Scattered here and there on the campgrounds, the men related the experience of the day. It was a lovely scene. The 'King's own' had raised their tents on a little eminence that commanded a fine view of the field. In front stretched the line of redoubts, now broken and penetrated by the desperate charges of the English during the afternoon, and, beyond that again, the declivity down which the Irish Brigade had pursued the flying enemy, and won a victory for their almost exhausted allies.

A full account of the Irish charge was being noisily given to a little group of the guards by a tall, fine looking man, who although wearing the same uniform, spoke with a decidedly Irish accent.

'And what were you doing in the Irish Brigade?' asked Jacques Latour, in evident surprise. 'I thought you belonged to us.'

'Well, and so I do. But you see, we were on the retreat, and just then I heard the Irish cry as the brigade came marching up the hall. Sure you wouldn't have me see the boys winning everything before them, and not have a hand in? I turned back, and we soon had the redcoats running before us.

'But, O'Rouke, how did you get back? I saw you on a horse,' said one of the men laughing at the recollection.

'Why I got lost in the smoke, do you see, and I didn't know which way to turn. Just then I heard the colonel calling out to me. 'O'Rouke says he, 'get up behind, says he. 'Faith I will,' says I; and sure he brought me safe back to the regiment. He saved my life, and now he can have me to take care of for the rest of my days.'

There was a general laugh, and a proposition to drink the colonel's health, which was accepted, and the men sauntered off toward a distant tent. Renaud did not follow them. Throwing himself on the ground, near one of the fires, he gave himself up to dreams of home and happiness. Physically worn out after the long day's struggle, it was sweet to lie quiet and reflect on what might follow the day's well-performed duties.

Promotion would be welcome and gratifying to his ambition; but he had long looked forward to getting his discharge from the regiment, and settling down to a quiet life and tilling his own ground. The three hundred gold *louis* was a little fortune, and, properly handled, would increase his small possessions beyond his wildest hopes. Then he thought of Madeleine, her unusual depression on the previous evening, and the lingering farewell on the hill where had left her. Meanwhile, Colonel d'Aubretot had been disturbed by the entrance of the guard and the information that a stranger desired to speak with him.

Several of his officers were in the tent; all had been discussing the hard-won victory. Colonel d'Aubretot invited them to remain; and in a few minutes the seneschal entered. The man's appearance indicated that something of an unpleasant nature had occurred, and Colonel d'Aubretot grew uneasy.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'you wish to speak to me?'

'You are the Colonel of the 'King's Own?'

'I have the honor of commanding that regiment,' was the answer, proudly spoken

'You have a private in your regiment Jean Renaud?' said the seneschal, feeling his task growing momentarily more difficult.

'Yes, sir; a braver soldier never carried arms. Jean Renaud has just won honorable mention, and no doubt, will receive promotion to-day. He captured an English flag.'

'And is he unhurt?'

'Yes, thank Heaven! We could hardly spare such a man from our ranks.'

The seneschal looked grave.

'I am sorry then, deeply sorry, to be the bearer of bad news. Madeleine Renaud was murdered last night, in her own cottage; and circumstances point strongly to her husband as the perpetrator of the crime.'

'It is an absurdity, any such charge! Besides you are accusing Jean Renaud of a very serious fault—that of being absent from duty without leave, and in the presence of the enemy. However, his captain is here.'

Colonel d'Aubretot turned to an officer who sat near him.

'Captain Thibaut, was Renaud absent from the company at any time yesterday afternoon or evening?'

'No sir. We were sent out to bring in the wounded, after the skirmish, and it was quite late and very dark when we returned. Renaud answered at roll-call. He could not have been absent without being missed. This gentleman must be mistaken. Some robber or campfollower has probably entered the cottage, and being discovered committed the deed.'

'Nevertheless,' said the seneschal, with a glance at the officers, 'there is a witness wh says that Jean Rena ud did the murder.'

'Who is that?' asked Colonel d'Aubretot.

'His own child.

'Great Heaven!' was the exclamation from all the listeners.

'His own child! Where is she?' asked the colonel, now thoroughly aroused.

'Outside. I brought her with me.'

'Gentleman, we will hear what the child has to say. The thing had better be fully investigated, on Renaud's account. I do not believe a word of it!

The officers left the tent for the clear space in front, where Marie, holding Adrienne in her arms, stood gazing at the bright scene. The bivouac fires were blazing like great gems over the surrounding fields: figures in picturesque dresses and graceful attitudes, enlivened the landscape; sounds of laughter, mingled with snatches of gay songs, floated from the distant tents, and the quiet sentries pursued their monotonous walk, like white ghosts coming and going in the silent night.

The colonel patted Adrienne's golden curls, to reassure her; but the child looked about her fearlessly, and with eagerness, as if in search of some familiar object.

'Well, my child, do you like to look at soldiers?'

'Yes sir. Shall I see papa?'

'Presently; tell me, if you remember, my child, when did you see papa?'

'Last night.'

'Are you quite sure, Adrienne?'

'Oh, yes. Papa came last night to see mamma and me.'

'You see, sir,' said the seneschal, 'the child is quite clear in her answers.'

'Summon Jean Renaud. He must have an opportunity to explain this circumstance. Let his company come with him; and take the child out of sight for a few minutes.'

Marie stepped into the tent with Adrienne, and in a few minutes, Renaud, called from his day-dreams, approached the officers, followed by Jacques Latour. Dennis O'Rourke, and a number of other camrades, all of whom, suspecting trouble at the sight of the seneschal, were anxious to learn what Jean Renaud could possibly have to do with the matter.

Colonel d'Aubretot had become grave, and his voice had a solemn ring in it as he spoke to Jean Renaud. 'I want to ask you a few questions, Renaud. When did you part from your wife?'

'Two months ago, sir; just before I joined the regiment for active service.'

Renaud answered quickly; but the gravity of the colonel's manner, and the peculiar expression of the faces watching his, informed him that he was the object of unusual interest.

'Have you seen your wife since then, Renaud?'

There was a pause, terrible in its effect, though it lasted but for a moment, then came the steady answer:

'I saw her last night.'

'Captain Thibaut, this is growing serious. Will you take down the questions and answers? You say, Renaud, that you saw your wife last night. How did you come to forget your duty as a soldier?'

'I did my duty colonel; the captain knows that I was at my post through the day, and I was present at roll-call in the evening.'

'But you admit that you absented yourself without leave.'

'I did just while I went home, kissed my wife and child, and left with Madeleine a sacred trust that had been confided to me on the field.'

'A sacret trust! Explain yourself.

'On our return, after searching for the wounded, I found a man dying on the field. He asked me to take charge of some papers and jewels that he had with him, and he gave me a purse containing three hundred gold *louis* for myself, as a reward for carrying out his instructions. Not knowing what might happen to me during the coming battle, I judged it best to take them home and leave them with Madeleine.'

'Did the man tell you his name?'

'Yes, colonel. He said he was the Count de Mornasse.'

'De Mornasse! That is strange; the family is a proscribed one, and the two men who represented it were exiled.'

'Those were his words, colonel. The papers were valuable ones—title deeds—and the jewels were magnificent.'

'Well Jean I will consider that charge against you hereafter. Another and a more serious one remains to be explained..

'Another! I do not know of anything else to be charged against me.'

'Renaud, a terrible event has happened in your house.'

'In my house?'

Jean Renaud gazed around him at his startled comrades, as if seeking from them support and comfort. He met only interest in their earnest features. Then, brave man as he was, he had to control himself with an effort, as he asked:

'What has happened?'

'Your wife has been murdered!'

'Murdered!'

The cry was echoed by several voices.

Jean Renaud staggered under the blow thus dealt him, and would have fallen but for O'Rourke, who quickly caught him and supported him.

'Be a man, Jean,' he whispered.

Renaud seemed unable to grasp the meaning of the words he had heard.

'Murdered!' he repeated. 'Madeleine dead? Why, only last night I left her in health and beauty! There must be some mistake!'

'There is none: your wife was dead this morning when the neighbors entered your house,' said the seneschal.

'Then the house has been robbed! Some wretch has done this! Oh! Madeleine my wife!'

'Was there any sign of a robber about the place?' asked Colonel d'Aubretot, anxious to accept Jean's theory of the murder.

'None whatever. Not a door open, nor a lock broken. Everything was in order.'

'You hear, Renaud?'

But Renaud seemed utterly crushed by the horror of his wife's death. The men drew around him, some pressing his hand others whispering words of courage and hope.

Colonel d'Aubretot watched the man's grief for some minutes, doubting his own ability to push the investigation any further. There was no possibility of doubting Renaud's sincerity of sorrow. Still a man might do in a jealons passion what he would bitterly regret the next minute and this was probably the case with the brave soldier before him. Col. d'Aubretot nerved himself for his painful duty.

'Renaud, do you know on whom the suspicion of this crime rests?'

'Alas! colonel, how should I?'

'It is placed on you.'

'On me!' Renaud burst into a wild fit of laughter.

'Yes; on you, Renaud. Your well-known jealousy, your repeated quarrels on this subject, so well understood by the neighbors, have led them to suspect you.'

'Oh, colonel, is not my grief now hard enough to bear without adding this frightful charge to it! What did our quarrels amount to? We loved each other. Only last night she clung around my neck and kissed me, as if—as if it would be for the last time. I knew she was depressed—it must have been a presentiment of what was to come. Oh, it is horrible to accuse me of this! I, a soldier, I who have faced death on the field and never feared it, to say that I would strike a woman, and she the mother of my child. It is too monstrous, no one would believe it.'

'No, Jean; there is not a man in the regiment that would believe it,' said O'Rourke, pressing his friend's hand, and trying to encourage him to regain his self control.

'Renaud, I wish I could believe you. Unfortunately, there is a witness, one who will not be accused of falsehood, and who persists in accusing you.'

'A witness!' cried Renaud, starting forward.

'Yes. Your own child.'

'Oh, my God! It is impossible! I left her sleeping.'

'You shall hear her story from her own lips.'

'What, is Adrienne here?'

'Yes, but stand to one side. She must not see you until she has told what she saw and heard.'

'The child saw nothing, heard nothing, that I should fear her telling!' cried Jean excitedly.

'That will appear You must listen without interrupting her. Afterward, Renaud, you will be given a chance to confirm or deny what she says.'

Renaud took a few steps backward, and stood motionless. His tall figure was bent as if years had passed over him within a few minutes. His nervous hands clutched his belt and side arms; the muscles of his strong face were slowly setting down into a rigid, stony expression, and denoted crushing sorrow and utter despair.

The man felt that fate was against him enfolding him like an iron vise.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU HAVE KILLED ME."

At a motion from the colonel, a soldier called to Marie to bring the child to him.

Adrienne came out of the tent, her little figure being the central object in this crowd of strong men.

'Come here, little one,' said the colonel standing between Adrienne and her father.

Adrienne advanced, her bright face raised to the colonel's.

'You say papa came home last night. What did he say to mamma?'

'He said he had something to tell her. We had supper: I sat on papa's knee——'

'Yes; well, who put you to bed?'

'I do not know. Mamma did not undress me.'

'Well, what did you hear? Did you sleep all night?'

'No; I wakened with the noise.'

'What noise did you hear?'

'Mamma calling out. Poor mamma! she cannot speak to me now.'

'Adrienne, you always tell the truth, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir. Mamma always said that a soldier's daughter should speak the truth.'

'That is right—quite right, my child. Now, tell me, who was mamma speaking to when you heard this noise?'

'To papa.'

But Jean Renaud could no longer restrain his indignation. He broke from O'Rourke, and stepped forward.

'Colonel d'Aubretot, for mercy's sake stop this fearful scene! The child is laboring under some terrible mistake. Her mother did not call out while I was with her. We talked quietly. Adrienne was sleeping when I left the cottage.

'You must not interrupt this investigation, Renaud. It is due to you to find out all we can. You hear the child—has she not spoken the truth?'

'Yes; up to the time that she went to sleep in my arms, Adrienne has described exactly what happened; but then she has learned some frightful thing that I know nothing of. Oh, Colonel d'Aubretot, stop this examination! I have been of some service to the country. For the sake of that service, end this scene! Think how terrible it will be for my child to grow up and learn that she caused her fathers death—that she, out of her innocent, childish lips, pronounced his doom! She does not know what she is doing. I will plead guilty. What is life to me now? Madeline is dead! There is nothing now to live for. But my poor little child! do not let her have a weight of misery to carry with her to the grave! Let her be taken away. I cannot bear this! Have some pity on me, colonel.'

"Renaud, it is but right to hear the child. You think you have been unjustly accused. You and these comrades of yours must learn on what grounds suspicion of your guilt is based.' Colonel d'Aubretot turned to Adtienne, who, startled by the sound of her father's voice, was struggling to get away from Marie and rnn to him. 'Wait one moment, my child,' said the colonel, detaining her; 'then you shall speak to your father. Why do you think that your papa was with your mamma when you heard her calling out so loud?'

'Because mamma said so.'

A groan of horror from the prisoner was echoed by the listeners.

'Are you sure of that, Adrieenae?'

'Yes. I knocked on the door—I wanted to get out—and mamma said, 'Sleep, my child, I'm with your father.'

'Never, never! It did not happen!' cried Renaud, almost out of his reason with the long-sustained torture.

'You have all heard, gentlemen,' said the colonel, looking around on the horror stricken group.

'Adrienne, did you hear anything else?"

'I heard mamma cry and talk, and then something fell, and then all was still.'

(To be continued)

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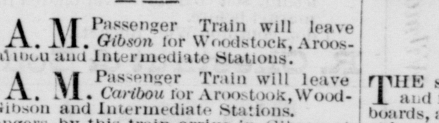

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT

Beginning Dec. 16th, 1878.

8.00 A. M. Passenger Train will leave *Gibson* for Woodstock, Aroostook, Caribou and Intermediate Stations.

6.00 A. M. Passenger Train will leave *Caribou* for Aroostook, Woodstock, Gibson and Intermediate Stations. (Passengers by this train arrive in Gibson at 2.30 P. M., in time to take train for St. John which leaves Fredericton 3.00 P. M. Passengers for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., can make connection at Fredericton Junction with Night Train for the West.)

9.40 A. M. Passenger Train will leave *Woodstock* for Woodstock Junction, connecting with the 8.00 A. M. Train from Gibson, and the 6.00 A. M. Train from Caribou.

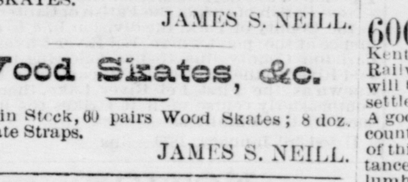
7.25 A. M. Mixed Train will leave *Aroostook* for Edmundston, and Intermediate Stations.

1.00 P. M. Mixed Train will leave Edmundston for Aroostook, and Intermediate Stations.

Freight Trains (on which passengers will not be carried) will leave Gibson, 8.50 A. M., Woodstock, 12.50, P. M., Caribou, 7.00 A. M., daily.

T. HOBEN, Supt.

Gibson, Dec. 12, 1878.



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Two young Jersey Bulls for sale—Hand Book pedigree—one of which took first prize at Provincial Exhibiton.

J. L. INCHES.

JOHN RICHARDS, Insurance Agent,

(*Next door to People's Bank, F'ton.*)

epresenting the following first-class Offices:

English.—QUEEN, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON & GLOBE, NORTHERN, IMPERIAL.

American.—ÆTNA, HARTFORD, AND PHŒNIX.

Canadian.—BRITISH AMERICA, AND NATIONAL.

ALSO:—Agent for the sale of Railway Tickets to all parts of North America.

F'ton, April 13, 1878

H. RUTTER,

ADDLER and HARNESS MAKER,

DEALER IN

WHIPS,
BRUSHES,
CURRY COBS,
BLANKETS,
BITS, Etc., Etc.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

AT THE OLD STAND,
Opposite the County Court House,
Queen Street, Fton., N. B.

Fton, April, 20, 1878.

Organs & Pianos.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish

PIANOS & ORGANS

(EACH INSTRUMENT WARRANTED)

at Lowest Prices and favorable terms.

E. CADWALLADER.

Residence Sunbury Street.

Fredericton, July 6, 1878.

ALLEN & WILSON,

Barristers and Attorneys

AT LAW.

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

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

BEVERLY'S

Bookstore and Bindery

HAS REMOVED

TO THE

Corner of QUEEN and CARLETON STS.

May 4.

WAVERLY 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.

reeder of Ayrshire Cattle, and Leicester Sheep

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.

Fraser, Wetmore & Winslow,

ATTORNIES and BARRISTERS at LAW,

Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc.

MONEY NEGOTIATED and LOANS MADE.

Fton., April 13th, 1878.

DAILY EXPECTED.

THE FINEST LOT OF

TOILET BOTTLES,

ever imported into this City, at

GEO. H. DAVIS'

DRUG STORE,

Corner of Queen and Regent Sts., Fredericton.

F'ton, December 14, 1878.

BROOMS, PAILS, CEMENT, and LIME.

50 DOZ. Brooms, 50 doz. Pails; 10 doz. bbls. Cement; 50 casks Lime; 1 bbl. Boston Sugar Cured Hams.

April 27. GEO. HATT & SONS

Just Received.

40 GRINDSTONES; 12 Doz. Cast Steel Scythes; 50 Kegs Cut Nails; 1 Barrel Pale Seal Oil; 1 Barrel Codfish Oil; 1 Barrel Olive Oil; 1 Dozen Eureka Clothes Wringers; 6 Dozen Hayfork Handles; And for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

July 13, 1878.

SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, &c., &c.

THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand and for sale a large stock of Shingles, Clapboards, and other Sawed Lumber which he offers at lower rates than any other dealer in the City. The above Lumber is manufactured on the Nacawica by Mr. Pinder, and is superior to a great portion of the Lumber that comes to this market. Persons requiring bills of scantlin, &c. sawed to order can save money by leaving their order with me a few days before the Lumber is required.

Respectfully yours,

DANIEL LUCY, Queen St.,

Fredericton 6th July, 1878.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.

A change having been made in the management of the business of this old established first-class Company, by which the undersigned is allowed more latitude than heretofore, he is prepared to effect insurance against loss or damage by fire on nearly all descriptions of property on as reasonable terms as any other office of equal standing.

hree years policies on first-class private dwellings issued.

JULIUS L. INCHES.

June 29.

Land for Sale.

600 ACRES fine quality farming land, within three miles of either Kent or East Florenceville Station on the N. B. Railway, can be purchased at a low rate. This will be a grand chance for a number to make a settlement and neighborhood for themselves A good road passes the land and the market for country produce is better here than in most parts of this Province, as it is within a very short distance of the winter operations of the Miramichi lumberers. For further particulars apply to

BERTON BROS.,
St. John.
RAINSFORD & BLACK,
Fredericton.
Wm. DIBBLEE,
Woodstock.
W. A. BLACK,
Richibucto.

F'ton, Oct. 29.

TEA AND COFFEE.

ON HAND:

175 HALF-CHESTS Choice Congo, Souchong, Oolong and Japan Teas.

ALSO:

A choice stock of prime Java Coffee, Broma, Cocoa, Chockolate, &c.

Nov. 23. GEO. HATT & SONS.

GAS FITTING, Plumbing, &c.

THE subscriber keeps on hand a large assortment of

TINWARE.

of every description, and made to order

He has engaged the services of Mr. WILLIAM REID, who is thoroughly acquainted with Gas Fitting, Plumbing, Well Boring, and putting in Pumps.

Pat. May 26, 1874.

SOLE AGENT
FOR
ELLIS'
Patent Burner

We make it a specialty to regulate the above when putting them up.

All orders promptly attended to, and work satisfactorily done.

Gas Fittings always in stock.

A. LIMERICK,
York Street.

F'ton, April 20, 1878.

PRACTICAL PLUMBING.

AND

GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ, are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business, would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURNERS for sale cheap.

GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTING, always in stock.

Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every discription, and of the best material manufactured to order on the premises at shortest notice.

Prices to suit the times.

J. & J. O'BRIEN,
Queen Street Fredericton N. B

F'ton, Aug. 10, 1878.

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.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

The Subscriber begs to announce to the Public that he has always on hand a good and varied stock of

SPRUCE, PINE and HEMLOCK LUMBER,

CONSISTING OF

Dry Pine Plank, $1\frac{1}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 inch, thoroughly seasoned and planed.

Dry Pine Boards, well seasoned, planed on one and both sides, and tongued and grooved.

ALSO,

Good Dry Laths and Sawed Cedar Shingles of every quality, together with a stock of Spruce and Hemlock Logs, from which we are prepared to saw to order at short notice.

Bills of Scantling of any dimensions.

A large quantity of Refuse Lumfier on hand.

All orders promptly delivered.

Please call at my yard, West End Mill.

RICHARD A. ESTEY.

F'ton, June 22, 1878.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs to return thanks to the Citizens of Fredericton and the public generally, for the liberal patronage extended to him since commencing business, and would respectfully inform them that he has purchased the Stock-in-Trade, and leased the premises of Joseph Myshrall, Esq. where with improved facilities for carrying on his business, he hopes to merit a continuance of the favor which he has heretofore enjoyed.

His Stock will always comprise all the popular Brands of Wines and Liquors usually kept in a first-class establisement, also

Family Groceries of every description and of the best quality.

He is also agent for Jones' celebrated Ale.

ALEX. BURCHILL.

F'ton, Sept. 28.

LAND FOR SALE.

WE are instructed to offer the following LOT 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 Ryal 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.

BY RAIL!

4 REFRIGERATORS. New and latest out.
4 Lawn Mowers, best and cheapest out.
15 New Pattern Sinks and Racks. Call and see them.
1 case Varnish Brushes.
1 large Cooking Stove; the old Grand Daddy of them all.
2 Cooking Ranges, new and elegant.
6 Lifting Jacks, best and cheapest yet.
6 papers Silver Coffin Lace.
Just received and for sale by

June 22 R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

YORK COUNTY DEBENTURES
FOR SALE.

FROM $8,000 to $10,000, in denominations of $200, $300 and $500.

HENRY B. RAINSFORD, JR.,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Fredericton, June 29, 1878.—Rep.

THRESHING MACHINE TEETH.

JUST RECEIVED by Rail, from West Waterville, Maine, 500 THRESHING MACHINE TEETH. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, Nov. 9.—2 mos. Rep. Wkly Star

House For Sale!

THAT beautifully situated HOUSE and PROPERTY, belonging to the Estate of the late Wm. A. McLean, Esq., is now offered for sale. The property has a frontage of about 70 feet on Sunbury Street, and runs back 200 feet. It includes House and Barn, with a Good Stable and Carriage House, Woodshed, Ice House, and Garden, and is one the most desirable localities in Fredericton.

It is now offered for sale on VERY EASY TERMS.

For further information apply to A. A. STERLING, Esq., or to

Wm. A. McLEAN,
Sunbury Street.

Fredericton, July 27, 1878.—tf.

EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN

SHOULD HAVE THE

ACADIA

POCKET WISP,

MANUFACTURED BY

REED & REED.

F'ton, July 27, 1878.

INSURANCE!

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY
of Edinburgh and London.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY
of London.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
of Toronto.

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.
of Montreal.

TRAVELLERS' LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY
of Hartford.

The undersigned is prepared to effect Insurance in the above first-class offices on reasonable terms. For rates and any other information apply at the office of

JULIUS L. INCHES.

F'ton, June 29.

SPLENDID Farming Property FOR SALE.

ALL that Valuable Landed Estate, being the land situate in the Parish of Studholm, Kings County, with the several farm houses and buildings thereon, belonging to John Saunders, Esq., and comprising part of what is generally known as the Studville property.

The above property, containing about 1100 acres, a considerable portion of which is intervale, is situated on the River Kennebecasis and close to Apohaqui Station, on the Intercolonial Railway, and about three miles from Sussex Station. It comprises several farms and will be sold all together, or in lots to suit purchasers.

Most or the land is in a high state of cultivation and is admirably adapted for farming, and especially for grazing purposes.

Terms of sale reasonable and will be made known, and plans of the property shown and any information given on application to FINNEMORE MORTON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Sussex Kings County; or to W. Z. EARLE, Esq., Civil Engineer, Union street, St. John, or to the Subscriber at Fredericton

J. SAUNDERS.

F'ton, Sept. 28, 1878.—3ms

Fire. Fire.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, beg to announce that he will now be found in the Store under the "Barker House," formerly occupied by Spafford Barker, Esq., where will be found a good assortment of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

which will be sold at reasonably Low Prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A great quantity of Goods having been slightly damaged at the late fire, will be sold at Great Bargains in order to make room for Fall Stock.

OWEN SHARKEY.

F'ton, Sept. 28.

CLAPBOARDS,

FLOORING AND SHEATHING.

THE Subscribers would inform those in want of the above that they have now in stock:

70 M. SPRUCE CLAPBORDS, all qualities,

90 M. DRY SPRUCE FLOORING,
Rough and Dressed.

—ALSO—

Pine and Spruce Sheathing,

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS,
MOULDINGS, &c., &c.,

on hand, or made to order at short notice, at PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Please call at FACTORY COR. QUEEN and SYMTH STREETS.

J. C. Risteen & Co.

F'ton, June 1.

HARDWARE.

Just Received:

4 DOZEN GLOBE PANTERNS
6 doz. Glass Globes for same;
80 kegs Cut Nails; 20 Kegs Cut Spikes;
6 Double Mould Board Plows;
2 Heavy Jack Screws;
60 pair Japanned Shelf Brackets;
1 superior Refrigerator;
600 gross Wood Screws; 60 gross Brass Screws
60 gross Plated Screws, round heads—
and for sale low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, May 25.

Just Received

AT

Geo. Hatt & Sons,

60 DOZ. Pails; 2000 lbs. Cheese;
50 doz. Burnett's Extracts;
1 doz. Smoked Beef Tongues;
20 " Salmon; 10 doz. Tomatoes;
5 Barrels Graham Flour;
1 Case Epps' Cocoa; 25 Cases Corn Starch
30 Boxes Ground Pepper;
2 Barrels Golden Syrup; 30 doz. Bed Cords
2,200 lbs. Confectionery;

J 20th 1878

PER TRAIN THIS DAY.

400 Bushels Oats.

3000 lbs. Buckwheat Meal

AT

ELY PERKINS.

FOR SALE LOW.

F'ton, Dec. 21, 1878.

THIS standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.