Literature.

Concluded.

THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

'Joseph, my travelling companion, looked on and wrote letters. He showed me one of these addressed to a friend of Margaret's. In it he extolled Flora's beauty, piquancy, and supremacy; related how she made all the women jealous and all the men mad; and hinted at my triumph. I knew that that letter would meet Margaret's eyes, and was vain enough to be pleased.

'At last, one morning, at daybreak, I went on deck, and saw the shores of England. Only a few days before, we had left America behind us, brown and leafless, just emerging from the long gloom of winter; and now the slopes of another world arose green and inviting in the flush of spring. There was a bracing breeze; the dingy waters of the Mersey rolled up in wreaths of beauty; the fleets of ships, steamers, sloops, lighters, pilot-boats, bounding over the waves, meeting, tacking, plunging, swaying gracefully under the full-swelling canvas, presented a picture of wonderful animation; and the mingling hues of sunshine and mist hung over all. I paced the deck, solemnly joyful, swift thoughts pulsing through me of a dim far-off Margaret, of a near radiant Flora, of hope and happiness superior to fate. It was one of those times when the excited soul transfigures the world, and we marvel how we could ever succumb to a transient sorrow while the whole universe blooms, and an infite future waits to open for us its doors of wonder and joy.

'In this state of mind I was joined by Flora. She laid her hand upon my arm, and we walked up and down together. She was serious, almost sad, and she viewed the English hills with a pensiveness which became her better than mirth.

'So,' she sighed, 'all our little romances come to an end!'

'Not so,' I said; 'or if one romance ends, it is to give place to another, still truer and sweeter. Our lives may be all a succession of romances, if we will make them so. I think now I will never doubt the future; for I find, that, when I have given up my dearest hopes, my best-beloved friends, and accepted the gloomy belief that all life besides is barren,—then comes some new experience, filling my empty cup with a still more delicious wine.'

'Don't vex me with your philosophy!' said Flora. 'I don't know anything about it. All I know is this present,—this sky, this earth, this sea, and the joy between, which I can't give up quite so easily as you can, with your beautiful theory, that something better awaits you,

'I have told you,' I replied, for I had been quite frank with her,—'how I left America,—what a blank life was to me then; and did I not turn my back upon all that to meet face to face the greatest happiness which I have ever yet known? Ought not this to give me faith in the divinity that shapes our ends?'

'And so,' she answered, 'when I have lost you, I shall have satisfaction of thinking that you are enjoying some still more exquisite consolation for the slight pangs you may have felt at parting from me! Your philosophy will make it easy for you to say, 'Good-bye! it was a pretty romance; I go to find prettier ones still; and then forget me altogether!'

'And you,' I said, 'will that be easy for you?'

'Yes,' she cried, with spirit,—anything is easy to a proud, impetuous woman, who finds that the brief romance of a ten-days acquaintance has already become tiresome to the second party. I am glad I have enjoyed what I have; that is so much gain, of which you cannot rob me; and now I can say good bye as coolly as you, or I can die of shame, or I can at once walk over this single rail into the water, and quench this little candle, and so an end!'

'She sprang upon a bench, and, I swear to you, I thought she was going down! I was so exalted by this passionate demonstration, that I should certainly have gone over with her, and felt perfectly content to die in her arms,—at least, until I began to realize what a very disagreeable bath we had chosen to drown in.

'I drew her away; I walked up and down with that superb creature panting and palpitating almost upon my heart; I poured into her ear I know not what extravagant vows; and before the slow handed sailors had fastened their cable to the buoy in the channel, we had knotted a more subtile and difficult noose, not to be so easily undone!

'Now see what strange, variable fools we are! Months of tender intercourse had failed to bring about anything like a positive engagement between Margaret and myself; and here behold me irrevocably pledged to Flora, after a brief ten-days' acquaintance!

'Six mortal hours were exhausted in making the steamer fast,—in sending off her Majesty's mails, of which the cockney speaks with a tone of reverence altogether disgusting to us free-minded Yankees,—and in entertaining the custom-house inspectors, who paid a long and tedious visit to the saloon and our luggage. Then we were suffered to land, and enter the noisy, solid streets of Liverpool, amid the donkeys and beggars and quaint scenes which strike the American so oddly upon a first visit. All this delay the weariness and impatience, the contrast between the morning and the hard grim reality of mid-day, brought me down from my elevation. I felt alarmed to think of what had passed. I seemed to have been doing some wild, unadvised act in a fit of intoxication. Margaret came up before me, sad, silent, reproachful; and as I gazed upon Flora's bedimmed face, I wondered how I had been so charmed.

'We took the first train for London, where we arrived at midnight. Two weeks in that vast Babel,—then, ho! for Paris! Twelve hours by rail and steamer carried us out of John Bull's dominion into the brilliant metropolis of his French neighbor. Joseph accompanied us, and wrote letters home, filled with gossip which I knew, or hoped, would make Margaret writhe. I had not found it so easy to forget her as I had supposed it would be. Flora's power over me was sovereign; but when I was weary of the dazzle and whirl of the life she led me,—when I looked into the depths of my heart, and saw what the thin film of passion and pleasure concealed,—in those serious moments which would come, and my soul put stern questions to me,—then, Sir,—then—Margaret had her revenge.

'A month, crowded and glittering with novelty and incident, preceded our departure for Switzerland. I accompanied Flora's party; Joseph remained behind. We left Paris about the middle of June, and returned in September. I have no words to speak of that era in my life. I saw, enjoyed, suffered, learned so much! Flora was always glad, magnificent, irresistible. But, as I knew her longer, my moments of misgiving became more frequent and profound. If I had aspired to nothing higher than a life of sensuous delights, she would have been all I could wish. But——

'We were to spend the winter in Italy. Meanwhile, we had another month in Paris. Here I had found Joseph again, who troubled me a good deal with certain rumors he had received concerning Margaret. According to these, she had been in feeble health ever since we left, and her increasing delicacy was beginning to alarm her friends. 'But,' added another of Joseph's correspondents, 'don't let Westwood flatter himself that he is the cause, for she is cured of him; and there is talk of an engagement between her and a handsome young clergy-man, who is both eloquent and fascinating.'

'This bit of gossip made me very bitter and angry. 'Forget me so soon?' I said; 'and receive the attentions of another man?' You see how consistent I was, to condemn her for the very fault I had myself been so eager to commit!

'Well, the round of rides, excursions, soirees, visits to the operas and theatres, walks on the Boulevards, and in the galleries of the Louvre, ended at last. The evening before we were set out for the South of France, I was at my lodgings, unpacking and repacking the luggage which I had left in Joseph's care during my absence among the Alps; I was melancholy, dissatisfied with the dissipations which had exhausted my time and energies, and thinking of Margaret. I had not preserved a single memento of her; and now I wished I had one,—if only a withered leaf or a line of her writing. In this mood, I chanced to cast my eye upon a stray glove in the bottom of my trunk. I snatched at it eagerly, and, in the impulse of the moment,—before I had reflected that I was wronging Flora,—pressed it to my lips. Yes, I found the place where it had been mended, the spot Margaret's fingers had touched, and gave it a kiss for every stitch. Then, incensed at myself, I flung it from me, and hurried from the room. I walked towards the Place de la Concorde where the brilliant lamps burned like a constellation. I strolled through the Elysian Fields, and watched the lights of the carriages swarming like fire-flies up the long avenue; stopped by the concert gardens, and listened to the glorified girls singing under rosy and golden pavilions the last songs of the season; wandered about the fountains,—by the gardens of the Tuileries, where the trees stood so shadowy and still, and the statues gleamed so pale,—along the quays of the Seine, where the waves rolled so dark below,—trying to settle my thoughts, to master myself, to put Margaret from me.

'Weary at length I returned to my chamber, seated myself composedly, and looked down at the glove which lay where I had thrown it, upon the polished floor. Mechanically I stooped and took up a bit of folded paper. It was written upon,—I unrolled it, and read. It was as if I had opened the record of doom! Had the apparition of Margaret herself risen suddenly before me, I could not have been more astounded. It was a note from her,—and such a note!—full of love, suffering, and humility,—poured out of her heart so deep and tender and true, that the shallowness of my own seemed utterly contemptible, in comparison with it. I cannot tell you what was written, but it was more than even my most cruel and exacting pride could have asked. It was what would once have made me wild with joy,—now it almost maddened me with despair. I, who had often talked fine philosophy to others, had not a grain of that article left to physic my own malady. But one course seemed plain before me, and that was to go quietly and drown myself in the Seine, which I had seen flowing so swiift and dark under the bridges, an hour ago, when I stood and mused upon the tragical corpses its solemn flood had swallowed.

'I am a little given to superstition, and the mystery of the note excited me. I have no doubt but there was some subtile connection between it and the near presence of Margaret's spirit, of which I had that night been conscious. But the note had reached me by no supernatural method, as I was first half inclined to believe. It was probably, the touch, the atmosphere, the ineffably fine influence which surrounded it, which had penetrated my unconscious perceptions, and brought her near. The paper, the glove, were full of Margaret,—full of something besides what we vaguely call mental associations,—full of emanations of the very love and suffering which she had breathed into the writing.

'How the note came there upon the floor was a riddle which I was too much bewildered to explain by any natural means. Joseph, who burst in upon me, in my extremity of pain and difficulty, solved it at once. It had fallen out of the glove, where it had lain folded, silent unnoticed, during all this intervening period of folly and vexation of soul. Margaret had done her duty, in time; I had only myself to blame for the tangle in which I found myself. I was thinking of Flora, upon the deck of the steamship, when, in a moment of chagrin, she had been so near throwing herself over; wondering to what fate her passion and impetuosity would hurry her now, if she knew; cursing myself for my weakness and perfidy; while Joseph kept asking me what I intended to do.

'Do? do? I said, furiously,—'I shall kill you, that is what I shall do, if you drive me mad with questions which neither angels nor fiends can answer!'

'I know what you will do,' said Joseph; 'you will go home and marry Margaret.'

'You can have no conception of the effect of these words,—*Go home and marry Margaret.* I shook as I have seen men shake with the ague. All that might have been,—what might be still,—the happiness cast away, and perhaps yet within my reach,—the temptation of the Devil, who appealed to my cowardice, to fly from Flora, break my vows, risk my honor and her life, for Margaret,—all the rushed through me tumultuously. At length I said,—

'No, Joseph; I shall do no such thing. I can never be worthy of Margaret; it will be only by fasting and prayer that I can make myself worthy of Flora.'

'Will you start for Italy in the morning?' he asked, pitilessly.

'For Italy in the morning?' I groaned. Meet Flora, travel with her, play the hypocrite, with smiles on my lips and hell in my heart,—or thunderstrike her at once with the truth;—what was I to do? To some men the question would, perhaps, have presented few difficulties. But for me, Sir, who am not quite devoid of conscience, whatever you may think,—let me tell you, I'd rather hang by sharp hooks over a roasting fire than be again suspended as I was betwixt two such alternatives, and feel the torture of both!

'Having driven Joseph away, I locked myself into my room, and suffered the torments of the damned in as quiet a manner as possible, until morning. Then Joseph returned, and looked at me with dismay.

'For Heaven's sake!' he said, 'you ought not to let this thing kill you,—and it will if you keep on.'

'So much the better,' I said, 'if it kills nobody but me. But don't be alarmed. Keep perfectly cool, and attend to the commission I am going to trust to you. I can't see Flora this morning; I must gain a little time. Go to the station of the Lyons railway, where I have engaged to meet her party; say to her that I am detained, but that I will join her on the journey. Give her no time to question you, and be sure that she does not stay behind.'

'I'll manage it,—trust me!' said Joseph. And off he started. At the end of two hours, which seemed twenty, he burst into my room, crying,—

'Good news! she is gone! I told her you had lost your passport, and would have to get another from our minister.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'you lied to her?'

'Oh! there was no other way!' said Joseph, ingenuously,—'she is so sharp! They're to wait for you at Marseilles. But I'll manage that, too. On their arrival at the Hotel d'Orient, they'll find a telegraphic despatch from me. I wager a hat, they'll leave in the first steamer for Naples. Then you can follow at your leisure.'

'Thank you, Joseph.'

'I felt relieved. Then came a reaction. The next day I was attacked by fever. I know not how long I struggled against it, but it mastered me. The last things I remember were the visits of friends, the strange talk of a French physician, whispers and consultations, which I knew were about me, yet took no interest in,—and at length Joseph rushing to my bedside, in a flutter of agitation, and gasping,—

'Flora!'

'What of Flora?' I demanded.

'I telegraphed, but she wouldn't go; she has come back; she is here!'

'I was sinking back into the stupor from which I had been roused, when I heard a rustling which seemed afar off, yet was in my chamber; then a vision appeared to my sickened sight,—a face which I dimly thought I had seen before,—a flood of curls and a rain of kisses showering upon me,—sobs and devouring caresses,—Flora's voice calling me passionate names; and I lying so passive, faintly struggling to remember, until my soul sank whirling in darkness, and I knew no more.

'One morning, I cannot tell you how long after, I awoke and found myself in a strang-looking room, filled with strange objects, not the least strange of which was the thing that seemed myself. At first I looked with vague and motionless curiosity out of the Lethe from which my mind slowly emerged; painless, and at peace: listlessly questioning whether I was alive or dead,—whether the limp weight lying in bed there was my body,—the meaning of the silence and the closed curtains. Then, with a succession of painful flashes as if the pole of an electrical battery had been applied to my brain, memory returned,—Margaret, Flora, Paris, delirium. I next remember hearing myself groan aloud,—then seeing Joseph at my side. I tried to speak, but could not. Upon my pillow was a glove, and he placed it against my cheek. An indescribable, excruciating thrill shot through me; still I could not speak. After that, came a relapse. Like Mrs. Browning's poet, I lay

'Twixt gloom and gleam
With Death and Life at each extreme.'

'But one morning I was better. I could talk. Joseph bent over me, weeping for joy.

'The danger is past!' he said. 'The doctors say you will get well!'

'Have I been so ill, then?'

'Ill?' echoed Joseph. 'Nobody thought you could live. We all gave you up, except her;—and she'——

'She!' I said,—'is she here?'

'From the moment of her arrival,' replied Joseph, 'she has never left you. Oh, if you don't thank God for her,'—he lowered his voice,—'and live all the rest of your life just to reward her, you are the most ungrateful wretch! You would certainly have died but for her. She has scarcely slept, till this morning, when they said you would recover.'

'Joseph paused. Every word he spoke went down like a weight of lead into my soul. I had indeed, been conscious of a tender hand soothing my pillow, of a lovely form flitting through my dreams, of a breath and magnetic touch of love infusing warm, sweet life into me,—but it had always seemed Margaret, never Flora.

'The glove?' I asked.

'Here it is,' said Joseph. 'In your delirium you demanded it; you would not be without it; you caressed it, and addressed to it the tenderest apostrophes.'

'And Flora,—she heard?'

'Flora?' repeated Joseph. 'Don't you know—haven't you any idea—what has happened? It has been terrible!'

'Tell me at once!' I said. 'Keep nothing back!'

'Immediately on her return from Marseilles,—you remember that?'

'Yes, yes! go on!'

'She established herself here. Nobody could come between her and you; and a brave, true girl she proved herself. Oh, but she was wild about you! She offered the doctors extravagant sums—she would have bribed Heaven itself, if she could—not to let you die. But there came a time,—one night, when you were raving about Margaret,—I tell you, it was terrible! She would have the truth, and so I told her,—everything, from the beginning. It makes me shudder now to think of it—it struck her so like death!'

'What did she say?—what did she do?'

'She didn't say much,—'Oh, my God! my God!'—something like that. The next morning she showed me a letter which she had written to Margaret.'

'To Margaret?' I started up, but fell back again, helpless, with a groan.

'Yes,' said Joseph,—'and it was a letter worthy of the noblest woman. I wrote another, for I thought Margaret ought to know everything. It might save her life, and yours too. In the mean time, I had got worse news from her still,—that her health continued to decline, and that her physician saw no hope for her except in a voyage to Italy. But that she resolutely refused to undertake, until she got those letters. You know the rest.'

'The rest? I said, as a horrible suspicion flashed upon me. 'You told me something terrible had happened.'

'Yes,—to Flora. But you have heard the worst. She is gone; she is by this time in Rome.'

'Flora gone? But you said she was here.'

'*She?* So *she* is! But did you think I meant Flora? I supposed you knew. Not Flora,—but Margaret! Margaret!'

'I shrieked out, 'Margaret?' That's the last I remember,—at least, the last I can tell. She was there,—I was in her arms; she had crossed the sea, not to save her own life, but mine. And Flora had gone and my dreams were true; and the breath and magnetic touch of love, which infused warm, sweet life into me, and seemed not Flora's, but Margaret's, were no illusion, and——what more can I tell?

'From the moment of receiving those letters, Margaret's energies were roused, and she had begun to regain her health. There is no such potent medicine as hope and love. It had saved her, and it saved me. My recovery was sure and speedy. The happiness which had seemed too great, to dear to be ever possible, was now mine. She was with me again, all my own! Only the convalescent, who feels the glow of love quicken the pure pulses of returning health, knows what perfect bliss is.

'As soon as I was strong enough to travel, we set out for Italy the faithful Joseph accompanying us. We enjoyed Florence, its palaces and galleries of art, the quaint old churches, about which the religious sentiment of ages seems to hang like an atmosphere, the morning and evening clamor of musical bells, the Arno and the olive-crowned Tuscan hills,—all so delightful to the senses and the soul. After Florence, Naples, with its beautiful dangerous, volcanic environs, where the ancients agtly located their heaven and hell, and where a luxurious, passionate people absorbs into its blood the spirit of the soil, and the fire and languor of the clime. From Naples to Rome, where we saw St. Peter's, that bubble on the surface of the globe, which the next earthquake may burst, the Vatican, with its marvels of statuary, the ruined temples of the old gods and heroes, the Campagna the Pope, and—Flora. We had but a glimpse of her. It was one night, at the Coloseum. We had been musing about that vast and solemn pile by the moonlight, which silvered it over with indescribable beauty, and at last, accompanied by our guides, bearing torches, we ascended through dark and broken passages to the upper benches of the amphitheatre. As we were passing along one side, we saw picturesquely moving through the shadows of the opposite walls, with the immense arena between, the red-flaring torches and half-illuminated figures of another party of visitors. I don't know whether it was instinct, or acuteness of vision, that suggested Flora; but, with a sudden leaf of the heart, I felt that she was there. We descended, and passed out under the dark arches of the stupendous ruin. The other visitors walked a little in advance of us,—two of the number lingering behind their companions; and certain words of tenderness and passion we heard, which strangely brought to my mind those nights on the ocean-steamer.

'What is the matter with you?' said Margaret, looking in my face.

'Hush!' I whispered,—'there—that woman—is Flora!'

'She clung to me,—I drew her closer, as we paused; and the happy couple went on, over the ancient Forum, by the silent columns of the ruined temples, and disappeared from sight upon the Capitoline Hill.

'A few months later, we heard of the marriage of Flora to an English baronet; she is now *my Lady*, and I must do her the justice to say that I never knew a woman better fitted to bear that title. As for Margaret,—if you will return with me to my home on the Hudson, after we have finished our hunt after those Western lands, you shall see her together with the loveliest pair of children that ever made two proud parents happy.

'And here,' added Westwood, 'we have arrived at the end of our days's journey; we have had the Romance of the Glove, and now—let's have some supper.'

VEGETINE.

Her own words.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 13, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir,—Since several years I have got a sore and very painful foot. I had some physicians, but they couldn't cure me. Now I have heard of your VEGETINE from a lady who was sick for a long time, and became all well from the VEGETINE, and I went and bought me one bottle of VEGETINE; and after I had used one bottle, the pains left me, and it began to heal, and then I bought one other bottle, and so I take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and yourself; and wishing every sufferer may pay attention to it. It is a blessing for health.

MRS. C. KRABE, 638 West Baltimore St.

VEGETINE.

Safe and Sure.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to me, and, yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified indorsement, as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly, W. H. CLARK,
120 Monterey Street, Alleghany, Penn.

VEGETINE.

The best Spring Medicine.

CHARLESTOWN.

H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for Scorfula or Cankerous Humors or Rheumatic affectations it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE, 19 Russell Street

VEGETINE.

What is Needed.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

Dear Sir,—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility.—Vegetine was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefitted by its use. I procured the article and after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health.

Respectfully yours,
C. L. PETTENGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co.
No. 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE.

All have obtained Relief.

SOUTH BERWICK, Me., Jan. 17, 1872.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—I have had dyspepsia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines without obtaining any relief. In September last I commenced taking the VEGETINE, since which time my Health has steadily improved. My food digests well, and I have gained fifteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking VEGETINE, and all have obtained relief.

Yours truly,
THOMAS E. MOORE,
Overseer of Card Room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

"Marble Hall."

Jas R. HOWIE

HAS opened a very large and superior stock of seasonable goods, and is prepared to give his best attention to the requirements of his numerous customers and the public generally.

HIS STOCK COMPRISES:

WORSTED COATINGS;
WEST OF ENGLAND, CANADIAN,
SCOTCH and GERMANTWEEDS;
BLACK and BLUE BROADCLOTHS
and VENETIANS;
BLACK AND BLUE DOES;

HIS ready-made Clothing and Furnishing Goods Departments are now complete with a large and stylish stock.

A SPLENDID LOT OF
FAMED EDINBURGH
Rubber Overcoats and Ulsters,
Just received, which will be sold cheap.

The public will find it to their advantage to inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A good fit guaranteed in every case.

JAMES R. HOWIE,
Merchant Tailor and Clothier,
Queen Street,
(next door to Brayley House.)

Fton., May 4.

Canadian Importing Agency!

Established for the purpose of

IMPORTING EGGS AND FOWLS!

Of every variety from Great Britain and Ireland, from the most eminent breeders only.

It will import at all seasons Eggs or Fowls, which will be sent direct to the buyer from Great Britain, in the quickest possible time.

Price of Eggs (any variety),		$5 for 13.
Chicks (any variety)	per pair, -	$15 to $25
Do. do.	per trio, -	25 to 30
Incubators, latest improved,	-	15 to 20
Artificial Mother, do,	-	10 to 15

Always for sale, from his own stock, Game Fowl and Game Eggs from the purest and best breeds to be found in England and America at the following prices:

Eggs, - - - - - - $2.50 per 11 Eggs.
Chicks, after September, 8.00 " pair.

Any fowls or eggs, &c., required, will be sent DIRECT from the breeder, to the buyers.

For further particulars address

Capt. THOS. McKENZIE,
Manager Canadian Importing Agency,
Fredericton, N. B.

April 12, 1879.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

READ the following list of Boots and Shoes which have been received and are for sale at Lucy's Shoe Store, Queen Street:

400 pairs	Ladies' Rubber Shoes,		
200 "	Gentlemens'	"	"
50 "	Misses'	"	"
50 "	Childrens'	"	"
12 "	Ladies'	"	Boots,
12 "	Gentlemens'	"	"
12 "	Misses'	"	"
12 "	Boys'	"	"
12 "	Childrens'	"	"
150 "	Ladies' Serge, ranging from 55 cts. up.		
100 "	" " Laced	"	60 cts. up.
24 "	" Grain Button Boots.		
12 "	" Kid	"	"
100 "	" Grain Pegged	"	
24 "	" Serge Button	"	
24 "	Men's Leather Laced	"	
24 "	" " Alexis	"	
60 "	" " Congress		
200 "	Children's Shoes, Boots, Slippers, &c., in various qualities and Styles.		

An inspection of the above goods is solicited.

DANIEL LUCY.

March, 29.

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.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE by the Fredericton Leather Company, a SECOND HAND TUBULAR BOILER, with appurtenances.

Price $150. Terms 3 and 6 months.

W. H. TIPPET, *Secretary.*

Fredericton, Jan. 15.—tf.

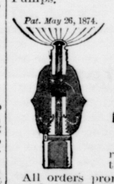
GAS FITTING,
Plumbing, &c.

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.



SOLE AGENT
FOR
ELLIS' Patent Burner

He makes 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, 1¼, 1½ 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 Lumber on hand.

All orders promptly delivered.

Please call at my yard, West End Mill.

RICHARD A. ESTEY.

F'ton, June 22, 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 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.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 4 letter stamps. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.**

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.**

$5. PROTECTION. $5.

WHITTIER & HOOPER

are selling a Sound, Sweet and Healthy

FLOUR
FOR $5.00

CALL AND EXAMINE.

F'ton, April 19.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

THAT VALUABLE FARM, situate in Fredericton, formerly belonging to the late Capt. Scarnell. The Farm is well adapted for market produce, being only a few minutes drive from the city. It contains 70 acres, more or less, a large portion of which is in a good state of cultivation.

Possession given at any time. For terms and further particulars apply to

ELLEN W. P. SCARNELL,
or to RAINSFORD & BLACK, Barristers.

F'ton, Feb. 8.—tf

Mill Oil, &c.

Just received per Schooner "Louisbarqui," from Boston;

2 BARRELS Excellent Winter Lard Oil;
1 Barrel No. 1 Lard Oil;
2 " Barrels Lubricating Oil;
2 " Black Oil;
1 " Machine Olive Oil;
3 " Turpentine;

For sale low by

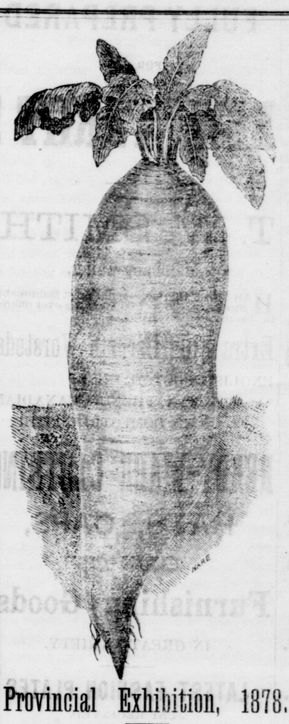
JAS. S. NEILL.

F'ton, May 3—Rep.

BONE DUST.

70 BARRELS BONE DUST,
For sale by

JAMES S NEILL.



Provincial Exhibition, 1878.

FRESH

GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS.

VEGETABLES exhibited at the late Provincial Exhibition from York and Sunbury Counties grown from Seeds imported and sold by

DAVIS & DIBBLEE

won double as many First Prizes at the last Provincial Exhibition, as those grown from seeds sold by any other Seed Dealer in the city

JUST RECEIVED ex Steamer, from Messrs. Carter, Dunnett & Beale, London,

10 Sacks Garden & Field Seeds

This is the fourth season we have bought from the above mentioned Seed House, and in every instance our Seeds have given the greatest satisfaction to our customers,

ALSO IN STOCK:

600 lbs. Sugar Beet Seed.

imported by the Government of New Brunswick

DAILY expected from Ontario, 1500 lbs. Grass Seed, 750 lbs. Clover Seed. All of which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

Davis & Dibblee,

Druggists and Seedsmen, opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

F'ton, April 19.

HATS. HATS.

Spring, 1879.

Just Received:

100 DOZEN

AMERICAN HATS,

Comprising all the

New Styles for Spring, 1879,

IN

SOFT AND STIFF,

At Prices to suit the times.

Also the

Spring Style of Silk Hat

For 1879.

ELIJAH CLARK.

Fredericton, March 1, 1879.

TWEEDS. TWEEDS.

Receiving:

3 CASES UNION TWEEDS,

For Boy's wear, very cheap.

ALSO,

4 Cases Fancy Tweeds,

FOR MEN'S WEAR,

NICE PATTERNS. VERY CHEAP.

Dever Bros.

F'ton, March 22, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

AT

A. A. MILLER & Co's New Store, in Inches' Building, opposite City Hall. When you are in Fredericton, please call and see our New Goods, we have just laid in over $4,000 worth of merican Cotton Goods, and as long as they last, we will sell them at Bottom Prices.

A. A. Miller & Co.

Opposite City Hall.

Fredericton, March 8th., 1879.

Land for Sale.

600 ACRES fine quality farming land, within three miles of either Kent or East Floreneville Station on the N. B. Railway, can be purchased at a low rate. There 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

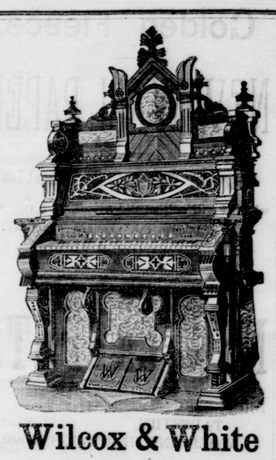
BERTON BROS.,
St. John.

RAINSFORD & BLACK,
Fredericton.

Wm. DIBBLEE,
Woodstock.

W. A. BLACK,
Richibucto.

F'ton, Oct 29.



Wilcox & White ORGANS

ANY person requiring a really good Organ should examine those on exhibition at my office. They are unequaled for elegance of design and quality of tone. The most popular Organs of the day. They stand unrivalled. Musicians and others are respectfully invited to call and examine.

They are warranted for six years.

JOHN RICHARDS.

Fredericton March 29, 1879.

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.

HIDES! HIDES!

THE
FREDERICTON
LEATHER COMPANY

are paying at their TANNERY, King Street, Fredericton, the

HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH
FOR
HIDES.

F'ton, Nov. 30, 1878.

COFFIN TRIMMINGS.

2 CASES of Rogers Bros.' best COFFIN MOUNTING just opened;

HANDLES, PLATES;
MOTTOES, DOWELS;
THUMB SCREWS, STUDS;
SCREW CAPS;
WHITE & BLACK FRINGE;
GIMP SILVER LACE, &c.,

All in the newest designs.

Plates engraved in all styles at short notice.

S. F. SHUTE,
Coy's Block, Queen St.

F'ton, Feb. 8.

EXCURSION RATES!

Chatham Branch!

THE OPPOSITION to our trade having brought in their "want of confidence" motion have lost the vote. So the people say, and all agree that the people know.

FRESH

Field and Garden Seeds

IN A FEW DAYS.

Choice Cigars a new lot. Fine Cut Tobacco, fresh every day.

Pure Drugs and Cheap Prices.

NO EXTRAS ON PRESCRIPTIONS. Call and see for yourselves.

G. L. ATHERTON & CO.,
2 doors below Peoples' Bank.

Fredericton, April 12, 1879

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

I have just what you want.

Lost Nation and Fife Seed Wheat;
Rough and Smooth Seed Buckwheat;
Black and White Seed Oats;
P. E. Island Seed Oats;
Clover and Timothy Seed;
Bradley's Celebrated Superphosphates;
Hillsborough Land Plaster.
Green Head Lime Calcined;
Plaster and Cement.

ALSO ON HAND:

Feeding Oats, Cracked and Whole Corn, Bran and Shorts, Buckwheat Meal, Pressed Hay, and Straw.

Call and examine before purchasing.

JAMES TIBBITS.

STORE HOUSE AND OFFICE on Bank of River above City Hall.

Fredericton, April 12, 1879—2m

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 car