

Select Story.

"BELLE'S BEAU."

A wide, roomy, picturesque old house, such as one sees nowhere but in country towns, set back from the village street among spacious grounds that stretched to a river...

"What is she going to wear?" the latter was asking, with deep interest. "White silk and pink trimmings."

"Oh, thank you, I— I do want them— I like grapes."

"Most people do," was the laughing response, as he reached high over Christy's head and plucked two or three bunches.

"Indeed I do. But pray don't do that! for Christy was eagerly piling fruit-clusters into the wherry."

"There followed a time—Christy never knew how long—of positive enjoyment. How it was that she forgot her awe of the elegant Mr. Ross, and began to talk as her companion of her domg and feelings, as she did, will ever remain a mystery."

How he thoroughly charmed her was how he listened and laughed at her school-girl relations, and how handsome his dark Spanish face looked under the coat of boating cap!

"Is your sister going to marry him?" "I don't know. I don't suppose he's ever asked her. Why?"

"Oh, I should think she would if he did, that's all. He's ever so handsome—and rich, I heard Honorias say."

"I must go, Kate; there's Belle calling me now," and with a hurried good-bye Christy ran up the walk, rushed into the hall, and tossed her books on the table.

"Bring those books straight up to the nursery, and attend to me, Christy. You're to show the ladies their dressing-room to-night. Maria'll be busy in the kitchen, and there'll be no one but you to do it."

"You are the greatest baby." "But it is your party, Belle, right in the house, and I do so love dancing, if it is only to look on. And I am sixteen, and Kate Clapham—"

"Oh, don't quote Kate Clapham, and don't bother me. Wait till it is time for you to go to parties."

"Why, Belle," said a voice from one of the chambers, good humoredly, "do let the child come down. She won't be in the way, and her dress looks very well. Maria can curl her hair."

"As if she could help being in the way," muttered Belle, turning away with a shrug of the shoulders, as she noted Christy's radiant face.

"Come, come," said the good-natured voice again, as a portly matron appeared at one of the doors, "don't stay there talking. Come back Belle, and let me finish your hair."

"Am I to come down?" opened Christy breathlessly.

There was a hearty "Yes," from her mother, and a sulky one from Belle. Christy waited for no more. Dropping her books on the stair landing, she ran down and out the rear door into the sunshine, tossing up her flat hat exultingly.

"Oh, my! I almost feel as if I was a young lady!"

She did not look much like one, as she raced down to the river, intent on roving off a little of her excitement. She looked very young indeed, with her slight figure, short dress, and careless curls tied down under the flat hat, as she loosened her hat and pushed out into the stream.

And she felt just like a child as she rowed off in the perfect air and sunshine of the autumn day. The ripeness and mist of September were on the russet fields and painted woods. Warm scents came from sedge bloom and gardens along the banks, and here and there the dark water caught a scarlet reflection from a vivid cardinal flower or a reddened bough. Christy, rowing lazily down with the current, rounded a shady bend in the stream, and came upon a little cove, where an adventurous wild grape had climbed over low trees and hung its rare purpling clusters from pendant boughs.

Now Christy had an especial liking for wild grapes. She no sooner saw them, than, with a deft movement of the oars, the boat was pushed into the cove, and the rover, standing on one of the teetering seats, was trying in vain to reach the lowest tempting cluster. It was out of reach. In vain she jumped for it, at the imminent risk of drowning herself; in vain, forgetting her aspiration after young ladyhood, she wished herself a boy, that she might climb the willow from which it hung. She did not know what a pretty picture she made as she stood there in the rich purple shadows, the riper purple of the fruit above her, the gold of stray sun rays filtering down through the million leaves above. Her dark curling hair was pushed back, her cheeks were flushed, and the sleeves had fallen away from her upraised rounded arms as she stood on tiptoe below the provoking cluster. A voice started her, and brought her eyes back to the shining levels of the river.

"Will you allow me to get you the grapes?"

If Christy had been a young lady, she would not have turned scarlet and uttered an exclamation of surprise. Being a school-girl she did both; for there, beside the boat, was a slender scarlet wherry the oars lying athwart, and the occupant standing within it, cap in hand, Christy did not need to glance twice at the close-cut jetty hair, the bearded lips, the face olive-tinted by the sun, for surely the dark eyes looking down at her could belong to no other than the hero of her girlish dreams—Belle's beau. Nor could the "fated fairy prince," who comes sooner or later into the life of most girls, have come in more attractive guise than in the person of the young aristocrat who stood awaiting Christy's reply, and regarding her with mingled amusement and admiration.

"Excuse me for starting you. I am sorry you cannot get the grapes, and, being a head and shoulder taller than you, I am equally certain that I can," he said, with a smile.

"Oh, thank you, I— I do want them— I like grapes."

"Most people do," was the laughing response, as he reached high over Christy's head and plucked two or three bunches. He dropped these into her lap, and reached for more, while she sat, school-girl fashion, holding the gatherings and stealthily watching the gatherer from under her wide hat brim. When he at last looked down at her, having filled the bottom of the boat with grapes, to ask if those were enough, she was betrayed into a laugh.

"Oh, a great many more than enough for me. But you like grapes—yourself, don't you?"

"Indeed I do. But pray don't do that! for Christy was eagerly piling fruit-clusters into the wherry. 'There isn't room for them and for me too. If you will let me, he added, with a glance at Christy's still flushed face, 'I will eat one bunch here before rowing down the river.'"

There followed a time—Christy never knew how long—of positive enjoyment. How it was that she forgot her awe of the elegant Mr. Ross, and began to talk as her companion of her domg and feelings, as she did, will ever remain a mystery. And how thoroughly charmed her was how he listened and laughed at her school-girl relations, and how handsome his dark Spanish face looked under the coat of boating cap!

COME!

and see the

ELEPHANT

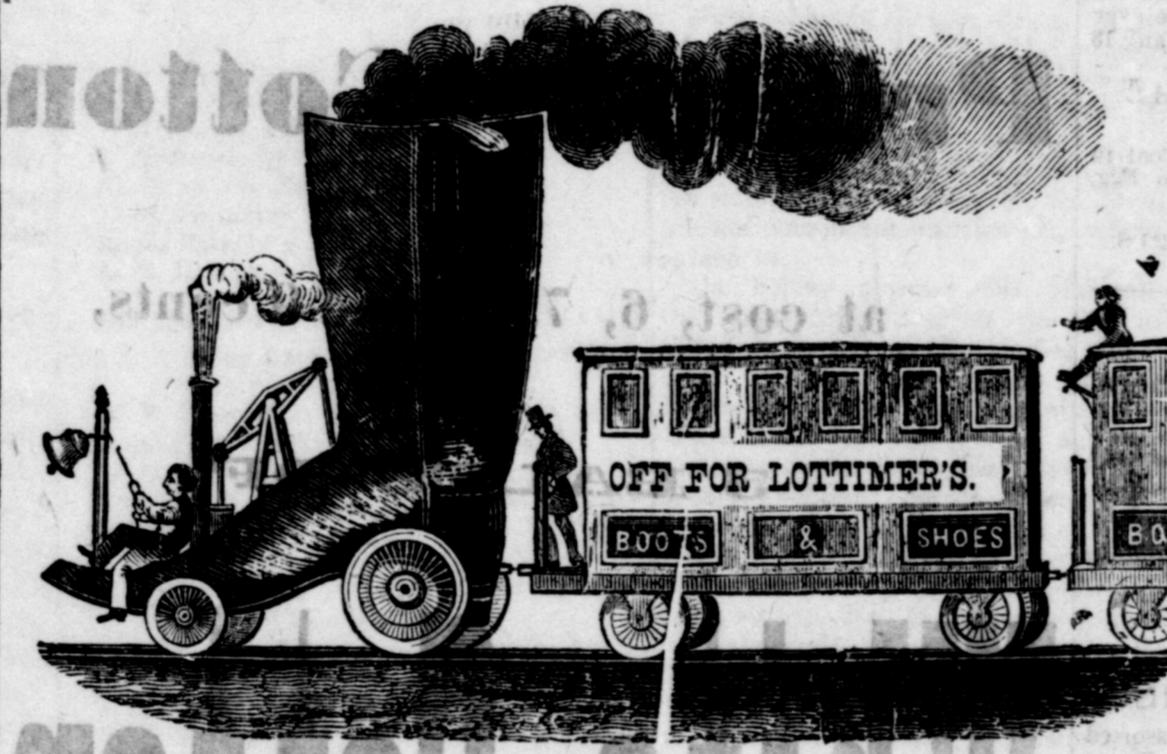
Lottimer's Fashionable Shoe Store,

Established in 1859.

TAKE CARE

-THAT THE-

TRAIN OF EVENTS!



CARRIES YOU OFF FOR

LOTTIMER'S

FASHIONABEL AND POPULAR

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

WHEN YOU WANT TO BUY

Boots & Shoes, very cheap,

As he is determined to clear out a great many lines at much

Less than Usual Prices!

IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR

New Fall Goods,

SHORTLY TO ARRIVE.

LOTTIMER'S MOTTO IS,

A nimble Six Pence is better than a slow Shilling.

Fredricton, Sept. 3, 1877



(The above will but faintly illustrate the great rush we expect to greet the announcement of our Monster Closing Sale.)

Mammoth Clearing Sale of BOOTS and SHOES!!!

Wholesale Butchery of Choice Goods. Everybody invited to share the spoils. Our entire spring and summer stock must be sold, regardless of value, bring what it will! Immense Bargains for everybody. We want and must have room.

The undersigned would herewith respectfully inform everybody that he now offers the balance of last season's purchases at prices that will astonish the natives. He is desirous of closing out the entire lot by the Tenth of September next, and will hesitate at no sacrifice, let the same be ever so great.

We will not allow any accumulation of Old Stock, but are determined to make a clean sweep and commence the incoming season with an entire new and fresh stock, personally selected. Remember, this is no sensational advertisement. WE MEAN BUSINESS FROM THE WORD GO!

We shall make this sale precisely what we have determined upon, viz:

The Consumers' Feast!

We now invite you all to come and judge for yourselves, and by an impartial visit of examination find out whether there is truth or humbug in the advertisement of

JAMES PHELAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in and Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Queen St., 2nd door above People's Bank, Fredericton, N. B. N. B.—We wish it distinctly understood that these goods are for the People and not for Dealers.

A. ANDERSON, Glasgow House, SUMMER 1876.

HAVING now completely finished the repairs and fitting up of my shop from the effects of the Fire, and having purchased almost an entirely new stock of Dry Goods and Clothing, on the very best terms...

with a general description of Goods usually found in a Dry Goods Establishment. I also beg to inform the Public that I have fitted up rooms over my shop for the purpose of carrying on the

Custom Tailoring Business, in all its branches and have engaged the services of Mr. E. S. STANTON, whose skill as a Cutter are so long and favorably known in Fredericton and adjoining country...

A. ANDERSON, Corner of Queen and Carlton Streets.

"Imperial Hall."

I have much pleasure in informing my Friends and the public in general that I have opened in the old building, No. 12, in the best of the Dominion, and all work made by us is of the best quality...

GROCERIES GROCERIES

THE subscriber keeps on hand, and is constantly receiving a nice assortment of Family Groceries such as— Flour, Meal, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Soap, Candles, Vinegar, Cornmeal, Sugar, Raisins, Apples, Peaches, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, Walnuts, Chestnuts, Almonds, Pistachios, Peanuts, Olives, Pickles, Sauces, Ketchup, Mustard, Ginger, Pepper, Salt, Soda, Lemon, Lard, Sausages, Ham, Bacon, Corn, Beans, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Onions, Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips, Celery, Asparagus, Mushrooms, Truffles, and other choice articles...

Parks' Cotton Yarns, awarded the ONLY MEDAL given for COTTON YARNS of Canadian Manufacture, at the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Having now completely finished the repairs and fitting up of my shop from the effects of the Fire, and having purchased almost an entirely new stock of Dry Goods and Clothing...

COTTON CARPET WARE, No. 12 & 4 Ply in all Colors. Warranted fast.

WM. PARKS & SONS, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

FARM FOR SALE, THREE valuable building lots, situated on the South side of Shore Street, near the corner of St. John Street...

Furs Falling, RAW FURS, fell 30 per cent at the Hudson Bay Sale this month in London.

For Sale in F'ron, THREE valuable building lots, situated on the South side of Shore Street, near the corner of St. John Street...

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS, Also a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Always in stock.

Our Custom Department, In the supervision of Mr. John Collins, who is a thoroughly practical and experienced Cutter in the Dominion, and all work made by us is of the best quality...

Farm for Sale, CONTAINING about 100 acres; 20 being Wood land, the remainder under high cultivation.

Locks and Knobs, Just received from Nashua Lock Co., No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Notice of Sale, TO James Campbell and William Campbell, of Kingsclear, in the County of York, and to all whom it may concern.

IMPORTANT CHANGE! In order to meet the requirements of his business, the subscriber has added another hand to the existing staff of his business, and has appointed Mr. J. G. McAlly, of New York City, as his agent in this city.

Furniture & Crockery! GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

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