Literature.

(*Continued.*)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD P. ROWE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DENNIS' LOVE PUT TO PRACTICAL USE.

The day following his unlucky criticism of the pictures was one of great despondency to Dennis. He read in Christine's face that he had wounded her sorely, and though she knew it to be unintentional, would it not prejudice her mind against him, and snap the slender thread by which he hoped to draw across the gulf between them the cord, and then the cable, that might unite their lives, in time?

In the evening his restless, troubled spirit drove him, in spite of the rain, to seek to be at least nearer to her. He felt sure that in the dusk and wrapped in his greatcoat he would not be noticed, but was mistaken, as we have seen. He was rewarded, for he heard her sing as never before, as he did not believe she could sing. For the first time her rich, thoroughly trained voice had the sweetness and power of feeling. To Dennis her song seemed like an appeal, a cry for help, and his heart responded in the deepest sympathy. As he walked homeward he said to himself:

'She could be a true artist, perhaps a great one, for she can feel. She has a heart. She has a taste and skill in touch that few can surpass. I can scarcely believe the beautiful coloring and faultless lines of that picture are her work.'

He longed for a chance to speak with her and explain. He felt that he had so much to say, and in a thousand imaginary ways introduced the subject of her painting. He hoped he might find her sketching in some of the rooms again. He thought he knew her better having heard her sing, and that he could speak to her quite frankly.

The next day she came to the store, but passed him without the slightest notice. He hoped she had not seen him, and, as she passed out, so placed himself that she must see him, and secured for his pains only a slight, cold inclination of the head.

'It is as I feared,' he said bitterly. 'She detests me for having spoiled her triumph. She is not just,' he added angrily. 'She has no sense of justice, or she would not blame me. What a mean-spirited craven I would have been had I shrunk away under her taunts yesterday. Well, I can be proud too.'

When she came in again he did not raise his eyes, and when she passed out, he was in a distant part of the store. Christine saw no tall muffled figure under her window again, though she had the curiosity to look. That even this humble admirer whom she cared not a jot for should show such independence, rather nettled and annoyed her for a moment. But she paid no more heed to him than to the other clerks.

But what was the merest jar to Christine's vanity, cost Dennis a desperate struggle. It required no effort on her part to pass him by without a glance. To him it was torture. In a few days she ceased to think about him at all, and only remembered him in connection with her disappointment. But she was restless, could settle down to no work, and had lost her zest in her old pleasures. She tried to act as usual, for she saw her father's eye was on her. He had not much indulgence for any one's weaknesses save his own, and often by a little cold satire would sting her to the quick. On the other hand, his admiration, openly expressed in a certain courtly gallantry, nourished her pride but not her heart. Though she tried to keep up her usual routine, her manner was forced before him, and languid when alone. But he said:

'All this will pass away like a cold snap in Spring, and the old zest will come again in a few days.'

It did, but from a cause he could not understand, and which his daughter with consummate skill and care concealed He thought it was only the old zest rallying after a sharp frost of disappointment

Dennis' pride gave way before her cool and unstudiee indifferencd. It was clearly evident to him that he had no hold upon her life whatever, and how ever to gain any he did not see. He became more and more dejected.

'She must have a heart, or I could not love her so, but it is so encased in ice I fear I can never reach it.'

That something was wrong with Dennis any friend who cared for him at all might see. The Bruders did, and with the quick intuitions of woman, Mrs. Bruder half guessed the cause. Mr. Bruder seeing preoccupation and sometimes weary apathy in Dennis' face, would say, 'Mr. Fleet is not well.'

Then, as even this slight notice of his different appearance seemed to give pain Mr. Bruder was patiently and kindly blind to his pupil's mattention.

He faithfully kept up all his duties on Sunday as during the week; but all was now hard work.

Some little time after the unlucky morning which he could never think of without an expression of pain, he went to his mission-class as usual. He heard his boys recite their lessons, said a few lame words in explanation, and then leaned his head listlessly and wearily on his hand. He was startled by hearing a sweet voice say:

'Well, Mr. Fleet, are you not going to welcome a new laborer into your corner of the vineyard?'

With a deep flush he saw that Miss Winthrop was in charge of the class next to him, and that he had been oblivious to her presence nearly an hour. He tried to apologize. But she interrupted him, saying:

'Mr. Fleet, you are not well. Any one can see that'

Then Dennis blushed as if he had a raging fever, and she was perplexed.

The closing exercises of the school now occupied them, and then they walked out together.

'Mr. Fleet,' she said, 'you never accepted my invitation. We have not seen you at our house. But perhaps your circle of friends is so large that you do not wish to add to it.'

Dennis could not forbear a smile at the suggestion, but he said in apology:

'I do not visit any one, save a gentleman from whom I am taking lessons.'

'Do you mean to say that you have no friends at all in this great city?'

'Well, I suppose that is nearly the truth, that is, in the sense you use the term. My teacher and his wife—'

'Nonsense! I mean friends of one's age, people of the same culture and status as yourself. I think we need such society as truly as food and air. I did mean those whom business or duty brought you in contact with, or who are friendly or grateful as a matter of course.'

'I have made no progress since my introduction to society at Miss Brown's,' said Dennis.

'But you had the sincere and cordial offer of introduction,' said Miss Winthrop, looking a little hurt.

'I feel hardly fit for society,' said Dennis, all out of sorts with himself. 'It seems that I only blunder and give pain. But I am indeed grateful for your kindness.'

Miss Winthrop looked into his worn, pale face, and instiectively felt that something was wrong, and she felt real sympathy for the lonely young man, isolated among thousands. She said gently but decidedly:

'I did mean my invitation kindly, and I truly wished you to come. The only proof you can give that you appreciate my courtesy, is to accept an invitation for to-morrow evening. I intend having a little musical entertainment.'

Quick as light flashed the thought, 'Christine will be there.' He said promptly:

'I will come, and thank you for the invitation. If I am awkward, you must remember that I have never mingled in Chicago society, and for a long time not in any.'

'She smiled merrily at him and said:

'Don't do anything dreadful, Mr. Fleet.' He caught her mood and asked what had brought her down from her theological peak to such a valley of humiliation as a mission school.

'You and Miss Ludolph,' she answered seriously. 'Between you, you gave me such a lesson that afternoon at Miss Brown's, that I have led a different life ever since. Christine made all as dark as despair, and against that darkness you placed the fiery Cross. I have tried to cling to the true cross ever since. Now He could not say to me 'Inasmuch as ye did not.' And oh! said she, turning to Dennis with a smile full of the light of heaven, 'His service is so very sweet! I heard last week that teachers were wanted at this mission school, so I came, and am glad to find you a neighbor.'

'Dennis' face also kindled at her enthusiasm, but after a moment grew sad again.

'I do not always give so lifeless a lesson as to day,' he said in a low voice.

'Mr. Fleet, you are not well. I can see that you look worn and greatly wearied. Are you not in some way overtaxing yourself?'

Again that sensitive flush, but he only said:

'I assure you I am well. Perhaps I have worked a little hard. That is all.'

'Well, then, come to our house and play a little, to-morrow evening,' she answered from the platform of a street car, and was borne away.

Dennis went to his lonely room, full of self-reproach.

'Does she find Christ's service so sweet and do I find it so dull and hard? Does human love alone constrain me, and not the love of Christ? Truly I am growing weak. Every one says I look sick; I think I am, body and soul, and am ceasing to be a man; but with God's help I will be one—and what is more, a christian. I thank you, Miss Winthrop; you have helped me more than I have helped you. I will accept your invitation to go out into the world. I will no longer mope, brood, and perish in the damp and shade of my own sick fancies. If I cannot win her, I can at least be a man without her,' and he felt better and stronger than he had for a long time. The day was breaking again.

In accordance with a custom that was growing with him ever since the memorable evening when Bill Cronk befriended him, he laid the whole matter before his Heavenly Father, as a child tells an earthly parent all his heart. Then he added one simple prayer, 'Guide me in all things.'

The next day was brighter and better than its forerunners. 'For some reason I feel more like myself,' he thought. After the excitement and activity of a busy day, he said:

'I can conquer this, if I must.'

But when he made his simple toilet, and was on his way to Miss Winthrop's residence, his heart began to flutter strangely, and he knew the reason. Miss Winthrop welcomed him most cordially, and put him at his ease in a moment, as only a true woman can. Then she turned to receive other guests. He looked around. Christine was not there—and his heart sank like lead. 'She will not be here,' he sighed. But the guests had not ceased coming, and every new arrival caused a flutter of hopes and fears. He both longed and dreaded to meet her. At last, when he had about given up seeing her, he suddenly saw her advancing up the parlor on her father's arm. Never had she seemed so dazzlingly beautiful. He was at that instant talking to Mr. Winthrop, and for a few moments that gentleman was perplexed at his incoherent answers, and the changes in his face. Having paid their respects to the daughter, Mr. and Miss Ludolph came toward Mr. Winthrop, and of course Dennis had to meet them. Having greeted them warmly, Mr. Winthrop said:

'Of course you do not need an introduction to Mr. Fleet.'

Dennis had shrunk a little back, and at first they had not noticed him. Mr. Ludolph said good-naturedly:

'Glad to see you, Mr. Fleet, and will be still more glad to hear your fine voice.'

But Christine merely bowed as to one with whom her acquaintance was slight, and turned away. At first Dennis had blushed, and his heart had fluttered like a young girl's; but as she turned so coolly away, his native pride and obstinacy were aroused.

'She shall speak to me and do me justice,' he muttered. 'She must understand that I spoke unconsciously on that miserable morning, and am not to be blamed. As I am a man, I will speak boldly and secure recognition.' But as the little company mingled and conversed before the music commenced, no opportunity offered. He determined to show her, however, that he was no country boor, and with skill and taste made himself agreeable.

Christine furtively watched him. She was surprised to see him, as the idea of meeting him in society as an equal had scarcely been realized before. But when she saw him greeting one after another with grace and ease, and that all seemed to enjoy his conversation, so that a little knot of Miss Winthrop's most intelligent guests were about him at last, she felt that it would be no great condescension on her part to be a little more affable. In her heart, though, she had not forgiven the unconscious words that had smitten to the ground her ambitious hopes.

Then again, his appearance deeply interested her. There was a suppressed excitement and power about him, seen in the glow and fire of his dark eyes, and felt in his tones, that stirred her languid pulses.

'He is no vapid society-man,' she said to herself, and her artist eye was gratified by the changes in his noble face.

'Look at Fleet,' whispered her father; 'could you believe he was sweeping the store the other day? Well, if we don't find out his worth and get what we can from him, the world will. We ought to have had him to sing before this, but I have been so busy since your illness that it slipped my mind.'

Miss Winthrop now led Christine to the piano, and she played a classical piece of music in faultless taste. Then followed duets, solos, quartets, choruses, and instrumental pieces, for nearly all present were musical amateurs. Under the inspiration of this soul-stirring art, coldness and formality melted away, and with jest and brilliant repartee alternating with song, there gathered around Miss Winthrop's piano such a group as could never grace the parlor of Miss Brown. Sometimes they would carry a new and difficult piece through: again they would break down, with much laughter and good-natured rallying.

Dennis, as a stranger, held back at first; but those who remembered his voice at the Tableau party, were clamorous to hear him again, and they tested and tried his voice during the evening in many and varied ways. But he held his own, and won greener laurels than ever. He did his very best, for he was before one he would rather please than all the world; moreover, her presence seemed to inspire him to do better than when alone. Christine with the others could not help listening with delight to his rich clear tenor, and Mr. Ludolph was undisguised in his admiration.

'I declare, Mr. Fleet, I have been depriving myself of a good deal of pleasure. I meant to have had you up to sing with us before, but have been under such a press of business of late. But the first evening I am disengaged you must surely come.'

Christine had noticed how quietly and almost indifferently Dennis had taken the many compliments showered on him before, but now when her father spoke, his face flushed, and a sudden light came into his eyes. Dennis had thought, 'I can then see and speak to her.' Every now and then she caught his eager questioning and almost appealing glance, but he made no advances. 'He thinks I am angry because of his keen criticism of my picture. For the sake of my own pride, I must not let him think that I care so much about his opinion,' and Christine resolved to let some of the ice thaw that had formed between them. Moreover, in spite of herself, when thrown into his society, he greatly interested her. He seemed to have just what she did not. He could meet her on her own ground in matters of taste, and then, in contrast with her cold negative life, he was so earnest and positive. 'Perhaps papa spoke for us both' she thought, 'and I have been depriving myself of a pleasure also, for he certainly interests while most men only weary me.'

Between ten and eleven, supper was announced; not the prodigal abundance under which the Brewer's table groaned, but a dainty elegant little affair, which, inspired and promoted social feeling, though the 'spirit of wine' was absent. The eye was feasted as truly as the palate. Christine had stood near Dennis as the last piece was sung, and he turned and said in a low, eager tone:

'May I have the pleasure of waiting on you at supper?'

She hesitated, but his look was so wistful that she could not well refuse, so with a slight smile she bowed assent, and placed the tips of her little gloved hand on his arm, which so trembled that she looked inquiringly and curiously into his face. It was very pale, as was ever the case when he felt deeply. He waited on her politely but silently at first. She sat in an angle, somewhat apart from the others. As he stood by her side thinking how to refer to the morning in the show-room, she said:

'Mr. Fleet, you are not eating anything, and you look as if you had been living on air, of late—very differently from when you so efficiently aided me in the rearrangement of the store. I am delighted you keep up the better order of things.'

Dennis' answer was quite irrevalent.

'Miss Ludolph,' he said abruptly, 'I saw that I gave you pain that morning in the show-room. If you only knew how the thought has pained me.'

Christine flushed almost angrily, but said coldly:

'Mr. Fleet that is a matter you can never understand, therefore we had better dismiss the subject.'

But Dennis had determined to break the ice between them at any risk, so he said firmly but respectfully:

'Miss Ludolph, I did understand all, the moment I saw your face that day. I do understand how you have felt since, better than you imagine."

His manner and words were so assured and decided, that she raised a startled face to his, but asked coldly and in an indifferent manner:

'What can you know of my feelings?'

'I know,' said Dennis in a low tone, looking searchingly into her face, from which cool composure was fast fading, 'I know the dearest hope of your heart was to be among the first in art. You staked that hope on your success in a painting that required a power that you did not possess.' Christine became very pale, but from her eyes shone a light that most men would have quailed before; but Dennis' love was so true and strong, that he could wound her for the sake of the healing and life he hoped to bring, and he continued—'On that morning this cherished hope for the future failed you, not because your artist eye saw that my words were true. You have since been unhappy'—

'What right have *you*, you who were but a few days since—who are a stranger, what right have you to speak to me thus?'

'I know what you would say, Miss Ludolph,' said Dennis, a slight flush coming into his pale face. 'Friends may be humble and yet true. But am I not right?'

'I have no claim on your friendship,' said Christine coldly. 'But for the sake of argument, grant that you are, what follows?' and she looked at him more eagerly than she knew. She felt that he had read her very soul, and was deeply moved, and again the superstitious feeling crept over her, 'that young man is in some way connected with my destiny.'

Dennis saw his power and proceeded rapidly, for he knew they might be interrupted any moment, and so they would have been had anything less interesting than eating occupied attention.

'I saw in the picture what in your eyes and mine would be a fatal defect—the lack of life and true feeling—the lack of power to live. I did not know who painted it, but that any one who could paint as well as that, and yet leave out the soul as it were, had not the power to put it in. No artist of such ability could willingly or ignorantly have permitted such a defect.'

Christine's eyes sank, their fire faded out, and her face had the pallor of one listening to her doom. This deeper feeling mastered the momentary resentment against the hand that was wounding her, and she forgot him, and all, in her pain and despair.

In a low earnest tone Dennis continued:

'But since I have come to know who the artist is, since I have studied the picture more fully, and have taken the liberty of some observation,'—Christine hung on his lips breathlessly, and Dennis spoke slowly, marking the effect of every word—'I have come to the decided belief that the lady who painted that picture *can* reach the sphere of true and highest art.'

The light that stole into Christine's face under his slow, emphatic words was like a rosy dawn in June; and the thought flashed through Dennis' mind, 'if an earthly hope can so light up her face, what will be the effect of a heavenly one?'

For a moment she sat as one entranced, looking at a picture far off in the future. His words had been so earnest and assured that they seemed reality. Suddenly she turned on him a look as grateful and happy as the former one had been full of pain and anger, and said:

'Ah, do not deceive me, do not flatter. You cannot know the sweetness and power of the hope you are inspiring. To be disappointed again, would be death. If you are trifling with me, I will never forgive you,' she added in sudden harshness, her brow darkening,

'Nor would I deserve to be forgiven if I deceived you in a matter that to you is so sacred.'

'But how—how am I to gain this magic power to make faces feel and live on canvas?'

'You must believe. You must feel yourself.'

She looked at him with darkening face, and then in a sudden burst of passion said, 'I don't believe, I can't feel. All this is mockery, after all.'

'No!' said Dennis, in the deep assured tone that ever calms and secures attention. 'This is not mockery. I speak the words of truth and soberness. You do not believe, but that is not the same as cannot. And permit me to contradict you when I say you *do* feel. On this subject so near your heart you feel most deeply—feel as I never knew any one before. Your tones then would move any heart, and my tears fell with the rain in sympathy—I could not help it.'

Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, and her breath came hard and quick—

'O, if I could believe you were right.'

'I know I am right,' he said so decidedly that again hope grew rosy and beautiful in her face.

'Then again,' he continued eagerly, 'see what an advantage you have over the most of us. Your power of imitation is wonderful. *You can copy anything you see.*'

'Good evening, Miss Ludolph. Where have you been hiding? I have twice made a tour of the supper-room in my search,' broke in the voluble Mr. Mellen. Then he gave Dennis a cool stare, who acted as if unconscious of his presence. An expression of disgust flitted across Christines face at the interruption, or the person—perhaps both, and she was about to shake him off that Dennis might speak further, when Miss Winthrop and others came up, and there was a general movement back to the parlors.

'Why, Christine, what is the matter?' asked her friend. 'You look as if you had a fever. What has Mr. Fleet been saying?'

'O, we have had an argument on my hobby, Art, and of course don't agree, and so got excited in debate.'

Miss Winthrop glanced keenly at them and said:

'I would like to have heard it, for it was Greek meeting Greek.'

'To what art or *trade* did Mr. Fleet refer?' asked Mr. Mellen, with an insinuation that all understood.

'One that you do not understand, said Christine keenly.

The petted and spoiled millionnaire flushed angrily a moment, and then said with a bow:

'You are right, Miss Ludolph Mr. Fleet is acquainted with one or two arts that I have never had the pleasure of learning.'

'He has at least learned the art of being a gentleman,' was the sharp retort.

The young man's face grew darker, and he said:

'From the *sweeping* nature of your remarks, I perceive that Mr. Fleet is high in your favor.'

'A poor pun made in poorer taste,' was all the comfort he got from Christine.

Dennis was naturally of a very jealous disposition where his affections were concerned. His own love took such entire possession of him that he could not brook the interference of another, or sensibly consider that they had the same privilege to woo, and win if possible, that he had. This rich and favored youth was especially distasthful to him, and his presence awakened all his combativeness, which was by no means small.

Mr Mellen's most inopportune interruption and covert taunts provoked him beyond endurance. His face was fairly white with rage, and for a moment he felt that he could stamp his rival out of existence. In the low, concentrated voice of passion he said:

'If Mr. Mellen should lose his property as many do, I gather from his remarks that he would still keep up his idea of a gentleman on charity.'

Mr. Mellen flushed to the roots of his hair, his hands clenched. In the flashing eyes and threatening faces of the young men, those witnessing the scene foresaw trouble. A light hand fell on Dennis' arm, and Miss Winthrop said:

'Mr. Fleet, I wish to show you a picture and ask your judgment in regard to it.'

Dennis understood the act, and in a moment more his face was crimson with shame.

'Miss Winthrop, you ought to send me home at once. I told you I was unfit for society. Somehow I am not myself. I humbly ask your pardon.'

'So sincere a penitent shall receive absolution at once. You were greatly provoked. I trust you for the future.'

'You may,' was the emphatic answer. After that pledge, Mr. Mellen might have struck him and received no more response than from a marble statue.

Mr. Mellen also took a sober second thought, remembering that he was in a lady's parlor.

He walked away with his ears stinging, for the flattered youth had never had such an experience before. The few who witnessed the scene smilled significantly, and Christine half contemptuously; but Miss Winthrop soon made all serene, and the remaining hours passed away in music and some dancing. Christine did not speak to Dennis again, that is by word of mouth, but she thought of him constantly, and their eyes often met—on his part that same eager, questioning look. She ever turned hers at once away. But his words kept repeating themselves continually. especially his last sentence, when the unlucky Mr. Mellen broke in upon them,—'You can copy anything you see.'

'How noble and expressive of varied feeling his face is,' she thought, watching it change under the playful badinage of Miss Winthrop.

'How I would like to copy it. Well, you can—'You can copy anything you see.' Then like a flash came a suggestion—'You can make him love you, and copy feeling, passion, life—from the *living* face. Whether I can believe or feel, myself, is very doubtful. This I can do—he himself said so. I cannot love. myself, I must not; I do not wish to now, but perhaps I can inspire love in him, and then make his face a study. As to my believing, he can never know how utterly impossible his Faith is to me. This is my one way out of darkness to the glory-crowned heights of fame.'

Then conscience entered a mild protest against the cruelty of the thing. 'Nonsense!' she said to herself; 'most girls flirt for sport, and it is a pity if I cannot with such a purpose in view. He will soon get over a little puncture in his heart after I have sailed away to my bright future beyond the sea, and perhaps Susie will comfort him,' and she smiled at the thought. Dennis saw the smile and was entranced by its loveliness. How little he guessed the cause!

Having resolved, Christine acted promptly. When their eyes again met, she gave him a slight smile. He caught it instantly and looked bewildered, as if he could not believe his eyes. Again, when, a little later, at the urgent request of many, he sang alone for the first tiine, and again moved his hearers deeply by the real feeling in his tones, he turned from the applause of all, with that same questioning look, to her. She smiled an encouragement that she had never given him before. The warm blood flooded his face instantly. All thought that it was the general chorus of praise. Christine knew that she had caused it. 'I half believe he loves me now,' she said. She threw him a few more kindly smiles from time to time as one might some glittering things to an eager child, and every moment assured her of her power.

'I will try one more test,' she said, and by a little effort lured to her side the offended Mr. Mellen, and appeared much pleased by his attention. Then unmistakably the pain of jealousy was stamped on Dennis' face, and she was satisfied. Shaking off the perplexed Mr. Mellen again, she went to the recess of a window to hide her look of exultation.

'The poor victim loves me, already,' she said. 'The mischief is done, I have only to avail myself of what exists from no fault of mine, and surely I ought to; otherwise the passion of the infatuated youth will be utterly wasted, and do nobody any good.'

Thus in somewhat a novel way Christine dotained a new master in painting, and poor Dennis and his love were put to use somewhat as a human subject might be if dissectbe alive.

(*To be continued.*)

JAMES D. HANLON,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,

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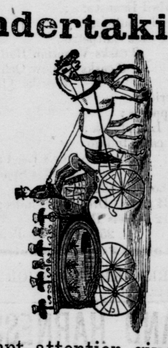

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SCOTCH TWEEDS.

A few very Choice Patterns in

FRENCH GOODS

A full line of

English & Canadian Tweeds.

Always on hand a full line of the Best Quality of TRIMMINGS.

Employing a large staff of experienced workmen, I am prepared to fill orders promptly in the LATEST NEW YORK STYLE.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

Merchant Tailor & Clothier,

QUEEN STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO BRAYLEY HOUSE.

Fredericton, May 6, 1880.

MODEL WAREHOUSE!

JAMES HODGE,

THE proprietor of the above Establishment, thankful for past favors, begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the public generally to the following stock of Goods in his line at his old stand next door below the "Reporter Office":—

500 BBLS. Fletcher's Superior Flour,
200 barrels White Buns "
200 barrels Paradise "
150 " City of Fredericton "
150 " White Pigeon "
100 " Howland's Choice "
100 " Buda "
100 " Moncheland "
200 " Cornmeal,
100 " Oatmeal,
50 " No 1 Scotch Ref'd Sugar,
25 " Granulated Sugar,
50 hhds. Barbadoes Molasses,
30 bsrrels do.
100 boxes Black Tea (English);
50 caddies " "
50 boxes Challenge Tobacco,
30 half-boxes "
10 boxes Florence Tobacco,
57 caddies Birdeye "
20 " Little Sergeant Tobacco,
20 " Sailor's Solace "
50 barrels Mess Pork,
25 " Beans,
1200 sacks Salt,
100 " Fine Salt,
25 barrels Bay Herring,
100 half-barrels "
5 barrels No. 1 Mess Shad,
400 boxes Smoked Herring,
50 kegs Soda,
500 lbs. Cream Tartar,
30 boxes Pepper,
25 sacks Rice,
120 boxes Coll's best Soap,
25 " Candles,
150 " Layer Raisins,
30 cases Matches,
50 dozen Pails,
25 " Brooms,
50 Quintals Codfish,

These Goods will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

F'ton, May 6, 1880. JAMES HODGE.

First Premium,

Provincial Exhibition, 1878.

REED & REED

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the GOOD HOUSEWIFE to the superior quality of their

BROOMS & WISPS.

They manufacture an article not excelled by any in the market, either domestic or imported.

MERCHANTS near the upper St. John will find it especially advantageous to deal with them. All orders promptly filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Fredericton, April 25th 1870. REED & REED

MONEY TO LOAN

ON REAL ESTATE security in Carleton or Sunbury Counties. Apply to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

April 29, 1880.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

William Jennings

(*Formerly Cutter for Mr. P. McVeake.*)

1880 SPRING 1880

NEW CLOTHS

Just Received: 4 Cases New Cloths.

The Latest Styles in SCOTCH TWEEDS for Suitings.

WEST OF ENGLAND COATINGS in New Patterns.

CANADIAN TWEEDS in all the Newest Designs.

Fine BLUE SERGES for Summer wear.

1 Case of TRIMMINGS, personally selected.

GENTLEMEN wishing first class garments made up in the latest styles, and at moderate prices, would do well to call, examine stock, and leave their measure.

WM. JENNINGS.

F'ton, March 25, 1880.

Thorough-bred Stock.

The subscriber offers for sale, this Spring

CHOICE JERSEY CATTLE,

Bulls, Cows, Heifers and Calves, undoubtedly the most valuable breed of cattle for Butter.

Also Bull Calves from superior

Short Horn Cows,

sired by the Dutchess Bull "Baron Airdrie," imported by Government from Hon. George Brown's farm in Ontario.

Poland, China and White Chester Pigs, delivered in May—order now.

Brown and White Leghorn, Plymouth Rock, Partridge, Cochin and Light Brama Fowls.

Clear cast strains—carefully bred—fresh Eggs, at $1.50 per setting of 13, or $4 for 39; carefully packed and forwarded by Express or other conveyance.

Choice Plants for Pots or Bedding.

All at Low Prices.

Address, with stamps for replies,

C. E. GROSVENOR.

Canterbury, April 2, 1880.

GEO. HATT & SONS,

ARE just receiving per S. S. California, from London, their first shipment of English Groceries for the season as follows:

Coleman's No. 1 Blue and White Starch;
" Mustard in Kegs and Cans;
Worcester Sauce, Marmalade;
Lazenby's Pickles in Mixed Chow Chow, Picalilli, &c.,
Morton's Mixed Pickles, Harvey Sauce.
Comic Powder, Archovy. Paste, etc.,
Arnold's Ink, Belmantine's Candles,
Salad Oil. Sulpher, Epp's Cocoa, Cloves,
Cinnamon, Pimento, Mace, Ginger, Pepper,
Cream Tartar, Nutmegs, Macaroni,
Mocha, Java, Plantation, Ceylon, Rio and Jamaica Coffee,
Rice, Bicart Soda, etc., etc.

LOWEST PRICES.

Fredericton, April 15.

FREDERICTON LIVERY STABLE

Westmorland St., Cor. Queen.

GUNTER & ATHERTON, PROP'S.

FIRST-CLASS TURN OUTS.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Extras Furnished to all Points.

GEO. I. GUNTER, HARRY B. ATHERTON.

Fredericton, October 23, 1879.

H. RUTTER,

SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER,

DEALER IN

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

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

A HE OLD S AND,

Opposite the County Court House, Queen Street, Fton., N. B.

Fton, April, 20, 1878.

TO LET.

SEVERAL OFFICES in the Brick Building in York Street, next adjoining the Corner of Queen Street.

J. L. INCHES.

Fredericton, Feb. 12, 1880

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber has opened a New Store next above JAS. S. NEILLS,

opp. County Court House,

with a well assorted stock of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

all new and fresh, which he will sell as low as any in the trade.

All Goods delivered FREE in the City. Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

W. R. LOGAN.

F'ton, May 14th, 1880.

For Sale or to Let.

THAT valuable property in Kingsclear, known as

"THE SIBBALD FARM."

Possession given immediately. Apply to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

Fredericton, March 25.

TO LET.

THE STORE in the Brayley House now occupied by John Mackay, Esq. Possession given 1st May next.

Also, the Store at present occupied by Miss C. McMichael. Possession given 1st May next.

Also, that large and commodious house situate on the corner of Queen and Regent Streets known as the Kirby House. Immediate possession given if required.

Apply to

J. A. & W. VANWART.

Barristers.

March 11—tf

HOUSES TO LET.

ONE Two Story House on Brunswick, above Regent Street, with Garden, etc.

One Cottage, corner George and Sunbury Sts., with Garden, etc.

One Cottage on Charlotte Street, next below Bebbington's Green House, with Garden.

One Two Story House on St. John, near Brunswick Street.

Several other small Cottages and Flats in Tenement Houses.

For particulars apply to

GEO. A. PERLEY,

Agent.

Feb, 26, 1880

TO LET.

THE BRICK HOUSE and premises occupied by Benjamin Atherton, situate on King Street, opposite the Methodist Meeting House. Possession given the first of May.

RAINSFORD & BLACK.

March 30, 1880

GOLDEN FLEECE.

Spring, 1880.

Just opened

22 BALES AND CASES NEW WALL PAPERS!

IN

Tints, Gilts, Marbles, Oaks and Common.

A few Patterns of handsome

GILT DADOS.

NEW CARPETS

in all the Latest colorings and designs.

Tapestry Carpets from 55 cents to $1.00 per yard.

Brussels Carpets from 90 cents to $1.50 per yard.

JOHN M'DONALD

Fredericton, April 1, 1880—3m

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 FITTINGS, 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 treet, Fredericton, N. B.

F'ton, Aug. 10, 1878.

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,

SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc.

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE!

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS,
PIANO BOX,
TOP PHÆTONS,
WAGON CONCORDS,
GENERAL GRANDS,

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

F'ton, Oct. 30, 1879.

CANNED BEANS

Having added to my establishment, on King Street, appliances for

PREPARING AND CANNING BEANS

I am prepared to furnish as good an article as can be imported, and at a much lower figure.

GEO. J. BURNS.

Fredericton, Nov. 27 1879. 26

WANTED

BY THE

Fredericton Leather Company,

1000 CORDS

HEMLOCK BARK,

To be delivered at their Tannery, for which CASH and the highest Prices will be given.

I. W. SIMMONS, *Manager.*

March 1, 1880—3m

Waverly House,

REGENT STREET,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. B. GRIEVES, Proprietor.

Convenient to Public Offices, Free Market, and Steamboat Landing. Terms moderate. Stabling and yard accommodation of the very best.

D. McCATHERIN,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

NEW BRUNSWICK,

FOR THE

QUEEN

OF ALL

SEWING MACHINES,

THE

"RAYMOND!"

Easy to Run. Easy to Learn.

Needles, Fine Oil, and repairs for all Machines kept on hand. Old Machines exchanged or refitted.

Come to Phœnix Square and read the sign

D. McCATHERIN.

Fredericton, Oct. 30, 1879

GREAT TRADE SALE

EDGECOMBE & SONS

HAVE ON HAND, and offer for sale

UNTIL NOVEMBER 15

at prices much below regular rates, and which must insure prompt sales, the following stock warranted first-class in every respect:—

5 Concord Carriages;
4 Piano Box Carriages;
3 Top Buggies;
2 Single and Double Phaetons with Shifting Tops;
3 Jump Seat Carriages;
4 Portland Fancies;
5 Express Wagons, single and Double;
13 Farm Wagons, with from 1 1-2 to 2 inche axles;
3 Slovens.

Contracts will be made for any description of vehicles in large numbers, at favorable rates.