Literature.

(*Continued.*)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

BY THE REV. EDWABD P. ROWE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The large parlors were filled with chairs, and these were soon occupied by a very silent audience, and it was evident that elegant toilets would vie for attention with the music. Christine came down on her father's arm dressed like a princess, and though her diamonds were few, such were their size and brilliancy that they seemed on fire. Every eye followed Mrs. Non Brakheim's party, and that good lady took half the admiration to herself.

A superior tenor, with an unpronounceable foreign name, had come up from New York to grace the occasion. But personally he lacked every grace himself, his fine voice being the one thing that redeemed him from utter insignificance in mind and appearance. Nevertheless he was vain beyond measure, and made the most of himself on all occasions.

The music was fine, for the amateurs, feeling that they had a critical audience, did their best. Christine chose three brilliant, difficult, but heartless pieces as her contribution to the entertainment (she would not trust herself with anything else), and with something approaching reckless gaiety she sought to hide the bitterness at her heart. Her splendid voice and exquisite touch doubled the admiration her beauty and diamonds had excited, and Mrs. Von Brakheim basked in still stronger reflected light. She took every opportunity to make it known that she was Miss Ludolph's chaperon.

After her first effort, the "distinguished" tenor from New York opened his eyes widely at her. At her second, he put up his eye-glass in something like astonishment, and the close of her last song found him nervously rumaging a music portfolio in the corner.

But for Christine the law of association had become too strong, and the prolonged applause recalled the evening at Miss Brown's when the same sounds had deafened her, but when turning from it all she had seen Dennis Fleet standing in rapt attention, his lips parted, his eyes glowing with such an honest admiration that even then it was worth more to her than all the clamor Then by the same law of association, she again saw that eager, earnest face, changed, pale, dead—dead! and she the cause.

Regardless of the compliments showered upon her she buried her face in her hands and trembled from head to foot

But the irrepressible tenor had found what he wanted, and now came forward asking that Miss Ludolph would sing a duet with him.

She lifted a wan and startled face.—Must the torturing similarity and still more torturing contrast of the two occasions be continued? But she saw her father regarding her sternly, and that she was becoming the subject of curious glances and whispered surmises. Her pride was aroused at once, and goaded on by it she said: "O certainly; she was not feeling well, but it did not signify."

"And den," put in the tenor. "dis is von grand occazeon to you, for it is so unfrequent dat I find any von vorthy to sing dis style of music vith me."

"What is the music?" asked Christine coldly.

To her horror she found it the same selection from Mendelssohn that she had sung with Dennis.

"No," she said sharply, "I cannot sing that."

"Pardon me, my daughter, you can sing it admirably if you choose," interposed her father.

She turned to him imploringly, but his face was inflexible, and his eyes had an incensed, meaning look. For a moment she, too, was angry, Had he no mercy? She was about to coldly decline, but her friends were very urgent and clamorous. 'Please do—don't disappoint us,' echoing on every side. The tenor was so surprised and puzzled at her insensibility to the honor he had conferred, that to prevent a scene she could not explain, she went to the piano as if led to the stake.

But the strain was too great upon her in her suffering state. The familiar notes recalled so vividly the one whe once before had sung them at her side, that she turned almost expecting to see him,—but saw only the vain little animated music machine, who with many contortions was producing the harmony. 'Just this mockery my life will ever be,' she thought; 'all that I am—the best I can do, will always be connected with something insignificant and common place. The rich, impassioned voice of the *man* who sang these words, and who might have taught me to sing the song of a new and happier life, I have silenced forever.'

The thought overpowered her.

Just then her part recurred, but her voice died away in a miserable quaver, and again she buried her face in her hands. Suddenly she sprang from the piano, darted through the low-cut open window near, and a moment later ordered her startled maid from the room, turned the key and was alone

Her father explained coldly to the astonished audience and the half paralyzed tenor (who still stood with his mouth open) that his daughter was not at all well that evening, and ought not to have appeared at all. This Mrs. Von Brakhiem took up and repeated with endless variations. But the evidences of sheer mental distress on the part of Christine had been too clear, and countless were the whispered surmises of the fashionable gossips in explanation.

Mrs. Von Brakhiem herself, burning with curiosity soon retired, that she might receive from her lovely charge some gushing confidences, which she expected, as a matter of course, would be poured into what she chose to regard as her sympathizing heart But she knocked in vain at Christine's door.

Later, Mr. Ludolph knocked — there was no answer.

'Christine!' he called.

After some delay a broken voice answered: 'You cannot enter — I am not well—I have retired'

He turned on his heel and strode away, and that night drank more brandy and water than was good for him.

As for Christine, warped and chilled though her nature had been, she was still a woman, she was still young, and though she knew it not, she had heard the voice which had awoken her heart into life.—Through a chain of circumstances for which she was partly to blame, she had been made to suffer as she did not believe she could. The terrible words of Mr. Bruder's letter rang continually in her ears,—'Mr. Fleet is not dying a natural death; he has been slain."

For many long weary days the conviction had been growing upon her that she had indeed slain him and mortally wounded herself. Until to-night she had kept herself outwardly under restraint, but now the long pent up feeling gave way, and she sobbed as if her heart would break—sobbed till the power to weep was gone. If now some kind, judicious friend had shown her that she was not so guilty as she deemed herself; that, however frightful the consequences of such acts, she was really not to blame for what she did not intend and could not foresee; more than all, if she could only have known that Dennis was recovering instead of being dead and buried, she might at once have entered on a new and happier life. But there was no such friend, no such knowledge, and her wounded spirit was thrown back upon itself.

At last, robed as she had been for the evening, she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and grief—for grief induces sleep.

The gems that shone in her dishevelled hair, that rose and fell as at long intervals her bosom heaved with a convulsive sob, like the fitful gusts of a storm that is dying away; the costly fabrics she wore made sad mockery in their contrast with the pale, tear-stained, suffering face. The hardest heart might have pitied her—yes, even the wholly ambitious heart of her father, incensed as he was that a plebeian stranger of this land should have caused such distress.

When Christine awoke, her pride awoke also. With bitterness of spirit she recalled the events of the past evening. But a new phase of feeling now begun to manifest itself.

After her passionate outburst she was much calmer. In this respect the unimpeded flow of feeling had done her good, and, as intimated, if kindness and sympathy could now have added their gentle ministrations, she might have been the better for it all her life. But left to herself, her old and worst traits resumed their sway. Chief among these was pride, and under the influence of this passion and the acute suffering of her unsoothed, unguided spirit, she began to rebel in impotent anger. She grew hard, cynical, and reckless. Her father's lack of sympathy and consideration alienated her heart even from him. Left literally alone in the world, her naturally reserved nature shut itself up more closely than ever. Even her only friend, Susie Winthrop, drifted away. One other, who might have been—but she could think of him with only a shudder now. All the rest seemed either indifferent, or to condemn, or worse still, to be using her like Mrs. Von Brakhiem, and even her own father, as a stepping stone to their personal ambition. Christine could not see how she was to blame for this isolation. She did not understand that cold, selfish natures, like her own and her father's, could not surround themselves with warm, generous friends.

She saw only the results. But with flashing eyes she resolved that they should pry into her hearts secrets not a hair's breadth further; that she would be used only so far as she chose. She would, in short, 'face out' the events of the past evening simply and solely on the ground that she was not well, and permit no questions to be asked.

Cold and self possessed she came down to a late breakfast. Mrs. Von Brakhiem, and others who had been introduced, joined her, but nothing could penetrate through the nice polished armor of her courteous reserve. Her father looked at her keenly, but she coolly returned his gaze.

When alone with her soon afterward, he turned and said sharply: 'What does all this mean?'

She looked around as if some one else were near.

'Were you addressing me?' she asked coldly.

'Yes, of course I am,' said her father impatiently.

'From your tone and manner, I supposed you must be speaking to someone else'

'Nonsense! I was speaking to you. What does all this mean?'

She turned on him an indescribable look, and after a moment said in a slow, meaning tone:

'Have you not heard my exolanation, sir?'

Such was her manner, he felt he could as easily strike her as say another word.

Muttering an oath, he turned on his heel and left her to herself.

The next morning her father bade her 'Good bye.' In parting, he said meaningly:—

'Christine, beware!'

Again she turned upon him that peculiar look, and replied in a low, firm tone:

'That expression applies to you also. Let us both beware, lest we repent at leisure.'

The wily man, skilled in character, was now thoroughly convinced that in his daughter he was dealing with a nature very different from his wife's—that he was now confronted by a spirit as proud and imperious as his own. He clearly saw that force, threatening, sternness would not answer in this case, and that if he carried his points it must be through skill and cunning. By some means he must even gain her consent and cotoperation.

His manner changed. Instinctively she divined the cause; and hers did not. Therefore father and daughter parted as father and daughter ought never to part.

After his departure she was to remain at West Point till the season closed, and then accompany Mrs. Von Brakheim to New York, where she was to make as long a visit as she chose—and she chose to make quite a long one. In the scenery, and the society of the officers at West Point, and the excitements of the metropolis, she found more to occupy her thoughts than she could have done at Chicago. She went deliberately to work to kill time and snatch from it such fleeting pleasures as she might.

They stayed in the country till the pomp and glory of October began to illumine the mountains, and then (to Christine's regret) went to the city. There she entered into every amusement and dissipation that her tastes permitted, and found much pleasure in frequent visits to the Central Park, although it seemed tame and artificial after the wild grandeur of the mountains. It was well that her nature was so high-toned that she found enjoyment only in what was refined or intellectual. Had it been otherwise, she might soon have taken, in her morbid, reckless state, a path to swift and remediless ruin, as many a poor creature all at war with happiness and truth, has done. And thus in a giddy whirl of excitement (Mrs. Von Brakhiem's normal condition) the days and weeks passed on, till at last, thoroughly satiated and jaded, she concluded to return home for the sake of change and quiet, if nothing else. Mrs. Von Brakheim parted with her in much regret Where would she find such another ally in her determined struggle to be talked about and envied a little more than some other pushing, jostling votaries of fashion?

In languor or sleep she made the journey, and in the dusk of a winter's day her father drove her to their beautiful home, but which from association was now almost hateful to her. Still she was too weary to think or suffer much. They met each other very politely, and their intercourse assumed at once its wonted character of high-bred courtesy, though perhaps a little more void of manifested sympathy and affection than before.

Several days passed in languid apathy, the natural reaction of past excitement; then an event occurred which most thoroughly aroused her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN APPARITION.

Mr. Ludolph had hoped to hear on his return that Dennis was dead. That would end all difficulties. Me. Schwartz did not know—he was not at last accounts. Ernst was summoned. With a bright hopeful face he stated that his mother had just received a letter saying Dennis was a little better. He was much surprised at his employer's heavy frown.

'He will live,' mused Mr. Ludolph, 'and now shall I permit him to return to my employ, or discharge him?'

His brow contracted in lines of thought that suggested shrewdness, cunning, nothing manly, and warily he judged.

'If I do not take him, he will go to Mr. Frame with certainty He had better return, for then both will be more thoroughly under my surveillance.

'Curses on Christine's waywardness! there may be no contesting her, and my best chance will be in managing him. This I could not do if he were in the store of my rival.' And so for unconscious Dennis this important question was decided.

At last, as we have said, his delirium ceased, and the quiet light of reason came into his eyes. He looked at his mother and smiled, but was too weak even to reach out his hand.

The Doctor coming in soon after, declared danger past, and that all depended now on good nursing. Little fear of his wanting that!

'Ah, mine Gott be praised! mine Gott be praised!' exclaimed Mr. Bruder, who had to leave the room to prevent an explosion of his grateful happy feelings that might have proved too rude a tempest to Dennis in this weak state He was next seen striding across the fields to a neighboring grove, ejaculating as he went When he returned his eyes shone with a great peace and joy, and he had evidently been with Him who had cast out the demon from his heart.

Day after day Dennis rallied back into life. Unlike poor Christine, he had beneath him the two strongest levers, love and prayer, and steadily they lifted him up to health and strength and comparative peace. At last he was able to sit up and walk about feebly, and Mr. Bruder returned rejoicing to his family. As he wrung Dennis' hand at parting, he said in rather a hoarse voice:

'If any von tell me Gott is not goot and heareth not prayer, den I tell him he von grand heathen. Oh! but ve vill velcome you soon. Ve vill haf de grandest supper, de grandest songs, de grandest—but just here Mr. Bruder thought it prudent to pull his big fur cap over his eyes, and make a rush for the stage.

As if by tacit understanding, Christine's name had not been mentioned during Dennis recovery. But one evening, after the little girls had been put to bed, and the lamp shaded, he sat in the twilight room, looking fixedly for a long time at the glowing embers. His mother was moving quietly about, putting away the tea-things, cleaning up after the children's play: but as she worked she furtively watched him. At last, coming to his side, she pushed back the hair that seemed so dark in contrast with the thin white face, and said gently:

'You are thinking of Miss Ludolph, Dennis.' He had some blood yet, for that is not the glow of the fire that suffuses his cheek; but he only answered quietly:

'Yes, mother.'

'Do you think you can forget her?'

'I don t know.'

'Prayer is a mighty thing, my son'

'But perhaps it is not God's will,' said Dennis despondently.

'Then surely it is not yours, my child.'

'No, mother,' said Dennis with bowed head and low tone, 'but yet I am human and weak,'

'You would still wish that it were His will?'

'Yes; I could not help it.'

'But you would submit?'

'Yes, with His help I would.' firmly.

'That is sufficient, my boy; I have such confidence in God that I know this matter will result in a way to secure you the greatest happiness in the end.'

But after a little time he sighed wearily:

'Yet how hard it is to wait till the great plan is worked out.'

Solemnly she quoted:

'God will render to every man according to his deeds. To them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life.'

Braced by the stirring words of inspiration, strengthened by his mother's faith, he looked up after a moment and said earnestly:

'At any rate I will try to be a *man* in your sense of the word, and that is saying a great deal.'

She beamed at him through her spectacles over her knitting needles; and he thought as he gazed fondly at her, that in spite of her quaint, old fashioned garb, and homely occupation, she appeared more truly a saint than any painted on cathedral windows.

He soon noticed that his mother had grown quite feeble, and determined on his return to take her with him, believing that, by his care, and wise use of tonics, he could restore her to her wonted strength. His increased salary now justified the step.

Early in November his physician said he might return to business if he would be prudent. He gladly availed himself of the permission, for he longed to be employed again.

The clerks all welcomed him warmly, for his good nature had disarmed jealousy at his rapid rise. But in the greeting of Mr. Ludolph he missed something of the cordiality he expected.

'Perhaps she has told him,' thought he, and at once his own manner became tinged with a certain coldness and dignity. He determined that both father and daughter should think of him only with respect.

At the Bruders the Millennium came with Dennis. Metaphorically the fatted calf was killed; their plain little room was trimmed with evergreens, and when he entered he was greeted by such a jubilant triumphant chorus of welcomes that almost took away his breath.

What little he had left was suddenly squeezed out of him, for Mrs. Bruder, dropping her frying pan and dishcloth, rushed upon him exclaiming:

'Ah! mine fren! mine fren! De goot Gott be praised,' and she gave him an embrace that made his bones ache.

Mrs. Bruder stalked about the room repeating with explosive energy like minute guns, 'Praise Gott! Praise Gott.' Ernst, with his great eyes dimmed with happy tears, clung to Dennis hand, as if he would make sure by sense of touch as well as sight that he had regained his beloved teacher once more. The little Bruders were equally jubilant, though from rather mixde motives. Dennis was very well, but they could not keep their round eyes long off the preparations for such a supper as never before had blessed their brief career.

'Truly,' thought Dennis, as he looked around upon the happy family, and contrasted its appearance with the time he had first seen it, 'my small investment of kindness and effort in this case has returned large interest. I think it pays to do good'

The evening was one of almost unmingled happiness, even to his sore, disappointed heart, and passed into memory as among the sunniest places of his life.

He found a pleasant little cottage over on the West side, part of which he rented for his mother and sisters.

With Mr. Ludolph's permission he went after them, and installed them in it. Thus he had what he had needed all along, a home—a resting place for body and soul, under the watchful eye of love.

About this time Dr. Arten met him—stared a moment, then clapped him on the back in his hearty way, saying;

'Well, well, young man! you have cause to be thankful, and not to the doctors, either.'

'I think I am,' said Dennis smiling.

Suddenly the Doctor looked grave, and asked in a stern voice: 'Are you a heathen, or a good christian?'

'I hope not the former, replied Dennis, a little startled.

Then don't go and commit suicide again. Don't you know flesh and blood can only stand so much? When an intelligent young fellow like you goes beyond that, he is committing suicide. Bless your soul, my ambitious friend, the ten commandments ain't all the law of God. His laws are also written all over this long body of yours, and you came near paying a pretty penalty for breaking them. You won't get off the second time.'

'You are right, Doctor, I now see that I acted very wrongly'

'Bring forth fruits meet for repentance,' I am rich enough to give sound advice,' said the brusque old physician, passing on.

'Stop a moment, Doctor,' cried Dennis, 'I want you to see my mother.'

'What is the matter with her? She been breaking the commandments, too?'

'Oh no!' exclaimed Dennis. 'She is not a bit of a heathen.'

'I'm not so sure about that. I know many eminent saints in the church who will eat lobster salad for supper, and then send for the doctor and minister before morning. There is a precious twaddle about 'mysterious Provide ce.' Providence isn't all as mysterious as people make out. The doctor is expected to look serious and sympathetic, and call their law-breaking and its penalty by some outlandish Latin name that no one can understand. I give 'em the square truth, and tell 'em they've been breaking the commandments.'

Dennis could not forbear smiling at the Doctor's rough handling of humbug, even in one of its most respectable guises.—Then remembering his mother, he added gravely: 'I am truly anxious about my mother, she has grown so feeble. I want, and yet dread, the truth.'

The bantering manner of the good old Doctor chenged at once, and he said kindly: 'I'll come, my boy; I'll be in within a few days, though I am nearly run off my feet.'

He went off muttering, 'Why don't the people send for some of the young sters that sit kicking up their heels in their offices all day?'

(*To be continued.*)

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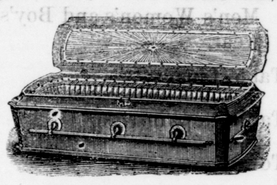

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From Boston:

10 CASKS Roofing Pitch, 5 bbls. American Tar.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

June 3, 1880.

JERSEY BULL FOR SALE.

A YOUNG JERSEY BULL. For particulars enquire of

J. L. INCHES.

April 8.

SHOP TO LET.

THAT SHOP situated on Queen Street, at present in the occupation of C. STERLING FRANSES, Esq.

Apply to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

Fredericton, April 15, 1880.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Elegant New Jewellry, in Gold and Plated;

Solid Silver and Jet Jewellry;

Garnet Jewellry in Sets, Bracelets, Neck Chains, Lockets, Bangles, Lace Pins, Bib Pins, Separable Studs and Sleeve Buttons, Scarf Pins, and Rings;

Onyx Stone, Cameo, Garnet and Amethyst Rings;

Plain and Engraved Bands;

Gold and Silver Watches, in Stem and Key Winders—prices very low.

Porte Monies and Purses;

Shawl Straps, Dog Collars;

Fine Cutlery in Razors, Knives and Scissors;

Thermometers and Barometers; also Dairy Thermometers—every Farmer should have one.

The Best Stock of

Spectacles and Eye Glasses

in Fredericton.

Remember the place.

S. F. SHUTE,

Sharkey's New Block, Queen Street.

Fredericton, June 3, 1880

IMPORTANT

To Al Who Wear Clothes!

J. R. HOWIE

CALLS the attention of all who wear Clothes to his

SPRING IMPORTATION OF

CLOTHS,

Comprising the latest Novelties and Best Makes.

A FULL LINE OF

ENGLISH WORSTEDS,

in the latest patterns. A large variety of choice patterns of

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.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

William Jennings

(Formerly Cutter for Mr. P. McFeake.)

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.

H. A. CROPLEY,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

FREDERICTON, N. B.,

manufactures and keeps always on hand a complete stock of

BLANK BOOKS

Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Record Books, Minute Books, &c.,

Unequalled in this city for cheapness

My Stationery Department

is unsurpassed in the Province, being constantly supplied with

Writing Papers & Envelopes,

of the best English, French and American manufacturers, and

STATIONERS' SUNDRIES.

School Books and Stationery, Wholesale and Retail.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Every kind of **JOB WORK** and **Book Printing** rapidly executed. I make a specialty of fine work.

Bookbinding.

I execute all descriptions of **BINDING** in the very neatest manner. At the Provincial Exhibitions, 1870 and 1878, I was awarded First Prizes and Diplomas for Job Printing and Bookbinding and Blank Books.

Printing Office, Blank Book Factory, and Bookbindery, over my Bookstore, Corner of Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton.

June 3, 1880. H. A. CROPLEY.

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

—:o:—

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. Our facilities enable us to produce the best work in the shortest possible time.

Send for circulars and prices, with especially favorable terms.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton Steam Carriage Work

Fredericton, October 11, 1878.

LUMBER.

The subscriber begs to announce to the public that he has always on hand and for sale a good and varied stock of SPRUCE, PINE, AND HEMLOCK LUMBER, consisting of Dry Pine Plank, 1¼, 1, 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 Cedar Shingles of every quality; together with a stock of 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.

CEDAR SHINGLE STOCK WANTED, by the cord or otherwise.

R. A. E.

Fredericton, Dec. 4, 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

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

MONEY TO LOAN

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

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

April 29, 1880.

Cut Nails and Spikes.

Just received and in stock:

160 KEGS Cut Nails and Spikes, 20 boxes Clinch Nails.

For sale at the Lowest Market Rates.

JAMES S. NEILL.

June 10.

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

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredeicton, 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.

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.

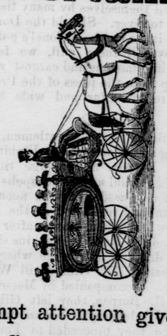
JAMES D. HANLON,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,

KING STREET, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Undertaking

Coffins



Caskets

Prompt attention given to Country Orders.

Wood-Seat Hand-Made CHAIRS, cheap for cash.

Barbers' Chairs, Wardrobes, Sideboards, Bureaus, Tables, &c.

A lot of Children's French Bedsteads, finished in Ash and Walnut, on hand and for sale at low prices.

Furniture Neatly Repaired.

Fredericton, Dec. 4, 1879.

H. RUTTER,

SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER,

DEALER IN

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

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

AT THE OLD STAND,

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

Fton, April, 20, 1878.

PICTURES

Framed to Order

GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT

C. W. SCHLEYER'S

Photographic Establishment.

Best and Cheapest Place in the City.

Up Stairs, Opposite Normal School.

F'ton, June 24.