Literature.

THE FOUR QUEENS.

The Queen of Hearts.

Dinner finished, we still sat in the twilight, with fruit and wine before us; the gentlemen had lighted their cigarettes, and we ladies were occupied with our own thoughts when we were started by a shrill voice asking—

"Is any of you gen'lemen Mr. Holt?"

"Mr. Holt belongs to our party, but he is not here," answered Sir Edgar, after a pause occupied in looking round to see whence the voice proceeded.

It was a poor, miserable, stunted boy who asked the question; a ragged boy with a painfully white face and preternaturally large dark eyes; and, as he moved a step or two nearer, I saw he was a cripple.

"What do you want?" inquired Jack abruptly.

The boy turned to Edgar to reply.

"The gen'lman what got upset said I was to bring this 'ere packet to Mr. Holt, as he wasn't a-coming on till the morning."

So saying, he held out what I made no doubt was the bundle of letters securely fastened and sealed, a safeguard against prying eyes.

Involuntarily I offered to take the package, but the boy placed it in Edgar's hands.

Sister Anne noticed my action.

"It is not *your* property I presume, she said in her severest accents.

I could not, I dared not explain before every one; and it was in silence, but with feelings you may imagned, that I saw the compromising letters transferred to the breast-pocket of Edgar's coat.

"The gen'lman said you'd give me sixpence," urged the big-eyed boy, and Edgar tossed him some money; but still he remained, his eyes fixed wistfully on the table littered with the remnants of our dessert.

"Well! What else—what more do you want?" asked Jack, impatiently.

"One o' them bottles o' wine," he replied, pointing; "only I know you won't give it me."

Jack and Tom burst into a roar of laughter.

"Be off, you young imp," cried the former. "You cadgers are the curse of the river. Clear out!"

I happened to see the boy's face as, without another word, he slowly limped away, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Come here," said I. "Tell me what you want the wine for."

"To drink of course," shouted Tom with another laugh, as if he had said something clever.

The little cripple's pale face flushed, and he exclaimed indignantly, "Do you think I'd ask for the stuff for myself? I wouldn't touch it. It's for Ruth—my sister Ruth. The doctor says she's got to have it. She's dying. Where can I get it?—how can I get it unless I cadge for it?"

"And you mean to say you wouldn' drink it yourself?"

"There was a party of gents here this afternoon," said the boy solemnly. "I asks 'em for what wine they'd left in them decanters. They says, "We'll give you a whole bottle if you'll drink it out of a quart pot." I says, 'I don't want it for myself, but for a sick sister;' and at that they bursts out laughing, and tells me to go where they'll go sure enough if there's that justice the parsons preach of. They'd have given the bottle o' wine willingly enough for the fun of seeing a lame boy drunk, but they wouldn't spare the liquor to save Ruth's life!"

"Come with me," I cried impulsively. "You shall have whatever you require, and you shall tell me about you sister and where you live."

I led him toward the inn, and as we went the boy looked up in my face and said,

"You must be her he told me of. He said there was one more beautiful than I'd ever seen. He called you a lady, but I think you're the stuff they make angels of."

I have had many and many a compliment paid me—yes, and flatteries, till I am weary and satiated with them, but not one ever had that genuine ring in it before or since.

"Who told you?" I asked

"Him what got the ducking in the river."

I knew that would be his answer, but words fail to describe the pleasure and joy it gave me to hear that Mr. Brandon thought and spoke of me as beautiful, though dozens had told me so over and over again.

Heigho! I suppose it was only gratified vanity.

Leaving the cripple boy astonished and grateful for a basket of such invalid delicacies as the inn could furnish, I met Edgar as I re-crossed the lawn.

"You are awfully good, Miss Grahame," said he.

I love compliments, I own, but somehow these words jarred upon me. For once, at all events, in my life I had done something without aiming at effect or posing for admiration, and Sir Edgar spoke with an air of lazy patronage which was singularly inappropriate at that moment.

"You would be invaluable as the mistress of an estate," he continued. "The people expect that sort of thing from the lady of the manor. Have you ever been in Worcestershire?"

I hastily replied in the negative. I was busy thinking how I could avail myself of the present opportunity to persuade him to give me the packet of letters I saw him place in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Miss Grahame—Rosalind," he resumed, "you know you said I might call you Rosalind—at least, you didn't say I mightn't—I've been thinking over what I nearly said this morning, and—well—er I—I suppose you know I would do anything in the world for you—make any sacrifice."

"I know you would, dear Sir Edgar," I interrupted; "I feel quite sure of it, and that is why I make bold to ask a favour of you. Will you grant it?"

"My life is at your service," said he theatrically.

"I don't want your life," I answered, prosaically. "I want that packet of letters the boy gave you just now."

"Holt's letters?"

"Yes—no—at least, my letters. Never mind; give them to me."

"Good gracious!" cried Sir Edgar, feeling for his eyeglasses, without which he knew he could not do justice to his astonishment.

"Give them to me—directly!" I continued, stamping my foot impatiently.

"Why? he asked.

"I want them!"

"Why?" he repeated.

"I must have them!"

"Why?" for the third time.

"I am not answerable to you for my actions," I said, petulantly, for I feared every moment the others would join us and my chance would be gone.

"No, not exactly; not yet. But I was just going to ask you to—But if there are to be mysteries, mysteries with a fellow like Holt,—I er—you see, they are not exactly my property, and you wont say what you want them for; but if I give them you, will you explain afterwards?"

"Yes, yes! Only let me have them. Quick! here is somebody coming."

"Oh, of course if you insist;" and he put his hand into his breast-pocket and brought it forth again empty. "I—er—I quite forgot," he said, apologetically. "but it was Jack Hathernett's coat I had on while mine was drying, and I have given it him back again, and never thought of taking the packet out of the pocket."

"Where's Jack?" I asked. And without waiting for a reply I ran across the lawn, and found sister Anne and Julia Hathernett, deserted by the gentlemen, sitting in solemn state. "Where's Jack?" I repeated.

Sister Anne gave a sort of aggravating sniff, her favorite mode of expressing annoyance, and in her most vinegary voice said,

"Oh, then you have refufed Sir Edgar?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear, you needn't be indignant with us, but if gentlemen will talk so loud on one side of a clump of laurels while we are sitting on the other, it is not our fault if we participate in their secrets."

"I don't know what you are talking about," I retorted.

"Oh, no, of course not. I don't suppose you do; but we heard Sir Edgar cry 'heads,' and we heard Mr. Hathernett say "heads it is. You've won the toss, old boy, and you shall speak first; but if she refuses you, mind, fair play, I'm to have my chance:' that's what we heard. Then Sir Edgar went to meet you, and that's what we saw, and now you're asking for 'Jack'—that's what we know—that's all."

I cannot tell you how humiliated I felt.

"I would not marry either of them to save my life, and you may tell them so," I cried angrily; and, fearful of showing the tears which I felt welling in my eyes, I beat a rapid retreat to my bed-room, and passed the most wretched night I had ever then experienced.

The morning broke dark and stormy, the wind howled dismally, and the rain poured in torrents when I awoke. The lawn was a sodden puddle, the roses dropped their laden heads, and shed their petals on the grass; the river was gloomy and leaden-hued, the distant landscape hidden in mist, and I, as dull and downcast as the weather, descended to find a silent melancholy party seated around the breakfast-table.

Sister Anne, in her most spiteful tone, gave me Sir Edgar's adieux. He had been called to Worcestershire on important business, and had gone off at daybreak in the landlord's dog cart. Laurence Holt and Mr. Brandon were still absent, and Jack was looking gloomily from the dripping window, beating the devil's tattoo with his knuckles on the sill.

Somehow, I hardly know why, I attributed all the unpleasantness, including the bad weather, to Jack, and returned his greeting with stiff formality.

To continue our trip up the river in such a downpour was, of course, out of the question, and, looking at the sky, it seemed as if we were doomed to an entire day of misery in this wretced inn, which had appeared all that was bright, cherry, beautiful, and charming the previous afternoon.

I strolled out into the narrow gloomy passage, and stood by the open door, the rain splashing and spattering upon the steps; and to me presently, timidly, and with a certain air of restraint, came Jack Hathernett.

"May I speak to you, Rosie?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I rejoined with unwonted decision.

"Something has annoyed you," he continued, indifferent to my words. "I hope it is not Edgar's departure."

"Your friend is nothing to me."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, for it emboldens me to speak of a matter which has been again and again on my tongue's tip. Rosie, we have been friends from childhood; have you never felt that that friendship might grow into something stronger? I must hazard my fate and——"

"And toss up," I interrupted with as much scorn as I could put into my voice. "I am obliged to you, Mr. Hathernett, and to your friend, Sir Edgar Cheriton, for the honor you conferred upon me last night in gambling for my hand, but next time you 'toss up' for a lady's favour, you had bet'er be sure the lady is disposed to accord it to either of you. You might try my sister Anne. She may like it. I don't Good morning."

I flattered myself this was a telling speech, as I swept along the passage with the flounce of injured dignity; but when I reached my bed-room and found it was only eleven o'clock, and that I must either spend the whole day in that little, close, stuffy, miserable chamber, or else pocket my pride and rejoin the party down stairs as if nothing had happened, I rather regrettec my impetuosity; and, after all, Jack was a very good fellow, and I had known him for years, and his people and mine would all be delighted if—but I couldn't, so there was an end of it.

My macintosh hung over a chair and suggested to me a third course. I would go for a walk in spite of the weather, and the object of that walk should be a visit to Ruth, the sick sister of the crippled boy who had roused my sympathetic interest the previous evening.

Enveloped in waterproof from head to foot, trudge, trudge, trudge! slush, slush slush! I went through the country lanes, ankle deep in mud, until by dint of repeated inquiry, I at last, hot, wet, and weary, reached the miserable cottage in which the poor girl lay dying.

I knocked loudly.

"Thank Heaven—at last!" I heard a voice cry fervently as I knocked, and the door was quickly opened by—Mr. Brandon!

I really cannot say which of us was the more surprised.

"Come in," said he, recovering from his astonishment. "Take off that waterproof; now your boots—I will dry them. Go in that room. You will find the poor girl there—you can do more for her than I. I have never been ordered about in such a fashion in my life, and ordinarily should have rebelled against commands given so decidedly and brusquely, but Mr. Brandon had some strange influence over me, and I felt compelled to do as he bade me.

The poor girl was very ill, and I who had had no experience of sickness, felt my powerlessness most acutely, but I was soon relieved by the arrival of the doctor, who pronounced Ruth's illness, though dangerous, by no means necessarily fatal.

"It is as much mental as bodily," said Mr. Brandon, who I think I have mentioned before, always seemed to know everything. "I gather from the poor cripple boy and her own disjointed sentences that she went to London to seek employment, and fell in with one of those plausible gentlemen who—Pshaw! It is a story old as the hills. She was deceived—and came home to die—like hundreds of others."

Abrupt as was his speech, it could not hide the wealth of tender feeling which prompted him to take an interest in this poor forlorn creature, and at that moment I respected him more than I had ever done any member of his sex.

The doctor left in charge of the case, the nurse duly installed, all at Mr. Brandon's cost, our services were no longer needed ,not that *I* had done much, and we left the cottage together.

"I will see you to the inn," said he; take my arm."

I did so, wondering the while at my obedience.

He had a large umbrella, which he opened and held over us both, and beneath its shelter, for it still rained heavily, we splashed along through mud and wet for some time in silence.

"I'm sure I look an awful guy," I said after a while.

"I never saw you look better in your life," he answered. "I don't mean you are not draggle tailed, and your hair blown out of curl; but in this errand of mercy you show to far greater advantage than decked in your fallals and laces, interchanging foolishness with fops and noodles."

This was plain speaking with a vengeance, and I hardly knew whether to be pleased or resent the liberty.

While I still doubted, he resumed:—

"From the first I knew you were capable of better things, from the first I was attracted to you by charms which no other woman ever possessed for me; but when I saw you giving your whole thoughts, your entire mind to pleasure and coquetry, my admiration turned to pity."

"I made an effort at these words to take my hand from his arm.

"Don't refuse the shelter of my umbrella because I speak the truth to you," said he. "It is not often you hear the truth from your admirers."

"Mr. Brandon," I exclaimed, "you are taking a most unwarrantable liberty!" and I spoke angrily, all the more so, perhaps, that I felt his reproaches were just, and that I deserved every word he said. Still, it was not for him to lecture me in such a fashion.

"I am sorry you think it a liberty," he rejoined sadly. "Of course I have no right to address you in this manner—unless indeed, you permit me to do so."

"But I do not permit it," I answered sharply. "You have taken advantage of this occasion to address me in terms which—which—no gentleman should use to a lady; and—and—I will not submit to it."

"And that is really your true opinion of me?" he asked, very very sorrowfully.

"It is," I replied; and no sooner had I uttered the words than I would have given anything I possessed to recall them, and yet my pride would not allow me to do so.

We reached the inn door in silence.

"Are you not coming in?" I inquired, as he stood upon the step still holding his dripping umbrella.

He moved his head in sign of negation.

"Do," I cried impulsively, holding out my hand; but he disregarded it, and, raising his hat, turned abruptly on his heel and walked rapidly away. I have never seen him since. Heigho! But he was very rude—wasn't he?

"You have driven Jack away now," said sister Anne, as I entered the inn parlour the rain dripping from my water-proof. "He presented a telegram called him to London. We know what that means. Luckily Mr. Holt has returned, or I don't know how we should ever get the boats home."

"Delighted to be of any service, I'm sure," said Laurence, with a smirk, and he never had seemed to me so thoroughly detestable as at that moment.

The sight of that man called to my remembrance the packet of letters, which for the time I had forgotten, and looking round the room, I saw lying on a chair the blue serge coat Jack Hathernett had worn at breakfast.

I had no longer any special reason for desiring to obtain possession of those silly scribbles of mine, written at Brighton three years before; still, I was anxious to destroy the records of my folly; so under pretence of moving the coat, I felt the package was still in the pocket, and presently, without attracting observation, I managed to transfer it to my own dress.

In my own room, a quarter of an hour later, I unfastened the string which bound the letters together, and as I spread them before me, soiled and partly illegible by their short sojourn in the river, I saw at a glance, to my great surprise, they were not in my handwriting.

Of course I ought not to have looked at them—but I did. They were badly written, badly spelt, but couched in terms of the warmest affection, and signed—"Ruth."

Internal evidence showed me that Laurence Holt's correspondent was no other than the poor girl, the cripple's sister, whose bedside I had quitted so recently.

Burning with indignant anger, I sought Laurence, and found him in the parlor—alone.

"Ah, Rosie!" said he, tripping across the floor to meet me. "This is the opportunity I have so long sought in vain. Listen to me—yes, you *must!* Fate was unkindt o us three years ago, but there is no reason why we should not now renew those vows we then interchanged. Your image has ever been in my heart; I have loved none but you, and with you alone can I be happy."

"You dare—you *dare!*" cried I, hardly able to speak for anger. "You dare speak these words to me! I never cared for you, I never could care for such a man. By what right do you venture even to speak to me?"

"You forget the letters you wrote me," he replied, with a sneer. "Beautiful letters, which I never could find it in my heart to part with."

"I do *not* forget the letters—these letters which you dropped into the river yesterday. I never can forget *these* letters!—and I have seen the writer."

His face turned ashen pale as he recognized the papers I spread before him, and his hands shook so that he could hardly gather them together.

"You—you—have seen the writer?" he stammered. "When—where?"

"An hour ago—a mile from here—dying," I answered. "If you have a spark of honor in your miserable frame, go to her—go to the woman whom you have done your best to destroy body and soul, and never pollute my eyes with your presence again."

He answered never a word, bnt shuffling the letters into his pocket, he took his hat and shambled away, a wretched craven abject and cowed, and the air of the room seemed purer and I breathed freer as the door closed behind him.

He had only been gone a few minutes, when sister Anne and Julia Hathernett, with Tom bringing up the rear, entered the parlor.

Where's Mr. Holt? they cried. The clouds have broken and we shall have a glorious afternoon. Come along, the boats ready and it's time we were off.

If you wait for Mr. Holt you may stop here for ever, I replied. And as I suppose you don't want to do that, nothing remains but for Tom to scull us all home again as quickly as possible.

What, all three of you! cried Tom, dismayed Is this what you call a party of pleasure?

And this was the end of our trip up the river; a trip eventful enough to me, you must allow.

* * * * * * * *

"I think," says Rosalind Grahame, as she comes to the end, of her narrative, "that I have more than proved myself worthy of this respectable society of Ladies of the Round Table, for while those who have preceeded me lament the loss of but one loved one, I mourn the defection of four possible husbands."

"You surely do not reckon Laurence Holt amongst them," cries Adela Charlton.

"I was very fond of him once," sighs Rosalind, loth to surrender all claim even to this unworthy admirer.

"And poor Ruth; what became of her?" asks Sibyl, anxiously. "If she still lives, she of all others deserves to be enrolled in our society. She has indeed suffered, and it is to such as she that Haughton Towers offers shelter,—a home where the perfidies of man can never penetrate. Poor girl!"

"Oh, you needn't pity her," cries Rosalind rather sharply; "she soon recovered and is now Mrs. Laurence Holt. I can't for my part, imagine what he ever saw in her."

"Rosey, Rosey," laughs Estelle, "don't be spiteful. You can well spare Ruth her husband, especially as firmly believe the three suitors remaining to you are two more than you know what to do with."

"I'll never speak to one of them again—no never!" exclaims the Queen of Hearts, petulantly, stamping her foot on the carpet. "Fancy being tossed for as if you were a pot of beer! It's degrading!"

"Mr. Brandon did not do that," urges Sibyl, softly.

"Don't mention the horrid man to me: he did worse. He humiliated me still more. He told me of my faults, and made me feel, oh! so very, very small and insignificant! and I'll never love a man who does not think me perfect."

"Ladies," cries Libyl Haughton, sternly, "I think you are all forgetting the object of this society,—the reason which has induced us to meet together to pass our lives in quiet and seclusion. It grieves me to hear you talk of love as a possibility that may again enter into your lives, instead of congratulating yourselves upon having found a retreat to which our persecutors can never penetrate, and from which we can view them, afar off, with distaste and contempt."

"Oh, dear!" laments Rosey, "mayn't we even talk of gentlemen?

"It is expressly forbidden by Rule Six."

Heigho! yawns the Queen of Hearts, then suppose we go to bed? We can't help our dreams.

Taking their departure from Sibyl's boudoir, the Ladies of the Round Table file along the corridor, and seek their respective rooms, and it is late the next day before they reassemble at breakfast.

Adela Charlton is nervous and ill at ease, for her story alone remains to be told, and when the twilight hour arrives, and she and her companions gather round the cheery wood fire, it is in a low voice she pleads for forbearance.

"I do not ask you to believe the tale I have to tell, she says, but spare me your ridicule, for to me it is the most serious event of my life.

Then, without further prelude, she commences her history.

(To be continued.)

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Furniture of all Descriptions,

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CASKETS AND COFFINS

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Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered.

Robes & Shrouds,

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I have just opened the largest assortment of

BRUSSELS

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RUGS TO MATCH.

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JOHN M'DONALD.

Fredericton, March 21, 1881

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IS a PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION from some of our most valuable roots, etc., possessing medicinal properties. An excellent remedy for strengthening the Back and Sides. For Pulmonary disease it would be advisable to put it between the shoulders.

IT CURES

Lame Back, Cracked Hands, Lame Sides, Spinal Disease, Boils, Erysipelas, Cuts, Burns,

CUTS ON HORSES AND CATTLE,

This Plaster is put up in 1 oz. tin boxes, and is much cheaper to use than any other kind, a box being sufficient to spread a plaster and renew it several times.

Fishermen, whose hands get sore working in the salt, will find this preparation just what they want.

Lumbermen should not fail to take a supply of this and "Acadian Liniment" in the woods with them in case of accident.

In fact all who are in need of such an article should not fail to try a box and be convinced, as many have, that it is the best Plaster in use.

Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists and dealers throughout the Maritime Provinces.

Manufactured only by

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
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DOG TAXES.

ALL persons in the City of Fredericton, liable to pay Tax for keeping or harboring Dogs, under a Law passed by the City Council on the 12th day of September, 1873, entitled:

"A Law to impose a Tax on the Owners and Harborers of Dogs, and otherwise restrain the keeping of Dogs in the City of Fredericton."

are hereby notified that such Tax must be paid to the City Treasurer, at his Office, New City Hall, on or before the **1st day of August next**, and all persons neglecting or refusing to pay said Tax within the time above specified, will be liable to a Penalty of four dollars in addition to the amount of the Tax.

JOHN EDWARDS,
City Treasurer.

F'ton, July 15—2in

STOVES. STOVES.

A LARGE stock of Cook and other Stoves at JAMES S. NEILL'S.

Grindstones and Fixtures.

JUST RECIEVED:

5 TONS Grindstones; 9 cases Grindstones Fixtures. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

REAPING HOOKS, &c.

12 DOZ. Reaping Hooks; 4 doz. Sickles; 2 doz. Bush Scythes; 1 doz. Bill Hooks.

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Potatoe Diggers.

12 DOZ. Potatoe Diggers; 4 doz. Potatoe Hooks.

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July 21

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Mr. WM. H. GETCHELL,

THAT TALENTED

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST!

FROM BOSTON,

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GEO. W. SCHLEYER'S

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,

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For a SHORT TIME, commencing about the 15th of August.

☞ Don't fail to try him.

☞ Prices moderate for good work.

☞ Call and have a sitting.

Rogers & Brother's

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Afternoon next, the 20th inst., in the

Officers' Square,

Fredericton, one of his powerful speeches on the Political events of the day. Let no man stay at home! Come one and all to hear him! In the meantime call at

DANIEL LUCY'S,

AND GET A

New Suit of Clothes,

A PAIR OF BOOTS,

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and then you will be prepared to meet and shake hands with Canada's great Statesman and Orator.

By order of the proprietor,

D. LUCY.

N. B.—Remember Lucy's Store, Wilmot's Block, is the place for the cheap SUITS, BOOTS, &c., and the Officers' Square for the great speech.

Fredericton, July 14

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH

FACTORY!

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

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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

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ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

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GENERAL GRANDS,

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TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

☞ *Terms to give satisfaction.* ☜

ELY PERKINS

wishes his customers to listen to the gentle promptings.

In the Morning Sow thy Seed, &c.

GRASS SEED,

Clover and Turnip Seed,

ALSO

Seed Wheat and Seed Oats.

Do Men gather Grapes from Thorns, or Figs on Thistles?—No.

The Tree is known by its Fruit.

HOME LESSONS.

In the practice of Honesty, Truth and Virtue, will be found the only safe-guards against the ills of life.

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FLOUR STORE,

desires to thank his first-class customers for their very bountiful patronage during the past year, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favors for the future. In Store a large and varied assortment of SEEDS, pure and true to their kind; together with a fine stock of

Groceries, Flour, Meal, Pork, Dry Goods and Earthenware,

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WE are now manufacturing at our Tannery head of King Street, a first-class quality of

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BATH SPONGES—assorted sizes;
Carriage Sponge, "
Finest Turkey Sponge, "
Slate Sponges—all prices.

Our Stock is complete. Prices Low.

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20 WALNUT Trimmed Ash and Painted CHAMBER SUITS, home manufacture. Best value in the city.

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ANOTHRR lot of Block Tin Teapots and Baloon Fly Traps, cheap at

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Excellent in tone,
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PERFECT IN EXECUTION.

PLAYS ALL THE LATEST MUSIC.

A Child can perform on it

Embodies in itself a Musical Instrument and Musician, a means of Education and a Music Teacher.

It is the most simple, perfect, marvellous, Instructive enjoyable and amusing automatic

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

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It developes love and taste for Music, teaches graphically the relative value of notes, so difficult to impart otherwise, the keeping of time, formation of sound, etc.—*Prof Blasius.*

The only wonder that will at all compare with it is the

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N. B.—at the same place you can get BOOKS of all kinds—Sabbath School Libraries—Sheet Music and Music Books, Paper and Envelopes, Room Paper and Account Books.

Fredericton, July 14

FANS! FANS!!

IN

NEW STYLES,

JUST OPENED.

SILK FANS,

JAPANESE FANS.

STRAW FANS.

SMALL

JAPANESE FANS

FOR

WALL ORNAMENTS.

JAPANESE

Panel Scrolls,

REAL HAND-PAINTED.

Celluloid Coral,

IN

NECKLETS,
BANGLES,
CROSSES,

AT

S. F. SHUTE'S,

Sharkey's Block, Queen Street.

Fredericton, July 14

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, 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 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

FOR SALE

VALUABLE FREEHOLD LOTS

IN FREDERICTON.

THE subscribers have been authorized by Col. STEWART to sell the following Lots of Land, viz.:

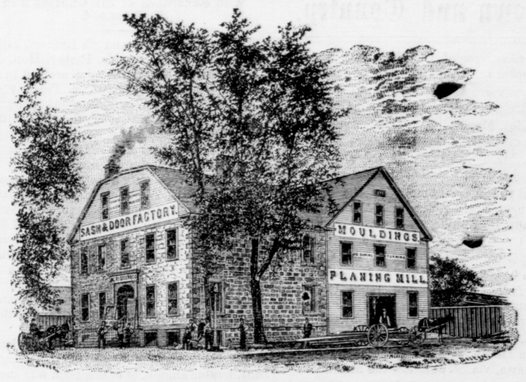
That well-situated Lot on Brunswick street, opposite the Cathedral, between Mrs. Pennefather's property and the School-House.

Also a fine Lot situate on *Waterloo Row*, between Dr. Harrison's and Mr. Stephen Whittaker's.

And several lots on Charlotte and George sts.

For further particulars apply to

RAINSFORD & BLACK.



J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,

—ALSO—

FURNITURE,

Moulding, Jig Sawing, Planing and Turningdone to order.

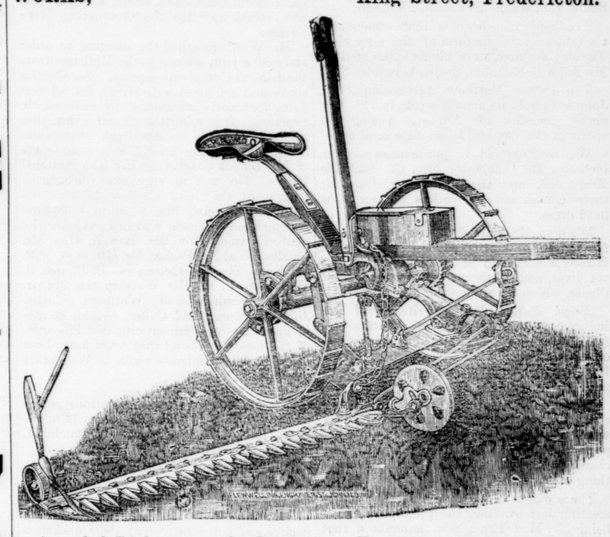
Dressed Clapboards, Flooring and Sheathing constantly on hand

Corner Queen and Smythe treets, Fredericton, N. B.

McFARLANE, THOMPSON & ANDERSON'S

Celebrated Agricultural Implements for 1881.

WORKS, - - - - King Street, Fredericton.



Awarded Diplomas at the PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION held in St. John in October, 1880, for the best **Mower, Reaper and Horse Rake,** in competion with Cossitt's Mower, Reaper and Rake, and the Toronto Mower and Reaper, and others on exhibit. Now that ours is the **recognized Standard Implements,** farmers would do well, before signing orders or buying, to ascertain **our terms and prices for 1881,** *and keep the money in the country.*

SPRING, 1881.

LEMONTS'

To Country Dealers!

1200 HARD BAKED MILK PANS.

at low prices.

A splendid show of

Children's Perambulators.

Aarge llot of

BUTTER CROCKS

A full Stock of

FURNITURE,

ALL KINDS CHEAP.

Crockery and Glassware to arrive:

Dinner, Breakfast & Tea Setts

Give us a Call and look through our Stock.

We can furnish you with PARLOR or KITCHEN LAMPS of all kinds.

LOOKING GLASSES AND MATTRASSES.

Receiving goods every week. For sale very low for Cash at

Lemonts' Variety Store

Fredericton, April 11

WILLIAM A. QUINN,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,

FREDERICTON, N. B.,

OFFICE--FISHER'S BUILDING

YORK STREET.

☞ *Accounts collected and Loans negotiated. P. O. Box 214*

May 5—3 m.

$5 Outfits sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boysand girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$200 A MONTH warranted. $5.00 a day at home. Our agents, men, women, boys and girls are getting rich. Costly outfit with $5.00 premiums free to agents. Capital not required. Write at once that this great offer may not pass you. The work is light and pleasant, any one can do it. Write to us, you will never regret it. We can start you. One agent in Portland, Me., cleared $20 in one day.

J. M. SHAW & Co.,
Hallowell, Me

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS

THE subscriber expects daily, a large lot of **Shingles and Clapboards** from Nakawick via "Southampton Packet," which will be sold low as usual.

D. LUCY.

July 14

Axe Steel.

JUST received, direct, a large lot of FIRTH'S Extra Cast Steel for Axes. For sale low.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Fredericton, July 14, 1881.

FOR THE

SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

ARCHERY.

The subscriber has just received a new make of BOWS and ARROWS, and BOW-GUNS. Persons purchasing for Pic-Nics and for Out Door Practice, can secure just what they want, at less prices than ever before.

M. S. HALL.

CROQUET!

I have just receved from the manufacturers a large lot of CROQUET SETTS. The prices are so low that persons will not have to go elsewhere.

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

VELOCIPEDES,

New make and very strong, at

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

BASE BALLS,

All the different styles—HOLLOW, JUNIOR, DEAD, &c., &c. Also BATS to go with them.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

Fredericton, May 26

HENRY RUTTER,

HARNESS MAKER

and dealer in

English and American Saddlery.

Also, a full stock of

WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, Collars, Saddles, Bridles, Girth and Rein Webs, Chamois Skins, Harness Soap, etc.

☞ All kinds of Interfering and Speed-Cut Boots made to order.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

At the Old Stand,

Opposite County Court House,

Queen St., Fredericton.

July 29, 1880.

GEO. HATT & SONS

Have now in stock the following:

CHOICE brands of Flour—Buda, Patent Process, Baker's Choice, Crown of Gold, Standard, Pidgeon, and Tranquillity;
Graham Flour, Rye Flour;
Oatmeal, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Meal;
Scotch and Granulated Sugar;
Choice Porto Rico and Barbadoes Molasses;
A large stock of Choice English and American Groceries;
Extra Teas at very Low Prices;
Real Java Coffee, Tobacco, Snuff, Kerosene Oil, Fruits and Canned Goods, &c., with a large Stock of general goods. For sale at

Bottom Prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Standard Weight and Imperial Measure.

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.

GEO. HATT & SONS take country produce in exchange for goods, at the lowest cash prices.

GEO. HATT & SONS.