Literature.

FAIR WOMEN!

BY MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Clayton received Winifred with open arms.

"I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed; "your companionship will make me forget half my troubles. We shall have a *tete-a-tete* dinner to-night. Mr. Clayton is in town."

Winifred had not been five hours in her friend's house before she was aware that Fee had made a miserable marriage; that she had bartered all her possessions for an inadequate value; and that she almost if not quite, hated the man whose name she bore.

"It is no use," Mrs. Clayton said to her as they sat together talking after dinner; "it is fruitless my attempting to keep up appearances, and trying to make you believe I am happy, and do not regret my marriage. I repent of it every day of my life, and every hour in the day. Sometimes I remember your little innocent, romantic speeches about marrying a man for his money. But I should not have been happy with a poor man. We mortals are never contented with the lot that falls to us. If I had married a man on a few hundreds a year, I dare say I should have been discontented, and envious of people who had carriages and fine houses. But surely every one who marries for money is not punished in the horrible manner I am. I assure you, Winifred, that often and often, as I drive out, I envy every person I meet, and I think they must be happier than I am."

"O Fee, you are not in earnest?"

"No, that's it; people cannot understand!" cried Mrs Clayton, bitterly; 'they see me surrounded by every luxury apparently without a wish ungratified, and they can form no more idea of my inner life, than—than I can of the stone-breaker's on the high road. Even aunt, who ought to know me better than any one else, has no idea of it."

"How could Lady Marion leave you if she knew you were unhappy?"

"Because Mr. Clayton treated her with such insufferable rudeness, that it caused perpetual quarrels between us, and because aunt could not pass over his behavior to me in silence."

"How can he treat you badly, Fee? Does he not love you?"

"I believe he hates me—positively hates me! I do not know whether he ever loved me; I have been inclined to think since that he did not—in fact that he only married me out of revenge. He has said as much, and cursed the day that he ever saw me to my face. O Winifred, it is not my fault; I know I have been foolish and wrong in provoking him, but I did try to care for him and conciliate him at first. But he was so cold, so cruel and spiteful, so mean and unforgiving in little things. I could not—I would not tell any one half the hateful and insulting things he has said and done to me; no one who had not lived with Mr. Clayton would believe them."

During the time that Winifred stayed at the "Cedars," she had plenty of opportunity of judging for herself of the truth of Mrs. Clayton's statement. Before a week had passed, she was convinced of its unimpeachable veracity. Francis Clayton's manner to his wife was in itself an offence, almost every word he addressed to her contained a covert sneer, and he seemed to find no greater pleasure than in thwarting her wishes and contradicting her orders. To make her jealous, he paid Winifred the most extravagant attention, praised everything she did, consulted her on every occasion, and, in short, succeeded in making her thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Clayton, quietly one day; "it does not wound me or make me angry. I am to indifferent to him to feel jealous. Pray keep on good terms with him."

But Winifred detested him, and was systematically cold and repellent in her manner towards him.

He saw it, and laughed secretly to himself.

"Little fool!" he thought, contemptuously, "she assumes these airs of virtuous indignation with huge propriety. Perhaps the simpleton thinks I am in love with her!"

He redoubled his attentions on seeing that they annoyed her. If his wife sat down to the piano, he would get up and leave the room, or else exclaim:

"For Heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of Fee's singing, I take it as no compliment that you should praise me."

"My dear Miss Fyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a malicious smile. "I am afraid your temper is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's example; mine has suffered already from her baneful influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" Winifred exclaimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly-wise enough yet to abstain from taking up other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice towards her for them. At dinner that day he said:

"We met a friend of yours in Paris last winter."

"Did you, Mr. Clayton? Who was it?"

"The man on whom your cousin wanted to fix that pretty little scandal of your rambles in the woods. Let me see, what was his name? He seems to have a terrible aptitude far compromising the innocent lambs of the other sex. What was that *eslandre* in Paris about the little French girl? Do you recollect, Marion?"

Winifred turned from red to white, and kept her eyes fixed on the plate.

"Yes," said Mrs. Clayton, "I recollect perfectly. You mean Captain Neville; but Winifred does not know him."

"I do not mean Captain Neville," snarled Mr. Clayton; "I mean Mr. Hastings."

"Then you have made a mistake," retorted his wife; "I never heard a word against Errol Hastings in my life."

"It's almost a pity you don't get out of your infantine way of calling men by their Christian names!" sneered Mr. Clayton.

"I am trying!" answered Fee, with a flash of her old spirit. "You might have noticed that I have not uttered yours once during the last month."

"Do you know, Fee," said Winifred, when they were alone, "I used to think you must be in fault as well as Mr. Clayton. Now I only wonder that you can live with him. I am sure I could not give in to him as you do. It would be a struggle far mastery between us every time we met."

"You would give it up in time, as I have done, my dear," Mrs. Clayton answered bitterly. "You get your experience as the caged bird does. When it finds that it gains nothing but bruises and torn feathers by beating its sides against the wires, it ceases its struggles and accepts its fate. It would be harder to bear you know, Winifred, if I loved him a little and he were good to me sometimes. I mean to be happy in spite of him. I shall make my own world, and live in it. If he will only leave me to myself, I shall not mind. Ah! my dear let me be a warning to you. When you meet with a man who loves you, and whom you can love and respect, take him and be true and faithful to him, and do not stop to ask whether he can make you handsome settlements, or give you a grand position. Be content with the love in a cottage, and the rustic felicity you used to tell me about, and if ever you feel tempted to repine, think of me."

And Mrs. Clayton finished her speech by a half-scornful laugh.

"Ah! dear Fee, don't get bitter and angry. I know you must feel wretched sometimes, but think, dear, how many people you have to love you and care for you!"

"Whom have I to love me?" cried Fee, turning sharply round. "Not a soul in the world! Ah, yes, I know you love me," she continued, as Winifred was about to interrupt her; "and aunt loves me, and I have plenty of what the world calls friends. But what comfort are they to me? I want some one to love me with all their hearts and soul and mind, to whom I should be life, love, happiness, everything, and who would be the same to me."

And the unhappy wife burst into an agony of tears. The girl listener felt powerless before this misery of desolation this bitterness for which there was no remedy. She could only draw the fair head down to her own tender heart, and cry for sympathy.

Many confidences had passed between the two friends during the last few days, but somehow Mrs. Clayton had studiously avoided all mention of Colonel d'Aguilar. She did not even allude to him when speaking of her visit to Paris. Sometimes she talked of Mr. Hastings, and then, remarking that Winifred was unusually silent, she discontinued the subject. Only once she asked a direct question.

"Winifred, was there ever anything between you and Mr. Hastings?"

The word "No!" was almost on the girl's lips' but she checked herself. She looked up with an expression of pain.

"Yes," she said; "but please do not ask me anything about it."

"I will not say any more if it pains you dear; but I can scarcely fancy any woman being indifferent to Errol Hasting's love. I am certain that he cares for you. Once in Paris I showed him your minature, and he stood for a long time looking at it, with an expression of such intense regret and when he laid it down he sighed deeply. How I should like to see you married to him!"

"I would not marry him if he asked me on his knees!" cried Winifred, passionately; and then added, with a half scornful laugh; "But he is scarcely Lord Burleigh-like enough to confer such an honor on a country maiden."

Mrs. Clayton said no more on the subject, but feminine curiosity was strong enough in her to make her form a variety of guesses as to the cause of her friend's bitterness against the master of Hazell Court. "Perhaps she has her troubles too," reflected Fee. "Although it is hard to imagine that any real sorrow can come to a girl who is unmarried, and has people about her who love her!"

The wife was thinking with a heavy heart of the last trouble which had fallen upon her, no longer ago than that very morning.

She had gone into the small library to look for a book. The window was open, and she saw her husband at the further end of the lawn, talking to one of the gardeners. It was evident he had just run out, for he still wore his slippers, and was without a hat. Mrs. Clayton had to pass the *escritoire* at which he had been writing. On the Russia-leather portfolio lay a pink, scented missive, which she took without hesitation. The note contained the affectionate thanks of a lady, signing herself Ada Hamilton, to her dear bear for the lovely ear-rings just received, and other matters irrevalent to this story. Mr. Clayton had evidently been in the act of answering this billet, for a sheet of paper lay beside it, on which he had commenced—"Dearest Ada, I hope to be——" and there it ended.

For a moment Fee had a wild thought of confronting her husband and insisting on an explanation. A woman may dislike her husband ever so much, but if she be a true woman, the evidence that he gives to another that love and attention which he denies her must be terribly galling to her. Hot tears of wounded pride sprang to Mrs. Clayton's aching eyes. Suddenly a quick thought flashed into her mind.

"Perhaps he meant to see it—perhaps he wants to be separated from me, and to rid himself of the ties he hates. But it would be folly for me to proclaim my wrongs; I should get no redress—I should lose nine-tenths of the luxuries I now command; and what would my position be as the separated, not divorced, wife of a bad man?"

Poor Fee turned away from the room without the book she had come to seek. In moving away from the writing-table, a thread of the silk fringe of her sleeve caught in the drawer and remained there. A few minutes afterwards, when Mr. Clayton returned to complete his note, his quick eye perceived it hanging.

"So, then," he muttered, with an unpleasant smile, "my lady has been spying!—so much the better. I wonder what she will do?—ask her innocent little friend's advice, perhaps."

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD DREAM REALIZED.

After a ten days' visit to Mrs. Clayton, Winifred was summoned home.

"I would gladly let you remain longer," wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember, my dear, that our original plan was to leave for London on the twenty-eighth, and Sir Clayton never likes his plans interfered with. He misses you greatly, and Madame de Montolieu is anxious to have you for a day or two before we go."

Madame de Montolieu had decided on not accompanying them to town.

"I am not used to gayety or noise of any sort," she said, when Lady Grace expressed a wish to take her with them, "and I feel as though a week of London life would kill me. No, dear madam, you must add to all your former goodness to me by allowing me to stay here, and lead my quiet existence without interruption. I shall take care of the house in your absence, and see that none of your poor lack the bounteous hand you so often extend towards them. If I feel very solitary and sad without you, I know you will let me join you; but I have not much fear of that. You know, dear lady, for how many years my life has been one of solitude. It seemed hard at first, I have many a time blessed it since."

"It shall be as you wish, dear madame," Lady Grace replied. "I have not forgotten that your coming to us was conditional on your perfect freedom of action."

On the twenty-fifth of April Winifred returned to Endon Vale, very sorry to leave her friend, but with almost a sense of relief at being freed from the obnoxious society of Mr. Clayton. Every one welcomed her with open arms; the house had not seemed the same without her—it lacked the sunshine, as the old French lady said.

"I shall miss you terribly, my child," she told Winifred, when they were alone; "but, then, I shall comfort myself with the reflection that what I have so long desired for you has come to pass. I do not think the world will spoil you; but you will be always in my prayers and thoughts.

On the day appointed, Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar, and Miss Eyre, arrived at Eaton Square, and were duly announced in the fashionable chronicles. A new life suddenly opened on the girl who had spent all her young years in such quiet, not to say monotony. She found it very pleasant, although not altogether what it had been in her dreams two years before. The first few days were occupied in shopping, seeing dressmakers and milliners, and driving in the Park Certainly there was a satisfaction in leaning back in the handsome carriage, and being whirled past the admiring eyes of the throng outside the rails, and remembering how she had once stood there, without the faintest hope or chance of ever taking part in the scene before her. People who have been accustomed to live in great houses and ride in grand carriages all their lives, cannot by any possibility derive that pleasure and satisfaction from doing so that others experience to whom luxury comes fresh and as a novelty. Although Winifred had adapted herself admirably, and without the least awkwardness, to her new position, and was by this time perfectly accustomed to it, yet the pleasure and the novelty remained; and the idea of mixing in society, which she had once dreamed of afar off, was, now that she had in a great measure recovered from her father's death, very pleasant to her. Her *debut* was to take place at the house of Miss Douglas, Lord Harold Erskine's aunt, a lady occupying a very decided position in the fashionable world, and the *entree* to whose entertainments was very generally desired. Lady Grace was anxious that her *protegee* should look her best.

"I leave your dress to your own taste, my dear," she said; "but I wish no expense spared. Remember, a great deal of success depends on first impressions."

When Winifred appeared, dressed, on the night of the ball, Lady Grace had no reason to regret having allowed her to exercise her own taste. The dress was of a marvellous whiteness and softness, almost like snow clouds, and here and there over it were the softest white feathers, that might have been flakes of fallen snow.

"A triumph of your taste and your dressmaker's skill, eh, my dear?" said Mr. Clayton, who came in to look at her before she went.

Winifred was trembling with excitement and nervousness. I fear I must confess for her a great anxiety as to whether many people would ask her to dance, and if they would think well of her. Would Mr. Hastings be there?—if so, what a triumph it would be for her to look well. She hoped, she believed she danced well; Lord Harold was a splendid dancer, and he had praised her. Then perhaps that was because she was his pupil, and he had spared no pains in teaching her. She was engaged to dance first with him—she felt glad of that; she was perfectly at home with him always, and it would give her time to collect herself. It was with great trepidation that she followed Lady Grace into the room where the hostess received her guests. A haughty, dignified-looking woman was Miss Douglas; but her manner was marked by extreme courtesy, and she bestowed on Lady Grace and her *protegee* even more than usual attention. Her nephew, standing behind her, was enraptured at Winifred's appearance and ejaculated several mental "By Joves!"

He gave her his arm immediately, and led her into the dancing room. When she had waltzed twice round the room with him, she was radiant, excited with pleasure, and every vestige of nervousness gone. She began to notice then how many eyes were directed towards her. Perhaps the pleasantest incense she received on that night of triumphant enjoyment was the jealous, mortified glance her cousin, Miss Champion, bestowed on her in passing. When Lord Harold took her back to Lady Grace, he was plied by almost every man in the room for an introduction to the *debutante*. He exercised his own discretion in the matter, and only made her known to the most eligible *partis* and the best dancers. It was Winifred's first ball, and she had not yet learnt the deceptive art of manufacturing and filling up false programmes, so she engaged herself to dance with every one who asked her, as long as there was any blank space left on her card. Very late in the evening Mr. Hastings appeared. As he entered the ball-room, he caught sight of Winifred, talking in a very animated manner to Lord Harold in an interval of waltzing. He stood and watched her intently; until to-night he had never thought her beautiful. He had loved her for her grace, for her pride, for her innocence; he had admired her changeful expression and large wistful eyes more than beauty; but as she looked and smiled now, she felt she had a greater claim to general admiration than he had ever dreamed of.

"And she might have been my wife now," he thought. "How I should have loved her—how proud I should have been of her! I wonder if she really cares for that fellow Erskine?"

At this moment a voice said close to his ear, as though the speaker had defined his thoughts:

"Will it be a match, do you think?"

He turned with an angry start, and met the mocking gaze of Flora Champion.

"You mean Grey and Miss Wentworth? I think it very probable," Mr. Hastings answered curtly.

"Oh, no, *that* is beyond a doubt. I meant Lord Harold Erskine and—and his partner."

"I cannot form the slightest surmise. Your cousin"—and he spoke the word pointedly—"your cousin is very beautiful and may even do better."

"Perhaps be chosen by the descendant of all the Hastings?" she asked, with a scornful laugh.

"Your penetration seems unusually at fault to-night, Miss Champion," he returned, coldly; "but pardon me, the dance is over. I am going to seek a partner for the next; your card is full, I see;" and he moved off, before Flora had time to intimate her willingness to exchange his name on her programme with that of a less eligible aspirant. She bit her lip angrily as she saw him cross straight over to where her cousin stood, and bend to speak with her. She could not but remark the tender deference of his bearing towards the country girl whom she despised, and whom she well remembered ignoring to him as only a farmer's daughter. She wondered whether he remembered it; whether he thought less of her for it; and then, angry with herself, and vexed by her reflections she turned to the quiet, middle-aged man on whose arm she leant, and began to talk to him with some of her old brightness and vivacity. He listened with admiring attention, but had very little to say in reply. Flora felt inexpressibly bored.

"This man is a dolt—a fool!" she said to herself, angrily; "the idea even of all his money scarcely reconciles me to the horrible tedium of spending so much time in his company.

Mr. Maxwell was an excessively uninterested, rich bachelor of two-and forty. He gave one an impression of weakness and yielding that made it a matter of surprise he had been allowed to remain so long in the unblessed estate of bacherlorhood; but the very indecision and want of resolution in his character had saved him hitherto from every snare or device of the other sex. He was indolent, nervous, feebly good-tempered, and a great gourmand. Having long ago abandoned in disgust the business in which his father and grandfather had amassed their wealth he had subsided into a haunter of clubs, a guest and entertainer of *bon vivants*, and gradually crept into good society by the aid of his only sister, who had married into a good but poor family, and professed to despise the plebeian wealth of the Maxwells, but had no scruple in making use of it. Soirees, concerts, and balls afforded him the very smallest degree of amusement, but he was under the impression that an hour spent at a fashionable *re-union* inestimably improved his position in society, and, therefore, made the sacrifice regularly and constantly, with only the most feeble of protests. He hae entertained a vague idea of marrying a good many women, but one thought had always deterred him; suppose his wife should object, or try to put a stop to his frequent and delightful club dinners (he did not believe in private cooks), or require to be escorted to entertainments at an hour which would be the positive ruin of his digestion! Digestion gone, what pleasure was there left him in life? None positively none! He had but one enjoyment—one real, actual enjoyment. What cared he for music, or dancing, or riding, or romance, or French novels, or making love, or other things that are the enjoyments or the dream of the young? No, he could exist well enough without that which makes life, romance, and luxury for hot, impatient youth. But what would existence have in compensation for him, when he could no longer enjoy venison, truffles, turtle, *sauces, piquantes*, dry champagne, Chateau Yquem, '20 Port, and comet clarets. Alas! gourmandism is the fault of childhood and the weakness of age. There are many exceptions, of course, but my friends, are we not told that the exception proves the rule. But —*Revenons!*

Mr. Maxwell had met Flora Champion several times, and had admired her, much as he had admired half a score of fine girls before. One day, as Flora was dressing for dinner, a thought struck her which made her smile, not quite pleasantly, either.

"He is rich," she said to herself; "he is as weak as water, and he is greedy—three admirable qualities for a husband who you do not want to care about! Why should I not marry him? I am not bred of that stuff which makes puling school-girls die of love, or I might have worn a willow long enough ago. I am sick of living at home. I dare say if I married a man I liked ever so much, I should be disappointed in him, and there is no harder trial than seeing your ideal destroy itself. Besides, I like admiration; I always shall. A good-looking, young husband might object to one's receiving attention from other men; but a senile old gourmand like this Mr. Maxwell would care for nothing, if you gave him good dinners, and lot him dine at his club as often as he pleased. Grandpapa says I have no tact and no power of pleasing left. We will see to-night."

(*To be continued*)

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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.

WANTED

BY

Fredericton Leather Company

HEMLOCK BARK,

HIDES and TALLOW,

for which the HIGHEST MARKET PRICES will be paid in

CASH!

AT THEIR TANNERY, HEAD OF KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

ISAAC W. SIMMONS,
Manager.

October 7, 1880.

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.

$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.

SHOVELS. SHOVELS.

Just received from Gananoque, Ontario:

60 BUNDLES Iron and Steel Shovels.

For sale low by
JAS. S. NEILL.

Fredericton Feb. 3

IMPERIAL HALL.

Fall and Winter,

1880.

Good work and good materials for small profits.

JUST RECEIVED, our usual well selected stock of Cloths for Fall and Winter wear, consisting of

OVERCOATINGS,

WORSTED COATINGS,

DIAGONAL COATINGS,

West of England, Scotch & Canadian

TWEEDS,

in all the latest patterns, all of which will be made up in the most fashionable styles at shortest notice.

JUST RECEIVING: our FALL and WINTER stock of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

THOMAS STANGER,

IMPERIAL HALL, F'ton, Sept. 23.

IMPORTANT

To All Who Wear Clothes!

J. R. HOWIE

CALLS the attention of all who wear Clothes to his

LATEST 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

Engish & 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.

GREAT

TRADE SALE

:o:

EDGECOMBE & SONS

HAVE ON HAND, and offer for sale

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

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.

FALL AND WINTER

BOOTS, CLOTHING, &C

THE subscriber has just received a large and well assorted stock of

Boots, Shoes,

Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c.,

which he offers at REDUCED PRICES, for cash. These goods were bought direct from the manufacturers, there by saving agents' commissions, &c., and will be found to be the best value in the market.

Please call and examine.

Respectfully,
DANIEL LUCY,
Wilmot's Block.

F'ton, Oct. 21.

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.

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.

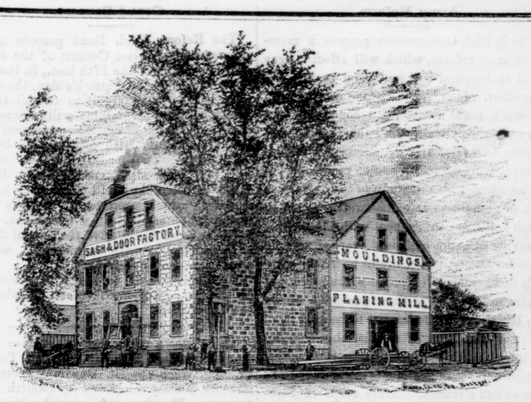
☞ All kinds of Interfering and Speed-Cut Boots made to order.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

At the Old Stand,

Opposite County Court House,
Queen St., Fredericton.

July 29, 1880.



J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,

—ALSO—

FURNITURE.

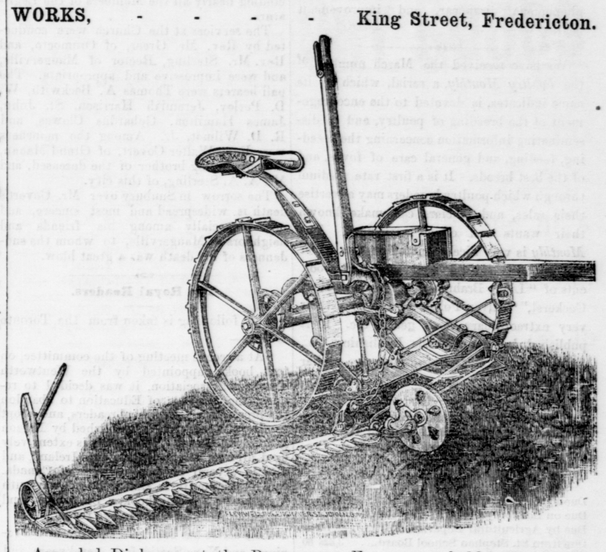
Moulding, Jig Sawing, Planing and Turning done to order.
Dressed Clapboards, Flooring and Sheathing constantly on hand

Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, 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.*

INSURANCE!

THE undersigned is agent for the following Insurance Companies which have capital and assets amounting to fully $100,000,000, affording the most perfect security possible,

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE.
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE.
COMMERCIAL UNION.
SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL
LANCASHIRE.
DOMINION.
TRAVELER'S LIFE & ACCIDENT.

INSURE AGAINST FIRE.

INSURE AGAINST Accidents

These Companies are well known for the honorable, liberal, and straight-forward manner in which their business is conducted.

All kinds of insurable property insured at moderate rates. Detached Dwelling Houses and contents insured for three years at lowest rates.

Losses promptly settled and no unnecessary trouble given.

☞ Office on Queen Street, opposite the CITY HALL, where every information can be obtained.

JULIUS. L. INCHES

NEW BOOK STORE!

The Cheapest and best place in this City to buy

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

IS AT

McMURRAY & FENETY'S,

CHEAP BOOK STORE!

Fisher's Buildng, - - Queen Street, Fredericton.

FIRE INSURANCE.

NOTICE TO POLICY HOLDERS.

THE General Agent of the "Queen" Insurance Company in this Province having received instructions from the Head Office in England to discontinue all Sub-Agencies, in consequence of losses under Sub-Agents during the past few years exceeding the Premiums, I am not authorized to take any new risks in that Company, but am prepared to renew all Policies as they expire, and generally to effect Insurance in any of the following First-class Offices:—

Imperial, of London, Estab'd 1803
CAPITAL, $8,000,000

Northern, of London, Estab'd 1836
CAPITAL, $15,000,000

Ætna, of Hartford, Estab'd 1819
CAPITAL, $3,000,000
With a NET SURPLUS of $2,335,965.97

Hartford, of Hartford, Estab'd 1809
CAPITAL, $1,250,000

British America, Toronto, Est. 1833
CAPITAL, $1,000,000

☞ *Orders respectfully Solicited.*
All Losses promptly paid. ☜

Detached Residences in the *City* and *County* insured on the *Three Year* plan at low rates.

☞ Please call before insuring elsewhere.

JOHN BLACK,
Agent, Fredericton

July 15.

TEAS. TEAS.

New Seasons Tea of 1880, *just received via Anglia, from London:*

75 HALF-CHESTS very choice new Teas—Oolong, Congo and Young Hyson—for sale Wholesale and Retail at very low prices.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Sept. 22.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, in front of the County Court House, in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on SATURDAY, the fourteenth day of May next, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon, and 5 o'clock P. M., all the right, title, and interest, of Alexander Bennett, of in and to all that piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Canterbury, in the County of York, belonging to the late Daniel Grant, deceased, lying between Gray, on the southwest side, and Peter Grant, on the northeast side, being in Second Tier east of the Howard Settlement road. Also 100 acres land lying in Howard Settlement, between lands owned by Elizabeth Grant. Also a house and lot situated at Canterbury Station, where he now resides. Also all his right and title to an Endowment Policy in the Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Maine for $500, No. 41,837, which is paid up and is now barring interest, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court at the suit of Goraham Steeves, Gilbert R. Steeves, and Jos. A. Steeves, and various other executions against the said Alexander Bennett.

THOMAS TEMPLE,
Sheriff.

Sheriff