Literature.

FAIR WOMEN!

BY MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IX.

The poor little fairy was caught in the toils; she fluttered piteously against the net, but a strong hand closed tighter and tighter upon it. She must give an answer now—here; if she refused this splendid offer, her chance would be gone forever. And so she consented—hardly, perhaps, with the coy willingness that delights lovers' hearts, but that mattered little to Francis Clayton, so he triumphed. He had taken the right course, and the prize was won, and he looked on the woman he would be bound henceforward to protect and cherish with more of malicious pleasura than the fond triumph of a successful love. Fee went to her room, bewildered and uncomfortable—half exulting, wholly miserable, indignant at her own heartlessness, and yet not unconscious of the promise of a grand future. She tapped at Winifred's door, and when it was opened, she went quickly in, and, throwing herself down in a chair, burst into tears. Winifred was fairly distressed; great drops welled into her eyes for sympathy.

"Don't cry, dear Fee—what is it?—what ails you?"

It was startling to see the gay, *insouciance* little fairy in such a plight.

"O Winifred, I am so miserable—I hate myself!"

Winifred guessed the rest.

"You have not consented, Fee? you are not going to marry Mr. Clayton?"

"Yes, I am."

"O Fee, how could you? you cannot like him."

"What is the use of talking like that?" Miss Alton cried, with feverish petulance. "Why don't you congratulate me?—it is a splendid match!"

"I love you, Fee. I cannot deceive you. If you do not care for him—and you cannot love a man like that—all his money will not make you happy."

"What does a child like you know about happy marriages? Hundreds of girls marry every year for wealth and position, and I suppose it turns out all right. Why, it would be thought sheer madness in my world to reject such an offer. Of course it's all very well for people in the country, who don't care about show and state, to marry the man of their choice, however poor he may be, and live happy ever afterwards. They don't want the excitement of the world; it is enough for them to enjoy the mild pleasures of rusticity, and each other's society, which of course never palls upon them. Now, Winifred, be candid, if Lord Harold Erskine asked you to marry him, would you say 'No?'"

"Lord Harold is a very different man from Mr. Clayton. But I cannot even imagine the position. Lord Harold is most kind, but it is hardly probable he would ever think of asking a farmer's daughter to be his wife."

"Nonsense. Winifred, your humility is nothing but pride, You know Lord Harold is in love with you; you cannot be ignorant of a fact that is patent to every one else."

Winifred started up, blushing.

"Do not say that, Fee; you should not, indeed, Lady Grace would not like it. Lord Harold is very kindhearted, like his aunt, and he tries to keep me from feeling any difference between myself and the other people here—I never dreamed of anything else."

"Well, then, little innocent, I should not like to mislead you—time will show. But now, just for a moment, try and fancy it possible that he proposed to you, what would you say?"

"I would say 'No.'"

"Come, you are deceiving me. You know you are ambitious, and dying to see the world. Lord Harold is rich, good-looking, and very kind; and, let me tell you, to be Lady Harold Erskine is no mean position. Do you really mean you would refuse all that?"

"I would refuse all that, and a hundred-fold more, if I could not love the man who offered it me."

"You are very young yet, my dear," said Miss Alton, in a pitying tone, that made the other laugh: "time will no doubt cure you of your old-fashioned country prejudices. You will be treating me next to some delightful maxims on love being grounded on esteem, and riches the root of evil, and so forth. But now, seriously, Winifred, it is not such a dreadful thing to marry a man you don't care for. Of course if you lived in the country, and were to be bored with him all day long, it would be the most awful thing conceivable; but you know fashionable wives are not much troubled with their husbands' company, and can always get away from it."

"Fee, don't say such unnatural things!" Winifred exclaimed, with kindling eyes; "what is life worth without one one to love? You cannot always drown the voice in your heart—you cannot always be satisfied wsth the comfort the world gives you. You must have some one to love; and what an awful thing it would be to find you cared for some one more than your husband!"

"Awful!" repeated Fee, mockingly, and the tears came back into her bright eyes. "I do care for some one," she cried passionately. "I love Colonel d'Aguilar with all the unworthy heart I have, and he loves me. But how can I marry him? Winifred, it is impossible: he has no money; he never will have. And I promised him to-day, only to-day, that I would not marry Francis Clayton, and see how I have kept my word!"

"But why do you decide now?" Winifred asked, wonderingly. "You are so much admired, why not wait? You go out so much, you are sure to have other offers, and you will meet many a better man than Francis Clayton."

"You know nothing about it. One does not have the refusal of thirty thousand a year every day, and Mr. Clayton would not wait. If I had said No, he would never have asked me again. I came to you to be comforted, and you make me more wretched than I was before."

"But, dear Fee, I cannot tell you what I do not think. It is wrong of you to marry one man, loving another. You will not be happy. Write to him to-night and tell him the truth."

"Yes, and repent it all the rest of my life," echoed Miss Alton, bitterly. "No, I have given my answer, and I shall abide by it." And she turned angrily away, and left the room.

Winifred went sorrowfully to bed, for she loved the frivolous, worldly little creature dearly.

Mr. Clayton's reflections were tolerably satisfactory, as he smoked his Spanish cigarette after the ladies had retired.

"Thou after all," he muttered, "I am not quite sure the game's worth the candle. Of course fellows will laugh at my being caught, after all I've said about the 'happy state.' They won't give me credit for being caught 'with intention.' I wish d'Aguilar was here, but I suppose he won't be in until very late."

Just about one o'clock Colonel d'Aguilar came in, in high good-humor and spirits.

"We have had a charming evening," he said, in answer to a question from Captain Culloden. "Some very jolly fellows there, and I was greatly tempted to stay the night, as they asked me. However, as I had said nothing about it to Lady Grace Farquhar, I was afraid of committing a breach of good manners by remaining. Arthur le Marchant had driven over from Hazel Court—a rare good fellow he is too, the very life of a party."

"Did he say anything about Hastings?" inquired Reginald Champion.

"I think he mentioned the name of Hastings. If I recollect rightly, it was something in connection with a yacht in Constantinople."

"I am devilish sorry Hastings took it into his head to leave England," interposed Lord Harold Erskine. "He was one of the nicest, most gentlemanly fellows I ever met with. He entertained us in a princely way at the Court last month."

"Hastings?" remarked Francis Clayton interrogatively. "I seem to know the name. By the way, Erskine, was not that the man Miss Champion accused Miss Eyre of being so much in the woods with?"

Lord Harold colored with passion.

"I presume they were only together just as d'Aguilar and Miss Alton might have been in the Park this afternoon, when they gave you the slip."

"Ah!" said Francis Clayton, quietly, but with his most disagreeable smile, "I can well afford d'Aguilar his little triumph 'Let those laugh who win,' is a capital maxim. But you've not congratulated me yet, any of you. It's not too late, though, now. Adams is not gone to bed yet, so I shall take the liberty of sending him to the cellar for a couple of bottles of my worthy cousin's best champagne. You'll all drink happiness to me in my new state, I know," and he rang the bell.

Colonel d'Aguilar grew very pale; the hand that was on the back of his chair trembled.

"What a fool I am!" he thought, "why should I think of such a thing?—it was only this afternoon she gave me her promise."

The door opened; Adams came in, followed by a footman with champagne and a tray of fresh glasses.

"This for the corkage," said Mr. Clayton, slipping a couple of sovereigns into the buttler's hand.

"Now, gentlemen, will you all wish me happiness with my lovely *fiancee?*"

"With pleasure, if you give us the fair one's name," answered Mr. Vane.

"Miss Alton!" said Francis, with a smile, and a side glance at Colonel d'Aguilar.

The glasses were filled, and all drank unanimously, if not very sympathetically, to the bridegroom-elect—all but one.

"You do not join in the toast, d'Aguilar," said Mr. Clayton, sardonically.

Colonel d'Aguilar rose to his feet, very pale.

"I am no hypocrite," he said quietly, but with a curious ring in his voice. "I cannot wish you happiness when I know it entails her misery." And amidst a dead silence he left the room.

Before the party assembled at breakfast the following morning he had left Endon Vale.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUSINS.

A note was handed to Lady Grace, as she was dressing, the morning after Winifred's first riding lesson:

"DEAR LADY GRACE FARQUHAR—I have to apologize to you for my very abrupt and hasty departure from your hospitable roof. I only heard late last night of Miss Alton's engagement with Mr. Clayton; and I feel that I have scarcely courage to meet, under these circumstances, a lady for whom I entertained a very deep regard. I prefer telling you the plain truth to making a plausible excuse, and I trust to your exceeding kindness to pardon any lack of courtesy in my sudden exodus. Thanking you for my pleasant visit to Endon Vale, and with compliments and excuses to Sir Clayton, believe me, very faithfully yours

"IVORS D'AGUILAR."

Lady Grace was perplexed, and certainly a little pained, at the contents of this note. She liked Colonel d'Aguilar—she was fond of Fee, and she neither trusted nor liked Francis Clayton.

"I pray God," she said, very earnestly, "that poor little Fee may never repent her choice. I have tried hard to like Francis—to see good in his character; but I can discern no amiable traits under the thick crust of selfishness and cynicism."

It was very rarely that Lady Grace pronounced so harsh a criticism in her gentle heart; she never uttered one aloud. After breakfast she called Fee to her.

"My dear, can you spare me a few minutes?" and Miss Alton, assenting, followed her slowly to her room.

"Do I hear rightly, my love, that I am to have the pleasure before long of claiming you as a connection?"

Lady Grace spoke brightly and cheerfully; she would not let the girl see her real feelings on the subject.

Miss Alton answered reluctantly, the slight color coming and going in her face:

"I have consented to marry Mr. Clayton, Lady Grace. Has he told you?"

"No, dear; I did not hear it from him."

"May I ask from whom, Lady Grace?"

The elderly lady handed her Colonel d'Aguilar's note, and turned away while she read it.

Miss Alton read the few lines breathlessly; a vivid color mantled in her cheeks, and she uttered a quick, gasping sigh. Then she commanded herself, with an effort, and handed the note quietly to her hostess.

"I hope you will be happy, my love," Lady Grace said, taking her to her kind arms, and kissing her with a lingering, yearning tenderness. It seemed very sad and piteous to her to see this child in years yet woman in worldliness, staking the happiness of her existence, her power of loving truly and lawfully all her life, for the pleasant vanities of which she would so soon discover the hollowness. "I think it will be right, my dear," Lady Grace continued, "that nothing shall be considered decisive until we have your aunt's approval. I shall suggest to Francis the propriety of his leaving us for a few days, until we have an answer from Lady Marion; and I shall write to her myself by to-day's post."

"Thank you, Lady Grace; I shall be pleased to do whatever you think fit."

There must have been a sorrow in the poor child's heart—she was not won't to speak so humbly.

Francis Clayton left Endon Vale in the afternoon for London. The following morning, a magnificent case of rings arrived for Miss Alton, diamond, ruby, and emerald. Fee forbore to wear them until she received her aunt's consent. Mr. Clayton had not thought it necessary to wait for such a formality; he never doubted Lady Marion's answer for a moment.

Relieved of her lover's presence, Fee soon recovered her gayety; she cried a little in secret for the mrn she had really liked, but she never mentioned him even to Winifred. There was a little constraint at first between the two girls, but it soon wore off.

"When I am married, Winifred," said Fee, "you will come and stay with me, will you not?"

And Winifred answered:

"If you ask me; but you will have forgotten me before then."

"You think then, because I am going to marry for money, that I am selfish and forgetful, and everthing that is bad. I understand your reproach."

"Indeed, dear Fee, I meant no reproach If I had been accustomed to brilliant society and town pleasure instead of my own dull country life, I might think as you do."

"No, you would not," Fee answered, with an unwonted touch of sadness; "your feelings are deeper and truer than mine."

Lady Marion Alton answered Lady Grace's letter in person; on such an important occasion she did not wish to be absent from her niece; and she was naturally anxious to see Mr. Clayton. The next day after her arrival, she carried her niece off to London, and from thence they went to pay a visit in Berkshire, where we shall not follow them.

The party at Endon Vale was breaking up. Miss Champion had stayed on, in the hope of winning back Lord Harold to his allegiance; but now that she found each day attracting him more and more to her cousin, she could endure it no longer. The visit to Lady Grace, from which she had anticipated such great results, had been fraught with the most bitter mortification. How intensely she hated her cousin, I leave it to my fair readers to conjecture. Whatever may have been said or written on the subject, we all know pretty well that it is not in human flesh and blood for one woman to be kindly disposed to another who has deprived her of a lover; and when, as in this case, the offence has been repeated (however unintentionally), we may imagine how deeply the wound would rankle in the breast of one so vain and proud as Flora Champion.

The riding-lessons brought her mortifications to a climax. Lord Harold had been out with her cousin every day for the last week, and his attentions to her had been assiduous and unremitting. It would have compensated Flora in some degree if Winifred had been awkward or nervous; but the girl was too radiant with bright health to be the prey to imaginary fears. And she was so graceful and winning, and such an apt pupil. Already the "Professor of Equitation," as Miss Champion mockingly called him, talked of giving her a lesson in leaping.

Mrs. Champion, in answer to a letter from her daughter, had written a note urging her immediate return home, and Flora had joyfully given orders to her maid to have everything in readiness to start on the following morning.

After issuing her instructions, she proceeded to the morning-room to write a letter. She was close to the door, when it opened suddenly, and Lord Harold Erskine brushed past her with traces of very visible emotion on his good-looking face. Miss Champion reopened the door softly, and went in. Her cousin was sitting by the open window, her face buried in her hands, crying bitterly. She did not seem to be aware of a strange presence, for she did not stir, even when Flora moved a chair.

"May one inquire the reason of such violent agitation?" said the latter, at last in a harsh, unsympathetic voice.

Winifred started and turned round.

"Are Lord Harold's intentions less honorable or less immediate than you had anticipated?"

The speech was quite a random one, made simply with the intention of being disagreeable, but, like many a bow drawn at a venture, it pierced to the joints of the harness. In a moment it flashed across Winifred's excited brain that the shaft was aimed intentionally, and that somehow her cousin was aware of what had passed between herself and Mr. Hastings. She started to her feet, and stood haughtily looking at Flora. Then, with a gesture of passionate pride, she exclaimed:

"There was a time when I thought the greatest happiness that could come to me would be to be owned as your cousin; but now that I know the extent of your spite, your coldness, and your jealousy, I feel the keenest regret that we belong to the same family, lest some such meanness should be lurking in my own heart. I hate you, and my earnest hope is that I may never see you again after to-morrow!" and she rushed from the room before Miss Champion recovered from her surprise.

When Winifred had locked herself in her room, she cried as if her heart would break. But the tears she was shedding now were produced by very alien emotions to those which had caused the outburst in which her cousin had surprised her. We must go back a little for the explanation of that.

Immediately after breakfast she had gone to the morning-room for a book, and Lord Harold had followed her. He had then and there made a very straightforward and warm declaration of his love for her; and, to tell the truth, she had been much more sorry and frightened than flattered. She had liked Lord Harold so much, he had been so kind to her, but the moment there was a question of marrying him, she recoiled instinctively. No, she did not love him, and she felt the strongest conviction in her heart that she never should. And so, very humbly and truthfully, she told him the truth; but when he begged her to delay her answer, to think over it, to see if time would not change her feelings for him, she shook her head resolutely.

"Time would make no difference," she said, hesitatingly. "I shall always like you. I shall always feel grateful for your kindness, and for the honor you have done me. You would not have me deceive you?" she continued appealingly. "You would not be content to take me without loving you?"

"I would make you love me."

"And then if you failed you would hate me. Ah! Lord Harold do not press me any further. I know you are generous."

And then he left her, and she had cried for sorrow at his disappointment for fear of Lady Grace's anger, and, above all, the recollection of the man whose memory she could not drive from her heart. But now the whole current of her feelings was changed. Sorrow and fear were gone, bitter anger and mortification had come in their place. Strange to say, it was not towards her cousin that she felt such keen indignation, but towards Mr. Hastings.

Why was she to suffer always, because a man had once been false and cruel enough to insult her? Had she been unmaidenly or wanting in self-respect? If it had been her misfortnne to be subjected to this shame, was she therefore to be despised for it, to be taunted with it? And then Winifred began to ponder in her mind through what possible channel Miss Champion could have been made aware of such a circumstance. Mr. Hastings would not talk lightly of a woman he had wanted to marry, (and he certainly had asked her to be his wife), and then—no! he was not mean—in any case he would not have betrayed her. Fenner dared not, and surely—surely no one else could know. Might she not have been too hasty in imagining that Miss Champion's words were winged with latent meaning. Once the doubt had arisen in her mind, she could not rest until it was satisfied.

She dried her eyes, smoothed her hair, and went down again to the morning-room. Her cousin was still there, writing and alone. Very pale, and with her breath coming thick and fast, Winifred took a chair exactly in front of Miss Champion.

"Will you be good enough to tell me," she said, as calmly as she could, "why you asked me just now if Lord Harold Erskine's intentions were less honorable or less immediate than I expected?"

Flora raised her haughty blue eyes contemptuously to Winifred's face. The hasty words spoken a few minutes before had thoroughly angered her, and she was resentful. Her answer came in cold, incisive tones:

"I suppose you are hardly aware (though how should you be?) that it betrays a lamentable want of breeding to burst out at a simple remark, in the very violent and offensive manner that you did just now. I hope, if Lady Grace really means to take you up, she will inculcate that precept strongly, or you will be about as agreeable an addition to society as an untamed bear let loose in a drawing-room."

Winifred colored painfully at the insolent remark; but she was too anxious to attain her object to resent it.

"I am waiting," she said, slowly, "until you will have the goodness to answer my question."

"I scarcely remember what it was."

"What do you mean when you ask me if Lord Harold Erskine's intentions were less honorable than I expected?"

"Mean! what should I mean? Really, Miss Eyre, if I were prone to be suspicious, I might fancy all manner of things from your strange agitation at my idle question."

"Then it was an idle question?"

"Oh, pray let this cross-questioning cease!" exclaimed Flora, impatiently. "My letter is of some importance, and I shall be glad to be allowed to finish it."

"Certainly," assented Winifred, and withdrew immediately, much lighter of heart than when she entered. She felt quite sure that her cousin knew nothing about her painful secret. How thankful she was that she had had the courage to satisfy her fears! But she had another very disagreeable task to perform. It was, she felt, incumbent on her to tell her kind hostess what had passed between her and Lord Harold, and then leave Endon Vale. Perhaps Lady Grace might consider a slight had been put on her nephew, and might never take any notice of her again. Then all her grand hopes and dreams would be at an end. "I suppose I am never to be happy or fortunate any more; everything I long for is to be taken away from me!" she thought, wearily and petulantly; and then she went to seek Lady Grace. Lady Grace was in her own little sanctum, reading.

"Come in," she said, in answer to Winifred's knock, and the girl went in and shut the door.

Lady Grace looked up and smiled kindly, and then she looked again. Winifred did not seem bright and beaming as was her wont—she was nervous, and there were tear-stains on her face.

"What is it, my love? You have been crying!" There was such tender solicitude in tone, that it was too much for the girl's over-strung nerves, and the tears came thick and fast.

"O Lady Grace, I am so grieved!"

"Grieved, my child? You have not had bad news from home?"

"Oh, no, not that; but I am so afraid you will be angry with me and never forgive me."

"My love, I do not understand you. Why should I be angry? Have you been breaking all my old china?" and her ladyship smiled encouragingly.

"It is about Lord Harold Erskine," Winifred said, nervously, and a sudden chill came into the heart of the elder lady, for she was very fond of her nephew.

"About Harold, my dear?"

"Lord Harold asked — asked me to marry him this morning; and, O Lady Grace, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry that he asked you to marry him?"

"Because—indeed, Lady Grace, I never dreamt of such a thing—I thought his position made him so far beyond me. I thought he was kind to me, just from generous-mindedness, like you, that I might not feel strange at coming into society I was not used to."

"Then you do not love him?"

"I do like him very much—I could not help it, he is so good—but, O dear Lady Grace, I could not marry him," and the tears rained down.

Lady Grace would not have been a woman if she had not felt a little annoyed at her favourite Harold's rejection, even though she might not have desired the match very ardently.

"Then you have refused him?"

"I told him the truth—I could not deceive him."

And then all of a sudden it flashed on Lady Grace Farquhar's mind that there was something noble and high-minded in this girl's refusing such a position and such wealth, because she did not love the man. A more worldly-minded woman would have held such romantic folly in contempt, and thought the girl a fool for her pains; but not so Lady Grace. Still there was a momentary struggle in her heart, before she rose from her seat and kissed Winifred.

"My love," she said, sweetly, "I think you have done quite right, if you feel sure in your own mind that you cannot love him. But are you quite sure? Harold is kind and good; he is handsome, and he is rich—ought you not to weigh everything in your mind thoroughly before you decide?"

"I like him, I respect him, but I do not love him—I cannot marry him!" concluded Winifred, piteously.

"Very well, my dear, I will say no more. I am sorry, for my boy's sake, and I should have been well content to have you for a neice."

And then the kind-hearted woman took the sobbing girl in her arms, and Winifred laid her head on the kind breast, and cried to her heart's content. There was a good deal more talk before the two parted, and it was settled that Winifred should go home the next day but one, and stay there a few weeks; and then she should pay Endon Vale another visit, when Lord Harold should have left. But Lord Harold left that very day, after seeing and confiding in his aunt. His parting words were:

"Aunt, do you think there is any hope that she will ever come to care for me?"

Lady Grace kissed his forehead, and stroked his head very tenderly.

"I cannot tell my boy, but I am afraid not."

(To be continued)

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JUST RECEIVED:

5 Cases and 1 Barrel Hardware.

HAT and Coat Hooks; Wardrobe Hooks; Thumb Latches; Barn Door Rollers; Barn Door Hangers; Bench Vices; Blacksmith's Drills; Carpenters' Braces; Counter Scales; Axle Pulleys; Whip Sockets; Door Bolts; Door Buttons; Chest Handles; Bed Castors; Tailors' Organ Castors; Door Bells; Shelf Brackets; Iron Weights; Quilting Frame Clamps; Gate Hinges; Tuyer Irons; Cupboard Catches; Fawcett's Coffee Pot Stands, etc.; 12 Kitchen Pumps.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fredericton, Dec. 9.

First Premium

Provincial Exhibition, 1878.

REED & REED

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

BROOMS & WISPS.

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

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

REED & REED

Fredericton, April 25th 1870.

Sole Leather.

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

SOLE LEATHER,

which we offer for sale at market rates.

FREDERICTON LEATHER CO.

I. W. SIMMONS, *Manager.*

F'ton, October 14—tf.

$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.

TO FARMERS.

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

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Sept. 23.

Iron. Iron. Iron.

Just received per S. S. "Caspian" via Halifax:

15 TONS Bar Iron;
2 tons Plow Plating.
For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

NAILS. NAILS.

20 KEGS Cut Nails; 20 boxes Horse Nails; 10 barrels Cement;
35 kegs Horse Shoes; 1 case Brushes;
6 Cylinder Stoves for wood;
1000 lbs. Pure White Lead; 15 boxes Glass.
Just received and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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.

SHERIFF'S SALE

TO be sold by public auction in front of the County Court House, in the City of Fredericton, in York County, on SATURDAY the 19th day of February next, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five P. M., "all the right, title and interest which the said John W. Barker had on the 27th day of November, A. D., 1875, of in and to all that piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of King-clear, in the County of York, and deeded by John Barker and wife to Thomas Barker and Samuel W. Barker, and in said deed described as the whole of lot No. 2 and the one-half of lot No. 3, bounded as follows: on the north side by lot No 1., owned by Wm. Smith, and on the south by a line running through the centre of lot No. 3, together with the buildings, implements and appurtenances thereto belonging, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court at the suit of Nelson A. Cliff against the said John W. Barker.

THOMAS TEMPLE, *Sheriff.*

Sheiff's Office, Fredericton, November 17th, 1880.

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 Street, Fredericton, N. B.

F'ton, Aug. 10, 1878.

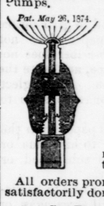
GAS FITTING, Plumbing, &c.

THE subscriber keeps on hand a large assortment of

TINWARE.

of every description, and made to order

He has engaged the services of MR. ELLIAM REID, who is thoroughly acquainted with Gas Fitting, Plumbing, Well Boring, and putting in Pumps.



SOLE AGENT FOR ELLIS' Patent Burner

He makes it a specialty to regulate the above when putting them up.

All orders promptly attended to, and work satisfactorily done.

☞ Gas Fittings always in stock.

A. LIMERICK, York Street.

F'ton, April 20, 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, 1½, 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.

BRUSHES.

WE have received direct from G. B. Kent & Sons, London, a fine assortment of

Hair Brushes,
Nail Brushes,
Cloth Brushes and
Tooth Brushes.

Making the largest and best selected stock in the City, and at lowest prices.

DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.

Nov. 11.

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements in old ones. Caveats, Trade Marks and all patent business promptly attended to.

INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and engaged in Patent Business Exclusively, we can secure patents in less time than those who are remote from Washington and who must depend upon the mails in all transactions with the Patent Office.

When inventors send model or sketch we make search in the Patent Office, and advise as to its patentability *free of charge*. Correspondence confidential, prices low, and no Charge unless Patent is obtained.

For special references, terms, advice, &c., address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

OPPOSITE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 22.

MONEY TO LOAN

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

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

April 29, 1880.

ROPE.

6 COILS Manilla Rope, 25 sett Shaft Bells:
4 doz. Team Bells, 12 doz. Hand Saw Files;
12 Cross Cut Saws, 30 doz. Pocket Knives;
2 doz. Flour Sieves, 2 doz. Wool Cards;
1½ Box and Parlor Stoves;
4 doz. Narrow Axes.
Just received and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

January 6, 1880.

NEW BOOK STORE.

We have just received a very large stock of FANCY Goods suitable for Presents for the Holidays, which we are offering very low. Call and see them at

McMURRAY & FENETY'S.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The largest and best variety to be found in the city in German, English and American Cards, and at Prices that will find a ready sale at

McMURRAY & FENETY'S.

DOLLS.

We will open next week a large stock of Dolls of all kinds and prices—call and see them—and the largest, handsomest, and most expensive Doll ever seen in the city, will be on exhibition at our store to-day.

McMURRAY & FENETY.

SCHOOL BOOKS

We are still selling School Books, and all requirements of the School Room, at the lowest prices. Call and see for yourselves.

McMURRAY & FENETY.

MUSIC

500 pieces Sheet Music. All the new and popular Songs of the day, only 5 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

McMURRAY & FENETY.

☞ In a few days we will open several cases of CHOICE Books, suitable for Christmas trade, which will be sold lower than ever offered before in the city.

McMURRAY & FENETY,

ROOT SLICERS.

ROOT PULPERS.

SEED CLEANERS AND SEPARATORS,

our own manufacture.

JOHNSTON & CO.,

Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

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. SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE. LANCASHIRE.
COMMERCIAL UNION. 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

HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Sled Shoe Steel.

Now landing from England, via Boston:

4 TONS SLED SHOE STEEL.
Cut bars to suit almost any sled, for sale at the lowest market rates by

JAMES S. NEILL

SEELY & McMILLAN,

BARRISTERS, &c.,

SANDS' BUILDING, 77 PRINCE WM. ST

St. John, N. B.

(Opposite Messrs. Barnes & Co.)

GEO. B. SEELY, T. H. McMILLAN.

St. John, May 6, 1880.

FOR SALE.

THAT Freehold Property situate on Charlotte Street, owned by the late Mrs. Thos. Davis. Terms easy. Apply to

WILSON & QUINN

September 9, 1880.

TO LET.

SEVERAL OFFICES in the Brick Building in York