Literature.

THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

A True and Deeply-Affecting Story.

It was morning.

"Is this the way, sir, to Sing-Sing?"

"Yes," roughly replied a broad-faced countryman and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn; the sun played hotly on her forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing-Sing, sir?"

"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lips quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse, to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its expression was.

The dew had fallen. Kate had fallen, too, almost. A rough stone by the way, imbedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so worn and tired, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on her hands that were clasped over her face. By the shaking of her frame the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to keep them back.

"Why, what is the deer little girl doing here?" The exclamation came from a pair of young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katie, looking up suddenly cowered away from the sight of the young lady and her agreeable looking companion.

"Whatever are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer towards the frightened child.

"Going, Miss, to Sing-Sing," said Katie.

"Why, George! this child is going to Sing-Sing—ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Katie shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears, one by one.

"Why, you little goose, what are you going to Sing-Sing for? Have you had your supper?"

Katie shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the child shook her heed.

"No breakfast. Why, George, the poor thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here, what's your name? Well, girl you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Follow me, and we'll take care of you to-night somehow, and see about your going to Sing-Sing tomorrow."

Katie followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palatial house, the rocks reddening in the low western sun; the shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

"Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile her story, or that brief part of it which we knew, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to Sing-Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must look her up something to wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then maybe we can manage to have her carried some distance. Oh! such an odd little thing."

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you are come home! Why I was talking about a little mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock. She says she is going to Sing-Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant faced old man, "she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her I think, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettings were put up, the gas was burning brightly, and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the odd little figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show you girls!" and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susie?" asked Nell Maywood.

"On the doorstep, Miss."

"Why, no, Susan, there's nobody to be seen."

"No! Miss." Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she sat there sometime after supper. I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking up, up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly; she's gone. Let me see, there ain't any silver around—I should be afeared she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there to spy her if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not farther relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing-Sing; and perhaps she will come back again—if so, will you send her to me?"

"If she do, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again

But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone sometime. She slept in an open field; crawled in some hay; she would have walked all night if she had dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warden, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff looking fellow, meeting the warden of Sing-Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out-of-the way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Kate, and I expect that she wants to see somebody in prison. But we can't get anything out of her—where she's came from or anything about it."

"Bring her over here," said the warden—"my wife is wanting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one."

So Kate stood, trembling more than ever, for a few moments, in the presence of the warden and jailor. Kate was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the warden, kindly—for he was prepossessed in her favor—"where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing-Sing from New York on foot?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father." The child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the warden, kindly.

"He is Mr. Loyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The warden looked at the jailor.

"Loyd; there are three Loyds here—Jim, Bondy and Dick," soid the jailor.

"That may not be their proper names," responded the warden.

"That's so," said the jailor, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed with the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim he's a bad one," said the jailor, in a low voice; "he's in irons this morning for 'tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal like that one, the villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your father."

He took Katie's shaking hand: with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key, and the stillness of long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bars and bleak, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and the space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined living hearts—whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through that passageway and then through the other. Everything spoke of crime—of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control—everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watchdog to the sentinels armed.

Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a standstill. The jailor rapped at a cell-door. Slowly the figure of a man, with a harsh, hair-covered face, appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.

"Little girl! hem! you're green," said the man in glum accents. "I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came close to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arm, half-sobbing, it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one."

He walked farther on, and spoke more pleasantly this time:

"Well, Bondy, here is little Katie; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katie——" there was a long pause. "I had a Kate once—not a little Katie; I broke her heart—God pity me! Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out:

"Father."

The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light wavy hair—a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent—a face that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. It was a child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed, crying:

"Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

Kate had hidden her face a second time as she feebly cried, "It isn't him;" so they kept on to a third cell.

"Jim here's a little girl—Katie, your daughter—wants to see you."

A stupid "what!" came from the bed; the man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter."

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the girl shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well-made man—the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as the chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below.

With a loud convulsive cry she exclaimed: "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katie?" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth: "Whatever has brought her here?"

The jailor was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked the warden.

Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "Yes," issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door and put the child within. Her arms were out-stretched, his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound—together about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, father!"

"Oh, Katie, Katie!" and then there was a quiet crying. By-and-by, the man lifted the little head, whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulder—and oh! what a sharp rattle of chains smote on the ear—and looked in her face. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his eyes fell under her earnest loving look.

"Katie, what made you come?"

"Wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katie? Never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out. How did you come, Katie?"

"I walked here."

"From New York, child?"

"Yes, father."

There was no sound, save that of the chains, as he strained her closer to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her, Katie—your mother?"

The question was fearfully asked, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lip was quivering.

"Katie, tell me quick!"

"She died, father?"

A groan—a terrible groan—followed; the man's head fell in the lap of his child and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the warden said that they never saw a sight so woeful. And the child tried to comfort him till his strength seemed to be gone and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katie, when did she die? Oh my poor May! my poor girl!"

"Ever so long ago, I think; ever so many weeks," replied the child; "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"Oh, this is hard; very hard; she always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you would you be real good after you came out, and meet her in Heaven."

"In Heaven! I in Heaven?" groaned the man, giving way in his agony. The child was angel guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good than the stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love melted down the adamant; had found the good locked up in his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through its prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared to disturb him; jailor and warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out, I will take care of you."

He lifted his head; his eyes red with weeping, were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessing on you, my precious child; you may save your miserable father!"

"I will, father."

The warden cleared his throat; the jailor spoke roughly to one of the prisoners—it was to hide his emotion. "You had better come now," he added, going to the cell.

"Katie, you must go; will you come again, my child?"

"Can't I stay, father?"

"No dear; but you shall come and see me again."

They took her gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a pleasant-faced old man.

"I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story, and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say, little one, will you go with me?" And good old Mr. Maynard stroked her hair as he said, pityingly, "Poor child! poor child!"

Ten miles from Sing-Sing prison there is now a little cottage occupied by an industrious man and his daughter. Little Katie is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of him as well as of herself.

PEARLS.—Get your mouth full by using "TEABERRY," the new wonder for the Teeth and Breath. Brush vigorously. See directions. 5 cent samples.

Another "living curiosity" is dead. Martin P. Avety, who was known as "the living skeleton," died in New York Sunday evening, aged 46 years. His size was in marked contrast to that of Noah Orr, the giant, who died a few days ago, as he weighed only 48 pounds, though he was 4 feet 8 inches high. He leaves a widow in New Berlin, Conn., his native place.

If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Tronbles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

Prof. Beal of the Ohio Agricultural College makes the astounding calculation that tree sparrows in that State alone, destroy 1,720,000 lbs. of noxious weed seeds every year, and it is to be remembered that this is only one of the dozen or more kinds of birds that eat such seeds.

☞ No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The Black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant.

An Arkansas bridegroom caught the bride in his arms, at the conclusion of the ceremony, dislocating two of her ribs with a violent hug. Another case is reported of a young man who dislocated the ribs of his grandmother while hugging her; but the case is not yet on record of a man hugging his stepmother to death.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1 Druggists

We find the statement floating around in the papers, that since the railroads have generally taken to using coal for fuel, the evergreen trees along the lines of the roads have been much less thrifty than formerly, the coal smoke operating to stunt their growth and make them sickly.

We know of no way that we can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is the oldest and most valuable patent medicine in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhœa and dysentery in one hour.

A Hillsboro' County, N. H., farmer has not been obliged to buy any Paris Green this year, although the potato bugs were never more plenty. A black snake, fully six feet long, goes along between the rows and plucks the bugs clean from the hills. Thus the snake continues until his appetite is satisfied, and he does his work so thoroughly that the farmer has not had to pick the bugs at all. The snake can be seen at his work nearly every day.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

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KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

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ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and

Every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, including

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A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WRITES:

"It does not dry up a cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of complaint."

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DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,

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50 Cents and $1.00 a Bottle.

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MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE.

Is a Sure, Prompt and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness' and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY. The Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two week's medication, and is *the cheapest and best.* ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

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50 BARRELS Sugar; 10 boxes Lump Sugar; 20 bbls. Amber Syrup; Lard, in tubs and 3 lb. tins; 2 bbls. Dried Apples; 200 bbls. Flour, in wholes and halves; 3 doz. Tubs, large sizes; 25 boxes Boneless Cod; 20 cwt. Codfish; 35 cases Matches; 50 boxes Herring; 50 Prime Molasses Sugar.

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GOOD MIXED COFFEE 20cts. per lb.

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at Lowest Prices.

Corn 15 cents per Can.

We keep constantly on hand the following grades of flour, in whole and half Barrels,

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☞ *All grades Sugar at lowest prices for Cash.*

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1882----1882

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SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

Engish and Scotch Suitings,

FANCY TROUSERINGS,

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WORSTED AND DIAGONAL COATINGS,

Fancy Vestings and Serges,

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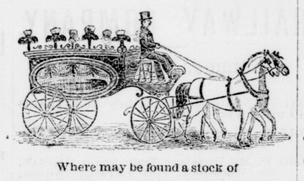

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CASKETS and COFFINS,

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Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered

Robes & Shrouds,

Crapes & Cloves.

☞ Orders from the Town and Country will receive prompt and careful attention.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers would beg leave to inform the public, that they have this day associated with them, in the Gas-fitting, Plumbing, and Tinsmith business, Mr. Wm. Reid, who has been in their employ for the past nine years, and that they will be hereafter known under the name and firm of Limerick, Reid & Co. They feel confident that with the above addition they will be more competent to fulfil any work entrusted to them.

A. LIMERICK & CO.
Fredericton, May 1, 1882

Cheapest Tinshop in Town.

WE are now prepared to fill any orders in the Tinsmith, Gasfitting, and Plumbing business.

Wrought Iron Furnaces

on hand, and fitted up in the latest and most improved manner. Pumps of all kinds, Pipe and Fittings. Well Driving done to order, a full stock of Tinware always on hand, Stoves and Stove Pipe, Gas Fixtures on hand, or imported to order.

Jobbing in any of the above branches promptly attended to.

All work guaranteed.

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May 4

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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 the premises at shortest notice.

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JUST OPENED —AT— S. F. SHUTE'S,

2 cases, containing the following:

German Work and Lunch Baskets,

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PHILANDONE'S RAZORS,

SCISSORS, POCKET KNIVES,

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ASH PANS, NUT PICKS,

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A NICE LOT OF

WALKING STICKS.

Long Handled JAPANESE FANS for Covering.

Also a choice lot of

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Remember the Place,

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Sharkey's Block, Queen Street.
March 30

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HAS RECEIVED HIS

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHS,

and respectfully invites the inspection of customers to his large and well selected stock of

British and Canadian TWEEDS,

Diagonals,

BROAD CLOTHS,

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GENTLEMEN'S Wedding and Mourning Outfits A SPECIALTY.

The Furnishing Department is the Largest in the City.

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Boys' Carts, Waggons, AND WHEELBARROWS.

A LARGE VARIETY AT

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9 CASES Assorted Stone Ware, by the Crate or Single Dozen, cheap at

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FURNITURE POLISH.

LEMONT'S Furniture Polish is the best in the market, at

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Now received, a nice line, at

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3,756 PIECES Milk Pans, Crocks, Flower Pots, Preserve Jars, Butter Crocks &c., Wholesale and Retail, cheap at

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COMBINGS done ever for 20 cents per ounce. Straight Hair done over for 15 cents per ounce. Always on hand, **Switches, Braids Chignons, Puffs, and Curls.**

All work done promptly, and in a thorough and first-class manner, and at the lowest possible rates.

Ladies please give me a call.
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JUST ARRIVED:

17 CRATES assorted TABLE WARE wholesale and retail.

1 CASK CHINA TEA SETTS.

32 BEDROOM SETTS, in Ash and Walnut, Walnut, and Pine Painted.

12 ELEGANT PARLOR SUITS at

Lemont's House Furnishing Store.

COLLIE DOGS FOR SALE.

1 DOG and 2 Bitches, about 3 months old. Bred from the Dog "Kep" and Bitch "Nettie," imported last year. Apply to

THOS. F. BARKER.

Stock Farm, Nauwigewauk, King's Co.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

I. X. L. SCRUB BRUSH.

☞ *BUY NO OTHER.* ☜

June 1, 1882

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

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

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

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

☞ *Terms to give satisfaction.* ☜

NEW Dry Goods Store.

The Subscriber having rented the Store lately occupied by

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WILMOT'S BLOCK,

Where he will keep on hand a well assorted Stock of

Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS.

Prices as Low as Any House in the Trade.

JOHN M'DONALD.
Fredericton, Dec. 1, 1881

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.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE CELLULOID TRUSS.

FINE Steel Spring Covered with Celluloid. Made in every desirable pattern, fitting perfectly to form of body.

Warranted not to Rust
Warranted not to Break!
Warranted not to Wear Out!

No heating required to fit the body. Used in Bathing. Always Clean and Comfortable. Free from any unpleasant odor.

☞ For Comfort, Cleanliness, and Durability, it excels all others.

For sale by

DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.
Fredericton, June 25

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.

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.*
September 8, 1881

HARDWARE.

JUST received from Boston by Schooners "Maud and Bessie," and by rail from Montreal:—

5 Cases Rim and Mortice Locks;
3 " Mineral Door Knob;
5 " General Hardware;
2 " Shell Brackets, Bronzed Japanned;
1 " Weighing Beams and Stilyards;
1 " Cow Bells; 1 case Bench Screws;
1 " Bed Fasts and Thumb Latches;
1 " Loose Pin Butts, assorted;
1 " Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons;
1 " Weavers Steel Reeds;
1 " Table Knives and Forks;
1 " Masury's Colors, assorted;
1 " Malleable Irons for Carriages;
1 " Enameled Cloth, Shaft Shackles, Axle Clips, Tufting Buttons, Lining Tacks Shaft Tips, &c., &c., &c.
6 Boxes Iron Washers, assorted sizes;
12 " Clinch Nails, assorted sizes;
6 " Planet Iron Seed Drills;
2 " Pistol Cartridges and Brass Shells;
1 " Babbitt Metal, assorted numbers;
1 " Copper Rivets and Burrs;
1 " Wool Cards;
12 Cultivators and Horse Hoes;
3 Wheel Garden Hoes;
19 rolls Currugated Carpet Felt;
2 Wooden Pumps, a first-class article;
12 bundles Higgins Shingle Shawls;
10 barrels Rosdinz Pitch; 2 bbls. Turpentine;
83 " Black Oil; 3 bbls. Lard Oil;
2 " White Glue; 2 bbls. Dark Glue;
1 " Pure Neatsfoot Oil;
4 doz. Stair Rods and Eyes to match;
20 rolls Dry Sheathing Papers;
2 rolls Tarred Roofing Felt;
20 Pitcher Spout Kitchen Pumps;
1 barrel Stop, Tea and Gate Hinges;
1 cask Mixed Putty;
2 cases unfading Shutter Green;
6 Swinging Churns; 2 cases Axle Grease;
3 Platform and three Union Scales;
2 Steel Plows;
2 One Horse Plows, new pattern chilled iron;
2 Seed Sowers for corn, &c.;
40 kegs Cut Nails; 12 coils Manilla Rope;
4 coils Lath Tie; 2 casks Cable Chain;
4 bundles Drill Steel; 15 kegs Horse Shoes;
40 boxes Horse Nails;

DAILY EXPECTED:

1 Car Load of Iron, assorted sizes of excellent quality;
25 Field Hoes.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
May 25.

Looking Glass Plates.

Just Received:

10 PANES, 18x40; 20 panes, 18x36; 14 panes 15x24. For sale by the Pane or Box, cheap at

Lemont's Variety Store.

J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,

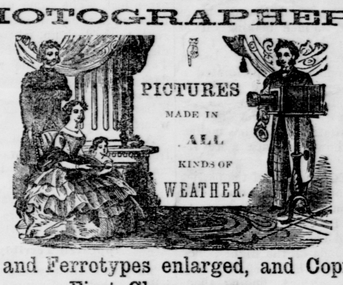
—ALSO—

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.

McMURRAY & BURKHARDT,

PHOTOGRAPHERS.



Photgraphs and Ferrotypes enlarged, and Copies made in First Class manner.

☞ CHILDREN'S PHOTOGRAPHS A SPECIALTY! ☜

☞ FRAMES of all kinds made to order FREE. ☜

McMURRAY & BURKHARDT,
Opposite Stone Barracks, Queen Street, Fredericton

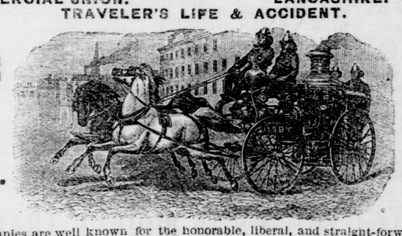
INSURANCE!

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

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

FIRE INSURANCE.

Companies representing a capital of

OVER FORTY MILLION OF DOLLARS, ($40,000,000.00.)

☞ Large deposits at Ottawa for benefit of Policy Holders. ☜

All kinds of Insurance effected in any of the following Companies at best rates:—

Imperial, of London, England.
Established 1863. Capital, $8,000,000.00

Ætna, of Hartford, Conn.
Established 1819. Capital, $3,000,000.00 Assets, $7,421,073.72

Hartford, of Hartford, Conn.
Established 1809. Capital, $1,250,000.00 Assets, $3,761,379.47

Northern, of London, England.
Established 1836. Capital, $15,000,000.00

British America, of Toronto.
Established 1833. Capital, $1,000,000.00

Fire Association of London, England.
Capital, $5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund, $250,000.00

The City of London, England.
Fire Insurance Co. Capital, $10,000,000.00

Detached Residences in town and country insured for 3 years at lowest rates.

ALL LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

JOHN BLACK,
Agent, Fredericton.

Office with RAINSFORD & BLACK, Barristers, Carleton Street, Fredericton.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY!

McFARLANE, THOMPSON & ANDERSON

are now manufacturing and have for sale at their Foundry,

King Street, - - - - Fredericton,

THEIR CELEBRATED

First Prize Hay Presses,

ALSO

COOKING STOVES IN ALL SIZES.

CYLINDER STOVES, with Russia and Common Iron Tops, for wood burning.

☞ Wrought Iron Wood Furnaces made to order.

T. G. O'CONNOR,

IMPORTER OF

British and Foreign Woollen Manufactures, &c.

Now in stock, a large and varied assortment of

GENTS' SUMMER SUITINGS, WORSTED COATINGS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, SERGE SUITINGS, MELTONS, CHEVIOTS, SAXONY TWEEDS, &c., &c., &c

WEST OF ENGLAND BROADS, CANADA TWEEDS, WEST OF ENGLAND CASSIMERES, HARVEY HOMESPUNS. WEST OF ENGLAND DOESKINS, OXFORD HOMESPUNS.

Gents' Furnishings, &c.

First Class Cutter, First Class Suits, Lowest Hard-pan Prices.

☞ Goods sold from the Piece or Made to Order as may be desired.

T. G. O'CONNOR,
Next below Barker House, Queen St., Fredericton

STATIONERY!

We are now opening our

STOCK OF STATIONERY

Personally selected from the leading manufactures of

English, French, German, American and Canadian Makers,

WHICH FOR

Quantity, Quality, Style and Finish

SURPASSES ANYTHING BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

and at Prices much lower than last season

McMurray & Fenety.

Fredericton, Nov. 17, 1881