Literature.

'LENA RIVERS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHADOW.

Mabel's nerves had received too great a shock to rally immediately, and as day after day went by, she still kept her room notwithstanding the very pointed hints of her mother-in-law that "she was making believe for the sake of sympathy." Why didn't she get up and go out doors—anybody would be sick to be flat on their back day in and day out; or did she think she was spiting her by showing what muss she could keep the "best chamber" in if she chose?

This last was undoubtedly the grand secret of Mrs. Livingstone's dissatisfaction. Foiled in her efforts to dislodge them, she would not yield without an attempt at making Mabel, at least, as uncomfortable in mind as possible. Accordingly, almost every day when her son was not present, she conveyed from the room some nice article of furniture, substituting in its place one of inferior quality, which was quite good enough, she thought for a penniless bride.

"Pears like ole miss goin' to make a clean finish of her dis time," said Aunt Milly, who watched her mistress' daily depredations. "Ole Sam done got title deed of her, sure enough. Ki! won't she ketch it in t'other world, when he done show her his cloven foot, and won't she holler for old Milly to fotch her a drink of water? not particular then—drink out of the bucket, gourd-shell, or anything; but dis nigger'll 'sign her post in de parlor afore she'll go."

"Why, Milly," said 'Lena, who over heard this soliloquy, "don't you know its wrong to indulge in such wicked thoughts?"

"Bless you, child," returned the old negress, "she 'sarves 'em all for treatin' that poor, dear lamb so. I'd 'nihilate her if I's Miss Mabel."

"No, no, Milly," said Aunt Polly, who was present. "You must heap coals of fire on her head."

"Yes, yes, that's it—she orto have 'em," quickly responded Milly, thinking Polly's method of revenge the very best in the world, provided the coals were "bilin' hot," and with this reflection she started up stairs, with a bowl of nice, warm gruel she had been preparing for the invalid.

Several times each day Grandma Nichols visited Mabel's room, always prescribing some new tea of herbs, whose healing qualities were wonderful, having effected cures in every member of Nancy Scovandyke's family, that lady herself, as a matter of course, being first included. And Aunt Milly, with the faithfulness characteristic of her race, would seek out each new herb, uniting with it her own simple prayer that it might have the desired effect. But all in vain, for every day Mabel became weaker, while her dark eyes grew larger and brighter, anon, lighting up with joy as she heard her husband's footsteps in the hall, and again filling with tears as she glanced timidly into his face, and thought of the dread reality.

"May be I shall die," was more than once murmured in her sleep, and John Jr., as often as he heard those words, would press her burning hands, and mentally reply, "Poor little Meb."

And all this time no one thought to call a physician, until Mr. Livingstone himself at last suggested it. At first he had felt no interest whatever in his daughter-in-law, but with him force of habit was everything, and when she no longer came among them, he missed her—missed her languid steps upon the stairs and her childish voice in the parlor. At last it one day occurred to him to visit her. She was sleeping when he entered the room, but he could see there had been a fearful change since last he looked upon her, and without a word concerning his intentions, he walked to the kitchen, ordering one of his servants to start forthwith for the physician, whose residence was a few miles distant.

Mrs. Livingstone was in the front parlor when he returned, in company with Doctor Gordon, and immediately her avaricious spirit asked who would pay the bill, and why was he sent for. Mabel did not need him—she was only babyish and spleeny—and so she told the physician, who, however, did not agree with her. He did not say that Mabel would die, but he thought so, tor his experienced eye saw in her infallible signs of the disease which had stricken down both her parents, and to which, from her birth, she had been a prey. Mabel guessed as much from his manner, and when again he visited her, she asked him plainly what he thought.

She was young—a bride—surrounded apparently by everything which could make her happy, and the physician hesitated, answering her evasively, until she said, "Do not fear to tell me truly, for I want to die. Oh, I long to die," she continued, passionately clasping her thin, white hands together.

"That is an unusual wish in one so young," answered the physician, "but to be plain with you, Mrs. Livingstone, I think consumption too deeply seated to admit of your recovery. You may be better, but never well. Your disease is hereditary, and has been coming on too long."

"It is well," was Mabel's only answer, as she turned wearily upon her side and hid her face in the pillows.

For a long time she lay there, thinking, weeping, and thinking again, of the noisome grave through which she must pass, and from which she instinctively shrank, it was so dark, so cold, and dreary. But Mabel had trusted in One who she knew would go with her down into the lone valley—whose arm she felt would uphold her as she crossed the dark, rolling stream of death; and as if her frail bark were already safely moored upon the shores of the eternal river, she looked back dreamily upon the world she had left, and as she saw what she felt would surely be, she again murmured through her tears, "It is well."

That night, when John Jr. came up to his room, he appeared somewhat moody and cross, barely speaking to Mabel, and then walking up and down the room with the heavy tread which always indicated a storm within. He had that day been to Frankfort, hearing that Nellie was really coming home very soon—very possibly she was now on her way. Of course she would visit Mabel, when she heard she was sick, and of course he must meet her face to face, must stand with her at the bedside of his wife, and that wife Mabel. In his heart he did not accuse the latter of feigning her illness, but he wished she would get well faster, so that Nellie need not feel obliged to visit her. She could at least make an effort—a great deal depended upon that—and she had now been confined to her room three or four weeks.

Thus he reflected as he walked, and at last his thoughts formed themselves into words. Stopping short at the foot of the bed, he said abruptly and without looking her in the face, "How do you feel tonight?"

The stifled cough which Mabel tried to suppress because it was offensive to him, brought a scowl to his forehead, and in imagination he anticipated her answer. "I do not think I am any better."

"And I don't believe you try to be," sprang to his lips, but its utterance was prevented by a glance at her face, which by the flickering lamplight looked whiter than ever.

"Nellie is coming home in a few weeks," he said at length, with his usual precipitancy

'Twas the first time Mabel had heard that name since the night when her mother-in-law had rang it in her ears, and now she started so quickly, that the offending cough could not be forced back, and the coughing fit which followed was so violent that John Jr. as he held the bowl to her quivering lips, saw that what she had raised was streaked with blood. But he was unused to sickness, and he gave it no farther thought, resuming the conversation as soon as she became quiet.

"To be plain, Meb," said he, "I want you to hurry and get well before Nellie comes—for if you are sick she'll feel in duty bound to visit you, and I'd rather face a loaded cannon than her."

Mabel was too much exhausted to answer immediately, and she lay so long with her eyes closed that John Jr., growing impatient, said, "Are you asleep, Meb?"

"No, no," said she, at the same time requesting him to take the vacant chair by her side, as she wished to talk with him.

John Jr. hated to be talked to, particularly by her, for he felt that she had much cause to reproach him; but she did not, and as she proceeded, his heart melted toward her in a manner which he had never thought possible. Very gently she spoke of her approaching end as sure.

"You ask me to make haste and be well," said she, "but it cannot be. I shall never go out into the bright sunshine again, never join you in the parlor below, and before the cold winds of winter are blowing, I shall be dead. I hope I shall live until Nellie comes, for I must see her. I must make it right between her and you. I must tell her to forgive you for marrying me when you loved only her; and she will listen—she won't refuse me, and when I am gone you'll be happy together."

John Jr. did not speak, but the little hand which nervously moved toward him was met more than half-way, and thus strengthened, Mabel continued: "You must sometimes think and speak of Mabel when she is dead. I do not ask you to call me wife. I do not wish it, but you must forget how wretched I have made you, for oh, I did not mean it, and had I sooner known what I do now, I would have died ere I had caused you one pang of sorrow."

Afterwards, when it was to late, John Jr. would have given worlds to recall that moment, that he might tell the broken-hearted girl how bitterly he, too, repented of all the wrong he had done her; but he did not say so then—he could only listen, while he mentally resolved that if Mabel were indeed about to die, he would make the remainder of her short life happy, and thus atone, as far as possible, for the past. But alas for John Jr., his resolutions were easily broken, and as days and weeks went by, and there was no perceptible change in her, he grew weary of well-doing, absenting himself whole days from the sick-room, and at night rather unwillingly resuming his post as watcher, for Mabel would have no one else.

Since Mabel's illness he had occupied the little room adjoining hers, and often when in the still night he lay awake, watching the shadow which the lamp cast upon the wall, and thinking of her for whom the light was constantly kept burning, his conscience would smite him terribly, and rising up, he would steal softly to her bedside, to see if she were sleeping quietly. But anon he grew weary of this, too; the shadow on the wall troubled him; it kept him awake; it was a continued reproach, and he must be rid of it, somehow. He tried the experiment of closing his door, but Mabel knew the moment he attempted it, and he could not refuse her when she asked him to leave it open.

John Jr. grew restless, fidgety, and nervous. Why need the lamp be kept burning? He could light it when necessary; or why need he sleep there, when some one else would do as well? He thought of 'Lena—she was just the one, and the next day he would speak to her. To his great joy she consented to relieve him awhile, provided Mabel were willing; but she was not, and John Jr. was forced to submit. He was not accustomed to restraint, and every night matters grew worse and worse. The shadow annoyed him exceedingly. If he slept, he dreamed that it kept a glimmering watch over him, and when he awoke, he, in turn, watched over that, until the misty daylight came to dissipate the phantom.

About this time several families from Frankfort started for New Orleans, where they were wont to spend the winter and irresistibly, John Jr. became possessed of a desire to visit that city, too. Mabel would undoubtedly live until spring, now that the trying part of autumn was past and there could be no harm in his leaving her for a while, when he so much needed rest. Accordingly, 'Lena was one day surprised by his announcing his intended trip.

"But you cannot be in earnest," she said; "you surely will not leave Mabel now."

"And why not?" he asked. "She doesn't grow any worse, and won't until spring, and this close confinement is absolutely killing me! Why, I've lost six pounds in six months, and you'll see to her, I know you will. You're a good girl and I like you, if I did get angry with you weeks ago when I went a hunting."

'Lena knew he ought not to go, and she tried hard to convince him of the fact, telling him how much pleasure she had felt in observing his improved manner toward Mabel, and that he must not spoil it now.

"It's no use talking," said he, "I'm bent on going somewhere. I've tried to be good, I know, but the fact is, I can't stay put. It isn't my nature. I shan't tell Meb till just before I start, for I hate scenes."

"And suppose she dies while you are gone?" asked 'Lena.

John was beginning to grow impatient, for he knew he was wrong, and rather tartly he answered, as he left the room, "Give her a decent burial, and present the bill to mother!"

The next morning, as 'Lena sat alone with Mabel, John Jr. entered, dressed and ready for his journey. But he found it harder telling his wife than he had anticipated. She looked unusually pale this morning. The sallowness of her complexion was all gone, and on either cheek there burned a round, bright spot. 'Lena had just been arranging her thick, glossy hair, and now, wholly exhausted, she reclined upon her pillows, while her large black eyes, unnaturally bright, sparkled with joy at the sight of her husband. But they quickly filled with tears when told that he was going away, and had come to say good by.

"It's only to New Orleans and back," he said, as he saw her changing face. "I shan't be gone long, and 'Lena will take care of you a heap better than I can."

"It isn't that," answered Mabel, wiping her tears away. "Don't go, John. Wait a little while. I'm sure it won't be long."

"You are nervous," said he, playfully tapping her white cheek. "You're not going to die. You'll live to be grandmother yet, who knows? But I must be off for lose the train. Good by, little Meb," grasping her hand, "Good-by, 'Lena. I'll bring you both something nice—good-by."

When she saw that he was going, Mabel asked him to come back to her bedside just for one moment. He could not refuse, and winding her long, emaciated arms around his neck, she whispered "Kiss me once before you go. I shall never ask it again, and 'twill make me happier when you are gone."

"A dozen times, if you like," said he giving her the only husband's kiss she had ever received.

For a moment longer she detained him, while she prayed silently for heaven's blessing on his wayward head, and then releasing him, she bade him go. Had he known of all that was to follow, he would not have left her, but he believed as he said, that she would survive the winter, and with one more kiss upon her brow, where the perspiration was standing thickly, he departed. The window of Mabel's room commanded a view of the turnpike, and when the sound of horses feet was heard on the lawn, she requested 'Lena to lead her to the window, where she stood watching him until a turn in the road hid him from her sight.

"'Tis the last time," said she, "and he will never know how much this parting cost me."

That night, as they were alone in the gathering twilight, Mabel said, "If I die before Nellie comes I want you to tell her how it all happened, and that she must forgive him, for he was not to blame."

"I do not understand you," said 'Lena, and then, in broken sentences, Mabel told what her mother-in-law had said, and how terribly John was deceived. "Of course he couldn't love me after that," said she, "and it's right that I should die. He and Nellie were made for each other, and if the inhabitants of heaven are allowed to watch over those they loved on earth, I will ask to be always near them. You will tell her, won't you?"

'Lena promised, adding that she thought Mabel would see Nellie herself as she was to sail from Liverpool the 20th and a few days proved her conjecture correct. Entering Mabel's room one morning about a week after John's departure, she brought the glad news that Nellie had returned, and would be with them tomorrow.

The next day Nellie came, but she, too, was changed. The roundness of her form and face was gone; the rose had faded from her cheek, and her footsteps were no longer light and bounding as of old. She knew of John Jr's absence or she would not have come, for she could not meet him face to face. She had heard, too, of his treatment of Mabel, and while she felt indignant toward him, she freely forgave his innocent wife, who she felt had been more sinned against than sinning.

With a faint cry Mabel started from her pillow, and burying her face on Nellie's neck, wept like a child. "You do not hate me," she said at last, "or you would not have come so soon."

"Hate you?—no," answered Nellie. "I have no cause for hating you."

"And you will stay with me until I die—until he comes home—and forgive him, too," Mabel continued.

"I can promise the first, but the latter is harder," said Nellie, her cheeks burning with anger as she gazed on the wreck before her.

"But you must, you will," exclaimed Mabel, rapidly telling all she knew; then falling back upon the pillow, she added, "You'll forgive him now."

As time passed on, Mabel grew weaker and weaker, clinging closer to Nellie as she felt the dark shadow of death creeping gradually over her.

"If he'd only come," she would say, "and I could place your hand in his before I died."

But it was not to be. Day after day John Jr. lingered, dreading to return, for he knew Nellie was there, and he could not meet her, he thought, at the bedside of Mabel. So he tarried until a letter from 'Lena, which said that Mabel would die, decided him, and rather reluctantly he started homeward. Meantime Mabel, who knew nothing of her loss, conceived the generous idea of willing all her possessions to her recreant husband.

"Perhaps he'll think more kindly of me," said she to his father, to whom she first communicated her plan, and Mr. Livingstone felt that he could not undeceive her.

Accordingly, a lawyer was summoned from Frankfort, and the will duly drawn up, signed, sealed, and delivered into the hands of Mr. Livingstone, whose wife, with a mocking laugh, bade him "guard it carefully, it was so valuable."

"It shows her goodness of heart, at least," said he, and possibly Mrs. Livingstone thought so, too, for from that time her manner softened greatly toward her daughter-in-law.

* * * * * *

It was midnight at Maple Grove. On the table, in its accustomed place, the lamp was burning dimly, casting the shadow upon the wall, whilst over the whole room a darker shadow was brooding. The window was open, and the cool night air came softly in, lifting the masses of raven hair from off the pale brow of the dying. Tenderly above her Nellie and 'Lena were bending. They had watched by her many a night, and now she asked them not to leave her, not to disturb a single one—she would rather die alone.

The sound of horses' hoofs rang out on the still air, but she did not heed it. Nearer and nearer it came, over the lawn, up the graveled walk, through the yard, and Nellie's face blanched to an unnatural whiteness as she thought who that midnight-rider was. Arrived in Frankfort only an hour before, he had hastened forward, impelled by a something he could not resist. From afar he had caught the glimmering light, and he felt he was not too late. He knew how to enter the house, and on through the wide hall and up the broad stair-case he came, until he stood in the chamber, where before him another guest had entered, whose name was Death!

Face to face he stood with Nellie Douglass, and between them lay his wife—her rival—the white hands folded meekly upon her bosom, and the pale lips just as they had breathed a prayer for him.

"Mabel! She is dead!" was all he uttered, and falling upon his knees, he buried his face in the pillow, while half scornfully, half pityingly, Nellie gazed upon him.

There was much of bitterness in her heart toward him, not for the wrong he had done her, but for the sake of the young girl, now passed forever away. 'Lena felt differently. His silent grief conquered all resentment, and going to his side, she told him how peacefully Mabel had died—how to the last she had loved and remembered him, praying that he might be happy when she was gone.

"Poor little Meb, she deserved a better fate," was all he said, as he continued his kneeling posture, until the family and servants, whom Nellie had summoned, came crowding round, the cries of the latter grating on the ear, and seeming sadly out of place for her whose short life had been so dreary, and who had welcomed death as a release from all her pain.

It was Mrs. Livingstone's wish that Mabel should be arrayed in her bridal robes, but with a shudder at the idle mockery, John Jr. answered, "No;" and in a plain white muslin, her shining hair arrayed as she was wont to wear it, they placed her in her coffin, and on a sunny slope where the golden sunlight and the pale moonbeams latest fell, and where in spring the bright green grass and sweet wild flowers are earliest seen, they laid her down to sleep.

That night, when all around was still, John Jr. lay musing sadly of the past. His affection for Mabel had been slight and variable, but now that she was gone, he missed her. The large, easy chair with its cushions and pillows, was empty, and as he thought of the pale, dark face and aching head he had so often seen reclining there, and which he would never see again, he groaned in bitterness of spirit, for well he knew that he had helped to break the heart now lying cold and still beneath the coffin-lid. There was no shadow on the wall, for the lamp had gone out with the young life for whom it had been kept burning, but many a shadow lay dark and heavy across his heart.

With the sun-setting a driving rain had come on, and as the November wind went howling past the window, and the large drops beat against the casement, he thought of the lonesome little grave on which that rain was falling; and shuddering, he hid his face in the pillows, asking to be forgiven, for he knew that all too soon that grave was made, and he had helped to make it. At last, long after the clock had told the hour of midnight, he arose, and lighting the lamp which many a weary night had burned for her, he placed it where the shadow would fall upon the wall as it had done of old. It was no longer a phantom to annoy him, and soothed by its presence, he fell asleep, dreaming that Mabel had come back to bring him her forgiveness, but when he essayed to touch her, she vanished from his sight, and there was nothing left save that shadow on the wall.

To be continued.

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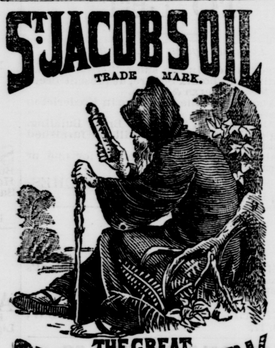

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The West End Tailoring House.

MY FALL STOCK OF

Fancy and Staple Woollens,

BROAD CLOTHS,

DOES, ETC.,

IS NOW COMPLETE,

And I am therefore in a position to show to my Customers the very Latest Novelties from the British, Continental and Canadian Markets, the largest and best selected to be seen in the capital.

Gentlemen in want of a suit of well-made Clothes will please call and inspect the very large and well-selected stock now on hand.

All departments are now complete with some of the best goods that the British American and Canadian markets can produce.

The Furnishing Department is the Largest in Fredericton.

My large staff of Cutters and Employees are all under my own personal supervision, and I have spared no expense to procure the best in Canada.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

November 3

HARDWARE.

Just received, a general assortment of Shelf Hardware, etc., consisting of

BUTTS, Taper Files, Mill Files, Car Bolts, B. S. S. Bolts, Bevels, Peg Awls, Saw Sets, Butcher Knives, Cattle Ties, Chisels, Gouges, Levels, Slates, Molasses Gates, Chisel Handles, Barn Lanterns, Team Bells, Bucksaws, Shovels, Halter Chains, etc.

Z. R. EVERETT.

F'ton, Nov. 10

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

CARRIGE and SLEIGHS

FACTORY!

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

P. McPeake, Esq.,

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

GAS FITTING,

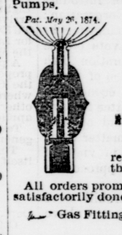
Plumbing, &c.

THE subscriber keeps on hand a large assortment of

TINWARE.

of every description, and made to order

He has engaged the services of Mr. WILLIAM REID, who is thoroughly acquainted with Gas Fitting, Plumbing, well Boring, and putting in Pumps.



Pat. May 26, 1874.

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.

W. H. VANWART,

Successor to DYKEMAN & VANWART,

has in stock a full line of leading and Fancy Groceries:

Choice Barbadoes Molasses, Amber Syrup, Sugar, different grades,
Choice English Teas, Spices of all kinds,
Raisins, Currants, Rice,
Nuts in variety, Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars,
Canned Goods of all kinds,
Pickles in ½ barrels, Cape Cod Cranberries,
Best American Oil,
Lamp Chimneys, Wicks, and Burners.

CONFECTIONERY

—FOR—

Xmas Trade,

which I will sell cheap as the cheapest.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

W. H. VANWART.

Fredericton, Dec. 8

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

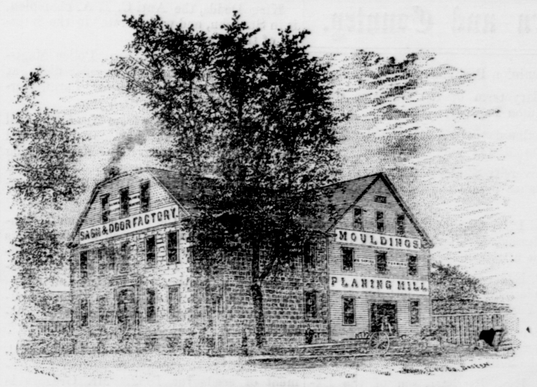
Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,

—ALSO—

FURNITURE,

Moulding, Jig Sawing, Planing and Turningdone to order.

Dressed Clapbards, 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

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

CHRISTMAS CARDS!

We are now opening our stock of

CHRISTMAS CARDS,

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

Call early and make a selection.

McMurray & Fenety.

Fredericton, Nov. 17, 1881.

NAILS.

50 KEGS Cut Nails; 1,000 lbs. Stove Pipe; 25 doz. Shovels, long handles; 6 doz. Short Handle Fry Pans; 5 doz. Narrow Axes; 2 bundles Axe Steel.

Just received and for sale as usual,

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Just Received.

BOSTON Sugar Cured Hams, at

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Bells! Bells!!

JUST RECEIVED:

TEAM Bells; Shaft Bells; Gong Chimes.

For sale low

Z. R. EVERETT.

Dec. 22

Per S. S. Prussian.

6 CASKS Pipe Boxes, containing 150 setts—assorted sizes.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Feb. 2