Literature.

A MONSTROUS WRONG.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LOVERS.

The next morning, Lord St. Maur presented himself at an early hour at the Bond street hotel and was shown up to the private sitting-room of Miss Wynn. The young girl, in her mourning-robes was waiting to receive him. She was alone, Elspeth being engaged in packing trunks in an adjoining room.

Dolores held out her hand frankly, and Lord St Maur took it in his, but made no movement to repeat his fatherly caress of the preceding evening. And yet she seemed to him so fragile and delicate and child like, and that he felt a great tenderness for her. He led her to a seat and sat down beside her, inquiring after her health and how she had rested.

"I am come to take you home with me," he said. "Not to my country-house just yet, but to Belgrave Square, where you can rest, and my old housekeeper will look after your comfort."

"Do you wish me to live with you henceforth, my lord?" asked Dolores.

The earl, looking upon her soft, dark loveliness, replied that he did.

"I had thought," said Dolores, "that I might go to some quiet village, with old Elspeth, to live upon the income which Miss MacKinloch has so generously given me."

"My child, that is quite impossible. You are too young and--pardon me—far too beautiful to live without other protection than that of your old servant."

"But I would choose a place too secluded for harm to reach me."

"The idea is quixotic. My dear child, shall you find my home distasteful to you?" asked the earl, gravely. "Shall you find my guardianship irksome?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dolores. "But, if you knew, you might not like me to come" and her face flamed. "I cannot go to your house under a false seeming, Lord St. Maur. Did Miss MacKinloch tell you nothing of my history?"

"Nothing whatever, my dear child. It is not necessary for me to know. Pray, do not distress yourself Miss Wynn"

The young face with its brilliant Southern beauty, became graver and more sorrowful. Dolores struggled with her natural reticence and delicacy. It was right that he should know something of the truth, and she looked up at him with a bravery that touched him.

"I cannot enter your house under false pretences," she said. "I am not one you can introduce to your friends, my lord, for though I have done no wrong," and she lifted her little dusky head proudly, "the sins of others have been visited upon me. My mother," and now her head drooped in shame, and her face flushed, and her voice quivered—"my mother is an outcast—"

The voice suddenly choked.

The earl drew nearer to her in pity and sympathy.

"Hush. Say no more, my dear," he exclaimed. "I know enough. We will never speak upon this subject again. You yourself are innocent and good. That is enough for me. And I certainly shall not give up my intention of taking you home with me. Run and get your hat, my dear The carriage is waiting."

Dolores felt a great impulse of gratitude to him, and ran away as she was told.

"Some wretched tale of family trouble!" thought the earl. "The sins of her parents shall not be visited upon her head, I am determined. I wonder if Melcombe knows the cloud upon her? It is not likely. If he does, he is a noble fellow, and I shall take pains to promote his suit."

Dolores speedily returned, in hat and wraps, and accompanied by Elspeth, whose tasks were completed. Lord St. Maur greeted the old servant courteously, and led the way down stairs to the private entrance, where his carriage waited. He had already given the order that Miss Wynn's trunk was to be sent to Belgrave Square, and he entered the vehicle after Dolores and Elspeth, the footman mounted to his place, and the vehicle rolled down the street.

They proceeded directly to St. Maur House. As they entered the hall, the housekeeper, a lady of mature age, came forward to receive them.

"My dear," said the earl, "this is Mrs. Holly, my housekeeper. Mrs. Holly, I desire you to pay particular attention to my ward, Miss Wynn. Are her rooms in readiness?"

The housekeeper replied in the affirmative.

"You may show Miss Wynn to them," said the earl; "and after she has seen them, be so kind as to bring her to me in the library."

He opened the door at his left and disappeared.

Mrs. Holly led the way up stairs. She was a kindly old lady with gentle manners but decided administrative abilities. She was the widow of a former incumbent of a church-living at Lord St. Maur's disposal, and being childless, found a happy home at St. Maur House. She was devoted to her employer, whom she regarded as the greatest nobleman in England.

She conducted Dolores to a suit of rooms directly above the drawing-room They had been well aired and warmed in expectation of her coming, and consisted of a sitting-room, bed room, bath and dressing-room. Adjoining the latter was a large, light closet for Elspeth's accommodation.

The rooms were all luxuriously furnished. Dolores had never seen anything to compare with them. The exquisite harmony of coloring, the graceful outlines, the artistic *tout ensemble*, appealed to her æsthetic taste. The soft, silken curtains of crimson that draped the windows, the dusky carpet, the crimson upholstery, the cottage piano, the carved case of books, low easy chairs, the silken couches, all alike delighted her eyes. The bedchamber compared favorably with the sitting room. It was a pure white nest made for maiden slumbers — a fitting shrine for purity and innocence.

Dolores passed into the dressing-room, where the walls were paneled with mirrors, and laid aside her hat and wrappings. Then she signified her readiness to proceed to the library, and Mrs. Holly conducted her down stairs to the room into which the earl had been seen to enter.

It was a stately apartment, lined with books, with a cheerful light for reading, Lord St. Maur arose at the girl's entrance, and placed a chair for her. He listened smilingly while Dolores expressed her admiration of her new quarters, and then said:

"You will need to make some purchases Miss Wynn, and Mrs. Holly will be glad to chaperone you upon a shopping expedition. The carriage is at your disposal at any time you may choose to use it. I need hardly say that the entire house and all that is in it is also at your disposal, and I trust that you will feel quite at home here."

Dolores comprehended that her simple black dress was scarcely suitable for dinner at St. Maur House, and expressed a desire to go out upon a shopping expedition at once.

Mrs. Holly departed to get herself in readiness.

"I have a word of advice to offer about your dress, Miss Dolly," said the earl. I approve of black gowns as a token of respect to our lost friend, but I beg you not to allow any shopkeeper to induce you to buy black collars. They are hideous. A lady's throat should always have something white about it. As your guardian, I advance your quarter's income—a hundred pounds."

He placed in her hand a little silver purse crowded with gold and bank notes

"I have some money of my own," said Dolores, reddening.

"Then there is more to put with it, my dear. Your income is to be paid quarterly in advance."

Dolores put the purse in her pocket and returned to her rooms to prepare for her excursion. When she returned to the lower hall, she found Mrs Holly waiting for her. They entered the carriage, and proceeded upon a round of shopping, returning two or three hours later laden with parcels.

When Dolores came down to the drawing-room before dinner, she was still dressed in simple black cashmere, but wore about her throat and wrists soft frills of white crepe lisse, and in her dusky hair a white ribbon. The earl smiled approvingly, and offered her his arm and took her into dinner with an air of proud proprietorship.

Dinner at St. Maur House was a ceremony. Dolores acquitted herself with a grace and self-possession that awakened her guardian's admiration. After dinner they returned to the drawing-room. The girl played and sang, and her exquisite voice and her manner of singing aroused Lord St. Maur to a knowledge of the fact that her talents equalled her beauty.

"I am sorry to leave you my dear." he said, with genuine regret and a glance at the clock, "but I have an engagement this evening, and I must keep it. You can readily amuse yourself, I dare say, by looking over the house. If your want company, summon Mrs. Holly, by all means.

He went out, and Dolores played softly upon the piano, not caring to summon the housekeeper. The footman who gave his master egress was temporarily replaced at his post by a servant who did not know that the earl had gone out, and to this fact Dolores owed the sudden announcement, as the door was opened:

"Sir Basil Nugent!"

Dolores sprang up as the young baronet entered. The door was closed, and he stood, hat in hand, staring at the girl in amazement and incredulity. Suddenly the hat was dropped, and he sprang forward, his face glowing, his hands outstretched.

"Dolores! You here!" he ejaculated.

"Basil!"

"I have searched everywhere for you, Dolores I have been to your old pensionnat at Nice; I have been down to Redburn Farm a score of times; I have fairly hunted Mr. Watkyn; but I have found you at last—thank Heaven!"

He caught her in his arms and embraced her with such passionate joy that Dolores was assured that he never intended to lose sight of her again.

After the first transports of that reunion the young baronet drew Dolores to a seat upon a sofa and took his place beside her, drawing her to him.

"Now tell me how you happen to be here in St. Maur House!" he exclaimed.

"Lord St. Maur is my guardian," said Dolores, demurely.

"Your guardian? Dolores Redburn—"

"Hush, Basil!" interrupted Dolores, gravely.

"You must never speak those names again. They are not mine. I have no right to the name of Redburn, and I wish never to hear it again while I live. I am Dolly Wynn to you, Basil, as well as to all the world."

"Your real name is Dolly Wynn?"

"Yes, the only name I have any right to," answered Dolores. "Mr. Watkyn bestowed that name upon me, and I have no other."

Sir Basil looked bewildered. He asked again how it happened that she was at St. Maur House, and Dolores gave him an account of her engagement by Miss Mac Kinloch as companion, her life at Castle Kinloch, in the Scottish Highlands, and the recent death of her old friend.

"She left me ten thousand pounds in consols," concluded Dolores, "and asked Lord St. Maur to be my guardian. There is the whole story, Basil. I did not come here without telling the earl enough of my history to give him an idea of the truth. He asked me to drop the subject forever, and I ask you, Basil, to forget that you ever knew me under another name. But if you can't forget, at least give me your promise, your word of honor never to mention to any human being my real name, or to allow any knowledge whatever of my origin."

"I give you my promise, my solemn word of honor, Dol—Dolly," cried her lover. "But the promise was not necessary. I would die before I would let any one know the story you would have concealed. But we shall have to begin our acquaintance over again, in outward appearance," he added, smiling. "I shall have Lord St. Maur introduce me to his ward in due form to-morrow."

"You have been often to the Farm," said Dolores, with a sigh. "Mr. Redburn told you my entire history, I suppose. You must see that we ought not to meet again.

"I fail to see any such thing. What have other people's faults to do with us?"

"But a marriage is out of the question. Mr. Watkyn said so, Basil. I am not a fit wife for you—"

"Allow me to be the judge of that, Miss—Wynn. Dolores, you have become infected with quixotic ideas which I must combat I shall not give you up, I defy the whole world to take you from me."

This assurance certainly seemed to render Dolores very happy. She nestled close beside her lover, and forgot her stern resolutions of an eternal separation from him. His masterful appropriation of her, perhaps, convinced her that her protestations would be of no effect for the present.

"Do the Redburns know where you are, Dolly?" asked her lover. "They have always refused to give me your address."

"But they knew it. They were terribly cruel to me, Basil. They bad me discard their name, to which I had no right; they sent me away from their house, heaping scorn and contumely upon me, as if I were the vilest criminal in existence I tried to make them love me, but they hated me. I never wish to see them again, or to hear their names. I have begun a new life; let the old one be buried out of my sight."

"It will be as well, Dolores. We will let the dead past bury its dead," and begin anew. I shall be introduced to you to-morrow by Lord St. Maur, and to the world our acquaintance shall seem newly begun."

"Then you must not stay too long this evening. Leave me now, Basil. I want to think all this over" said Dolores, with a return of misgiving and apprehensions.

The leave taking was several times repeated. Sir Basil found it hard to tear himself away from his newly discovered betrothed. He had so many questions to ask her, so much to say, but he went at last, and Dolores was again alone.

"How despicably weak I am," she thought "I was so glad to see him that I forgot all my resolutions to avoid him But this legacy of Miss MacKinloch's and the fact that Lord St. Maur has kindly consented to act as my guardian, do not in the slightest degree render me more worthy of Basil than before. My origin is just as shameful. The wrong to him in such a marriage would be just as great now as before. I have been wild—mad. I can never marry Basil—never! My duty is first of all, to my wronged and outcast mother. Before I could make no attempt to rescue her, because I was poor and powerless. Now I have money, and I can make her comfortable. I must find her. I will put an advertisement in the *Times* to-morrow—Elspeth shall help me—for 'lost Queenie Redburn.'"

The door again opened. The servant announced:

"Mr. Melcombe!"

Gifford Melcombe entered the room and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CONFIDENCE WITHHELD.

Dolores was surprised at the late visit of Gifford Melcombe, nevertheless she arose to receive him with gracious courtesy. He shook her hand warmly, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her in her new home, and seated himself at her invitation.

There was something peculiar in his manner; there was an odd gleam in his small cold eyes, an unusual flush upon his vampire visage. The hour had come in which to begin the working out of his deeply-laid schemes, and his present visit was the initial step towards expected success.

Dolores had believed, with the entire household of Castle Kinloch, that Gifford Melcombe was to be the heir of the late Miss MacKinloch. She was sorry for his disappointment, which she deemed that he had borne nobly. She felt that her little fortune had, in a manner, been taken from him, and was remorseful there for. She was kinder to him than she had ever been before, the recent interview with her lover having left her in a mood of softness and sympathy for all human kind.

Melcombe brightened under the genial warmth of her manner.

"I knew that Lord St. Maur was not at home," he said, abruptly, "but my visit is to you, Miss Wynn. I have something to say to you of the utmost importance—"

Dolores drew away slightly.

"You need not fear," he said, with a slight curl of the lip. "I am not about to renew my love-suit, Miss Wynn, that suit which you have rejected. But I am here to give you proofs of my love and devotion. Do you remember that evening at the old Highland castle when I asked you to become my wife? You surely have not forgotten it?"

"No, no. But is it necessary to recall a scene which was so painful?" asked Dolores.

"It is necessary. I assured you, upon that evening, that I loved you as I had never loved before. I desire now to repeat that assurance," and his eyes flamed. "But I do not desire to urge my love as a claim upon you. Yet let me say that I have not given up all hope of winning you to be my wife, Dolly. I shall hope and strive for that until I win success or die"

His voice, full of determination, strangely disturbed the girl.

"Mr Melcombe—"

"Nay, hear me out. So much I have in justice to myself. I am not here to-night as your lover, Dolly, but as your friend—the very best friend you have on earth."

The girl looked her surprise.

"I have ventured to recall that evening in which I declared to you my love," continued Melcombe. "You may remember that you told me that you should never marry; that there was some mystery in your life that prevented even the possibility of your marriage? You gave me no clew to that mystery. After you left the room, while I was battling with my despair, I happened to notice on the floor a letter you had dropped in passing out."

"A letter?" Dolores grew white to the lips.

"A letter!" repeated Melcombe. "I picked it up, intending to restore it to you. It fell open in my hands, and my eyes seized upon the words never intended for any sight but yours. Here is the letter, Dolly I restore it to you at last."

He handed her the worn little missive. She took it, looked it over, and thrust it in her pocket, trying to conceal her alarm.

"You know all the contents of the letter?" she asked, in a faltering voice.

"All," he answered gravely. "I know your real name, Dolly, the name of your cruel relatives, the whole sorrowful mystery of your life. The secret is as safe with me as though I were dead I know you are indignant at my having read what was not intended for my eyes, but, as I have explained, the reading was unavoidable. The knowledge I thus gained has made me more than your friend—your slave. I learned from Mr Watkyn's words, that you had, probably, in existence an unworthy mother—pardon me—but I must speak plainly. I learned that you had never seen that mother, that her very existence was problematical, that, if found, she would be no associate for you, but I learned, also, that in your filial pity and love for this unknown mother, you desired to find her and do what you could towards making her life worthy and happy."

"You are right, Mr. Melcombe, but how can all this interest you? I am humiliated by your knowledge of my terrible secret. It would have been more manly, I think, if after discovering my secret, you had kept the fact of its discovery to yourself," and the girl's cheeks flushed hotly with indignation

"The end must justify me, Miss Wynn. I thought that I could commend myself to you by going to work in your service. I thought, since you so longed to find your unknown McFarlane that I might win your thanks Furniture Factory her for you So I commenced to mention and instituted the mos[illegible] the bill of fare [illegible] for her in every qu[illegible]. Then [illegible] like a detective officer—[illegible] I found her—"

"You found her? You found my mother?"

Melcombe bowed assent.

The girl's indignation had given place to eager joy. She drew nearer to him, her sombre eyes glowing.

"You have found her?" she exclaimed. "Where is she? Oh, tell me where she is!"

"She is near London," answered Melcombe, cautiously.

"You have talked with her?"

Again Melcombe nodded assent.

"Did you speak of me? Does she know of me?" cried the girl, with passionate eagerness

"I spoke to her of you. She had always believed you safe and happy among her people."

"Why has she never been to see me? Why have I never even heard from her?"

"She could not come or write to you because she could not clear away that early stain upon her name," answered Melcombe.

The girl's countenance fell.

"What—what is she now?" she asked, in a whisper.

"She is worthy your love and respect, Dolly. She is pure and good"

The girl lifted her young face, upon which shone a rapturous joy. She had feared so much—and now to hear that her mother was worthy her respect and love was like heavenly tidings. She did not doubt the truthfulness of Melcombe. His manner confirmed his words; she knew that he had seen and talked with her unhappy mother, and she trusted him with childlike faith.

"Tell me more about her," she whispered.

"The wrong inflicted upon her by a base, bad man has shadowed and blighted her whole life," continued Melcombe. "It is not for me to undertake her defence, Dolly, although I could do so with a good will."

"She is poor, of course, my poor mother! She may be a servant, or as she was so well educated, she is more likely to be a poorly-paid, hard-worked governess," said Dolores. "Oh! Mr. Melcombe, I fear that your aunt wronged you in leaving money to me, and I would give it to you if I could, but the lawyer said that was impossible. If you don't mind it, I thank dear old Miss MacKinloch for giving me the means of taking care of my poor, hard-worked mother. Did—did she speak kindly of me?"

"She spoke of you with a sort of adoration, Dolly. She worships you; she longs to see you. She said to me that she had often thought she would be willing to die if she could only clasp you in her arms first, and hear you call her mother. She questioned me as to your looks, the color of your hair, your complexion, and stature Think! She has never seen you since your earliest babyhood."

(*To be continued.*)

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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 the premises at shortest notice.

☞ Prices to suit the times. ☜

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B

JANUARY 1st, 1883.

LEMONT'S

VARIETY STORE.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

To the Patrons of Lemont's House Furnishing Store

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Martin Lemont's store was burned out in the big fire of 1850, on the site of Sharkey's Block; again burned out 1854, on Phœnix Square Block. He then moved down into Coy's Block, next above our present store. There we were burned out in 1859, re-occupying the same stand again in 1860. From that time to 1871, we remained there. On May 1, 1871, we addressed you with a circular, stating we would move into our present place of business on that date. We again desire to inform you that our Warerooms are now fixtures, and after so many years, again we thank you for your patronage in the past, and desire a continuance of the same.

With the largest Store and Warerooms in the City, we have facilities for carrying on a wholesale and Retail Trade second to none in the Province. There are three Showrooms eighty-three feet deep by twenty-three feet wide, and a cellar under all, giving a floor space of 7,636 feet, Besides this we have other warehouses and back stores, with a workshop to have Furniture Made to Order, and an Upholsterer to finish.

Our store is situated between the Queen Hotel and the Barker House, and is but four minutes easy walk from the City Hall. If you look up high, you will see our big sign, "Lemont's Furniture Warerooms."

We have gone out of the Second-Hand Goods Department.

We buy our Goods direct from the manufacturers in England, France, Germany, United States and Canada for CASH, and sell lower than any other house in the trade.

Parties going into housekeeping, and others wanting House Furnishing Goods, will find this the most reliable store to buy them in Fredericton. The especial attention of the ladies is tesled.

We shall in the future, as in the past, keep the largest stock of goods, in New Household Furniture, Parlor Suits in all kinds of coverings being a specialty, and a magnificent stock of furniture for every room in the house; White and Colored Stoneware; China; Cut and Pressed Table Glassware; Cutlery; Kitchen Wares; Lamps for Churches and Private Residences; Fancy Goods; Christmas Goods; Wooden Ware; Household Hardware; Bohemian Vases; Cabinet Organs, of Celebrated Makers, on the instalment plan; Vases, &c, Goods delivered.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. LEMONT,
M. LEMONT.

MAGNETIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK.

BEFORE BRAIN & NERVE FOOD. AFTER

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 Gens al 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 prove it an invaluable remedy. The medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two weeks medication, and is the cheapest and best.

Full particulars in our phamplet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50 cents per box, or 12 boxes for $5 or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO.,
Windsor. Ont., Canada

SOLD IN FREDERICTON BY

GEORGE H. DAVIS,

and all Druggists everywhere.

May 16, 1883

Iron. Iron.

JUST RECEIVED:

NINE and a half tons Best Refined Iron. For sale low,

Z. R. EVERETT.

May 2.

Cant Dogs.

100 DEVIE Cant Dogs, all complete ready for use.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

April 18.

JUST RECEIVED.

ONE case Mrs. Pots' Irons.

Z. R. EVERETT.

May 2.

1883 EXHIBITION 1883

An Exhibition will be held in

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,

Commencing on Oct. 2nd, 1883.

open to Exhibitors from every part of the Dominion.

THE Dominion Government, the Provincial Government, and the City of St. John, have all promised liberal Grants of Money towards the Exhibition, and the erection of Splendid Permanent Buildings in addition to those already on the ground, and for the general success of the Exhibition.

The Exhibition will be open for all kinds of Agricultural Products, Live Stock, Dairy Produce, Machinery, and Manufactures in Metals, Wood and Textile Fabrics, Domestic Manufactures, and the Fine Arts.

Freight will be carried at reduced rates.

Space in the Buildings and Stalls for Stock given free.

This will be the largest and most thoroughly representative Exhibition ever held in the MARITIME PROVINCES, and will be an excellent opportunity for the Manufacturers of the Dominion to show their productions to the people of the Lower Provinces. Premium Lists and Circulars, giving full particulars, will be ready shortly, and sent everywhere free, on application.

JULIUS L. INCHES,
Secretary

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 3, 1883

JAS. R. HOWIE

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,

DOESKINS, Etc.

GENTLEMEN'S

Wedding and Mourning Outfits

A SPECIALTY

The Furnishing Department is the Largest in the City.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

May 11, 1882

American Express Company.

ATTENTION is called to the following REDUCED RATES for carrying MONEY and PARCELS between any of the Offices of the Company.

MONEY.—$20 and less, 15 cents; larger sums proportionally smaller.

MERCHANDISE.—7lbs. and less, 25 cents to $1.00, according to the distance.

Rates between Fredericton and St. John.—30 lbs. and less, 25 cents; 100 lbs, 50 cents.

The Company has 4,000 agencies in the States and Canada. They guarantee to their patrons QUICK TIME, PROMPT DELIVERY, AND POSITIVE SECURITY.

Further information will be cheerfully given by application to

WHITTIER & HOOPER,
Agents.

JAMES EGGLESTON,
Gen'l Superintendent, Boston.

Fredericton, June 15, 1882

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH

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.* ☜

NOTICE.

THE firm of FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW having been dissolved by the appointment of The Honorable John J. Fraser as Judge of the Supreme Court, the undersigned will carry on a co-partnership business as BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c., under the name of WETMORE & WINSLOW.

December 30th, 1882

EDWARD L. WETMORE
E. BYRON WINSLOW.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.

HORACE FARNSWORTH."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond