Poetry.

Better Luck another Year.

Oh, never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a heart of cheer;
And front her fairly—face her down,
She's only stern to those who fear;
Here's "better luck another year"—
Another year.

Aye, better luck another year;
We'll have her smile instead of sneer;
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodily cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year.

The damsel Fortune still denies,
The plea that yet delights her ear,
'Tis but our manhood that she tries;
She's coy to those who doubt and fear;
She'll grant the suit another year—
Another year.

Here's "better luck another year"
She now denies the golden prize;
But, spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer;
Far better luck another year—
Another year, another year.

Literature.

THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

The more Mr. Anson thought over the subject, the better the idea pleased him, and every time he met Henrietta he felt more fascinated by her. She, seeing the impression she had created, made superhuman efforts to attract him still more toward her. The result was what she ardently desired, yet scarcely dared to hope for. But when Mr. Anson offered her his hand she made no exuberant show of joy—only responded by an almost reverential gratitude. She deferred humbly to his least wish. When he hinted, delicately enough, that he should prefer no mention of what had happened, until after Miss Anson's wedding, she recognized and concurred in the position at once.

"I can afford to wait," thought our little adventuress. "My Australian lover was a splendid idea. I wonder how he gets on with his sheep-farming!" and she laughed quite merrily. "Ah! my Henrietta," she murmured, "your wildest dreams did not conceive this good fortune. How indescribably better to be the wife of a solid English squire than of a poor *crapaud* of a baron. L'uniest vraiment grand—l'autre tranche du grand. My very aristocratic and fine seigneur, whom I treat with such humble reverence, how I shall twist and wind you round my little fingers!" and Henrietta looked complacently at her small white hands.

Mr. Anson did not for one moment regret the step he had taken, but he was anxious that no one should have any suspicion of his intended marriage until after his daughter's wedding. He did not imagine that either Lord Vibert or Ethel would very strongly resent his taking a new wife; but, at all events, he preferred not to risk any unpleasantness in the meantime. To avoid exciting suspicion in the minds of the servants, he gave orders that preparations should be immediately made for his journey to Ireland.

"As soon as Ethel is married we will go to London for our own wedding, and then you shall spend the rest of the winter in your favorite Paris, if you like," he said tenderly to Henrietta. She clapped her hands with child-like gaity.

"How delightful! and how good you are!" she exclaimed, holding up her face simply to his parting salute.

Then, when he was gone, she proceeded to reflect whether it would be safe to trust herself in the gay city. where she had formerly known so many people.

"Bah!" she said, at last, with a real Parisian shrug, after musing over a variety of pros and cons. "When I am once established I shall know better than to make my life a burden with the everlasting fear of being found out. What if I were detected? What if Rene himself confronted me? My one talent was not given me for nothing, and if I cannot make my lord (when he is my lord) believe anything I choose—well, I shall be unworthy of my good fortune. I wish I loved him. I never saw but one man in the world I could have given up everything for. If I had the slightest chance with him, I would have given up my present prospects a hundred times over. But it is no use thinking of him now, Pshaw!" she finished impatiently, "if a well-born beauty like Miss Anson cannot have the man she loves, what chance has a poor little adventuress like me? Will she be very angry, I wonder? Will she refuse to acknowledge her *ci-devant* companion as the mistress of Anson Court? And if she does, *qu'importe*? But no, I think she will have sense enough to make the best of it. She is not like the silly people who, when a member of their family makes a bad match, parade all the worst features of the case to the contemptuous curiosity of the world. Captain Grevil is too easy going to make much fuss. I fancy the people who will be most disgusted will be the servants; but if I see any symptoms of insubordination, I will turn all the old ones off, in spite of their twenty years' service."

Miss French was already in anticipation, playing the *role* of the beggar about to mount his steed. It must be admitted she had been obliged to walk a long way before she got a chance of a ride. When Miss Anson returned she found Henrietta as dowdy as ever—the piquante little Dresden shepherdess, who had taken her father's fancy, had vanished, and only the plain companion remained.

"I do not mean to lose sight of you," Ethel said, kindly. "You will remain here until I return from Italy, and then you must come and stay with me until you make up your mind what you would like to do."

"You are very good," said Miss French, with humility; "but I shall be unable to accept the first part of your proffered kindness. You understand, I am sure, now I mention it, though I dare say it never would have occurred to you, my position in the house would be rather an anomalous one when you had left it. Mr. Anson——"

"I never thought of that," cried Ethel, in vexed tones. "Never mind—we will arrange something."

The same evening she broached the subject to Mr. Anson.

"You know, papa—though, of course, the idea is ridiculous, and you will laugh at me for saying so, but I have been thinking it will hardly be quite the thing for Miss French to remain here after—after I am gone."

"The same idea occurred to me some time ago," said her father, quietly.

"But what shall we do with her until I return?"

"Perhaps she has some friends who will be glad to have her far a few weeks."

Mr. Anson was rather disgusted at the hypocrisy into which he was forced, but since he had resolved to keep silent for the present on the matter, he saw no other alternative.

The wedding was to be a very grand one, as befitted the bride's rank, station, and ideas of magnificence. The only compensation for the relinquishment of her lover was the display to the world of the splendor of her new appointments and belongings.

The day came at last—a cold, clear December morning. The wedding was a grand pageant for that simple country place, attended by a bevy of fair woman, a host of gallant men. Rare flowers were strewn in the bride's path as plentifully as though the summer sun had warmed them into blossoms.

Miss Anson looked no pale, drooping broken-hearted maiden. She was a proud, beautiful woman, assuming with dignified grace the position for which she was born. If it cost her a secret wrench to lose the man whom she had really cared for, the keenest observer would have failed to detect a trace of her regret. She was neither weak nor foolish enough to let her thoughts dwell in secret upon a love she had herself put away. Lord Vibart could not have trusted his honor to a worthier keeping than proud Ethel. If women as a rule had as loyal hearts, as firmly purposed notions of honor as her we write of, there would be fewer blighted liver, fewer suffering and remorseful hearts. Is it fair for a woman to take all the wealth, luxury, and kindness a man gives her, and then to despise and hate him because he has not been able to win her love? Thus Ethel thought, and thus she acted. The very fact of her not loving the husband she had chosen, made her manner to him more considerately gracious, more scrupulously kind.

Understanding her thoroughly, he loved her with a depth of terderness a younger man could hardly have felt. If he suffered keenly at the thought that she had loved some one better than him, it was almost more for her than himself. In the loving generosity of a noble man's nature, he pictured to himself how by a thousand attentions, the study of her every wish, he would endear himself to her, and win her affection at last. He would have infinite patience, infinite tenderness for her, and her nature was not one to resist such kindness.

So, after all, though on the bride's part it was a marriage of interest, it was not likely to be altogether unhappy and uncongenial.

Three weeks later another wedding was celebrated in London. Very quietly indeed. without the slightest pomp or show, although it was a grander match for the bride than the one which had taken place so short a time previously. Henrietta French on the day of her marriage with Mr. Hanson, reached the culminating point of her ambition. Her bark was safely anchored at last in a convenient harbor. She feared no revelations now, no circumstances she could not control. She had passed the age, she told herself, when young women feel a repugnance to being an old man's darling. Besides, Mr. Anson was not an old man yet. Only fifty-four, and most personable besides She thought she should be rather proud of him, and for her! Ah! he would soon find out that Mrs. Anson was a far more attractive personage than the dowdy companion.

The bride and bridegroom went to Paris to spend their honeymoon. Once more Henrietta was in her beloved city, with wealth at her command (after all there is not much pleasure to be had in Paris without), and this time with a position of agreeable respectability, not that wearisome phase of it which had nearly driven her mad a few years before, but a sedate dignity, a comfortable security, which was infinitely new and pleasant to her.

Mr. Anson felt bound to inform his daughter of the step he had taken, and although so far satisfied with it, the task was an unpleasant one. He abhorred contention and family differences — in short everything that militated against his own personal comfort. And even in his most sanguine moments he dared not hope that his daughter would receive the announcement of his marriage with complacency. It would be excessively unpleasant if she refused to recognize the wife he had taken, or to abstain from visiting at his house—in fact, it seemed as if the natural position of father and child were likely to be reversed, and he was to be in an uncomfortable dread of the result of his communication to her. He summoned up courage at last and wrote the letter. giving reasons for what he had done at such length that he felt it was an admission of weakness.

In course of time an answer came, which perplexed and perhaps annoyed him more than any other mode of treatment could have done. Lady Vibart wished him every happiness. She refrained from any comment on his marriage, or allusion to her own intentions with regard to recognizing the new Mrs. Anson. Her letter proceeded to speak of her own movements and affairs, and she signed herself his affectionate daughter.

Mr. Anson was inclined to be cross and capious after the receipt of this highly unsatisfactory missive; but Henrietta was so charming, so vivacious, so full of amusing reminiscences, that he forgot his annoyance, and assured himself that he had done the most sensible thing possible, and that even if every friend and relation he had in the world cut him, he would derive more amusement and happiness out of his little wife than they could possibly have given him.

"And she is really getting quite pretty; her taste is perfect, her manner charming, and, egad! how fond she is of me!" was the bridegroom's concluding reflection.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FIRST SPECK ON THE HORIZON.

Sir George and Lady Fabian arrived at Gabriel's Wood in the middle of January. They were to have returned to England for Miss Anson's wedding, but Olive having a cough and cold, her husband was so solicitous about her, that he would not allow her to run the risk of any undue exposure.

She had been a little disappointed, her desire to see her new home was so strong; but any unpleasant feeling could only be transient, so long as her handsome young husband was by her side.

His presence would have made the dreariest place home—his absence taken the sunshine out of a palace. Their three months' honeymoon had been very happy. Sir George was unwearying in showing her all the wonders of the different places they stayed in, and watching her lively pleasure and wonder. The last month had been spent in Paris. Walking one morning up the Boulevard des Italiens, they had come suddenly upon a lady and gentleman. Sir George greeted the latter very cordially, the former with some surprise and hesitation. Then he introduced Olive, saying:—

"Mr. Anson, this is my wife."

Mr. Anson shook her warmly by the hand, and looked admiringly at her bright face; then he turned to Sir George with a shade of constraint, saying:—

"I have to ask your congratulations too—this is *my* wife," and he drew Henrietta forward.

Olive was so taken by surprise for the moment, that she could scarcely return the sprightly salutation offered by Mrs. Anson. Surely—surely this was the *ci-devant* governess of the Slaters, or never were two people so wonderfully alike. But Mrs. Anson greeted her as a perfect stranger—there was not the slightest shade of recognition in her face or manner.

The two gentlemen walked on together—the ladies followed. Half a score of times a question was on Olive's lips, but she felt a delicacy in uttering it, as her companion showed no disposition to broach the subject. Before separating, the party agreed to dine together, and go to the theater afterward. There was a great sensation piece on at the Chatelet, which Olive had for some time past been anxious to see. She was conscious of a slight disappointment when the gentlemen arranged that they should all go together.

"George!" she exclaimed, the moment she was alone with her husband, "I am certain that Mrs. Anson was once the Slaters' governess. What was her name before Mr. Anson married her?"

"French—she was lady Vibart's companion."

"Then of course it is the same. How odd that she never made any allusion to having seen me before! She must have known that I recognized her."

"What a wonderful difierence dress makes!" remarked Sir George, reflectively. "I always thought her plain before."

"But she is plain, George—very plain."

"No, darling, I don't think that—there is something excessively piquante about her. Did you notice how all the Frenchmen stared in passing? She has the peculiar greenish-gray eyes that are so much admired in Paris. Certainly circumstances alter cases. When I saw her before she was so quiet and subdued, and hardly looked at one. Now——"

"Don't let us talk about her any more," said Olive, a little jealously. I do not like her. I wish they were not going with us to-night."

"My dear child, I thought you would be delighted to have a woman to talk to once more—it will be a pleasant change for us both to have fresh companions."

Foolish Olive was hurt by that last speech, not meant unkindly in the least, and the tears came into her eyes. She was unusually silent all the way home, and Sir George began to reflect that it was a good thing they had met some one they knew, for they were rather in danger of seeing too much of each other.

In the evening when the party met at the appointed cafe, Olive was amazed at the wonderful transformation in the Slaters' governess. Henrietta's eyes sparkled through the dark lashes (surely they were light before), her complexion, hitherto so dull and leaden was perfectly brilliant. She had a profusion of fair waving hair, her teeth were pearly white, and althgether her appearance was undeniably attractive. The toilet, too, was unexceptionable—perhaps there was rather too liberal a display of neck and arms; but then those were her principal charms, and her husband did not object to her revealing them. She wore some handsome jewelry, which Mr. Anson had bought her a few days before in the Rue de Paix. Olive felt quite dowdy in her high silk dress, and was rather annoyed that she had elected to appear in such severe simplicity. Mrs. Anson's vivacity seemed to oppress her—she had never felt so stupid in her life before; it seemed an effort even to speak, and when she did she had a painful conviction of the utter absence of originality in her remarks.

Henrietta was radiant and conscious of appearing to advantage, real enjoyment gave a brilliancy to her expression and conversation.

Ah! how long it was since she had dared to try her fascination on men—since she had presumed to be lively and natural. She had given up hoping for the time when men should care for her society once more, and lo! here she was, well dressed, with a position undreamed of, sitting side by side with a handcome man, and feeling that he was pleased to talk to her. It made the triumph ten times greater that Olive, with a hundred attractions she had never possessed, nor ever hoped to possesss now, was sitting silent, eclipsed, forgotten.

Dinner over, they drove to the theatre. Sir George took his seat behind Mrs. Anson. to Olive's mortification. She replied only in monosyllables to Mr. Anson's remarks, and after several vain efforts to draw her into conversation, he gave up the attempt as hopeless, and turned his attention to the stage. Sir George did not fail to notice his wife's distrait looks, her monosyllablic replies, and felt vexed with her for the first time in his life. He had been particularly desirous that she should make a favorable impression on his old friend, and it annoyed him to see her listless and cross, evidently making no effort to be entertaining or entertained.

Olive, looking up at him, read what was passing in his mind, and being consumed with foolish jealousy, felt almost pleased to think she was vexing him. Yet she had too much common sense not to have an angry, self-accusing consciousness that she was behaving like a silly, spoiled child, and placing herself by her petish silence in the most unfavorable contrast to Mrs. Anson.

Henrietta watched her, and was spitefully amused.

"Ah! *ma belle*," she thought, "you have your youth, your *beaute de diable*, and a thousand charms, which would be worth something, if you knew how to use them. And for poor little me, I have nothing but my tact, though perhaps that may secure for me more than all your natural gifts will do for you. Poor little fool!—you are jealous already, and your husband is handsome, *bien entendu*, and not gifted with much strength of character or fidelity. Ah! what management, what humor ing he would want from a woman when the first bloom of passion has worn off! And you, you poor little *bebe*, are just going the right way to weary him outright. If I do not care so much for his handsome face myself, I would give you just a friendly little hint; but I never in my whole life saw a man whom I should care so much to see at my feet.

And without the slightest compunction Henrietta proceeded to exercise her utmost fascinations on Sir George, and kept him so amused, that he forgot to look at Olive, or to notice how the time was slipping by. The poor child had glanced at him for the twentieth time before he raised his eyes and met hers. Something in her wistful expression made him get up abruptly and bend down to her.

"Are you tired, my pet?" he whispered, fondly.

"So tired, darling," she answered, her face brightening in a moment at his tone; "do take me home."

"Will you excuse us if we run away?" Sir George asked Mr. Anson. "My wife has had a bad cold and cough—I am afraid to let her be out too late."

"Certainly—certainly," acquiesced Mr. Anson. "Good night, my boy. I shall look you up at your hotel in the morning."

Sir George wrapped the rich cloak tenderly round Olive's slight figure, and betook himself to look for the carriage. Meantime Lady Fabian made her adieux cordially to Mr. Anson, and with icy frigidity to his wife. Mrs. Anson was all smiles and kindness, but there was an angry sparkle in her eyes as Olive left the box leaning on her husband's arm.

"Little fool!" she muttered. "Bah! be is a fool too!" And then she turned to her husband and laughed and talked to him with the best grace in the world.

Olive, leaning back in the carriage, with her head on her husband's shoulder, his arm round her waist, had forgotten her petulance, and was bright and cheerful as usual.

"You were not like yourself to-night, dearest," said Sir George, with some reproach in his tones. "You looked quite cross and sulky. It was very unkind—just when I wanted you to make a favorable impression on my friends."

Don't say friends, George, cried Olive, "I like Mr. Anson, but I cannot endure that horrid, artful woman. Her theatrical ways, and perpetual little affected laugh, seemed to weigh me down. I could not utter a word before her."

"So I perceived," remarked Sir George drily.

"Do not be angry with me, darling," pleaded Olive, nestling closer to her husband's side.

"I am not angry, my child," he answered. "Only I cannot bear you to look to disadvantage."

Olive felt the rebuke keenly, and resolved not to be foolish again. She made the *amende* so prettily, that Sir George forgot all about Mrs. Anson, with whom he had for the time been vastly taken, and vowed to himself that Olive's pretty, graceful, natural ways were worth a thousand times more than all the artificial fascinations of a woman of the world.

But Olive, after her temporary fit of jealousy, did not feel secure until she had won Sir George's promise that they should start for England as soon as everything could be arranged. He consented willingly enough, and an urgent note from Mrs. Hamilton, begging them to spend a few days at Riversdale before they went on to Gabriel's Wood, decided them on quitting Paris at once.

Sir George, pleased with Olive's delight at the thought of seeing her parents and sisters, again took her about to the different shops to select pretty presents for them all and watched her naive pleasure with a paternal benignity that might have befitted some world-worn sexagenarian in search of a new emotion.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson came to wish them good-by, and Henrietta used her utmost powers of pleasing on Lady Fabian, but without winning more than a frigid response.

"I trust we shall see a good deal of each other in Blankshire," she said, at parting, with a slight gleam of malice in her eyes.

Olive merely bowed, and Sir George, feeling a little annoyed at his wife's manner, and fancying Mr. Hanson might think her actuated by some foolish pride, hastened to say:—

I trust you will come to us very often, Mrs. Anson, for I am sure my wife will feel a great need of companionship now that she is taken away from her sisters.

Henrietta gave him such an eloquent look of gratitude, that he felt he had done the right thing, and was quite pleased with himself. At this moment the servant came to announce that the carriage waited in the courtyard, and there was no time to spare, so with a hurried farewell, hearty enough between the two men, the party separated. Mr. Anson went to make a call; his wife preferred to walk back to the hotel. But having seen the carriage drive out of the large gates, and turn to the left, she altered her intention, and passed down the Boulevards in a contrary direction. She walked quickly, crossing the Place de la Madeline, and turning into the Rue du Fauborg St. Honore.

"I wonder what fancy takes me to all these miserable places, where I was so intensely wretched?" she thought. Why do I want to look in at the poverty stricken hole where I used to munch my sausage and salad, with the chance of worse fare even than that staring me in the face?" She stopped for a moment and peered in at a dark doorway with names written on the side.

"I wonder what that old wretch has done with all my pretty trinkets and lace?" continued her musings. *N'importe!* I have as good now, and no fear of losing them before my eyes. Oh! how comfortable, how solid is this respectable existance; but, *mon Dieu*! how dull—how different from the gay life with Rene and his friends!"

At this moment a women dressed in clothes that had been handsome once, but were soiled and shabby now, emerged from the doorway. She looked ill and haggard, and there was disappointment written in every line of the face that one could see had been pretty at no distant period. A sudden feeling of compassion crossed Henrietta's hard little heart.

"Another victim of that hag Mere Talons," she muttered; and following for once a good impulse, she hastily took two napoleons from her purse, and running after the woman, placed them in her hand. Then she turned back as quickly and retraced her steps, while Madame Palons' late visitor stared after her, overcome with surprise. A faint sound, that seemed to take the form of "Dieu vous benisse!" issued from the poor white lips, all unused to blessing; and Henrietta, catching the echo, smiled to herself, well pleased. Occupied with her own thoughts, she walked quickly on, not remarking that she had brushed against a man who stood looking in at a window where some tempting *patisserie* was displayed. He turned, looked at her, and then walked hastily after her.

"Morbleu! la petite baronne!" he ejaculated. The speaker was a good-looking, dissipated young man, who bore the appearance of being in financial difficulties. He came up quickly behind Mrs. Anson, glanced sideways at her face then pulling off his tall, greasy-looking hat, murmured, "Madame la Baronne!"

Henrietta gave an almost imperceptible start; but she had schooled herself too well to the probability of such a *rencontre* to be embarrassed for more than a moment. She took in his appearance at a glance, without stopping or uttering a word.

"Ah! *mon cher*, you have come down in the world since you ran away so meanly, and left the poor little companion to get out of her difficulties."

"J'ai l'honneur de parler a Madame la Baronne?" said the young man, humbly and interrogatively.

"I do not understand you," replied Henrietta in English, with a stony British glare

"C'est impossible!" he murmured, drawing back in confused uncertainty. "Henriette!" he exclaimed aloud.

"I cannot speak French. If you want me to understand, speak English," said Henrietta, knowing that De Vernet could not speak three words of any other language than his mother tongue.

The man hesitated, uncertain, confused, and yet with a positive conviction of her identity. He continued to follow her at the distance of a few paces.

When Mrs. Anson turned to retrace her steps he was at her elbow. She beckoned a *fiacre* that was jogging along at a foot's pace. "Notre Dame," she said to the driver with an English accent. "Vite!"

De Vernet looked helplessly after her—he had but half a franc in his pocket, and could not follow her. So he abandoned the search, and going back to the cake-shop, expanded his money in a tart, with red pears standing upright in it.

When Henrietta had assured herself that she was not followed, she directed the man to drive to her hotel, and throwing off her sealskin cloak and hat, drew a low velvet *fauteuil* to the fire, and placed her small feet comfortably on a stool in front of the burning logs. Presently, when the agreeable warmth had diffused itself through her chilled limbs, she laughed a low laugh to herself, full of genuine amusement.

"My poor De Vernet!" she soliloquized; "but you have come down terribly in the world. All your dandyism gone, and that wofully greasy hat and coat. And to think if you, Mr. Lion, had only helped the poor little mouse, how she might have been tempted to gnaw your nets to-day. Madame la Baronne! Henriette! I do not understand French," laughed Mrs. Anson, mimicking the various tones. "Thank goodness I am not afraid of anything coming to Mr. Anson's ears. If Rene, and Archille, or the whole boarding-house came to assure him what a disreputable little adventuress he had married. I could defy them all, and make him believe what I chose. The older the fool, the worse the fool. Better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. Ah! those delightfully true old axioms. And yet," cried Henrietta, breaking into sudden passion, "I think I could let a man like George Fabian trample my heart out, if he only loved me sometimes, rather than be the spoilt darling of all the old men in creation! Here I have all my fondest dreams realized—position, wealth, security, and I who scoffed at love, and never thought of bringing that into the category of necessaries for happiness, would eat my soul out with envy of that silly, pretty-faced chit, who wears her heart upon her sleeve, and who will no more be able to keep her husband's love than—than perhaps I shall be able to win it." And Mrs. Anson stamped savagely on the unresisting *tabouret*. "But I will try," she exclaimed aloud, with a malicious gleam in her green-gray eyes "What do I care whether it is wicked?"

The door opened—a soft smile came over her face, and she jumped up, exclaiming:—

"Dear Mr. Anson, I am sure you are perished. See what a nice fire I have made for you! Sit down whilst I ring for lunch." And standing on tiptoe, she took off his overcoat and leading him to the arm-chair, pushed him gently into it and kissed his cheek.

"How pleasant it is to have a woman to come home to!" reflected the delighted husband, returning the salute.

(*To be continued*)

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SICK

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HEAD

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ACHE

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Clocks, Cameo and Ice Sticks. Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

Call and examine before making your holiday purchases.

S. F. SHUTE,

SHARKEY'S BLOCK.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 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

Santa Claus.

Prepare for Christmas.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY! It don't cost much.

PREPARE then to make them happy by going at once to the

New Five and Ten Cent Store

before the GREAT RUSH commences, and have your Choice from an endless variety of Dolls, Toys, Vases, Jewellery, Glassware, Tinware, Hardware, and thousands of useful and fancy articles, usually costing from 10 to 30 cts., which you can buy at this establishment for 5 and 10 cents each.

MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC!

3,000 Pieces Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, full size and first-class in every way, only 5 cents a piece. Regular price from 25 to 75 cents.

Come before the Big Christmas Rush. Make your selections at leisure, and with more satisfaction. Remember the place.

New Five and Ten Cent Store,

Opp, Stone Barracks, Queen St.

Fredericton, Dec. 12

Sharkey's Block.

STAPLE and FANCY

DRY GOODS!

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

In great variety—all textures suitable for the season:

Ulster Cloths, Ulsters, Corsets, Mantles, Shawls, Scarfs, Hose, Squares, Cloth Gloves, &c., &c.

Kid Mitts, Kid Gloves, Fur Caps, Fur Muffs, and Boas.

READY MADE CLOTHING

for Men, Youths and Boys, in

Ulsters, Overcoats, Pants, Vests, White, Regetta and Flannel Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Ties and Pocket Handkerchiefs.

FUR CAPS

IN

S.S.Seal, Astracan, Plush, Persian Lamb.

Kid Mitts, Buck & Kid Gloves

Grey and White Cottons, Towellings, Tickings, Counterpanes, Comforters, Wool and Hemp Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Ducks, Jeans, Swansdowns, Blue, Grey, White, Scarlet and Fancy Flannels, Blankets, Camp Blanketing, Horse Blankets, etc.

SLEIGH ROBES.

Japanese Sleigh Robes, in Grey and Black. Buffalo Robes, lining and trimming to suit,

A Large Stock of Trunks, Valises, Travelling Bags, &c.

All of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

REMNANTS—4,000 yds Remnants of Prints, Cottons, Swanslowns, Dress Goods, Sheetings, Winceys, Cloths, Tweeds, &c.

OWEN SHARKEY

Fredericton, Dec 19, 1883

SEE HERE!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT! For Every Customer.

Christmas Cards amounting to $200 to be given away.

I WILL give 10 per cent. in Xmas Cards, on all cash purchases exceeding $1.00, until Jan. 1st. 1884. That is to say, one dollar's worth of Goods purchased in any department will entitle the buyer to a selection of 10 cents' worth of Xmas Cards, and same rate on larger amounts.

The Cards are all new and beautiful designs ranging in price from one cent to one dollar each

MY STOCK

Of Staple and Fancy House Furnishing Goods is unusually large and well assorted, and prices LOW as usual. When I commenced business twenty years ago, my motto was, "All Goods marked in plain figures—One Price only." I am pleased to tell you the plan succeeded. I shall continue as heretofore and guarantee satisfaction to every customer, Please REMEMBER ME when making your Xmas purchase. Nothing can be more suitable for a present than something in my line to make home pleasant and comfortable.

Parlor Suits in Hair Cloth, Plush, Silk Cotaline and Raw Silks, Walnut and Marble Top Centre Tables, Easy Chairs, Book Cases, Hall Stands, Library Tables, Sofas, Lounges, Parlor Mirrors, Patent Rockers, Black Walnut, Ash and Painted Chamber Suits, Chairs of all kinds, Cribs, Cradles, Bedsteads and Mattrasses.

Crockery & Glassware, Silver-Plated Ware and Fancy Goods.

In each department I have opened large lots of elegant goods for the season's trade,

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Fancy China, Majolica, Vase Lamps, Silver Tea Servers, Cake Baskets, Castor Stands, Photograph Albums, Parlor Games, Dolls, and Toys.

JAS. G. McNALLY,

Opp. City Hall, Fredericton.

FARMERS OF YORK!

And adjoining Counties.

GENTLEMEN:

We take great pleasure in announcing that our Choice Stock of

XMAS GROCERIES

is now complete, and can furnish you with goods of which the prices will accord with the times. You are all aware, owing to the unsettled state of the weather, that business has been very quiet, therefore we are prepared to sell goods at a sacrifice. Give us a call and we will be pleased to quote prices. We have in stock

FLOUR, MEAL, SUGAR, MOLASSES, FISH, Raisins, Currants, Citron Peel, Lemon Peel, Orange Peel and Spices of all kinds.

Just Received a lot of

Choice No. 1 Herring,

Teas from 25 cts to 40 cts per lb:,

Sugar as low as 12 lbs. for $1.00

W. E. MILLER & CO'S.

FEED AND SEED HOUSE,

Opp. People's Bank, Queen St.

Fredericton, Dec. 12

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

IF you want to make Xmas presents to your friends you will find the best assortment and best value for your money at

LEMONT'S.

FANCY CHAIRS.

WE have a very large line of Fancy Folding Chairs and rockers. They will make splendid Xmas, Wedding or Birthday Presents for your friends. Call and see for yourself at

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

FANCY CUPS AND SAUCERS,

A LARGE Assortment of Single Fancy Cups and Saucers, imported direct from Bohemia Also a large line of cheaper Cups and Saucers. For sale cheap at

LEMONT'S.

Canadian and New Brunswick Mocassins and Snowshoes.

IF you want Mocassins or Snowshoes, you are sure to get suited at Lemont's. Moose Hide Mocassins, all sizes and prices. Also a large stock of Indian and Oil Tan Mocassins; and 50 pairs of Snowshoes. For sale low at

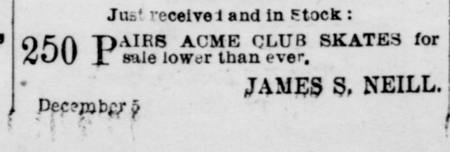
LEMONT'S,

DOLLS. DOLLS.

WE have on hand the largest and cheapest assortment of Dolls to be had in the city. If you want to make the Children happy, call at Lement's and buy them Dolls. They are all new and pretty at

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

Dec. 12



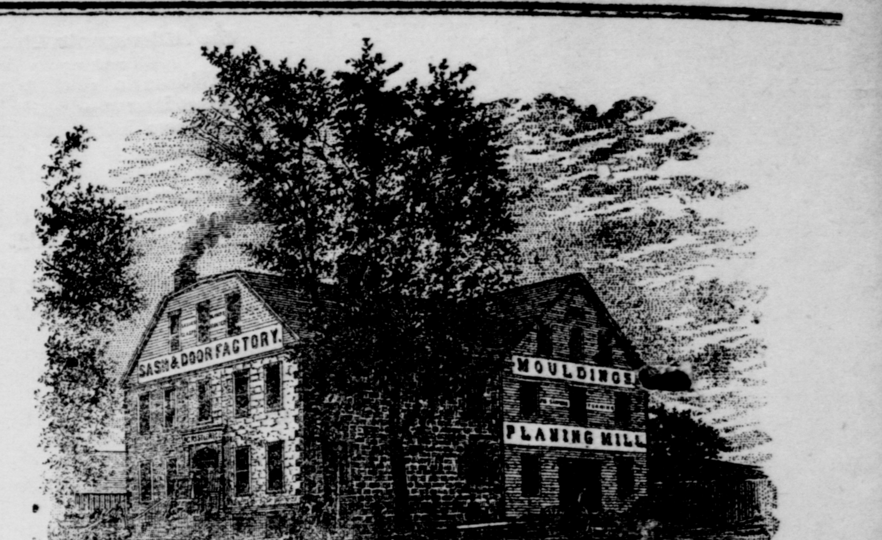
Acme Club Skates.

Just received and in Stock:

250 PAIRS ACME CLUB SKATES for sale lower than ever.

JAMES S. NEILL.

December 5



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.

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 possibe,

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 Bank of B. N. A., where every information can be obtained.

JULIUS. L. INCHES

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, Frist 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

B. Laurance's Spectacles!

From Hon. Judge Wetmore.

My Dear Sir,—From the flattering notice of your Eye Glasses and Spectacles, I was induced to purchase a pair of each, and am happy to say they have proved quite equal to you recommendation and have given entire satisfaction.

FREDERICTON, 4th May, 1883. Yours faithfully. A. R. WETMORE.

For sale at Geo. H. Davis' Drug Store, corner Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton.

FAY Currant HEAD-QUARTERS. GRAPES ALL BEST, NEW AND OLD.

SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS.

Stock First-Class. Free Catalogues. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, N. Y.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

Opposite Normal School.

JUST RECEIVED:

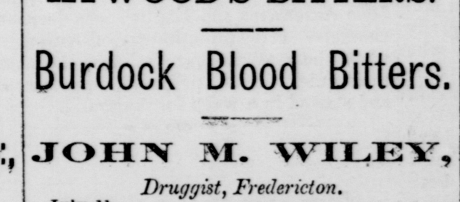
ATWOOD'S BITTERS.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

JOHN M. WILEY,

Druggist, Fredericton.

July 11



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 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

WM. EWING. J. H. DAVIDSON, WM. GRAHAM.

WILLIAM EWING & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

EWING BROTHERS,

SEED MERCHANTS,

142 McGill St., Montreal.

Samples and Prices on Application.

A copy of our Illustrated Seed Catalogue for 1883 will be sent to any address on application.

Feb. 7, 1883

SKATES. SKATES.

JUST ARRIVED:

A fine variety of Skates, consisting of

Acme Club Skates,
Empress Skates,
Barny & Berry's Skates,
Wood Top Skates,

Skate straps, and all the parts required for the Acme Club Skates.

For sale very low.

N R. EVERETT

Great Bargains IN DRY GOODS.

The Subscriber intending to

Close his Business

—AT THE—

"GOLDEN FLEECE,"

[Lower Store,]

Will, on and after

TUESDAY, Jan. 2nd, 1884

ALLOW A

Discount of 12 1-2 Per Cent.,

For cash, on delivery of Goods, on all sums from $1 upwards.

JOHN M'DONALD.

Fredericton, Jan. 1, 1883

FRANCIS DOHERTY

Has now in stock a fine assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES, MOCCASINS, AND OVERBOOTS,

Ready Made Clothing

of all descriptions, at the lowest prices.

HATS and CAPS

IN VARIETY.

Trunks, Valises, etc.

The above goods will be sold at prices that defy competition. Give me a call.

FRANCIS DOHERTY,

Dec. 12, 1883

FREDERICTON MONUMENTAL WORK!

Queen St., just above Reform Club Rooms.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he is prepared to execute all sorts of

PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL MONUMENTS, TABLETS, FENCE STONES & POSTS.

First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.

JOHN MOORE.

F'ton, Feb. 3