TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Jane approached Babette to remove her, she clung to her new acquaintance, and in a jargon strange to the ears of her new friends, flatly refused to go with her.

"Ho! ho! you've taken a mighty fancy to our new papa," said the woman, with a meaning glance at Ashley, who smiled and replied:

"I only wish she was mine, in place of the poor thing in the bed yonder."

"If you will listen to Mrs. Ashley, sir, she will show you that where there's a will there's a way, as the proverb says," replied the nurse, as she bore off the struggling child.

No sooner was the door closed on her than Augusta communicated to Ashley all that had passed between herself and Jane. When she named the sum the woman had demanded, he smiled and said:

"That is a trifle: if she had known the interests at stake, she would have asked for much more. These women shall have the money, provided they will take a solemn oath never to betray the transaction, even in the confessional. Jane can go with the child as her attendant till we can find a more favorable opportunity of getting rid of her. I cannot consent to be long hampered with her presence."

"I agree with you, but for the present it will be best to keep on good terms with her," replied Augusta, "for she is passionate, and easily irritated. After we have made sure of the child, and the women themselves are compromised by assisting in the fraud, you can take such measures as will enable you to get rid of Jane. I should not fancy having such a Cerberus as she might prove watching over me all the time."

While they thus talked together, the nurse sought her sister-in-law, and conferred with her on the proposed exchange of the children. On her first arrival at the farmhouse, Jane had informed Madame Tompkins of the chance she would have offered her to rid herself of the child; but the latter demurred at parting with little Babette, and in reply to something her sister-in-law said, she replied:

"You know, Jane, that my own baby died soon after this little creature came to me, she took her place in my heart. I have never felt that she is in my way, and the money she brought me bettered my circumstances so much, that I can well afford to keep her. What made you think of getting the child from me in such a shamefnl manner as this?"

Jane regarded her with extreme displeasure, and she solemly replied:

"Maddy, you were always a soft-hearted dunce, and if I did not look after your interests, I don't know what would become of you. This baby has brought me good luck once, and I insist that she shall continue to do so. She is nothing to you, and if you sacrifice the interests of your own children by insisting on keeping her with you, when money can be made by giving her up, I will never forgive you—never!"

To the weak-hearted Madame Tompkins this was a terrible threat, for she looked up to her stronger minded sister as her best guide and counsellor. She meekly said:

"I think it will be wrong to do this thing, Jane; but if you insist on it, I suppose I must give up the poor child. But how do we know that these people will not treat her badly when once she has served their purpose?"

Jane laughed scornfully.

"I should like to see them attempt such a thing as that when I am near to defend her. But it's all nonsense for you to fancy such a thing. The sick child is the heiress to a large fortune that comes to her from her mother. If she dies, the money must go to a distant relation, and Mr. Ashley naturally wishes to keep it under his own control. It isn't likely that they would dare to treat the one that takes her place any worse than they would the real heiress: they're much too cunning for that even if Babette had not such a friend as I mean to be to her to take her part."

"You then think of going away from me to travel with these people, for they will have to go far away from here for a long time, to keep others from discovering the cheat that has been accomplished,"

"Yes—I am going with them to look after the child. In two years we can return to Paris, and no one will ever be the wiser about what has been done in this quiet corner. You can get a round sum to console you for giving up Babette, and I shall be making a great deal of money which will some day come to your children, so you may put up awhile with not seeing me."

The widow sighed, and after a pause of painful thought, said:

"I do not know that it will be right to put a poor child in the fortunate shoes of a rich one, yet I should like to think of little Babette as growing up to be a grand, rich lady."

"How do you know she wasn't born to such luck as that, and your only restoring her to her birthright? If you thought of the child's good, more that of your own sellish feelings, Maddy, you would never hesitate a moment about accepting this chance to help her."

Her sister wiped away a stray tear, and said:

"I do hate to give the little creature up, even for her own good; but you know best, Jane, and you must arrange it your own way. As long as you stay with her, I will try and make myself satisfied about her."

"Very well, all is right, then," responded Jane, in a more placable tone. "I thought you would be brought to listen to reason, and I assure you that I intend to stay with the child. That smooth-spoken woman and deceitful looking man may try to put me off as much as they will, but I shall prove more than a match for them, I'll warrant," and the shrewd virago nodded her head in a most significant manner.

The preliminaries being thus settled, on the following day a regular agreement was entered into between the parties, that in consideration of the sum of two thousand francs, to be divided between the sisters, the child known as Babette Tompkins was to be transferred to Leon Larne, to be hereafter known as his daughter, and the heiress to the estates of her supposed mother.

The sick child continued to sink from day to day, and at the close of Ashley's second week at the farmhouse, it was evident that she could not survive forty-eight hours.

The last act of the drama was then prepared for. A slightly sickening medicine was administered to Babette, which afforded Jane an excuse for putting her to bed and representing to the elder children that she was too ill to be visited by them.

A gentle narcotic was infused in her drink, and the child lay in a state of semi-consciousness which enabled Jane to manage easily. On the second morning after these measures were taken, the daughter of Grace Arden breathed her last; her wasted body was removed to Babette's bed, and the strange child placed in that of the little heiress.

In the afternoon a coffin was brought from a neighboring village, and in the night Evelyn Ashley was quietly interred in the garden attached to the farm house; few questions were asked by those who were aware of the death which had taken place in Madame Tompkins' family; the little girl was buried beside her deceased husband, and the country people thought it was fortunate for her that the strange child no longer encumbered her.

Babette received the name of the deceased, and the second day after the unceremonious interment of his daughter, Leon Ashley set out for England, in which country it was his intention to spend several years.

The infant was soon reconciled to the change in her circumstances. She showed the greatest fondness for Ashley, and he, on his part, seemed to love her far more than he had loved the sickly child of poor Grace. He vainly tried to pension off the nurse; she firmly insisted that if she went, the little girl must accompany her. and she had promised her sister never to leave her.

At length Ashley became reconciled to the necessity of keeping her, for when he decided to return to Paris at the end of a year, the child was left behind him in a country parsonage, with her nurse to take care of her. The clergyman and his wife were to instruct her till she attained her fifteenth year, when it was Ashley's purpose to transfer her to a fashionable finishing school at Paris.

CHAPTER XX.

JUDGE ASHLEY AND HIS WIFE SEEK HIS DISCARDED DAUGHTER.

The plebeian wife of the aristocratic Judge Ashley stepped as naturally and gracefully into the position to which he elevated her, as if to the manner born.

The murmurs of the family servants were speedily hushed by the mingled dignity and kindness with which she treated them, and old Jupiter was heard to say:

"Dat ef de new Mistis were white trash she'd got the manners and de booktion ary larnin' of a lady, anyhow.

From his dictum there was no appeal, and she who had lately been regarded by the slaves as but one degree above themselves, was willingly treated with the respect she would not have failed to exact as her due had it not been voluntarily paid.

The friends of the judge received the information of the misalliance he had made with a spasm of indignation, and it was unanimously decided among them that the young wife should be entirely ignored

Little did the new Mrs. Ashley care for them or their decisions. To the amazement of those who supposed that she had married a man so much her senior only to spend his fortune, and drive him to distraction with her caprices, she quietly settled herself down at Ashurst, and seemed to have but one ambition in life—to prove to her husband that she was happy with him, and needed nothing from the outside world to complete her contentment with the lot she had chosen.

To prove to others how much he thought of his penniless bride, the Judge fitted up his stately mansion in elegant style, and added new apartments for Mrs. Ashley, which were models of exquisite taste in their appointments.

He loved to see his young idol beautifully dressed, and for him alone she wore the most elegant and becoming toilettes that could be devised by a skilful city modiste.

Margaret Wilde would have been most ungrateful not to love the hand which so lavishly poured out its profusion for her gratification, and she did love him after a fashion of her own. She clung to Judge Ashley as a child might cling to the parent whose protection stood between herself and the bitter evils of poverty and loneliness.

To her temperament, it was supreme contentment to be surrounded by beautiful things; to be lapped in the soft arms of luxury, and know that she was the petted darling of a generous heart, even if the form that enshrined it was beginning to bend with the weight of years.

To be loved was the great necessity of her nature, and she showed her grey haired husband that his fond affection was the greatest blessing of the life to which he introduced her.

Full of vivacity and joyousness, Judge Ashley's Daisy brightened the existence which before her advent at Ashurst, had been so sombre, and for the first time in his long life, he felt that he was happy.

The little Bessie was no unimportant personage in the family. She was brought forward in every way by her mother, and taught to use every childish endearment to win the heart of her supposed grandfather. As she developed into a most enchanting sprite, full of winning tricks and frolicksome ways, the Judge soon became almost as much devoted to her as Mrs. Ashley was.

If a feeling of remorse for the exchange she had made, ever clouded the mind of her mother, it was quickly put aside with the consoling thought that Leon Ashley's daughter was quite as well off as if she were beneath the roof of her ancestors. Mrs. Ashley had no means of hearing from her, for she had cut off all chance of that by the false address she had given to Mrs. Allen; nor did she care to do so.

She was one of those women who will not think of what is disagreeable; and assured in her own mind that the wrong to the child was not a great one, she gradually ceased almost to remember that she had purchased her present prosperity by an act which, if discovered, must deprive her of her husband's respect, and cover her with shame and confusion.

Though she had acted wrong in a moment of temptation, Mrs. Ashley could not think, without a pang, that her child would be reared as an imposter; that she would inherit wealth to which she had no title, and she cast about in her own mind for some means of legitimating the claim Bessie might hereafter have to the fortune of the Ashley family.

The sad story of the discarded daughter recurred to her, and she rejoiced that Mrs. Wentworth had a son who might hereafter be used to further her own purposes. His grandfather had hitherto refused to recognize his claims upon him; but Mrs. Ashley decided in her own mind that the lad must be found—must be bound to herself by the ties of affection and gratitude, and in the years to come she would use her influence to bring about a union between himself and her child; thus restoring to him the family inheritance, with the encumberance of a charming wife.

In pursuance of this scheme, Mrs. Ashley privately caused advertisements to be inserted in several leading newspapers to the effect that if Mrs. Ellinor Wentworth would apply to the editor and furnish her address, she would hear of something to her advantage.

Several months passed away before anything resulted from this, and Mrs. Ashley began to give up all hope of hearing from Mrs. Wentworth, when a letter bearing the Baltimore postmark was forwarded to her by the editor of a paper in that city.

Judge Ashley never interfered with the actions of his wife, for he had most implicit confidence in her, and the letter was taken into her though the sight of the writing on the envelope caused him to start and change color when his eyes fell upon it. The letter contained the following lines.

"If you are really a friend who is anxions to assist me, you cannot come to me too soon, for I am hurrying rapidly to that bourne where human help can no longer reach me. I am dying, but I have a child who will be friendless and homeless when I am gone; and for his sake I reply to the advertisement, which offers aid to me so long forgotten as I have been.

"I cannot believe that my hard-hearted father has relented at last, but if God has raised up a friend for my poor Frank in the hour of his deepest desolation. I shall die contented, and forgive the cruel mandate that drove me as an outcast from my paternal home, and left me to struggle with the hard world, of which I was so ignorant when I went forth from my father's house.

"Kind stranger, if compassion for my sad fate has really moved your heart toward me, hasten on your path of mercy, or it will be too late to reassure the broken heart of

ELLINOR WENTWORTH."

Deeply moved by the perusal of these lines, Mrs. Ashley pondered on the best means of informing her husband of what she had ventured to do; but he spared her all hesitation by coming into her room in a strange state of agitation, and asking:

"With whom have you opened a correspondence, Margaret? This is the first letter you have received since our marriage, and I am curious to know who it is from."

She smiled in his face in her most bewitching manner, detected there the emotion he could not conceal, and with ready tact replied:

"You recognized the writing on the back of this letter, and I see that you are not offended with me for seeking to open a communication with one you have thrust from your path. Oh! my darling husband, listen to me and try and understand my feelings on this subject. I cannot bear to live here in such luxury as it pleases you to surround me with, when I know that your own daughter and her son are poor wanderers on the face of the earth, as desolate and forlorn as I myself was before your generous affection lifted me to your side, and made me the sharer of your fortune"

By the time she finished speaking, the young wife was clinging to his breast with tears standing in her beautiful eyes, and the tremulous tones of her pleading voice touched the finer cords of a nature originally noble, but warped by the sternness which years of arbitrary rule had fostered in him.

Only of late had Judge Ashley known how sweet it was to bestow happiness by the exercise of a loving, and generous forbearance; with the sunshine of happiness, his adored Margaret had poured into his soul the oil of humanity, and, of late, the old man had regretfully thought of his discarded daughter, and her orphan boy.

He now smiled grimly upon the beseeching face raised to his own, and gently said:

"I am not displeased, my Daisy: on the contrary, what you done elevates you in my estimation: few step mothers would care to befriend a daughter who will probably turn from you with contempt when she understands the relation existing between you and myself. Ellinor Wentworth is a woman of extreme haughtiness of temper, and if she had the power, she would trample you into the dust my precious little Daisy. Why should you have opened a correspondence with her, and who informed you of her existence?"

"Oh! I learned that before our marriage, and I have been scheming in my own mind ever since, how I should influence you to assist her. I felt sure she needed help, but I had no idea she was so much reduced as she states herself to be. Read this dear husband, and see for yourself that if we would assist her no time is to be lost."

She thrust the letter in his hand, and with much emotion he perused the blurred lines. When he had finished he gently said:

"To you I shall owe it, my love, that remorse for my harshness to Ellinor will not follow me to my grave. If she had died in such a state of destitution, I would never have forgiven myself. I will go to her as soon as possible, and see that she has all she needs. The address here given is one of the poerest streets in Baltimore, and she must indeed be reduced to great extremity to take refuge in such a locality as that. Prepare to accompany me, for I must have you with me when I go."

Mrs. Ashley seemed to shrink from the proposal with that shyness of going into the world which she had evinced ever since her union with him, but her objections were overruled and hasty preparations made for a visit to Baltimore.

Bessie was left in charge of Winny, and Judge Ashley and his child-wife set out on their errand of mercy.

They reached Baltimore without accident and lost no time in seeking the humble quarter of the city to which Mrs. Wentworth had directed the person who was interested in her fate.

It was arranged between them that Mrs. Ashley should go in first, and gradually inform the long-rejected daughter that her father had forgiven and was ready to receive her to his heart again. She was to show Mrs. Wentworth that this had been done at her own intercession, and then to inform her of the relation in which she stood to her father.

The house before which the carriage drew up was even more squalid than the Judge had anticipated, and a great pang seized on his heart when he saw to what a child of his had been reduced through his own obstinacy and hardiness of nature. It was a lodging house of the poorst description in which Mrs. Wentworth and her son had taken refuge, and, as Mrs. Ashley alighted, the Judge hurriedly said:

"I cannot stop here, Daisy; the place is too dreadful. I will drive around the square, and gain a more respectable street. In half an hour I shall return to see my poor girl. Heaven speed you on your mission, my angel wife."

She smiled sweetly in reply, kissed her hand, and tripped up the dirty steps that led into a carpetless and squalid looking hall, which seemed to be used in common by all the lodgers in the house.

On inquiring for number thirty-five, a redfaced woman, who was carrying a bucket of water, paused and asked:

"Is it the sick woman you're asking after, ma'am? I don't think you can do much for her now besides buying her a coffin, poor thing!"

"Is Mrs. Wentworth so ill as that?" involuntarily asked the visitor. "Pray tell me where I shall find her room at once."

"I don't know what her name is, but number thirty five lodges in the attic, and if you'll keep going up and up, you'll find her room at the head of the last stairs."

Thanking the speaker, Mrs. Ashley daintly lifted her sweeping skirts, and ascended the stairs. The way darkened as she went up, and at the end of the third flight it was so gloomy that she was compelled to peer around to discover the number she sought.

At last it was found but just as she had raised her hand to knock upon the door, it was suddenly flung wide open, and a boy of six summers rushed forward with a frightened cry into the very arms of the visitor.

"What is it, dear? Why are you so much alarmed?" she hurriedly asked.

"Go in—go in there and see," sobbed the child. "My poor mamma looks so strange that she scares me with her wild eyes, and the rattling noise in her throat. Where's Mrs. Moody? I want her to come to her"

"Never mind Mrs. Moody; come back with me, my son, and I will see what is the matter with your mother."

The boy glanced up at her fair face, and seemed reassured by its sweet expression, and the gentleness of her manner. He turned back at once, and ushered Mrs. Ashley into the sordid apartment occupied by his mother.

The room was lighted by two dormer windows, destitute of curtains, through which the bright glare of the sun streamed: there was nothing in it save the barest necessaries of life, and those of the commonest description. On the wretched bed lay the form of a woman, evidently hastening with rapid strides to the last struggle of life. All that remained of the once proud and lovely Ellinor Ashley was a wasted skeleton, lying on a coarser sheet than she would once have thought good enough for one of her father's slaves.

The thoughtful visitor had provided for such a contingency as this; she had brought with her a small bottle of wine, which she hastily took from her pocket, and removing her gloves, she broke off the neck of the bottle, and poured some of the grateful stimulant into the half open mouth of the expiring woman.

In a few moments its effects were perceptible, for life seemed to rally once more. Mrs. Wentworth fixed her glazing eyes upon the stranger, and with much effort asked:

"Are you the writer of that advertisement? Have you come to do something for that helpless child? He is my only care now."

"I have come to take you both away with me," was the gentle reply. "Drink more of this wine, and it will give you strength to hear what I have to tell you."

Mrs. Wentworth put it feebly from her.

"It is too late now; nothing can bring back life to me. I shall perish here in this foul den, forsaken of all who might have aided me, and save me from what I have endured."

"Not forsaken by all, believe me; for one friend has heard of your situation, and his heart is moved with pity and repentance. He has forgiven—he will receive you again as his daughter."

The wan face lighted up, and the dying woman more strongly exclaimed:

"My father sent you hither. He has relented at last, but ah! it is too late to be of any benefit to me. But why does he not come to me himself? Why does he send a stranger on this errand? Come here, Frank; you will no longer be poor and forsaken; your grandfather is rich—rich! When I am gone he will take you to his home, and make you the sharer of his wealth. Is it not so, Madam? Have you not come here to tell me that my child shall no longer be an outcast from the home of his forefathers?"

"I have come to do more than that: I have used all my power to restore your father to you, Mrs. Wentworth, and he will be here in a few moments now; he is prepared for the meeting, and you must summon all your strength for the interview that approaches."

"Mrs. Wentworth uttered a low moan, and buried her face in the pillow; the relation in which her visitor stood to her father did not seem to have yet occurred to her, and she lay panting as if battling with the grim conqueror for the few remaining sands of life left to her.

At the call of his mother, Frank scrambled upon the bed, and the eyes of the visitor now fastened themselves upon him with vivid interest.

He was a fair, noble-looking child, with a broad brow, and a quantity of blonde hair hanging in neglected curls around it. When properly clothed and well fed, Mrs. Ashley saw that he would soon become a very handsome little fellow, and she smiled on him as she felt that her plans for the future were feasible at least.

At length Mrs. Wentworth feebly said:

"If the old man does not hurry, he will be too late, too late—for I feel that I am rapidly sinking. But who are you, and why has he sent you hither to prepare the way for himself?"

"I am a particular friend," replied Mrs. Ashley, evasively. "It is I who intend to adopt your son, and rear him as my own. Judge Ashley has granted this to my earnest entreaties."

A sudden light seemed to dawn on the sick woman, and her rapidly dimming eyes were fixed upon her visitor with an expression that was the reverse of friendly; a splash of pride convulsed her heart, and she haughtily asked:

"Are you the girl who was entrapped by that old man into a marriage so unsuited to his years and station?"

Mrs. Ashley bowed without speaking, although she acutely felt the contempt implied in the voice and words of the speaker.

"And do you speak of taking my child as an object of charity. You, who were lately the hired nurse of my brother's daughter. Oh God! my pride is indeed brought low!"

She sunk back, breathing with such difficulty that Mrs. Ashley believed she would lose her frail hold on life before the arrival of her father. Although Mrs. Wentworth had spoken so insultingly to her, she could not feel resentment toward a being situated as she was, and she hastened to administer wine to her, and to chafe the cold hands that lay upon the coverlet.

This seemed to touch the dying woman, and after a few moments she burst in tears and murmured:

"Pardon me—I was mad, and ungrateful to speak as I did. You are a good woman, even if you were born among the lowly ones of the earth; and I can see for myself that you are a fair and gentle-looking one. My father was not so much to blame after all, in making you his wife."

Mrs. Ashley deprecatingly said:

"I try to make him happy, Mrs. Wentworth: and I believe that thus far I have succeeded. I sought you out because I could not bear to think that a child of his dwelt in poverty while his wealth is prodigally lavished for my indulgence. Only consent to give me your son, and I will make myself responsible for his future. I will pledge myself to do all that is in my power to give him at least a fair share of his grandfather's estate.

"You can never accomplish that," moaned Mrs. Wentworth. "My father never loved me as he loved Leon, and to his child all will be bequeathed. All will go to the girl, while my boy may be thankful if shelter, and an education befitting his birth, are afforded him."

"For many years he will need no more than that," gently replied her visitor. "No more, save the tenderness of a mother, and that I promise to supply to him."

Tears streamed slowly over the pallid cheeks of the listener, and quite softened toward her stepmother, she made an ineffectual effort to clasp her hand as she said:

"Can you forgive the cruel words I spoke just now? An angel was sent to me, and I was ready to reject her ministrations with the hard scorn of my original nature. When God has brought me so low as I now am, the sinful spirit of pride should be dead within me, but it still flames up at intervals as it did just now. I give you my son, Mrs. Ashley; rear him as your own; make him a good and honorable man, and the Father of the orphan will care for the rest."

"I pledge myself to that," was the eager reply; and in the future who knows but he may win the heart of the heiress, and in time to come and rule as master of Ashurst."

From the dead ashes of her perishing life sprang the last throe of pride in the heart of the listener: and her large, black eyes blazed with excitement as she replied:

"Oh, if that could be! if that could ever be, I should die happy."

"It shall be," was the reply breathed into her ear, as a heavy, hesitating step was heard ascending the stairs, which finally paused near the half-open door.

(To be continued)

He Acted Wisely.

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SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

50 Cady and Boxes Teas,

from 5lbs. to 7lbs. each, at

ELY PERKINS',

ALSO:

Land Plaster, Superphosphate, Codfish, Herring,

OAT MEAL, BUCKWHEAT MEAL, SUGAR AND MOLASSES,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL at LOWEST RATES, to the people.

Fredericton. April 2.

Tea Tea. Tea.

JUST TO HAND: 20 Half Chests of Tea, same as gave such entire satisfaction, at

W. H. VANWARTS.

Fredericton, July 15, 1885.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'85 Summer Arrangement '85

On and after MONDAY, June 1st, 1885, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.:

Day Express	7.25 a. m.
Accommodation	11.00 a. m.
Express for Sussex	4.35 p. m
Express for Halifax & Quebec	10.15 p. m.

A Pullman Car runs daily on the 10.15 P. M. Train to Halifax.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec	5.30 a. m.
Express from Sussex	8.30 a. m.
Accommodation	12.55 p m
Day Express	6.10 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B, May 26, 1885

NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect June 28, 1885.

Leave Fredericton!

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6 20 A. M.—Express for St. John connecting at Fredericton Junction with Fast Express Train for Bangor, and points West, and for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North

8 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for Bangor and all points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.

12 20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

3 30 P. M.—For Fredericton, Junction St. John, and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

11 20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and St John.

2 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.

6 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and all points North.

7 45 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON.

7 00 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4 20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

H. D. McLEOD,
Sup't Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B, June 25, 185

1885 SPRING AND 1885

SUMMER.

Cheap Dry Goods.

BLACK and Colored Dress Goods, Muslins, Prints, Cloths, Tweeds, Flannels, Shirtings, Ribbons, Laces, Grey and White Cottons, and all kinds of Dry Goods, at very LOW PRICES for CASH.

Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

CHEAP CLOTHING.

JUST OPENED:

Men's, Youth's and Boys' Suits, Coats, Pants, and Vests, best value ever offered. Please call and examine.

Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

Cheap Room Paper.

A large Stock of Room Paper and Paper Blinds just opened. Will be sold VERY LOW.

Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

Hoop Shirts and Bustles.

A full stock just opened—Cheaper than ever.

Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

Trunks and Valises.

Trunks, valises, Satchels and Shawl Straps, at lowest Factory prices.

Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

Shirts, Underclothing, &c.

Fine White Shirts—all sizes, Wool, Tweed, and Knit Shirts and Drawers in great variety; Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Braces, &c., all at very low prices for cash only.

Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

May 20, 1885

Christmas-New Year.

AT THE

NEW BOOK STORE.

JUST OPENED:

A fine assortment of

Christmas and New Year

CARDS,

FROM

English, German, American, and Canadian Manufacturers,

AND MARKED AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES!!

Also a very large stock of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

SUCH AS

Boy's Own Annual,
Girl's Own Annual,
Child's Own Magazine
Chatterbox,
Little Wide Awake,
Sunday at Home,
Leisure Hours,
Children's Friend,
Wood's Natural History,

and a variety of Miscellaneous Books.

FANCY GOODS, TOYS and GAMES.

New Styles of Photograph Albums, and a variety of articles suitable for XMAS PRESENTS

W. T. H. FENETY

Fredericton, November 26, 1884

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,

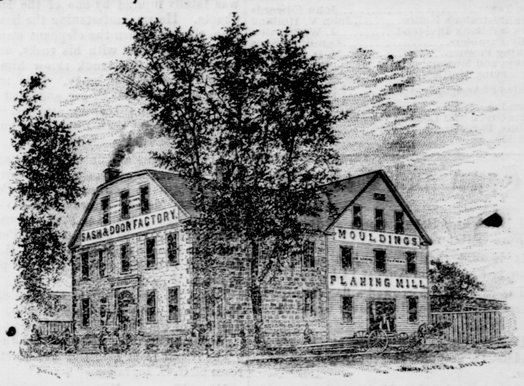
FENCE STONES & POSTS.

First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.

JOHN MOORE.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to make more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

SASH, DOOR, BLIND AND FURNITURE FACTORY.



Mill Planing, Sawing, Turning and Jobbing to order.

Flooring, Sheathing, Clapboards and Mouldings of all kinds on hand and made at short notice.

FURNITURE

In Chamber Suites, Desks, Tables, Sideboards, Wardrobes, made from Ash, Walnut and Birch, from modern patterns and styles.

Please call and examine.

J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord Wagons,	Piano Box Wagons,	Iver's Wagons,
Miller Spar Wagons,	White Chapel Wagons,	Top Phætons,
Brewster Wagons,	Cronin Wagons,	Open Phætos.

See Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.

These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.

These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25

Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 30th, 1878

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

EBEN MILLER & CO

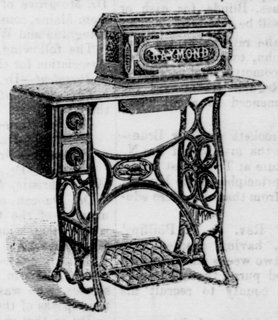
CALL AND SEE THE

NEW "RAYMOND,"

With Large Improved Arm, at

D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.

Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N. B.



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—

Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Province

Address all communications P. O. Box 164, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

WHY DO YOU SUFFER?

When such Valuable Remedies are within your reach.

Life of Man Bitters

will cure most all diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, including the worst cases of Dropsy, and is certainly the best blood purifier known,

Invigorating Syrup

cures Dyspepsia, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Worms. Acts as a gentle physic, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.

Acadian Liniment

cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat, Rheumatism Quinsy, Cuts, and pains of all kinds, as well as for other ailments of man and beast.

Nerve Ointment

is truly a household necessity and is used externally and internally for the Lungs, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, cutaneous eruptions of the skin, and a hundred ailments flesh is heir to.

Vegetable Plaster

cures Boils, Cuts, Cracked Hands and Lame Back. Being put up in in boxes, it is one-third cheaper to use than those ready spread, besides being so much better.

Certain Check

cures Cholera, Diarrhœa, and all like complaints in children and adults,

Eye Relief

cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Chilblains. Don't forget to try it this winter

All the above preparations are manufactured by C. GATES, SON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S., and may be relied on. Send for Pamphlet of cure. Sold by all respectable Druggists and dealers.

PRACTICAL

PLUMBING.

AND

GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURNERS for sale cheap.

GAS STEAM and HOT WATER FITTINGS, always in stock.

Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every discription and of the best material manufactured to order the premises at shortest notice

Prices to suit the times

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM