Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR!

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATAL SUBTERFUGE.

We must go back in our story a few weeks. Ashurst, the residence of the Ashley family, was four miles from Arden Place. The house, an old-fashioned brick building, had been erected more than a hundred years ago. It was spacious, and venerable in its appearance; externally it presented many pointed gables, and internally the arrangement of the rooms would have puzzled a stranger effectually as the labyrinth of Crete itself. Such queer little out-of-the-way places as were contrived in the intricate arrangement of the apartments would have confounded a modern architect, with his ideas of simplicity and convenience.

The house, however, had been built in accordance with the whim of its founder; and its pointed gables, overrun with ivy, loomed grandly from the background of woodland which towered in all the majesty of the primeval forest.

In front, the ground swept away in gentle undulations, shaded by groups of trees mingled with shrubbery. Ashurst was a gloomy-looking place, and the interior made even a deeper impression of dreariness on the casual visitor; for the low-ceiled rooms were pannelled with carved walnut, darkened by age almost to the tint of ebony.

In one the largest of these sat Judge Ashley and his son, with wine, fruits and cigars on a highly-polished table between them, though there was little appearance of conviviality in the manner of expression of either.

The Judge, stern, dictatorial and immovable, sat opposite his son, regarding him him intently; and Ashley looked as if he would gladly have escaped that powerful and scrutinizing gaze. Judge Ashley was an embarrassing sort of man to scan one: his piercing eye never blenched, his thin, sarcastic lips were firmly closed, and the high, narrow forehead indicated obstinacy and pertinacity in an unusual degree.

His figure was thin and angular, and he wore a closely-fitting coat, buttoned up to the throat, which was cased in a heavy black silk stock. He had practised law with eminent success before he presided on the bench, and his great talent for cross-examinations had rendered him the terror of evil-doers in the palmy days of his legal fame.

He was now verging towards his seventieth year, and had given up the struggle of life for the quiet shades of Ashurst; though he still continued to act as a local magistrate for the populous neighborhood in which his place was situated. Judge Ashley had married late in life, and at her decease his wife left him two children; a daughter, seven years older than Leon, had long been banished from the paternal roof, as a punishment for making a misalliance, and her name was not permitted to be spoken in her father's hearing.

Knowing this, it was marvellous that his son should have ventured to commit the same fault; but from the first, Ashley had never intended to acknowledge the portionless Eva as his wife. He believed that in her devotion to himself he could find the means to evade the necessity when he wearied of her, and how cruelly and heartlessly he had dictated to her the terms of their separation has already been seen.

At length Judge Ashley broke the grim silence in which he had so long sat.

"Why should you hesitate about fulfilling your engagement at once, Leon? It is now two years since you asked Grace Arden to marry you when you left college, and she consented. She has worn the betrothal ring long enough, and as a man of honor you are bound to replace it with the bridal circlet at as early a day as possible.

I insist on knowing why you ask for further delay in claiming the bride of whom I am afraid you are really not worthy."

"Perhaps I feel that, sir, and that is the reason why I shrink from this marriage, which you know was settled for me. I like Grace well enough as a friend, but I should never have asked her to be my wife if you had not insisted upon it."

"Yes," replied the Judge, imperiously, "I did insist upon it, and I shall still insist that your pledge shall be redeemed. Grace Arden is a thoroughly good woman her family is all I could wish, and her fortune large. Understand me, Leon; I will submit to no disappointment in this. Your sister defied me, and you know the result; follow her example, and I will cut you off with a shilling. I will give my fortune to found an orphan asylum, and the home of my fathers shall become a pauper's refuge."

Having uttered this threat, the old gentleman threw himself back on his chair, and coolly puffed at his cigar, while he watched the effect of his words upon his son.

Ashley grew pale, and clutched nervously at his wine-glass as he swallowed another bumper of the ruby liquid; but he presently said:

"If I could only prevail on you to wait a few months, sir, I—I believe that things would be smooth before me. I intend to marry Grace; but if our union is precipitated, she may be annoyed and made unhappy by—by a person who has some claims on me."

His father sternly regarded him, and his eyes flashed omniously as he asked:

"Claims of what nature do you refer to, sir? Are they put forward by a man or a woman, though of course it must be the latter."

Ashley feebly answered:

"Yes, sir, a woman with whom I was foolish enough to become entangled; but she knows by this time that she can never occupy the station of—of—my wife."

The Judge started as if a viper had stung him.

"Your what sir! How dare you use the word wife save in connection with Grace Arden? Have you deluded any poor creature into believing that you were free to give her your hand? Speak, for I will know the truth."

Though inwardly quaking, Leon recklessly replied:

"Of course, sir, there was some such deception used, for the girl was respectably connected; and—and—in fact, there was a sham ceremony of marriage that meant nothing."

"Wretch!" thundered his father; how dare you speak of such villainy in so light a manner. How do you presume to make me the confidant of your utter baseness.

"You drove me to the wall," was the sulky response, "and I had no resource but to tell you the truth. I have been trying to show you the reasons why the marriage you are determined shall take place, should be postponed a little while."

"How long? and what disposition do you propose to make of the unfortunate creature who has been so bitterly deceived by you?"

"I propose to do nothing with her, sir. It will not be necessary, for her physician writes to me that she is dying. She has hectic fever from which she cannot possibly recover. You see that a little delay will set things right, and Grace will stand no chance to hear of her."

Judge Ashley regarded his reprobate son in deep displeasure; he bitterly said: "Leon, when nature formed you she forgot to put a heart in your body. I am at a loss to understand why you have chosen to make me the repository of your wickedness."

"I should not have spoken unless forced to do so, you may be sure; but you must have learned what has occurred at some time, for I must have the means of providing for Eva, and her child, and if I obey your commands, the least you can do is to give me the power to do so. I have promised her a support, and that at least, she shall have."

There was a pause which was broken by Judge Ashley, who slowly said—

"So-o—it seems that I have a grandchild born to degradation, and low associations. Illegitimate as the creature is, it wounds my pride to think of what its fate may be in time to come. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl."

"Ah well, so much the better. She will take her mother's name, and her origin need never be known, so I shall waste no thought on her. Now listen to me, Leon Ashley, and as you value my forgiveness for this escapade, consent to what I am about to propose. I have thought of a way to save Grace from annoyance, and at the same time have the marriage come off within the present month. She wishes to make a lengthened tour in Europe, and you can leave Arden Place for Baltimore on the morning after the wedding, embark there for Liverpool, and remain safe out of the way of the person you referred to, till her fate is settled. I will deal with the young woman liberally, and I promise you that she shall have no cause of complaint on the score of money."

Though extremely reluctant to give the law a hold on him by wedding Miss Arden before he was freed from poor Eva by death, Ashley literally had no choice left him by his pertinacious father. He saw that he must either avow the truth—ruinous as he believed it would be to his future prospects, or he must submit to the despotic will that ruled him.

That which was most consonant to his own interests Leon Ashley always did, and after a feeble struggle, the consent to give his hand to Miss Arden within the month was wrung from him.

Judge Ashley lost no time in visiting his intended daughter-in-law, in company with his son, and Leon throwing away the last vestige of reluctance to obey the commands laid on him, so successfully pushed his suit, that before the visit was ended, the twenty-first of June was apppointed for the bridal day.

In his elation at the announcement, Judge Ashley gave his son full power to make a liberal settlement on the hapless girl he had so heartlessly wronged, believing that would atone for the broken heart, and early grave of the young victim. Once embarked on the tide of deception, Leon gave no thought to consequences, he flattered himself that he could evade all possibility of interference with himself or his bride, by leaving his native land for an indefinite period. When he heard of Eva's death, which, from her physician's account, he believed would not be long postponed, he would confess all to Grace, and cement the tie between them by a second ceremony of marriage. Any humiliation before her, was better than to face his unrelenting father with the truth.

True to his nature, he deferred the evil day as long as possible, imagining that it would be easier to bear the reproaches of a wronged, and insulted woman, than the bitter wrath of a stern father. So the preparations for the marriage went on, and Ashley smoothed his brow and called false smiles to his lips while he knew that one who had loved and trusted him lay dying far away.

His passion for Eva had been more violent, but not less evanescent that others which had preceded it, and he now marvelled how he could have been drawn into so improvident a thing as an actual marriage. He did not feel the slightest emotion of love for Miss Arden, but he had known her from childhood—was used to to her—knew all her gentle sweetness of character, and he confided in her passionate attachment to himself to induce her to pardon any wrong toward herself of which he might be guilty He was certain that Grace Arden would make him a tender and submissive wife, and he would tolerate her in consideration of the large fortune she would bring him.

She and her brother, a youth of eighteen, were the joint heirs to a magnificent estate lying side by side with Ashurst, and Leon Ashley consented to accept her as his bride more to escape from dependence on his father than from any preference for herself.

But with Miss Arden it was far different. She could not remember when she had not loved the handsome boy who had been the companion of her childish days; she was neither brilliant nor beautiful, and with a most humble estimate of her own claims or attractions, she felt doubly grateful to Ashley for his supposed preference for herself. The richly-endowed heiress had not lacked suitors, but she treated them all with such cool indifference that one by one they withdrew, leaving the field to the least sincere or deserving of the pretenders to her hand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRICKEN BRIDE.

The bridal evening came, the numerous friends of both families were bidden to the feast, and a gay and brilliant party assembled in the stately drawing-rooms at Arden Place. Miss Arden was in her apartment, surrounded by a bevy of laughing and chattering brides-maids, more than one of whom envied her the captivating and elegant man to whom she was about to be united.

She was small, slight, fair, and almost as colorless as marble. Her hair, of the palest flaxen hue, was folded back from her brow in a fashion peculiar to herself, and knotted at the back of her head. The light-colored lashes and eye-brows gave little expression to the pale blue eyes beneath then; but the mouth was flexible and expressive, and when the mobile lips broke into a smile, the charm of native sweetness and refinement was felt by those capable of appreciating them.

To others, Grace Arden was only a plain, common-place looking girl, occupying a brilliant niche in social life for which nature had utterly unfitted her.

On this important occasion, she had resolved that her dress, at least, should please the fastidious taste of her bridegroom, and afford the guests something to comment on save her own insignificant self.

She wore a white brocade trimmed with costly lace, and the tiara which bound her veil around her head was of magnificent pearls, while the veil itself was of the finest Brussels point.

Few who looked on that small white figure, with its quiet bearing, would have dreamed of the passionate excess of feeling which lay cradled in that seemingly apathetic heart. Grace Arden had but two things on earth to love—her young brother and the man on whom she was about to bestow her hand; and she clung to them as only such deep undemonstrative natures can cling to those who are admitted into that holy of holies, a pure, unselfish woman's heart.

A few moments before the arrival of the bridegroom, Miss Arden left the gay groupe and retired for a brief space to a small apartment joining her own which she had caused to be fitted up as an oratory. She was a devout Catholic, and before the shrine, which sustained a marble image of the Virgin, she now knelt, and offered a fervent prayer for a blessing on the union she was about to form.

She arose calm and elate, for the voice of her betrothed speaking in the outer room caused her heart to bound with rapturous joy, and her lips unclosed to murmur:

"Mine—mine at last!" with an expression of serene joy that was almost divine.

She believed in him; she trusted him as implicitly as poor Eva once had done. Alas for the return her confidence was to meet!

When she appeared, Ashley seized her hand, and conveyed it to his lips, as he whispered:

"Come, my love; the holy father waits our appearance; the company is impatient; let us descend at once and join our friends."

He seemed excited, and the flush on his face betrayed that he had been drinking wine to fortify his courage for the ordeal before him. The wild voice which had hailed him through the darkness was still ringing in his ears. He had not recognized it, but he intuitively felt that it boded him no good. Even at that last hour, Ashley would gladly have receded from the crime he was about to commit; but he felt such a course to be now impossible. He had bound himself in the toils, and with desperate hardihood he resolved to brave the worst.

Even if a messenger from his deserted wife was on his track, he would scarcely proclaim his perfidy openly at such a time as this, and means might hereafter be found to silence him altogether.

Thus deluding himself, Ashley obstinately moved forward on the path of fate.

The bridal party descended the broad stair-case, and arranged themselves in the front drawing-room, in which a temporary altar had been erected. The bride and groom knelt upon the satin cushions placed in front of it for their accomodation, and the priest, a venerable man from Baltimore, commenced the ceremony.

The impressive service went on, though Ashley dreaded that at any moment a voice might be raised to proclaim his delinquency and forbid the completion of the rites; but they were uninterrupted, and the wedded pair arose to receive the congratulations of their friends.

An exultant smile swept over the lips of the groom as he looked over the crowd, to be greeted only by friendly faces; and he replied to the wishes of prosperity and happiness addressed to him in his blandest and most cordial manner. No one who looked on him then would have dreamed that he had anything to fear from the act he had just committed.

Grace, bewildered, half frightened, but blissfully happy, submitted to be kissed and caressed by her "dear five hundred friends," and her stately father-in-law had just taken her slight form in his arms, when a voice pierced through every sound, and hushed the gay babel of words as if by magic. It said:

"Am I too late? Is this iniquitous deception completed? Leon Ashley, stand forth and answer if any manhood is left in you.'

The guests fell back from the speaker, leaving him standing alone, his face pallid from excitement, his eyes blazing with scornful meaning as he pointed his raised hand toward the cowering bridegroom, whose parched lips refused to unclose, whose tongue seemed paralyzed when he attempted to reply.

Ashley could only grasp his father's arm with a mute imploring expression, and the Judge turned upon the intruder like a lion at bay, all his haughty pride flashing from his deep-set eyes.

"What means this intrusion at such a time as this, and who are you?"

"I am a messenger of fate to a base and unprincipled man. If Leon Ashley is really married to that lady in the bridal dress, I accuse him of bigamy, for he has a wife now living, to whom I can prove he was lawfully married."

Grace stood motionless, as if frozen into immobility, and her eyes turned in dumb anguish upon the livid face of him to whom she had lately believed herself irrevocably bound. Something in that face assured her that he was guilty, and she shuddered, though she had no power to resist the attraction that drew her to him and impelled her to lay her hand upon his arm.

Ashley shrank from her touch; their eyes met, and then, for the first time, the unhappy girl comprehended that she was nothing to him; that in that hour he recoiled from her as from one with whom she had nothing in common. Her hand dropped to her side, and she would have fallen had not an arm been outstretched to receive her sinking form.

Judge Ashley's voice arose loud and defiant in reply to the assertion of the audacious stranger.

"If such should prove the fact, is this a time to proclaim it, I ask you, sir? How dare you hurl such a blow as this at a defenceless woman, even if you had no consideration for her bride-groom? I will soon convince you that no other marriage can stand against the one which has just been celebrated, if you will come with me and confer in private on this affair."

"No," replied Hunter, with as much hauteur as the other evinced; "I will make no compromise in secret. The time for that has passed away, if such a thing could ever have been effected. I have made my assertion in the presence of this company, and I intend to prove it to their satisfaction at least. Here is a letter sent me by your son, in which he acknowledges Eva Weston, in the State of Connecticut, as his wife, and I have myself seen the record of this marriage, which took place on the eighteenth of July last. The union was clandestine, but the clergyman who united them can be brought forward as a witness to prove my assertions, if it is found necessary to do so."

Many curious eyes glanced over portions of the letter which Hunter held aloft, and those present who knew the handwriting of Leon Ashley recognized it at once. Judge Ashley stalked forward, apparently as unmoved as if made of iron; he took the letter, glanced over it with a curling lip, then a grey shadow crept over his stern face as he read.

When he finished, he turned to face his recreant son, but Leon disappeared, and Ernest Arden, the brother of the bride, stood in the place he had lately occupied, holding his fainting sister in his arms, with an expression of rage mingled with pity stamped upon his youthful features.

Ernest adored his sister; he had never believed that Leon Ashley was good enough for her, but he saw that her heart was set on him, and he acquiesced in her choice in the belief that she would never bestow her hand on any other. His spirit was high, his temper uncontrolled, and the burning insult which had been offered his beloved Grace he thought blood alone could expiate.

With this deadly feeling of animosity in his heart, he bore the insensible girl to her own room and laid her on her bed. Many friends would have crowded in after him, but he peremptorily commanded the old colored woman he found there to bolt the door and refuse admittance to every one.

Then, with stern gravity, he divested his sister of her bridal coronet and veil, took from her finger the ring with which those false vows had been cemented, and threw it far away with an expression of bitter loathing on his young face.

Leaving to the nurse the charge of restoring animation to the stricken girl, he looked on passively while she chafed her cold hands and applied stimulants to bring her back to life. At length the women burlesquely said:

"What for you stan' thar, as of you had lost yer senses, Marse Ernes? Why don' you help me to bring my poor young Mistis roun'?"

The young man gloomily replied:

"Because I could find it in my heart to wish that she may never recover to the wretchedness that must henceforth be her portion. My sister will be bitter off if she dies now, Aunt Hagar."

"Dat aint for you to judge," replied the woman, almost savagely. "What for you dar to talk dat way 'bout de sweetes' young Mistis as ever was? What can we do widout her, I'd like to know, an' what have happened down stars to bring her to dis? Whar's de bonny bridegroom what should be here by her side?"

"He is gone—but it matters not whither he flees—if it is even to the uttermost parts of the earth, I will pursue him till I find him, and bring him to account for his villainy."

These words were uttered with an expression of such intense rage and defiance as chilled the listener, and she shrank away from the steely glare of his light blue eyes. Another ear caught their hostile meaning, and a faint moan escaped the lips of Grace. Consciousness was returning, and after a pause she faintly said:

"Oh, Ernest, my brother, come to me! Lay your ear close to my lips, for you must hear and heed what I am going to say."

Arden sprang to her side, exclaiming:

"Grace, my precious sister, can you bear this? Will not the knowledge of his perfidy blight your life:"

"Is it true, then, and he has gone from me forever!" she wailed. "Oh, Ernest, I loved him so utterly—trusted him so implicitly—and this is my reward! What shall I do? what will become of me when I can see him no more!"

"You must forget him, Grace," whispered her brother. "Tear him from your heart, for he is unworthy of a regret."

Convulsive sobs burst from her breast, and she wrung her hands in helpless anguish as she moaned.

"It may be so, Erny, but I cannot console myself with that thought. I shall always love him—love him—love him as the one desire of my heart. Oh, my brother, it is a fearful thing to give up one's life to another as I have given mine to Leon. Seek him—help him to conceal himself—for he is in danger. Save him, if you would not see me die at your feet. I know this is weakness, but I cannot help it. Go for him; bring him face to face with me once more, that I may assure him of my forgiveness. Oh! he has been basely ensnared in some way; I know—I know he did not mean to wrong me. He did not know——"

Suddenly the memory of the look which had passed between herself and Ashley flashed on her memory, and she shivered, closed her eyes, and seemed about again to relapse into insensibility. All her weakness, all her misery pressed upon her heart, and she shrank and quivered as a child in pain.

Ernest bitterly replied:

"Ashley knows how to take very good care of himself, and this is the last place to which he shall come with my consent. Compose yourself as well as possible, Grace, and try and bear up against your sufferings. I must go down and see all those people below; it is a wretched ending to a merry-making, but we will prove to the world that we can bear even such a blow as this with true dignity. Have you not strength to do this, sister?—pride enough to cover the wound even if it pierces to a vital part?"

"I do not know—I cannot tell," she moaned. "My heart is broken, my pride crushed and never—never will I show my face in the world again. Don't let any of those gay young girls come to me. Shut out every one save yourself and Aunt Hagar; but promise me one thing, Earnest."

"If I can I will do so," he said, with some reserve.

"Oh! you must promise it, or I shall die outright. Do not seek to harm poor Leon. Remember he is my husband; that he was wedded to me by all the sacred ceremonies of the church. and even if another does stand between us, he is as much mine as hers. Yes, yes—I claim his plighted vows, and you must hold him sacred for my sake. Promise me that my Leon shall be safe from your anger."

In her excitement she raised herself, and attempted to grasp his hand; but he turned his face away, and coldly said:

"I will promise to do what is right, Grace; and when you are in a calmer frame of mind you will see that only one course is possible to me.

"Oh, God! what course is that? Ernest Arden, you will not dare to seek the blood of the man I love beyond my own existence, even if he has stabbed me to the heart! I can bear my grief—can live under his desertion, but the certainty that his precious life has been taken by you will destroy me. Oh! my brother, pity me, and spare me this last crowning anguish."

The fiery young man was for the time partially subdued by the evidences of her suffering, and he bitterly said:

"I will try to act as you would have me, Grace, but I am the descendant of men who never shrunk from defending the honor of their family. Ours has been touched in its most sensitive point, and yet you bid me stay my hand when every impulse of my nature bids me raise it against the man who has so bitterly wronged you."

She passionately replied:

"I can endure the wrong; in time I can ever forgive it, Ernest. I entreat you, seek not to avenge my wretched cause; leave my poor unfortunate Leon to Him who has emphatically said, 'Vengeance is mine!' You promise me this, brother?"

Before Arden could reply a sharp knock came upon the door, and a message was delivered to him informing him that Judge Ashley desired his presence in the library, whither he had gone with the stranger who had brought such fearful tidings to the house.

After a few hurried words to his sister, Ernest escaped from the room, and hastened to the interview.

(To be continued)

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"I dakes a little rest vonce in a vile, but not every day."

"Vy don't you dake a rest every day?"

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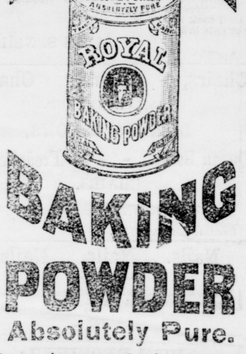

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Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

A very large and varied stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

which will be sold low for Cash.

March 18, 1885.

A CHANCE to secure a first-class Farm in the Red River Valley at $3.00 per acre is an opportunity for a profitable investment that a

WISE MAN never allows to pass; and during the past year a large number of actual settlers availed themselves of this liberal offer by the ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY CO.,

BOUGHT choice tracts, and commenced improvements. The Company has also many thousands of acres of choice lands, well adapted to Dairy, Live Stock and General Farming purposes, from which

A FARM can be selected that cannot be excelled in any STATE in the UNION.

FOR PARTICULARS, MAPS, ETC. WRITE TO

J. B. POWER, Land Com.

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R'y Co.

ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

'85 Spring and Summer, '85

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has now received his SPRING AND SUMMER stock consisting of

Cloths, Doeskins,

ENGLISH,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN

TWEEDS,

Diagonal and Corkscrew Coatings, in Plain and Fancy Colors.

Also a beautiful assortment of SPRING and SUMMER OVERCOATINGS. Likewise Scotch and English TROWSERINGS in Woollens and Worsteds, making the most complete Stock ever opened in the city. Please call and examine.

WM. JENNINGS.

Fredericton, March 18, 1885

ALWAYS READY

PAIN KILLER

TO Alleviate OUR PAINS AND ILLS.

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,

Whether Internal or External, Perry Davis' Pain Killer should have a place in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, on every Farm, and in every Household, ready for immediate use, not only for Accidents, Cuts, Bruises, etc., but for Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, sudden Colds, Chills, Neuralgia, etc., etc. Sold everywhere. Price, 20c, 25c and 50c per Bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited.

Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

Brushes and Brooms.

Just received from the Manufacturers:

1 CASE and 1 bundle Brushes—White Wash, Wall, Paint and Varnish. Also 20 doz. Brooms.

For sale low.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Oranges and Lemons.

JUST received Messina Oranges and Lemons. Very Cheap at

W. H. VANWART'S.

March 25

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

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.

JAMES W. McCREADY,

Attorney-at-Law,

Notary Public & Conveyancer,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Collections a specialty.

Office with JOHN BLACK, Esq., Queen St.

Fredericton, March 4, 1885

H. B. RAINSFORD,

Attorney & Barrister-at-Law,

Notary Public,

Carleton St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

LOANS NEGOTIATED.

April 9, 1884—1y

JOHN BLACK,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, ETC.

OFFICE: Queen Street, Fredericton,

Over W. U. Telegraph Office, directly opposite Post Office.

Loans negotiated Accounts collected.

Dr. R. McLEARN

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE, - - - QUEEN STREET,

Opp. Davis' Drug Store.

Residence, Queen Hotel

Fton, Feb. 4, 1885.

CITIZENS'

INSURANCE COMPANY!

Notice is hereby given that we have been appointed Agents of the above Company.

WETMORE & WINSLOW.

Fredericton, Dec. 30th, 1884—3mos

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arangement '85

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.35 p. m.
Quebec Express,	7.20 p. m.

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 in St. John.

Express from Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p. m.
Day Express,	7.20 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE.

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 1884

NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actua time.

COMMENCING OCTOBER 18th, 1884, Trains run as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.

8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.

3 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.

8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.

2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

7 25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

9 00 A. M.—From Fredericton for points West, North and South.

7 20 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVALS.

6 30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North

10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.

5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.

4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.

7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office.

Passengers for points north of Grand Falls will have to remain over at Grand Falls until next morning.

E. R. BURPEE, Gen'l Manager.

N. T. GREATHEAD, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B, October 18, 1884

1884 Christmas-New Year 1885

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

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 Phætons.

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. 10th, 1878

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

EBEN MILLER & CO

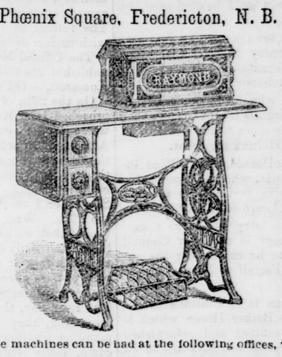
CALL AND SEE THE

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.

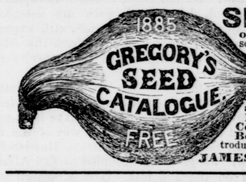
Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.

D. McCATHERIN,

Manager for Maritime Provinces

Address all communications P. O. Box 162, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1883



SEED Warranted to Grow.

or order refilled gratis. I have sold vegetable and flower seed to over a million farmers and gardeners in the United States, perhaps some are your neighbors. If so ask them whether they are reliable. Mr. Thomas Henshall of Troy, Kansas, writes me: "For 26 years I have dealt with you. I have lived in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, and Kansas, and no matter what the soil or climate, the result was always the same, to wit:—religiously honest and good." This is the kind of seed I raise and sell. The Hubbard and Marblehead Squash, Marblehead Corn, Marblehead Cabbages, Ohio Potato, Eclipse Beet, are some of the vegetables of which I was the original introducer. A Fair with $500 in premiums. See my catalogue, free to all.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, (Seed Grower), Marblehead. Mass

FAY CURRANT HEAD-QUARTERS.