Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VICTIM CAGED.

Ashley found Grace sitting at her drawing table, with her portfolio opened before her. She was quite alone, for the hour was an early one, and her new chaperon was accustomed to lie in bed till noon.

Miss Arden seemed to have reasoned herself into the belief that Larne and Leon Ashley could not be the same person, in spite of the wonderful resemblance between them, and on this morning she greeted him with the reticence due to their supposed recent acquaintance. Her manner reminded him of the Grace Arden of old, and he saw that her mind had partially reacted.

With the perfect tact of which he was master, Ashley conversed with her on many subjects which he knew possessed interest for her. He finally managed to approach her own recent trials without startling or unnerving her, and in reply to his apology for touching on so delicate a subject, she said:

"You do not seem to be a stranger to me, Mr. Larne. Your near relationship to the family of my unhappy husband appears to give you a right to speak on this subject, especially as I believe I asked you to talk with me of my lost Leon."

"Your husband, Miss Arden? Surely you do not recognize the validity of your marriage to my cousin?"

"Why should I not? In soul we were one, for I know that Leon loved me. I do not believe the assertion of that man was true. Nothing further has been heard from him, or from the person who pretended that Leon had married her. I never will believe that he could play so treacherous a part toward one who loved and trusted him as I did, Mr. Larne."

"But your brother, Miss Arden? Do you feel no resentment against poor Ashley for being the indirect cause of his death? I should think that would alienate you from him."

Grace impetuously asked:

"What right had my brother to inflict on me so incurable a wound as to attempt the life of the man in whom he knew my happiness was bound up? It is well for him that he evaded my approaches by committing suicide. When I think of my immolated Leon, I can scarcely forgive Ernest Arden, although he atoned for his crime by the sacrifice of his life."

"Are you quite sure that your brother lost his life by drowning? The wound he received in the encounter with Ashley might have caused his death, had he not subsequently thrown himself in the water. Have you never taken that view of the case?"

She coldly replied:

"I have been assured that the trifling wound found upon his person could not have caused his death; and I believe it. I am hard-hearted, perhaps; but the wretchedness poor Ernest inflicted on me has destroyed the sympathy I must otherwise have felt for his fate. I am afraid, that at times, I even resent his interference with what concerned me alone."

"He doubtless thought the honor of his family had received a wound which must be expiated. You should not judge your brother harshly for what was done in a moment of passion, Miss Arden."

Grace seemed scarcely to hear him. She had lapsed into reverie, and sat with her head supported upon her hand, her eyes fixed dreamily upon his face. At length she muttered:

"Oh, would he were the same—so like—so like is he that I could believe him my lost Leon and accept him as such; but he has other dreams; he loves Augusta."

Unconscious that she was expressing her thoughts aloud, Grace was startled when the subtle listener, who had managed to hear every word that fell from her lips, softly replied:

"I admire Miss Maitland's extraordinary beauty, but there are attractions far superior to mere physical charms. I have a sympathetic heart, Miss Arden, and it is deeply touched by your unmerited misfortunes. If I can console you—can help you to bear the burden that has been laid upon you, I shall be but too happy to do so. I had heard much of you before we met, and I have envied the happy man who was to win so much sweetness and goodness. Ah! if I dared hope that, in time, I might console you for your loss, I should be the most fortunate of men."

Grace faintly smiled and said:

"That sounds very much like a declaration of love, Mr. Larne."

"If you will receive it as such; if you will permit me to approach you in the character of a lover, I shall be most happy.

After a moment's pause Miss Arden earnestly said:

"I will tell you the simple truth, Mr. Larne. I am so strangely attracted toward you, that it seems impossible that you should have been an utter stranger to me till within the last few days. Till we met, I thought that every hope in life had closed on me: but now it is different. Hope has rekindled; the torpor in which my heart has lain for weeks past is broken and I am reckless enough to be willing to console myself for my late sufferings by plunging into a new attachment. It is very shameful—I know it is; but it is the truth."

"Then you still love me," he whispered.

"Your love has defied even death itself. Is it not so Grace? Your fine instinct has revealed to you what I feared to confess. Can you not guess my meaning—my love—my wife!"

While he thus spoke, the faint color which emotion had called to the features of the agitated girl, faded gradually away she uttered a faint cry, and sunk senseless in his arms.

She remained so long insensible that Larne began to fear she would never recover; he would not summon assistance, for he feared the revelation her first words might make to those around, and he bathed her pallid face with water till she again shewed signs of life.

At length she sat up, and looking wildly around her, said:

"I—I must have been dreaming. I thought Leon was here speaking such strange words to me. But I see now that it was only you, Mr. Larne. I feel very ill; pray call my maid to my assistance, and excuse me for dismissing you so abruptly.

Larne saw that her mind had received a violent shock, from which she must have time to recover, and he at once obeyed her wishes. She smiled faintly upon him as he withdrew, leaving him in doubt as to whether she had understood him or not.

When he returned to his own room he found a letter from his father, which had been laid upon his table in his absence. It contained these words:

ASHURST, August 13th, 18—

"Your draft informed me that you are still in this country; that you are at a place of public resort. Why have you risked so much by going to Cape May, where people are to be found from all parts of the Union? You may be recognized there, and brought to trial for the murder of Ernest Arden.

"Oh, wretched boy! but for that crime and the deception which followed it, you need not now abjure your native land and renounce your name. You could claim the woman I so earnestly desired to see your wife, and become a useful and honored citizen of your native State.

"But that now is impossible. Fraternal blood flows between you and Grace, which must sever you from her, though I now possess the proof that your marriage with her was legal. The other woman died half an hour before you gave your hand to Miss Arden, and but for that unfortunate duel, all might have been well.

"I have a letter from the madman who broke in upon us in so shameful a manner upon your bridal night, in which he informs me of the decease of your first wife and expresses the deepest contrition for the evil he has wrought. Alas! it cannot now be remedied.

"Grace left this neighborhood as soon as she was able to travel, in company with Mrs. Maitland, an old friend of her mother's; and they were to go to some point where she could have the benefit of sea-bathing. I have not seen her since that dreadful night, but I wrote to her a week since, and sent my letter to Mrs. Maitland's house, to be forwarded to her wherever she may be. I felt bound to inform her of the validity of her marriage so soon as it became known to myself; and I also felt that it was my duty to tell her the truth respecting yourself.

"By this time, she knows of the ruse we practised to enable you to escape; but the certainty on her part that she is legally bound to you can avail you nothing; for Grace Arden can never accept the murderer of her brother as her future protector, neither do I think she will ever marry any other man; but I was not the less bound to show her the actual position in which she is placed, and you can depend on her to keep your secret.

"I send you an order for the money, which you must use to get away from the dangers that environ you. Your daughter is by this time on her way to me, accompanied by a person who is competent to take charge of her.

"Oh, my boy—my boy! you have broken my heart, but I cannot utterly give you up. Since I heard from Hunter, my feelings toward you have relented, and if you had not destroyed that poor lad, we might all have been happy together yet.

"Leave this country without further delay, for I am wretched at the thought of what may happen any day. If men should discover that I have lent myself to such a shamful fraud to evade the penalty my son has incurred, I could never again lift my head in the light of day."

There was no signature, but none was needed. The draft on Judge Ashley's banker in Baltimore for several thousand dollars, sufficiently proved its authorship, even if its contents had not done so.—With a smile of satisfaction, Larne secured the check, and then tore the letter into minute fragments, which he burned on the hearth by the aid of a lucifer match.

He then sat down to ruminate on his prospects, and calculated how long it would be before the letter addressed to Mrs. Maitland's residence would reach Grace Arden. A week before his own had been written that one was dispatched and it might have reached the Cape by the same mail which brought his own.

We have only to return to the apartment of Grace to see that his conjecture was right.

When she awoke from the disturbed slumber into which she fell after Larne left her, she found the letter of Judge Ashley on a stand beside her bed.

She was still so weak that she invariably sunk into sleep after any unusual excitement, and even the bewildering confession which came back dimly to her mind when her fainting fit was over, had not power to keep her awake, though she struggled to regain the clue to the mystery which evidently existed.

But when she awoke refreshed by her sleep. she distinctly recalled what Larne had said, and she started up in irrepressible excitement exclaiming:

"It was Leon! He as good as admitted it himself. I see it clearly enough now, though I could not do so when I first recovered from that foolish fainting fit. Why do I lose all self-control so easily? I am too weak—too weak!"

Her eyes fell upon the letter, and she snatched it up with a faint cry:

"From Judge Ashley! What can he have to say to me? He must know that his son yet lives! Yes, yes—I am certain of it now! Leon sat beside me—held my hand—spoke tender words to me to-day! Oh, yes—I know it was my love—my own—own Leon! But what can his father have to say to me on that subject, I wonder."

With trembling fingers she broke the seal and with dilating eyes, and kindling cheeks, read the following words:

ASHURST, Aug. 7th 18—.

"MY DEAR GRACE:—I have not seen you since that terrible night on which the happiness of your life, and the cherished hope of mine, were so sadly wrecked.

"When I relate to you all that has since happened beneath my roof, you see that I could not leave home for several days; and then the dispair that tugged at my heartstrings brought me almost to the brink of the grave.

"Oh! my daughter, we have both suffered most bitterly; but you are young, and you will in time recover from the sad blow that has fallen on you. But my gray hairs are brought low by the disgrace my son has inflicted on himself, and the anguish with which his conduct has filled my heart

"But I will not sadden you, nor fill up my letter with complaints, for I have much to say in which you are vitally interested.

"You are aware that on that night a meeting took place between your brother and my son, which was supposed to have ended fatally to both.

"It was not so, Grace. Poor Ernest perished by drowning, for Leon denies that he died by his hand, though, alas! I cannot conceal from myself that but for the wound he gave him, the poor lad had never met so sad a fate.

"My son was not injured in the encounter with your brother; he took refuge at Ashurst; I concealed him, defrauded justice of its victim, and by a sham funeral led the world to believe that Leon also had perished.

"I could not give him up to disgrace, perhaps to death; for I then believed him liable to prosecution for both bigamy and manslaughter. As there was no witness to the encounter between Ernest and himself, there could have been no proof to reput the strong presumptive evidence that your brother came to his death by Leon Ashley's hand.

"Believing this, I sent my son forth to take refuge in a foreign land under another name. He assumed that of a cousin from St. Croix, who recently died, and the striking resemblance between himself and Leon Larne will enable him to pass for him without difficulty."

The reader here paused, and in extreme excitement muttered:

"How could I have been so blind as not to know him at once? The very tones of his voice, ringing as they did through my inmost soul, should have revealed his identity to me. Oh, Leon, Leon, come to me—confide in me, and I will forgive all—all. Yet what avails it, when that woman stands between us as an unpassable shadow, forbidding our happiness! Oh, God! forgive me for so wildly loving a man who is pledged to another: yet I cannot—cannot help it."

After a bitter struggle with herself, Grace resumed the perusal of her letter:

"And now, Grace, comes the most singular part of the story.

"I feel bound to tell you that you are no longer free to act as you please with reference to any future choice you may make. The madman who broke in on us on your bridal night might have spared his fatal revelation, for oh, my child! at that hour the girl my poor boy had been invigled into marrying, lay dead.

"Yes—dead, Grace; and the bond which binds you to Leon Ashley is perfectly legal. Yet, after all that has happened, I could wish it were not so, for I, the father of your husband, tell you that he is utterly unworthy of you; and if he ventures to seek you under his assumed name, and urge you to accompany him in his flight, do not be induced to consent.

"I entreat, as you value your happiness, do not go with Leon, for he will break your heart, and blight your life, my poor girl. He is unworthy of trust, and I warn you against him for I cannot help believing that he is lingering in this county in the hope that he may obtain forgiveness from you the companion of his exile.

"Oh! my child, refuse to listen to him—to see him, ever—as you value the repose of your future life.

"Your afflicted friend,

RUPERT ASHLEY."

Grace sank on her knees, and her lips moved in prayer, while a shower of tears streamed over her face When she arose she again read over the letter of Judge Ashley, and at its close exclaimed, almost contemptuously:

"Repose! what do I care for that, if it must be purchased by relinquishing the wine of life? Judge Ashley writes to me as if I were an automaton, and not a loving, suffering woman, from whose life the clouds are rolling—letting the sunshine of hope fall upon my lately desolate heart. Leon is my lawful husband, thank God! He has the right to bid me follow him to the uttermost parts of the earth, and I am ready to obey him. If he has faults, I will close my eyes to them. I will cast into oblivion the detested thought that his hand has been raised against the life of my brother. But he did not take it; no, no, poor Ernest died by his own will, and not by the act of the man I so fondly love. God would never send such a misfortune as that to me."

She seemed endued with renewed strength, and she paced the floor with a glow of happiness prevading her whole being. When Grace recovered from her excitement sufficiently to write, she sat down and dashed off the following lines to Leon, in which she enclosed Judge Ashley's letter:

"The enclosed will shew you that the clue to your strange words this morning, is gained. I partially understood them then, and that is why I lost all consciousness; but when I regained my senses they were so confused that I could not clearly remember what had made me ill.

"Come to me, Leon; explain the circumstances of the first marriage, and your voyage to Europe my not be companionless. Oh, Leon! if I can console you for all you have relinquished; if I can only become the true sharer of your life, no sacrifice on my part will be too great.

"Come to me, my love, my chosen one, in the assurance that I will cling to you, though all others should forsake you.

Your devoted GRACE."

This missive was carefully sealed and dispatched by a waiter with strict orders to deliver it into the hands of Mr. Larne himself.

Then Grace arranged her toilette carefully, and went into her parlor to await the result in palpitating expectation. Half an hour passed away, which to the excited girl seemed an age, and then a step which sounded as music in her ears was heard approaching. The tread was eager, and she felt the happy assurance that it was winged by love as pure and unselfish as she cherished for him. Alas! for the trusting heart of poor Grace!

In another instant Ashley was in the room; he closed the door carefully behind him, and then rushed toward the trembling being who had risen on his entrance, but looked as if life was about to desert her frame. He clasped her in his arms, exclaiming:

"Grace—my love, my faithful one! Mine at last—mine through your noble trust in me! how shall I ever repay you for you goodness in this wretched crisis of my fate."

"Only love me, Leon; cherish me as your heart's darling, and I shall regret the sacrifice of home and country which I am ready to make for your sake," she whispered.

Ashley placed her on a sofa and sat beside her, sustaining her trembling form in his arms, and at that moment he did feel that his late conduct toward Augusta Maitland was base and unmanly.

To one or the other of these women he must prove a terrible fate, but just now he did not ask himself which would become the sacrifice to his future caprices. To him woman was but a toy to amuse himself with as long as she interested him, and then to be cast aside as recklessly as we trample a faded flower under foot.

A fatal egotist was Leon Ashley, who permitted no obstacle to stand in the way of his own gratification. He was also a consummate actor, and he now gave such a version of his entanglement with Eva Watson as induced his willing dupe to believe that he regarded himself as free to give her his hand at the time of their union.

What mattered it how many falsehoods he told her, since she would never be able to bring them home to him? Once in Europe, he had no intention of ever returning to his native land, and there the hapless girl who was ready to throw her fate in his power, could be crushed into submission if she could discover how unworthy he was of the crown of love she had placed upon his recreant brow.

Ashley's only care for the present was to deceive Grace completely, until her person and her fortune were under his control. That accomplished, he saw no bar to the accomplishment of the plans he had partially unveiled to Augusta Maitland.

At length Grace asked:

"How are we to evade the lady in whose care I am left? We must loose no time in embarking for Europe, for I tremble at the thought that you may be recognized and arrested. I absolve you from the guilt of my brother's death, but the law may not be so lenient, and your father thinks you are in danger here. After the scene which took place on the night of our marriage, even if this charge was dismissed, we could never return to Arden Place to live; so let us settle our plans for as speedy a departure as possible."

With apparent hesitation he replied:

"I am afraid that the only plan which has occurred to me may not meet your approbation, Grace."

"Let me hear it, at all events. In the strait we are in we must not hesitate about adopting any feasable means of getting away from this country without incurring a suspicion of your identity with Leon Ashley."

"My proposal will involve humiliation to your pride, my love, and—and I fear to develop my thought."

"I entreat that you will speak, Leon. Why should I shrink from humiliation if it is borne for your sake."

"If that is your feeling, I will be perfectly frank with you. We must make good our escape before the return of those prying Maitlands, or my incognito will surely be betrayed. Elope with me to-morrow night, and we will be united again, go at once to Baltimore and take a steamer bound for Havre. We can be on our way to France before Mrs. Maitland and her daughter return to this place."

Grace calmly replied:

"The world here will say that I have been easily consoled for the loss of my first love; but why should I care about the opinion of people I shall never again be thrown upon? Let it be as you have said, Leon. I will be in readiness to accompany you to-morrow night; and I will write at once to your father, and inform him what we have decided on. I will, at the same time, request him to take on himself the management of my pecuniary affairs, that the income arising from my estates may be transmitted to us in Europe without trouble."

"My love, you think of everything; but I shall not be dependent on you, Grace. My father has promised me a liberal allowance."

She smiled faintly as she replied:

"I am now a great heiress, Leon, and what I possess is yours to enjoy as you please. It renders me happy to think I can endow you with wealth, even if your father should take offence at my not following his advice, and cast you off. Ah! how can he suppose that I would consent to give up one so dear to me as you are. I am too happy in the reunion which has taken place."

"And I, too, love. I determined from the first to see you before I left my native land, and, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation between us. I am very happy in the prospect of our reunion, Grace: and I promise to be true and tender to you throughout your life."

A few more tender words passed between them, and then Ashley arose to leave her, saying:

"I must loose no time in setting about my preparations for our departure. I shall telegraph to Baltimore to have a passage engaged for us on any European steamer that is on the eve of departure. This is Tuesday; by Thursday night we will be upon our voyage."

"And—and about the second ceremony of marriage. What arrangement will you make for that?"

"We have already been united once by the rites of your church, and no other marriage will have any significance to you. We will stop at some village on the way, as a runaway couple, get a magistrate to go through with the form again, and I will have an account of our elopement published and sent hither, to stop the idle tongues, that will canvass us without mercy. When once assured that we are actually married, their interest in us will die out, and some newer, theme of gossip be found."

"But what will Augusta think? She evidently believes that you were much struck by her charms."

"It matters little to us what her thoughts may be. Miss Maitland is an accomplished flirt, and she will only find that she has been foiled at her own game. We will not trouble ourselves about her."

There was something half contemptuous in his tones which effectually set at rest any suspicions Grace might have felt that the speaker was tenderly interested in Miss Maitland.

Her own presence at Cape May was, she firmly believed, the attractions that drew him hither; and in a blissful trance of happiness she threw herself upon her couch, after his departure, to realize the fact that Leon was restored to her in life and health; that within the next forty-eight hours she would be on her way to Europe with him, to become the companion of his joys and sorrows—the brightener of his expatriated existence.

Ecstacy thrilled through every nerve of her sensitive frame, and every memory of wrong or anguish was sedulously thrust aside that her sweet dream of perfect love might be shadowless as her trust was pure. Her dead brother lay too peacefully in his lonely grave to permit his phantom to arise before her in that hour of happy delusion.

Ah! he would bide his time, and when the sweetness of the intoxicating draft she pressed to her lips was gone—when pale distrust in the object of her idolatry swept ever at her side—when indifference and neglect had done their work—then would arise that brother's bleeding corpse to mock her wretchedness, till heart and brain were shattered in one common ruin.

Ashley spent as much of his time as possible in the society of Grace, and he spared no efforts to induce her to believe that he adored her—that the hope of a reunion with her had induced him to brave the danger of appearing at a public watering place.

His arrangements for their departure were rapidly and skilfully made. The man who had been engaged as the personal attendant of Grace was bribed to accompany her and witness their marriage. The girl entered with zeal into their plans, and promised that on their arrival in Baltimore she would induce a cousin of her own, who lived there, to accompany the bride to Europe as her maid.

On the next night, after Mrs. Letton was buried in sleep, Grace stole from her room, accompanied by Betty, and after walking a short distance from the hotel they were joined by Ashley, who led the way to the carriage he had in waiting.

That night journey was made by Grace in a whirl of feeling which deprived her of all power of thought. She only knew that she was blissfully happy, sitting beside her lover, listening to the tender words he breathed into her ears as her head rested on his shoulder.

Soon after daylight they stopped to get breakfast in a picturesque village; but before the meal was served, the party appeared in the office of the only magistrate in the place, and after a brief form of words, were again declared husband and wife.

On the following day they reached Baltimore, and took possession of the rooms which had been secured for them in one of the best hotels. The steamer on which they were to leave, would not set out before Saturday morning, and the intervening time was spent by the newly wedded pair in complete privacy. Ashley was afraid that he might be recognized so near his own home, and he did not venture to go out during the day.

The new attendant was engaged, and on Friday evening Betty set out on her return to Cape May to astonish every one there by the news that she had witnessed the marriage of the eccentric Miss Arden with a man she had known but four days.

On the following morning Ashley and his wife were safely transferred to the Neptune, and they sailed away from the shores they never expected again to behold.

Grace cared little for that. She was supremely happy in the sacrifice she had made for the sake of the man she so desperately loved. Ashley was also in a sunny mood, for he had secured an immense fortune with his wife, and her extreme delicacy of constitution, and the erratic tendency of her mind, assured him that either physical or mental death would release him from his bonds in time to fulfil the iniquitous contract he had made with Augusta Maitland.

He was a little troubled as to how the latter might receive the news of his marriage with another; but he had left behind him an explanatory letter in the hands of a friend who had pledged his word to deliver it into Miss Maitland's own hands, and he believed he understood her well enough to be sure that she would keep his secret, and remain true to the pledge she had given him.

In that letter he had avowed his identity with Leon Ashley, and showed her how impossible it was for him to evade his first union. Since the marriage with Grace Arden was valid, he was not free to give his hand to another, and the safest course for him way to avail himself of the forgiving spirit of his wife, and thus secure the large fortune with which she would endow him.

He did not scruple to assure Augusta that affection for poor Grace had nothing to do with his course of action; that he felt assured she could not long remain a clog upon his path, and by the time the stipulated two years had rolled away, he declared that he felt convinced that he should be free to follow the bent of his own inclinations.

Their intercourse by letter could be constantly kept up, and if Grace refused to die, or lost her reason before the expiration of the time agreed on, Ashley pledged himself either to release Augusta from her promise to himself, or to obtain a divorce and claim her hand.

The shock of hearing of his marriage was scarcely broken to Augusta by the reception of this letter, and it was many days before she forgave the deception he had practised upon her. But she was passionately in love with him; destitute of principle, and dazzled by the visions of future splendor he had been at such pains to set before her, she finally clutched her secret to her heart and resolved to await Ashley's own time to claim her. Yes—she would be his—would revel with him in the wealth poor Grace could give him, and forget his present treachery in the fruition of the brilliant future.

(To be continued)

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March 18, 1885.

HATS AND CAPS.

Spring and Summer.

FRANCIS DOHERTY

HAS NOW IN STOCK THE

Finest Assortment

—OF—

HATS and CAPS

ever seen in the City.

CALL AND EXAMINE

Prices to suit the times.

Fredericton, April 7, 1885

HELP WANTED. 1 Agent wanted in every place to sell our new goods. Big pay 40 samples only 10c. None Free. Cut this out. ACME NOVELTY CO., Clintonville, Conn

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

ENGLISH BOOTS

Just Received:

Gent's hand made Calf Congress;
Gent's do. Balmorals;
Ladies' Glove Kid Congress;
Do. do. Balmorals;

and a large variety of

CHILDREN'S

BOOTS and SLIPPERS.

These are Genuine English Goods, are very fine in quality and will wear A 1.

J. B. McAlpine,

NEXT ABOVE C. H. THOMAS & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

March 18, 1885.

New Carpet Store

IN FULL BLAST!

Largest Stock, Newest Patterns, and Lowest Prices in the City.

ABOUT 5000 yards of Carpeting, all kinds, personally selected from the best Manufacturers.

Also a fine stock of Tapestry Bed Covers; White, Honey Comb and Turkey Checked Toilet Quilts;
Tapestry and Lace Curtains;
Towelings, Table Linen and Table Covers;
Upholstry Materials in Hair Cloth, Raw Silks, Tapestry and Jute coverings;
Hessian, Gimp, Buttons, Twine, Excelsior, Tow, &c.

J. G. McNALLY.

Fredericton, May 20, 1885

JAS. D. FOWLER'S

Is the cheapest place in the city to buy

Gold and Silver Watches

GEM RINGS,
SIGNET RINGS,
SCARF PINS.

Elegant Gold suits of Jewellery, Fine Gold Necklets and Lockets, Rolled Plate Silver and Jet Jewellery.

The finest stock in the city of

SILVERWARE

All new patterns, in

Tea Setts, Pickle Jars, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Jewel Cases, Toilet Stands, etc.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere

JAS. D. FOWLER,

Successor to John Babbitt,

Opp. New Post Office, Queen Street.

Fredericton Dec 12

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.

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

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

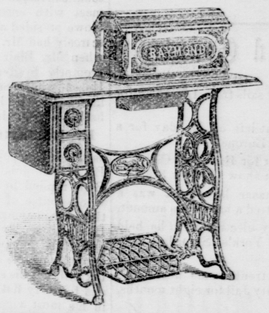
CALL AND SEE THE

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 Scotia.

D. McCATHERIN,

Manager for Maritime Provinces

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

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH

FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

R COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS

SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS,
PIANO BOX,
TOP PHÆTONS,
WAGON CONCORDS,
GENERAL GRANDS

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS,	DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA,	DROPSY,
INDIGESTION,	FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE,	ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS,	DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
SALT RHEUM,	
HEARTBURN,	
HEADACHE,	

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO

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

KNABE

PIANO-FORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN

Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Just Received and in Stock:

25 HOGSHEADS, Tierces and Barrels