Poetry.

Very True, So May You.

Young man, you say you want a wife,
To bless your home and cheer your life,
A woman true in every way,
Who does her duty every day,
Whose love is strong and good and pure,
A love that wins and holds secure,
A wife that will not scold and fret
And make you wish you ne'er had met,
Whose presence is a shining light,
Whose counsel guides and keeps you right,
Who tries to please in little things,
And to your home rare comfort brings,
A woman who knows how to mind
Her own business, that's the kind;
Who loves her home and stays right there
And does not run 'round everywhere
To gossip and to idly chat
And tell the neighbors this or that.
Who, when your troubled, cheers you up;
And sweetens every bitter cup;
Who, when you're sick, will nurse you through
as only loving hands can do.
Young man, take my advice in this,
If you're in search of perfect bliss,
In weighing girls, see that you place
Good sense 'gainst beauty, wealth or grace.
My friend, you think that you are wise,
But some shrewd girl may shut you eyes.
You think you know just what you need,
But your impressions may mislead,
For other men have thought so, too,
But they got fooled and so may you.

Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DIE IS CAST.

After much pressing, Judge Ashley had consented to spend Christmas week at the house of Mr. Morse, an old friend who resided in the adjoining county.

During those two months of seclusion the glamour of Mrs. Wilde's smiles was working its spell in the desolate heart of the solitary old man, who vainly tried to take counsel of his pride. He vainly said to himself that he could never commit the same folly for which he had so severely punished his children; that this woman should be nothing more to him than she now was.

But his ears grew hungry for the sound of her voice, his eyes ached for another sight of her charming face, and he looked around his solitary room, bitterly contrasting it with what it might be if the bright creature who had so bewitched him would only smile on him from the opposite side of the fire-place. Many times he almost yielded to the temptation to grasp such happiness as remained for the brief span of life left to him, regardless of what the world might say; but he finally concluded to try the effect of absence first, so he accepted Mr. Morse's invitation.

On the last evening of his stay at home, Judge Ashley suddenly took the resolution to see Mrs. Wilde and bid her farewell. Without pausing to decide on the prudence of the step, he threw on his coat and hat, and made his way through a slight fall of snow toward the eastern wing of the building. When he knocked at the door she was quite alone, for Winny had gone to the kitchen to get her supper. Mrs. Wilde opened the door herself, with an expression of surprise upon her face, though she had heard the step that crunched the falling snow, and she knew perfectly well that the long penance the Judge had imposed on himself was about to be broken, and perhaps an apology for his late neglect be offered.

She threw wide the door, exclaiming:

"Is it possible! have I the honor to welcome my master to my own apartment? Oh, sir, what would the servants say if they discover this visit?"

He came in, closed the door, and hurriedly said:

"I care not what they or any one else may say. Do not call me your master, Mrs. Wilde, for more as your slave do I come hither to ask you to forgive the churlishness with which I have lately treated you. I acted as I did for your sake; but now I break through my self-imposed regulations for my own. I am going away to-morrow, to be absent for two weeks, and I could not leave home without bidding farewell to yourself and little Bessie."

"Pray sit down, sir, and let us talk quietly a few minutes. I understood and appreciated the motives which actuated you, and I thank you for the consideration for me you have shown. I submitted to your decision, because I felt that there was danger to me in more ways than one if our acquaintance progressed further."

A faint flush came to her rounded cheek and her lovely eyes fell to the floor: the Judge saw her fluctuating color with a wild hope that made his chilled heart bound with rapture. He asked:

"What can you mean? what other danger could menace you from occasionally meeting me?"

She softly replied:

"One danger was from the tongues of others; the other, from the weakness of my own heart. Alas! why should so forlorn a being as I am appreciate nobility of soul and seek to claim kindred with it? Had I been daily thrown with you—had I listened to the wisdom tempered by kindness which flows from your lips, my poor heart must have forgotten the difference of station—of years—everything that should have whispered to my pride to be upon its guard against such excellence as I know you to possess."

The Judge sunk into the seat she placed before the glowing fire, quite overwhelmed by this sweet flattery; but its very excess partially recalled him to his sober senses, and he presently said:

"Then the course I took was best for both of us. Do not imagine, my child, that I underrate the great compliment you have paid me; but I think you magnify the danger to yourself from frequent association with as old a person as I am."

He regarded her keenly, in the hope, perhaps, that she would contradict him; but Mrs. Wilde only smiled frankly, and with apparent simplicity, said:

"Perhaps I do, sir. You know best, and I am willing to submit to your superior wisdom."

Judge Ashley bit his lip, looked inquiringly into the fair face turned deferentially toward himself, and after a discontented pause replied:

"I do indeed think that you imagine dangers which never existed. We have both been too squeamish, Mrs. Wilde; we have sacrificed many pleasant hours of social converse to a chimera that is as absurd as it is groundless. When I return to Ashurst we will occasionally meet in the library as I before proposed, and sometimes I will come hither to visit my grand daughter. Shall it not be so?"

"I have no will but yours, sir," was the meek reply. "It is yours to command, and mine to obey, and what you think right must be so."

He half smiled.

"I wonder if you would be as submissive if power were placed in your hands."

"I cannot say, sir. Prosperity might change my nature, as it does that of so many others; I might become overbearing and dictatorial under different circumstances, but there is little danger that I shall ever have the trial. Misfortune was my birthright, and I cannot escape it if I would."

The soft melancholy of her tones moved him deeply, and he gently replied:

"No my child—grade and beauty were the gifts bestowed upon you by your fairy god-mother at the hour of your birth, and you should not repine that the mere dross of earth was withheld. Within yourself you possess a fine sense of enjoyment which all my wealth, twice told, could never purchase, so thank God for the dower he has given you."

"All that may be true enough, sir; but still it is not pleasant to be dependent on the caprice of others for all the enjoyment one has. My life of late has narrowed down to such a mere animal existence, that I almost begin to weary of it."

"I hope you have not thought of changing it?" he quickly asked.

"It may come to that yet, sir. The strong attachment I feel for little Bessie may yield to the temptation to seek some sort of companionship. I am so lonely sometimes that I feel as if I must run away to find some one to talk with who can understand me."

"But you have books."

"Books are not to me what they are to you, sir. I crave something near me that possesses human interest. The baby is too young for anything but caress; the blacks too far removed from me for association, and you have cast me from you as unfit to approach one so much elevated above me."

Tears were in her eloquent eyes, and her voice took a plaintive tone as she thus summed up the catalogue of her grievances, and the listener spoke with the impetuosity of a much younger man:

"My dear Mrs. Wilde, do not accuse me of such presumption as that. A lady of refinement and education like yourself, is the equal of the best in the land. You shall no longer suffer from loneliness. I promise you that when I return here I will see what can be done. I am sorry that I am compelled to go just now, but the visit has been promised, and I cannot now evade it."

She sadly replied:

"You will meet old friends and renew old ties. In their charming society you will forget the lonely woman who sits in this silent room hour by hour thinking of the joyful homes others have, and vainly trying to reconcile herself to the loveless and laborious lot Fate seems to have given her."

The Judge replied with some emotion:

"I have few friends left, and no ties that are now precious to me. I am as a tree scathed by lightning, and stripped of all its branches. If a new spring comes to my heart, it will not be through the ministrations of those I now seek, but through one I believe Providence has thrown upon my path to become the joy and solace of my remaining days. Good-bye, Mrs. Wilde; kiss my grand daughter for me, and keep up your spirits while I am away. Look forward to something better in the future, for I promise you that life shall wear a brighter aspect to you when I again return to Ashurst."

She arose as he did; held out her little soft hand, the palm of which was of the rosy tint of the sea shell's lip; Judge Ashley took it in his own, half raised it to his lips, and then suddenly dropped it as if afraid to betray the half formed purpose which struggled with the dying throes of his pride.

When he left the room, and the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, Mrs. Wilde crouched down beside the fire with an expression of triumph upon her rosy lips, which muttered:

"If he only comes back in the same mind, my schemes may—nay, they will, come to bear. But who knows what change may come over him while he is gone among those grand people?"

A faint cloud gathered on her smooth brow, but it was soon cast aside, and her imaginations revelled in the future she conjured up before her as the beloved mistress of Ashurst; the young wife of a doting old man who would have no will but hers.

Judge Ashley went on his visit. He met at Mr. Morse's a small party of elderly people, many of them cotemporaries of his own. The most of them were weary of life, and disappointed in its results as much as he himself was. Their conversation only saddened him, for there was none of the freshness of life or hope to be found in their discourse.

He soon discovered the motive which had induced Mr. Morse to insist on this christmas visit. Now his son was believed to be dead, his friends again thought that a second marriage might render his life less dreary that it was, so he was lured to Moss Side to be introduced to a lady of suitable age, who, it was thought, would make him an excellent wife.

Mrs. Perry was the widow of a wealthy planter, with no children to encumber her, and Mr. Morse tried to persuade Judge Ashley that she was the very person to suit him as a second choice.

He looked at the lady critically, and found nothing to charm him. She was a small, insignificant looking woman, with pale blue eyes, and a flaxen front elaborately curled. He contrasted her with the vivid, glowing creature he had left behind him, and his heart at once vetoed the proposal his friend wished him to make.

To the pressing inquiry of Mr. Morse as to what he thought of Mrs. Perry, Judge Ashley replied:

"I do not think of Mrs. Perry any more than she does of me. She cares for nothing on earth but her own comfort, and the arrangement of those flaxen ringlets that hang over her yellow forehead, like youth caressing age. Oh no, Morse; if I am induced to marry again, I will at least get a wife that suits my taste."

"I shall consider you wise to marry again, Ashley, provided you make a suitable choice; but from you words, I presume that only a young woman will suit your fancy."

"Perhaps so," was the curt response; "but this is my own affair; and I shall certainly not accept a wife of any other person's choosing."

Mr. Morse said no more. He was not aware of the presence of the captivating Mrs. Wilde at Ashurst, or he might have spoken his mind more freely. He wished his old friend to brighten his solitary life by installing a new mistress in his lonely home, but he chose one after the sober fashion of his years and station, unconscious that the silver-haired man before him was in the midst of his first romance; that he was ready to sacrifice even the demon of his pride to possess the charming piece of mortality who had fascinated every faculty he possessed; who held him captive in chains that thrilled him with pleasure, although they hourly tightened their hold upon him.

"I will go back and marry my darling at once," he thought. "What is the opinion of these people to me? It can neither make nor mar my happiness.—They would persuade me to give my hand to that dog-faced woman yonder, with her false hair and false teeth; with a smile as artificial as her heart is cold. Morse would make a conventional marriage for us, and then leave us both to drowse away our lives until we fall into the grave.

"No, sir; I can do better for myself than that. I will take to my heart that desolate creature, who was not above laboring honestly for her bread, and with her quaff the wine of life the Gods will send me in such a union as that. I will give her station, fortune, home, and she will bestow on me love, obedience, happiness. A fair exchange, by Heaven! and it shall be made!"

Firm in this resolution, Judge Ashley returned home to find the object of his idolatry ill in bed, suffering from fever consequent on a severe cold. No physician had been summoned, and Mrs. Wilde insisted that there was no need of one, but the alarm of the old man was so great that he immediately despatched a servant for Dr. Manton, ordered a woman from the quarter, who had a young child, to come up to the house and take charge of Bessie, and established the plantation nurse by the side of the invalid.

Many times in the course of the day he would come to the door under the pretext of inquiring if the baby fretted for her nurse, but really to ascertain how Mrs. Wilde was. The child did well enough, but her mother grew steadily worse, and on the second day after Judge Ashley's return, she was reported to him as being quite delirious.

"She will not know me," he thought, "and I will go to her bedside for a few moments, and ascertain her condition for myself."

How little could he have dreamed that the delirium was partially stmulated to bring about that very result. Mrs. Wilde was just in that condition in which the tongue will utter any wild fancy that enters the brain if the curb of reason is not at once applied. She was conscious that she yet possessed this power over herself, but she did not choose to use it; her purpose would be better answered by giving the reins to her tongue if Judge Ashley should decide to visit her himself.

When he entered the sick room, she was lying with her eyes half closed, and the flush of fever on her cheeks. He stood an instant looking down at her, thinking how very pretty she was, even in illness, when her wild, startled looking eyes suddenly opened, and she asked:

"Who is that? What benign face is looking down upon me so compassionately? Oh! I need sympathy so much—so much. My life is so sad—my days so dreary. Oh! beneficent Creator, take me to thyself, or give me another heart to bear on, for I can no longer stand alone—alone!"

The repetition of the last word sunk away in a dreary whisper, and again the eyes closed, as if tired of looking out upon the world.

The Judge stooped over, and called her by her name, in a voice of deep tenderness.

"Margaret, my daisy, my pearl, strive to regain your health for my sake, and you shall no longer be lonely. You shall be my child-wife; the brightener of my life; the joy of my heart. Only get well, my precious one, that I may strive to make you happy."

She lifted her long eyelashes slowly, and asked:

"Who talks of happiness? Alas! it is not for me. The remorseless sea swallowed up all I loved—father—husband—all—all!" and the small hands were thrown upward with a wailing cry that went to the heart of the listener.

He again bent down, and whispered:

"I speak of happiness, my Margaret. "Only live and love me, and I shall be so happy myself that I must make you so."

Her eyes rested on him with a bewildered expression, but gradually the light of reason seemed to rekindle in them, and she quietly said:

"Judge Ashley! you here! How shall I thank you for this condescension?"

He took the hands which still burned with fever, in his own, and gravely said:

"You can understand me now, Margaret. Hasten to get well, to become everything to me. My love, my wife, I claim the right from this time forth to cherish and pet you as the darling of my old age. Speak—tell me now, will you—can you love me in return for all that I can bestow upon you?"

Mrs. Wilde faintly, but sweetly, replied:

"Affection is above all price; but such as I have to bestow is already yours, generous, noble hearted man. But I am too weak to talk much, and my mind already begins to escape me again."

The Judge had stolen in during the temporary absence of the nurse, and her return at this crisis put an end to the conversation. Janet appeared very much surprised to find her master in the sick room, but he immediately retired, after saying:

"I was passing, and called in to see how Mrs. Wilde was getting on. She seems very ill, Janet, and I hope you will neglect nothing that can be done to restore her. The poor baby must suffer from her long separation from her."

The woman regarded him suspiciously as she replied:

"De Nuss is doin' well 'nuff, sar. Eff she'll mind de doctor, she'll soon be about again, but she 'fuses to take mor'n half his truck. As to de chile, I warrant Leeny will do as good a part by her as de white 'oman did. You needn't be a comin' in here to look arter my charge, marster, for I know al about what's to be did for her, so thar now."

The judge knew from experience that the tongue of old Janet was not to be braved with impunity, so he hurried away with the resolution strong in his heart to place his new idol on a pedestal which would lift her above the impertinence of his own servants.

The days wore away drearily enough till Mrs. Wilde was pronounced convalescent. At length she sat up, and received the judge in the most charming dishabille: but the calls he made were brief and stiff enough, for in the adjoining room was always the colored nurse and the child, and the door between the two apartments invariably stood open.

Judge Ashley longed for the time to come when she would be strong enough to leave her room; but the weather was cold and damp, and the physician had positively forbidden her to walk out before Spring fairly opened.

Judge Ashley showed his interest in the convalescent by sending to Baltimore for every delicacy that could tempt her sick appetite; and fruits and fine wines were lavished on her with a profusion that made the servants stare, and surmise among themselves that——

"Marster had lost his head, an' was a goin' to make a fool o' hisself sho."

Mrs. Wilde casually betrayed that she played on the guitar, and in a short time a fine-toned instrument, with a package of music, came to her. The latest papers and magazines were ordered for her use, and new novels were regularly sent from a large publishing-house.

The venerable wooer endeavored by these graceful attentions to win for himself a place in her gratitude, if not in her heart.

But now the high position she had so artfully played for was within her grasp, a strange hesitation seemed to come over her. The spirit of coquetry must have been very strong within Mrs. Wilde, for desirable as she considered it in every point of view to make good her footing at Ashurst, there were days in which it seemed to her impossible that she should advance upon the path she had marked out for herself.

This apparent caprice only rendered her more charming to the judge. He indulged the flattering belief that if she were finally won to become his wife, it would only be through a personal preference for himself, and not for the worldly prestige he could bestow upon her.

As Judge Ashley advanced, Mrs. Wilde seemed to recede from him; though in all she did or said there was still that piquant charm for him which he had never found in any other woman.

With the first Spring flowers she came forth, radiant as the early blossoms, to take her first walk after her long imprisonment in the house. At the earnest entreaty of the judge, she went out alone, and she had scarcely gained the grove when he joined her.

After a little playful badinage on her part, he suddenly became serious, and said:

"Margaret, my friends urge me to take another wife. They have chosen for me a woman of suitable age; that is, one as dull and weary of her earthly pilgrimage as I was before I knew you. I feel that Ashurst is too lonely for me. Shall I ask this lady to become my wife, or will you, tantalizing creature that you are, tell me what you intend to do. Of late, I cannot understand you. You seem like a will-o'-the-wisp, always evading me just as I fancy I am about to secure you."

She coquettishly replied:

"The pursuit has then brightened your life, and given you something to think of. So far, it has been beneficial. If you can do so, I bid you leave me for the rich and aristocratic woman your friends would be sure to select for you. They will all cry shame on you if you stoop to lift me to your heart. I own that I shudder at the thought of all you will have to endure for my sake, if I consent to accept your most generous offer."

"Pooh! child, who could say anything that I should care about if I were blessed with an angel in my house to console me for their worldly babble? I am perfectly free to act as I choose. You are a lady—you suit my taste; and it is nobody's business if I choose to make you my wife. Come, Margaret—I am resolved to have a definite reply before we part."

Mrs. Wilde spoke with extreme emotion:

"If I refuse your generous offer, you will send me away—separate me from the child. Is it not so?"

With some irritation he replied:

"If you only consent to accept the state of my wife that you may remain near her, I had better take the one provided for me by my friends. But I will answer you frankly: Only as Mrs. Ashley can you remain here; for I could never bear to have you near me, yet have no claim on you save the slender one of governess to my grandchild. I can make you happy, Margaret; I know that I can; then why do you torment me by this hesitation?"

After a pause of deep emotion, she replied:

"I will hesitate no longer, Judge Ashley. You shall not reproach me with trifling with you; but—I cannot marry you just yet. Poor Frank has not been dead a year and a half yet; I must wait that length of time at least before I give my hand to another, and that seems very little."

"Then you pledge yourself to marry me?"

"I do, sacredly—solemnly."

"When? Name some specific time."

"In two months from this day. Does that satisfy you? And I declare to you that, to the best of my ability, I will make you a true and faithful wife."

She offered him her hand with serious grace, and then held up her lips to receive the kiss of betrothal. Judge Ashley thought himself the happiest of men, and he poured fourth his thanks and protestations in a flood of eloquence that almost reconciled her to the promise she had given.

The next two months passed as an idyl to the enamored lover; he forgot his years, the dignity of his station, and gave himself up to the intoxicating belief that this young and beautiful women was becoming attached to him for himself alone.

He sought to gratify every caprice she might have; but his Daisy, as he chose to call her, was very careful to ask nothing which could lower his self-respect, or induce him to consider her as too exacting.

Full of life and vivacity herself, she seemed to infuse her own nature into that of the sombre dignitary whose sternness had so lately caused him to set up in judgement on his own son. She sang to him, striking with skilful fingers the chords of her guitar; she chattered an infinite quantity of lively nonsense, to which he listened with fond rapture; and for the first time since the cares of life settled upon him, Judge Ashley felt as if existence was not intended to become a mere round of duties, divested of all agreeable recreation—all lightness of heart. The joyousness of his new idol's nature was rapidly counteracting the sombre-tendency of his own, and he was a better and a happier man for the change.

The two months passed away on wings of light of him, and at their close Mrs. Wilde still petitioned for a little longer delay. She seemed to shrink from the final settlement of her destiny, equivocal as her position had now become in Judge Ashley's house. The servants had long since discovered what was going on, and friends at a distance had heard of a young women, occupying almost a menial position in his family, to whom he was devoting himself, and they wrote to remonstrate with him, as strongly as they dared.

The Judge treated them with silent contempt; but his adored Margaret, for whose sake he was bearing all this annoyance, tantalized and worried him, almost beyond endurance, by insisting, with tears, that he would grant her the delay of another month before there union took place.

Judge Ashley granted her prayer, for he could refuse her nothing; but he was determined this delay should be the last. When the close of the month approached, he made a visit to the county town, and returned to Ashurst, whom he had engaged to marry him, accompanied by a young Methodist minister. He had the license in his pocket, and he walked into Mrs. Wilde's room followed by the stranger, and curtly said:

"Margaret, I have brought this gentleman hither to unite us in the holy bonds of matrimony. I have the license, and I will no longer be put off; the wedding shall take place now or never."

Mrs. Wilde had started forward to greet him on his entrance, but she now shrunk back, and sunk upon a seat, trembling, and as pale as death.

The Judge bent over her and whispered:

"What is it love? What alarms you so?"

"Nothing—nothing; I am better now," was the faint reply. "Since you will have it so, I suppose there is no alternative but to obey you."

After a few moments of intense agitation, Mrs. Wilde recovered apparent composure; she allowed Judge Ashley to take her cold hand in his own, and lead her before the surprised clergyman, who had never before officiated at so singular and unceremonious a marriage. Winny and Janet were the only witnesses, though neither of them could believe that their master intended really to marry the nurse of Bessie, till they heard the words actually said which made her his wife.

The ceremony was ended; Judge Ashley clasped his bride to his heart, on which she fainted dead away. Such was the effect produced by the consummation of all the wiles she had practised to bring about this very result.

(To be continued)

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Mixed Paint.

JUST OPENED, 1 Cask and Box containing 274 Cans Ready Mixed Paint. All shades. For sale low.

Z. R. EVETETT

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 A. 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.

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

F. W. CRAM, Gen'l Manager.

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

St. John, N. B, June 25, 1885

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.

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

V RY 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

COFFEE!

DO you wish for a Rich, Fragrant Cup of Coffee? If so, use

CHASE & SANBORN'S

STANDARD JAVA!!

the best Coffee in the world, warranted strictly pure and of the finest quality grown

Ask your Grocer for it.

At Wholesale only, by

WHITTIER & HOOPER,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

FREDERICTON

MONUMENTAL WORK!

Queen St., just above Reform Club Rooms,

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

PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL

MONUMENTS, TABLETS,

FENCE STONES & POSTS.

First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.

JOHN MOORE.

JAS. D. HANLON,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

King Street, Fredericton, between Carleton and Regent Streets.

RESIDENCE OVER SHOP.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND:

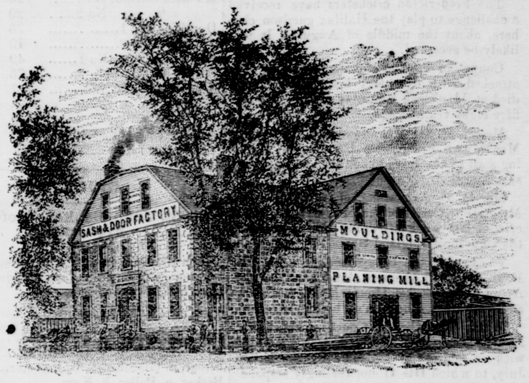
A Fine Stock of Coffins, Caskets, Trimmings, &c., &c., &c.

Handsome Cloth and Velvet Trimmed Caskets Manufactured on the Premises.

I have had many years experience in the business, and am familiar with its details. My prices will be found to be CHEAPER than any Establishment in the City. A call will convince you. Orders from the country filled without delay.

Fredericton April 8, 1885

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 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

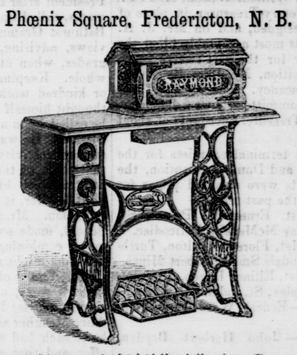
CALL AND SEE THE

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

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, Col s, 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. Diarrhoea, and all like com plaints 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 fur Pamphlet of cure. Sold by all respectable Druggists and dealers.

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.

Creamers. Creamers.

JUST RECEIVED, another lot Creamers. latest and best.

Z. R. EVERETT.

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

THE MILD POWER CURES.

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. Simple, Safe and Sure.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6