Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER LI.

BESSIE IN NEW YORK.

Bessie set out on her northern journey like one in a dream. She had a defined purpose before her, but she did not, as yet, see very clearly how it was to be attained. On her way she would decide on the course she would pursue when she reached New York.

The cars were crowded, but she succeeded in finding a seat, and sank down on it, holding her thick veil closely over her face—not only to escape recognition, but to conceal her youthfulness from her fellow travellers.

Her summer tour had given her self-possession and a knowledge of what was necessary to be done; and although her mind was still in a confused whirl from the startling and humiliating revelation which had been made to her on the previous night, she understood her present position, and had the nerve to bear up under the difficulties before her.

When the conductor came around to collect the fare, she told him her destination, and requested a ticket to New York, adding that as she was alone, she would be obliged to him if he would inform her when it became necessary to change cars, and show her what train to get on when they came to a stopping place.

The sweet toned voice and courteous address won on the man at once. He saw that she was young, and from a glimpse of her features through her thick veil, he decided that she must be pretty. With a respectful bow, he replied:

"I will come to you myself, Miss, when you have to change, but it will be some time first. If you wish it, I will put you in charge of the conductor on the next train, and tell him to pass you on to New York."

"Thank you—I will be very glad if you will do so, for I have never travelled alone before."

"Have you a check for your trunk, Miss?"

For an instant she hesitated, but her native truthfulness prevailed, and she said:

"It was left behind. I have nothing with me but this carpet bag, and that I can take care of myself."

The man gave her a keen glance, and passed on without saying anything more.

This conversation had been furtively listened to by a sallow-looking individual, with grey whiskers and a heavy looking eye, who sat on the same seat with Bessie, and he now turned and deliberately surveyed her.

He wore a rusty black suit and overcoat to match, a white choker, and a napless hat; his features were shining with the unctuous food with which he had evidently gorged himself, and Bessie mentally said:

"Chadband *redivivus*."

After a pause, the stranger spoke in a solemn voice:

"Young woman, it becomes my duty to offer you some advice. You seem a goodly brand to pluck from the burning, and I must speak a word in season even to the solitary wayfarer cast upon my path."

At this address, Bessie stared at him and asked:

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Of course I did. I see no other young woman anywhere near me, and when I find a—a——"

He hesitated; and although her heart was beating painfully, Bessie's native spirit came to her assistance, and she quickly said:

"I will not trouble you to find a comparison for me, sir, and as to your advice, I have no use for it, and you will oblige me by refraining to give it."

"Caught a snapping turtle, in place of a turtle-dove, eh, old fellow?" asked a youngster, sitting on the seat in front of them. "I like your spirit, Miss, and if you will accept of me as an escort, I will protect you from annoyance, and see you safe to New York, where my uncle lives."

The speaker was about sixteen, and the frank face, clear eyes and smiling lips turned toward her, favorably impressed the young traveller.

"Thank you, sir," she demurely replied, "but I believe I shall do very well with the conductor's assistance."

The youth nodded, and good-humoredly replied:

"Very well, Miss, but if he shouldn't come, I shall be on hand to help you along."

She thanked him, and hoped she should have no further annoyance from her elderly companion; but in a few moments he burst forth in a soliloquy on the depravity of the human heart, and the especial intractibility of the young, which was evidently meant for her; but Bessie turned a deaf ear to him, and resolutely compressed her lips to repress the replies that occasionally suggested themselves.

When the train stopped for breakfast, she was compelled to lift her veil on entering the saloon, and the two who had already spoken to her were on the *qui vive* to obtain a view of her features. The young man walked by her side, while the elder one followed directly in her footsteps.

When they reached the table, the latter officiously placed a seat for her, but she turned away from him and addressed her young companion:

"I thank you for the offer you made me not long ago, and I accept it. Protect me from being annoyed by this man, and I shall remember you with gratitude."

"I'll do it with pleasure; but you need not be afraid of him, for there's no harm in him. He is only one of those fellows that walk about the world, telling everybody else that they are meaner than dirt, and deserve nothing but being roasted through all eternity. I know something of him, and I am sure he does not mean half of what he says. Take this seat—think I am your brother for the time being—and we shall get along famously."

Bessie laughed, threw up her veil, and rather enjoyed the look of pleased surprise that came into the face of the youth as he looked into her own. He naively said:

"From the sound of your voice, I thought you must be pretty, but you are as handsome as a princess."

"A good deal handsomer than most princesses, therefore there is all the more danger for her, poor thing," groaned the cynic. "Young lady, had you no friend, no brother to come with you on such a long journey as you are going to make? You are much to young and fair to be permitted to travel alone."

His interest in her seemed so genuine that Bessie more gently replied to him;

"I was suddenly called away on business of importance, which my mother, who is a widow, could not herself attend to. If you will permit me, sir, I shall get along very well with the assistance this young gentleman has tendered me."

With a deep sigh, her would be Mentor applied himself to the voluminous breakfast with which he intended to repair his energies, and mindful of the limited time allowed for meals on a railroad journey, he uttered no sound save a contented grunt over a steak that was particularly juicy and tender.

Bessie escaped from the table with her new friend long before the sound of the whistle called her annoyer from his repast and when her seedy-looking monitor returned to his place, he was chagrinned to find that a change of seats had been effected by the young couple, and a fat, pompous-looking man occupied the one beside himself, while Bessie and her boy admirer sat together and chatted on all that was passing before them in a manner that caused him to believe that all his admonitions had been thrown away on them.

Deeply seated as the pain at her heart was—gnawing as was the sense of degradation in her mother's crime—Bessie maintained the outward show of cheerfulness; for she was not one to lay bare her wounded heart to the gaze of every passer by. With the courage of the Spartan boy she could clutch to her heart the creature that was tearing it, sooner than betray her sufferings to those on whose sympathy she had no claim; so she smiled and talked with her intelligent companion till the conductor came to warn her that the next stopping place they would change cars.

The youth at once said:

"You neek not trouble yourself, Mr. Walker, this young lady has accepted my escort to New York, and you know me well enough to assure her that I will take as good care of her as if she were my sister."

"Certainly—you are entirely reliable, George—I can answer for that," and the speaker was lost in the crowd that rushed toward the door. Bessie was glad to cling to the arm of her companion till they made their way upon the train that was awaiting them.

On—on they whirled through the remainder of the day—through twilight, through darkness shrieked the engine, scattering a train of fire in its wake; but fatigued as she was, Bessie could not sleep The uncertainty of all that lay before her—the novelty of her own position, and the heavy pain at her young heart, effectually murdered rest, and she reached New York without having lost her consciousness in slumber for a single moment.

When the cars thundered into the depot the young man aroused himself and said:

"Here we are, safe and sound. When I get safe to the end of a railroad journey I always feel as it I must say, Thank God for all his mercies."

"Hem!" said the voice of the Mentor, who had made his way to their side, "I am glad to find that you have some sense of what is due to the Ruler of the earth, young man I had not given you so much credit for that. Pray, if I may ask, whither are you going to take this young girl?"

"Wherever she wants to go, sir, so you had better move on, and leave the way clear for us to get out."

"You are impertinent, youngster; but that is the way of the young generation in this country. I feel a deep interest in this young pilgrim, and it is my wish to protect her to the extent of my humble ability from the snares of this wicked city. I have a sister who would take her in, if she has no near friends to whom she is going."

"Oh, I dare say," was the sarcastic response. "She'd be sure to be finely taken in if she went to Mrs. Radway's to board. I presume she has friends, and I can take her to them without any assistance from you."

Although this colloquy was intended as an aside, Bessie heard every word they uttered, and she felt thankful even to the repulsive looking stranger for the interest he manifested in her. Now that she was in this great city alone—thrown absolutely on her own resources, she trembled at her unprotected position, and after a slight pause she faltered:

"I—I have no friends to whom I can go. I came to New York on especial business that did not admit of delay; and I thought of going to the St. Nicholas, for I have stopped there twice while travelling with friends. But if this gentleman's sister keeps a boarding-house, as he seems to be a minister, I—I believe it will be best for me to go to her house—that is, if she will consent to receive an utter stranger for a few days."

"Oh, she will do that on my recommendation, Miss. My name is also Radway, and the lady I refer to is my brothers widow. I am the Reverend Jeremiah Radway, and if I can be instrumental in saving a young creature like you from the dangers of a great city like this, I shall feel as if I am performing my master's duty."

Bessie gave her proud head a toss and quickly replied:

"The danger to me is entirely imaginary on your side, sir, but I shall be glad to be saved from the annoyance of going alone to a large hotel. As this young gentleman seems to know something of you and your sister, I believe I will go to her house for the few days I shall remain here."

"You'll be sure to repent it," whispered the youth, "for old Rad is an extortioner; she keeps a boarding-house for saints, but fleeces sinners most unmercifully. But if you can afford to stay at the St. Nick, you won't mind that, I suppose."

"For the short stay I shall make in New York it will not matter much where I stay, so that I am in a quiet and safe place. Mrs. Radway's house will at least be more private than a hotel, so I believe I will go there."

Then turning to the Reverend Jeremiah she gracefully said:

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for saving me from the necessity of going to a hotel alone, and I shall be much obliged if you can secure me a room in your sister's house for a few days."

The face of Radway shone even more than before, and he said:

"It is settled then that you go with me. You will find it much more agreeable to stay in a private boarding-house. I will get a carriage, and you and your young friend here can go with me to my sister's."

Much as she had shrunk from this coarse, shabby-looking man at first, Bessie now comprehended that in his uncouth way he meant to befriend her, and she turned with a smile to her young protector and said:

"I will trouble you no more, since Mr. Radway has kindly undertaken to see me safe under a respectable shelter. But before we part, tell me the name of the young friend to whom I have been so much indebted on this journey."

"My name is George Heath. But I am not going to give you up till I see you safe with Mrs. Rad. She lives only a few squares from my uncles, so I shall not go out of my way at all. Since you know my name now, will you think it impertinent if I ask you to give me yours?"

At this question a painful pang darted through Bessie's heart, but she bravely repressed it and replied:

"Of course you are entitled to know it. My name is Bessie Wilde."

"Wilde—Wilde," repeated Mr. Radway, thoughtfully—"I knew a young sailor of that name once; he was a true-hearted man, and I believe a good christian. And now I think of it, you look very much like him too; you might be his daughter, only he never had but one, and she died in her infancy."

Bessie's self-command almost failed her at this evident allusion to her father, and she was now as anxious to go with Mr. Radway as she had before been to avoid his officious attentions. She was about to inquire impulsively into the history of the person he referred to, when she remembered how important it was to conceal from the outside world the part her mother had played. So she only said:

"It is not an uncommon name, I believe, sir, but some other time I shall be glad to hear all you can tell me of this namesake of mine."

By this time they had gained the floor of the depot, and delighted with the fair waif he had saved from temptation, Mr. Radway soon engaged a carriage which drove them toward the central part of the city, and set them down at the door of a handsome house on Bleeker street. In days gone by, this had been the aristocratic portion of the city, but the stately dwellings, once the abodes of the wealthy, had been converted into boarding houses, and in one of them Mrs. Radway had set up her household goods.

At her door Bessie parted from young Heath, who promised to call on her the next day, and if she desired it, he would show her some of the lions of the city.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I have already seen them, though I shall be glad to see you again, and hope you will be sure to call."

"I should hardly like to miss doing so," he laughingly replied, and so they parted.

Mr. Radway conducted her into the house, and left her in a prim, faded looking room, while he went in search of the mistress of the establishment. Some time elapsed before a thin, sallow-faced woman appeared, who surveyed poor Bessie with a pair of keen black eyes, and her thin lips unclosed to say:

"My brother is a simple-hearted man, Miss, and he often brings strange customers to me when he comes off a journey. It seems to me that you are very young to be running about the world by yourself, and I wonder your friends don't take better care of you."

By this time Bessie was wearied out, and her high spirit succumbed before these hard words. Tears sprang to her eyes as she said:

"I was compelled by very painful circumstances to undertake this journey alone, madam. but you will have no trouble with me. I only ask shelter here for a few days, and I am quite able to pay for all I may have. In less than a week I hope to be safe again in my own home in Maryland."

"Well, if you're able to pay your way, it makes a difference, of course; but you have no trunk, my brother tells me, and such people are always looked sharply after by boarding-house keepers."

In reply to this, Bessie took out her porte monnaie, and inquired the price of board with a comfortable room. Mrs. Radway more respectfully said:

"I always charge a dollar and a half a day to them that's not regular boarders, but since you have money, you need not be in a hurry about paying."

To this Bessie replied by giving her a ten dollar note and half a dollar in silver, as she said:

"I may remain with you a week, and if I should leave before the end of that time I shall not call on you to refund."

"Very well, Miss. I see that you are a lady, and understand how to get along, even if you are young. Your room shall be ready directly, for you must be tired if you have come all the way from Maryland on the railroad."

She left the room, and after a weary half hour returned for her new lodger, who gladly followed her up two flights of stairs to a small room in the wing of the building. Everything in it looked worn and hardly used, but it was scrupulously clean, and a bright anthracite fire burned in the grate.

In no mood to be critical, Bessie gladly threw off her wrappings, and declaring that she needed nothing but sleep, she requested that she might not be disturbed till the next morning. As soon as Mrs Radway left her alone, she bolted her door, prepared for bed, and was soon wrapped in the sound sleep which follows long-continued excitement and fatigue.

When Mrs. Radway rejoined her brother in the dining-room below, where he was taking some refection, she replied to his inquiring look by sharply saying:

"It's all right so far as the money is concerned, for she's paid me a week in advance, but I do wish, Miah, that you wouldn't be always bringing doubtful sort of people to me to take in. My regular boarders have complained more than once and with good cause, of the strange people you have brought among them."

"Umph! an ungodly set they are, to blame me for doing what is my duty.—Christ himself said, 'In as much as ye do it unto one of these, ye do it unto me.' They can't complain of this young girl, at all events, for the class she evidently belongs to is far superior to that of any of your boarders. I had a reason for not losing sight of her, connected with my journey south, but I can't explain it now. I'll tell you all about it when Captain Martin comes back, and I'm looking for his ship every hour."

"You're very mysterious, but it's no use trying to comprehend such a man as you are," said Mrs. Radway, with contemptuous resignation, which her brother-in-law thought it best to ignore, as the cold lunch she had set before him was very abundant and palatable; but only restrained her curiosity to have it gratified at a better opportunity, and she was resolved to have the whole story out of him before she slept, which she accordingly did.

When Bessie was awakened on the following morning by the sharp ring of a bell at her door, she left dreamland, where she had been wandering with Delancey, sat up in bed, looked around her dingy room, and for a few moments, was unable to remember how she came to be in such a place. Then the rush of recollection came back, and she moaned:

"I am in this great Babel, without a friend to help me, bound on a quest, the result of which will, in all probability, bring disgrace upon my own mother; it may also cause unhappiness among those who have reared the true Miss Ashley as their own daughter. But I must on—on; I dare not pause till I have done justice to that defrauded girl."

"She arose, made a careful toilette, and descended to find that breakfast was over, and the other boarders gone. Mrs. Radway seemed to have thawed toward her a little, and she said, with a smile as faded as her furniture:

"You are late, Miss Wilde, but your recent fatigue is sufficient excuse for you. I have kept some coffee hot till you came down, and you will find the baker's rolls delicious. I always get the best of bread, and it's lucky for the tardy ones, for I never give hot cakes to them that are not in time."

"Bessie assured her that she required nothing more than a cup of coffee and some bread and butter, and the lady smilingly went on—

"My brother was rather disappointed at not seeing you before he went out, but he saw in the morning paper that the ship of an old friend had arrived in port, and he has gone down to the Astor to see the captain, who usually puts up there when in the city. He bade me say to you that he would be sure to see you at dinner."

Internally thankful for anything that removed Mr. Radway from spying on her movements, Bessie ate her breakfast, and then inqured if a city directory was in the house.

After some search one was produced, and she eagerly looked for the name of George Allen, and the number of his residence. Many Allens were found, but not one bearing the name she sought. There was a George T. Allen who lived up on Twenty-fourth street, and this gentleman she concluded must be the person she sought."

Bessie remarked that Mrs. Radway followed her movements inquisitively, and scanned her features with an expression she could not understand, and she determined to ask no further assistance from her. She returned to her own room, put on her furs and bonnet, and after taking the precaution to note down the number of the house, she sallied forth, got into the first omnibus that passed toward Broadway, and went on till she saw a book store.

Bessie stopped there, and purchasing a map of the city, she sat down by a bookstand and studied the topography of the upper portion of the city till she thought she understood it.

One of the clerks, at her request then stopped a Fifth Avenue omnibus, and with a beating heart she was driven toward the bourne she was so anxiously seeking. She alighted near the entrance of Twenty-fourth street, and went on her way on foot. She found the number she thought with much trepidation ascended the marble steps, and rung at the door. It was immediately opened by a servant in livery and as she was handing him her card to take in to his master, a voice from the back part of the hall cried out:

"Bless my soul, Miss Wilde, is that you? If I had only known that you came to the city to see my uncle, I could have brought you here at once, in place of letting old Rad bear you off in triumph to that trumpy old boarding house of his sister's."

While uttering this voluble address, young Heath came forward, and Bessie grew scarlet, and then pale, as she recognized him. She faintly said:

"I—I have some business with a Mr. Allen, but I am not quite sure that your uncle is the gentleman I am in search of. When I see him I shall soon be able to ascertain.

"My uncle will be most happy to serve you in any way, I om sure. Walk in this room, and sit down, while I go to him and tell him that Venus has come down to this lower world to make him a visit."

He ushered her into a spacious drawing-room, richly and tastely furnished, and left her alone a few moments.

He presently came back with a cheerful air, and said:

"You are to come at once into my uncle's sanctum, Miss Wilde. He is an invalid, and rarely leaves one room. Here we are."

He threw back a folding door, the upper part of which was of ground glass, and ushered the trembling girl into the presence of a white-haired man of delicate appearance and benevolent expression. He laid aside the morning paper, and regarded her with a look of interest, as his nephew said:

"This, sir, is Miss Wilde—the young lady I told you about last night. She tells me that she thinks she has some business with you, but is not quite sure whether you are the real Simon Pure or not."

"Pray be seated, Miss Wilde," said the bland voice of Mr. Allen; "and if I can be of any service to you, pray command me."

Heath left the room, and closed the door behind him. Bessie recovered from her momentary perturbation, and without betraying her agitation, said:

"I have come to you, sir, to inquire if you ever knew a person calling herself Margaret Wilde, from whom a young child was taken, and adopted by a Mr. George Allen, of this city, many years ago."

Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Allen replied:

"I have certainly never known Mrs. Wilde, nor, to my knowledge, ever heard of her before."

She grew very pale, a she exclaimed—

"Oh, sir, I hoped you might prove to be the person I seek, though he is known to me only as Mr. George Allen, and you have a middle letter in your name. I must find the one I came hither to seek, and if you can help me I shall ever thank you. The gentleman I refer to lived on Fifth Avenue eighteen years ago, he was childless and an infant was given to his wife under peculiar and most painful circumstances. The family of that child are now most anxious to reclaim her; by a singular chance, the clue to her whereabout came into my possession, and circumstances I cannot explain compel me to follow it up."

Mr. Allen listened with evident interest, and after a pause he said:

"It is a singular story, and you are a young detective to set out on such an errand. But I think your visit to me will not be altogether useless. At the time you mention a distant cousin of mine lived on Fifth Avenue, and his name was simply George Allen. I have a faint recollection that his first wife adopted a little girl, but I am under the impression that she died when she was quite young—in fact, only a short time after the death of her protectress. My cousin George married again, and has quite a housefull of children of his own; he is now living on the Hudson, above this place, and it will be easy to communicate with him by letter."

Bessie listened with breathless interest, and she eagerly said:

"Oh! I thank you so much, sir—so much for this information. Will you be so kind as to give me Mr. Allen's address?"

"Certainly—but I am sure you will only hear the confirmation of what I have told you. Now that I recall the circumstances, I distinctly remember that my cousin's adopted daughter died in Europe, while she was travelling with his first wife for the benefit of her health."

"Give me the address, if you please, even if I should have no occasion to use it."

Mr, Allen drew a sheet of paper toward him, and with a pencil wrote—"George Allen, Beaconfield, near West Point; his post office there."

"This is all I can do for you, Miss Wilde, but my nephew, George Heath, is an active, bright young fellow, and he will take pleasure in finding out for you something about the child you refer to. In fact, he may be able to tell you a great deal about her, for he visited Beaconfield not long ago."

He rang the bell, and sent a message to his nephew desiring his presence, but when Heath came he could throw little light on the subject. He only knew that no other young person was in the house with Mr. Allen's own children, and they all claimed his present wife as their mother.

Bessie took her leave of the elder gentleman after gracefully thanking him, and went forth with the younger one by her side. It was agreed between them that he should write immediately to his kinsman, making the inquiry Bessie wished to have answered, and he left her at Mrs. Radway's door with the assurance that he would bring the reply of his kinsman to her as soon as it reached him.

Compelled to be contented with this, Bessie went in to find that dinner was over, but her landlady was considerate enough to send up to her a cup of tea and some cold viands, which she was very glad to get, for exercise in the frosty air had given her a good appetite, in spite of the turmoil going on forever in her mind.

What the end was to be—what the consequences to herself and her mother, which were to flow from any discovery she might make, she dared not pause to inquire. A plain duty lay before her, and she felt that she must perform it, even at the risk of everything she valued in life.

A severe headache confined her to her room in the evening, and Mrs. Radway came up with her tea herself, seemingly not in the best of humors on account of the trouble she was giving her. She sharply said:

"You seem to be a most irregular person, Miss Wilde, for you haven't been at a single meal to-day. Since you are sick this evening, I must excuse you, I suppose, but I hope you will be more punctual in the future. My brother was anxious to see you to-night, for he has somehow got a crotchet in his brain that you're related to a young man we knew many years ago. Dear knows, I always heard that Frank Wilde's child died when she was a baby but Miah all at once insists that you are his daughter."

The suddenness of this attack unnerved Bessie, and she became deadly pale as she asked:

"Why should Mr. Radway think such a thing as that? He spoke to me of Mr. Wilde before, but he did not hint that he believed I could be related to him in any way."

"Oh, he's got a new light on the subject, it seems. Captain Martin, who was an intimate friend of Mr, Wilde, has just come in from sea with a most curious story, which he means to prove by following up a fraud to which he has found a clue. There is a gentleman with him named Hunter, and they both declare that although poor Wilde was made to believe that his daughter died in her infancy, she is still living. Captain Martin says that he saw a miniature of her painted by a young friend of his last summer, and he knew her by her wonderful likeness to her father. He is on his way to Maryland now, to expose the woman who gave away a great heiress as her own child, and kept her daughter in her place. Have you ever heard of such a thing before Miss Wilde? Miah will have it that you are the child that was brought up to think yourself rich, when you were nobody but poor Frank Wilde's little one."

While Mrs. Radway thus spoke, Bessie felt her senses gradually receding from her, and at the close of her pitiless harangue she faintly gasped:

"They cannot be so cruel as to expose her," and fainted dead away, thus revealing to the hard woman before her that she had not only heard the story before, but was vitally interested in it.

(To be continued)

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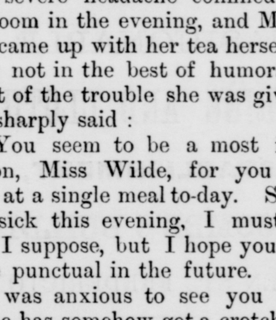

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New York Styles.

A Splendid assortment of Boys' Clothing in Tweed and Worsted Suits, to fit all ages from four years up to Men's sizes. Fashionable fit, well made and very cheap. Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

Men's Clothing,

Extra Good Value--Cash only.

MEN'S Tweed and Worsted Suits;
" Overcoats end Ulsters;
" Reefers, Pants and Vests;
" Jumpers and Overalls;
" Under Clothing, Shirts of all kinds, Collars, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Socks, Mitts, Gloves, Braces, etc.

Best valve ever offered to Cash buyers, Wilmot's Block, Fredericton.

S. NEALIS.

Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1885.

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.

WHEN BUYING OIL,

SEE THAT YOU GET

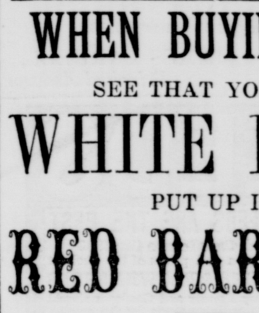
WHITE ROSE,

PUT UP IN

RED BARRELS,

Handsome Paper Label on Head.

PLAID SHAWL GIVEN AWAY!



Through the failure of a large manufacturer of Cashmere Pattern Fringe Shawls, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to the ladies in the following manner: Send us 25 cents for 3 mos. subscription to Farm and Household, a large 32 page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, Stories and general miscellany, and we will send you one of these beautiful shawls FREE by mail postpaid, or we will send 5 shawls and 5 subscriptions to one address for $1.00 Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Box 49, Hartford, Conn.

Just Received:

10 GROSS RISING SUN STOVE POLISH—cheaper than ever.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fredericton, January 27th, 1886,

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'85 Winter Arrangement '86

On and after MONDAY, November 16th, 1885, 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.
Express for Halifax & Quebec,	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.

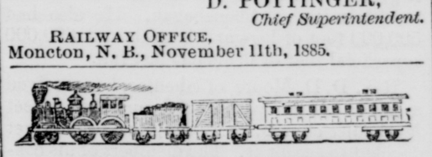
Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & 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., November 11th, 1885.



NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect October 12, 1885.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time*)

6 20 A. M.—Express for St. John.
8 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North
10 50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for Bangor and all points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock, and for St. John.
3 20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

10 20 A. M—From Fredericton Junction, and St John.
2 40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.
5 50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and all points North.
7 30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6 50 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, October 9, 1885

1885] FALL [1886

AND

WINTER!

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING, &c.,

—AT—

O. SHARKEY'S

A LARGE STOCK comprising in part the following, viz:
Ladies' Dress Goods in Black and Colors;
Cashmeres, Ottoman Cords, Figured Lustres;
Serges, Brilliantines, Princess Cords;
Wool Suitings, Twilled and Plain Winceys;
Ulsters, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Shawls;
Scarfs, Squares, Jersey Jackets, Wool Hose;
Kid Gloves and Mitts, Cashmere Gloves;
Corsets, Fur Capes. Fur Trimmings;
Grey and White Cottons, Swansdowns;
Tickings, Ducks, Cottonades, Table Linen;
Towellings, Table and Floor Oil Cloths;
Wool, Hemp, Tapestry and Brussels Carpets;
Cotton Warps, Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing in Ulsters, Overcoats, Reefers, Coats, Pants and Vests;
Underclothing, White and Regatta Shirts;
Hats, Caps, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Braces;
Knit Wool Gloves, Kid Mitts;
Cardigan Jackets, Furnishing Goods;
Gray and White Blankets, Flannels all colors;
Horse Blankets, Sleigh Robes, Rubber Coats;
Trunks and Valises, Wall Paper and Remnants of all kinds;
All of which I shall sell at lowest cash prices.

OWEN SHARKEY.

Fredericton Dec. 16, 1885.

WELCOME

TRADE MARK.

SOAP

PAYS NO

FANCY PROFIT

But is an original compound, made from the PUREST STOCK, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

WANTED

Friends and the Public to know that I have opened a window in

G. W. Schleyer's Studio,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF

REPAIRING

WACTHES, CLOCKS and JEWELERY.

Having had ten years' experience in the business, I am prepared to do

GOOD WORK

AT

SHORT NOTICE.

Prices moderate, and goods delivered when promised.

Don't forget the place, opposite Normal School, Fredericton.

FRED. J. McCAUSLAND

Formerly with C. A. McCausland.

Fredericton, June 10.

Fresh Cod, Herring, Smelts and Haddies.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fredericton, January 13, 1886.

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:—

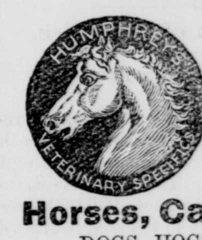
Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N. ., athur s Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

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

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Province

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

Fredericton, May 18, 1883



HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC

Veterinary Specifics

Cure Diseases of

Horses, Cattle, Sheep

DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY,

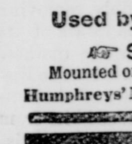
In use for over 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R. R., &c.

Used by U. S. Government.

STABLE CHART

Mounted on Rollers & Book Mailed Free.

Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.



HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC

SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

MANITOBAS

ABOTINAM

Alaskas,

New Styles,

In "B's" and "M's,"

To suit all,

Overcoats,

Bargains,

All wool Under Clothing,

Scotch Caps,

These Goods are marked very LOW for the CHRISTMAS Trade.

J. B. McALPINE.

Fredericton, December 9

JOHN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHER!

Queen Street, - - - Fredericton,

Next below Peoples' Bank.

Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

Fredericton, October 14, 1885.

CROWN OF GOLD.

JUST RECEIVED:

125 BARRELS Crown of Gold. Low for Cash.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fredericton, January 13, 1886.

FAIRCHILD'S CELEBRATED

GOLD Pens, Pencils, Tooth Picks, Glove and Boot Buttoners, Cigar Clips. Just opened and the correct thing for a present, at

S. F. SHUTE'S.

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 manutactured to order the premises at shortest notice

Prices to suit the times

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are **Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse,** etc. If allowed to continue, **Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption,** and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system **Hereditary Scrofula,** and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla,* with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia,* the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron,* and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned would call the attention of his customers and the public generally, that he has a well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries, and is prepared to sell as cheap as any in the trade. Will give as many pounds of Tea or Sugar or anything else of like grade, for $1.00, as can be got in the city, proof of which can be had by calling at my store.

Yours, etc.,

W. H. VANWART'S.

Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1885.