Poetry.

BYGONES.

'Twas away on yonder hillside,
In childhood hours I played,
I've roamed the dear old valleys,
And sat in yonder shade,
Beneath the giant apple tree,
Close in some little nook,
And watched the gurgling waters
Of the shining, winding brook.

I watched the glowing sunset,
Each golden tinted cloud,
And gazed with peaceful rapture
As night brought forth her shroud.
The stars, so bright and twinkling,
Peeped forth in yonder sky.
The pale queen rode triumphant,
While the low breeze hardly sighed,

Then I knew no cares or troubles,
Life knew no bitter scenes,
My hours were sweet and peaceful,
While I watched the silver stream;
But years must lose their lustre,
The bitter with the sweet,
The hill of life grow rougher,
That I tread with weary feet.

But, as the shadows lengthen,
If faithful, as I pass,
I'll gain the golden summit
Of heaven's mount at last.
And gaze with perfect rapture,
On the golden scenes of light,
Where shadows come, no never,
To dim the glorious sight.

Literature.

A LIFE FOURSQUARE.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILL HE BEAR THE TEST?

Editha knew something of all this, for she read the papers, and at the termination of the trial enough could not be said of the brilliant victory which the young lawyer had achieved.

She was at Newport, but she would gladly have returned to the city with her father to attend the trial had she known of it in season.

But he had merely said he was obliged to go home upon business, which she judged upon his return must have been of an unpleasant nature, since for several days afterward he was morose and in every way disagreeable.

Every one remarked how much more beautiful Miss Dalton was this summer than the preceding one.

Many attributed it to the change in her dress, as she no longer refused to wear colors, and her wardrobe was remarkable for its taste and elegance, while others said her sorrow was wearing away and her spirits were returning.

No one but Editha herself, however knew the secret of her own beauty—she had loved and was loved; and, though her hopes might not be crowned for a long while, yet she waited in patience for Earle to speak, having full faith that he would eventually rise superior to every trial, and trample every obstacle beneath his feet.

She and her father were less in sympathy than ever before.

She had dared to displease him again by rejecting Mr. Tressalia's proposals of marriage,

The day following Earle's call upon her—on the very Christmas Day when she had comtemplated asking him to dinner, and making the day so pleasant to him—Mr. Dalton had brought Mr. Tressalia home with him to be their guest, and he had sat in the seat she had destined for Earle, and she had been obliged to exert herself to entertain him instead.

He had also attended a grand reception with them in the evening, and altogether that Christmas was so entirely different from what she had planned it should be, that she was a little inclined to feel almost as much out of patience with the innocent cause of it as with her father.

A few days later Paul Tressalia had asked her to be his wife, and she had been obliged to tell him "No, it could not be."

Mr. Dalton was very angry, but secretly bade the rejected lover hope, assuring him that Editha's affections were not engaged, and he, three months later, taking courage, renewed his proposals, to receive the same answer as before.

A stormy interview between father and daughter had followed, Mr. Dalton declaring that she should marry the rich Englishman, and Editha as firmly asserting that she should not do so.

The disappointed lover, however, followed them to Newport, where he continually haunted every scene of pleasure where the fair girl was to be found; and, to Editha's shame, she was at last forced to believe that her father was still bidding him hope against hope.

It might be thought that Paul Tressalia was lacking in either pride for himself or proper respect for the woman he professed to love, by being so presistent; but it was the one passion of his life, although he was thirty years of age, and he could not easily yield to her gentle through firm refusal, particularly when Mr. Dalton told him he must eventually overcome her objections if he was patient.

He was not presuming in his attentions; he never forced his society upon her; yet with a patience and faithfulness that deserved a better return, he waited and hoped.

"If you would but give me the least ray of hope that I may eventually win your love, Miss Editha; my life will be ruined without the crown of your love," he had ventured to urge once more, in a sorrowful kind of way, on the last evening of her stay at Newport.

He had heard she was going on the morrow, and he could not bear it; he must put his fate to the test once more and for the last time.

"Mr. Tressalia," she entreated, in a pained voice, "what shall I tell you to make you understand that it cannot be."

"There could be only one thing that you could tell me that would destroy every gleam of hope."

"And that?" she interrupted, with a quick breath and a fluttering of her white lips.

"That your love is given to another," he said passionately, and searching, with sudden forboding, the beautiful face he loved so well.

The rich blood surged instantly over cheek, brow and neck.

Could she confess that she loved another, when that love was as yet unspoken even to its object?

And yet she must not go away and leave him to feed on a hopeless passion.

Would it be maidenly? Would it be proper?

"Editha, have I been deceived all this while? Have I been persecuting you with my attentions, while you loved another?" he cried, in consternation, as he marked that startled flush, and intuitively knew its cause.

She looked up into his white, pained face, and pitied him from the depths of her tender heart,

"Mr. Tressalia," she said, with sudden resolution, "it is cruel to allow you to hope when there is no hope. I will make you my confident. You are noble and good, and you will not betray my trust. What you have said—is true."

Her voice was low, and sweet, and tremulous, as she confessed it, but her face was dyed with hottest blushes.

"You do love some one else?" he cried, in a hollow voice, his noble face growing gray and sharp with agony.

"Yes," she whispered; "but only the exigency of the case would force me to confess it."

And then she told him frankly all the story of her early regard for Earle Wayne—his misfortune and patient endurance for another's crime—of his return, and of their mutual though unspoken affection for each other.

"Earle Wayne!" he repeated, with a start. "Who is he? Where did he come from?" he demanded, with eager interest, as she spoke his name.

"I do not know. He came to my uncle when seventeen years of age. He was fatherless, motherless, and friendless; but he has proved himself, if not honored among men, to be stamped with Heaven's nobility."

Would that Earle Wayne could have heard this tribute from the woman he so loved!

"Wayne—is it spelled with a y?" Mr. Tressalia asked.

"Yes."

"Of what nationality is he?"

"American, I judge, though I never heard him say aught upon the subject."

"Strange! strange!" Mr. Tressalia muttered, with thoughtful brow.

But, after a few minutes of musing, he reached out and clasped her hand.

The confession she had made, and he had listened to, was a strange one for a delicate and sensitive woman to make, and his great heart was touched with sympathy for the gallant lover, and with admiration for the woman who could be so true and loyal to him.

"Miss Dalton," he said, in earnest though slightly tremulous tones, "I realize that all my hope must die; but what you have told me only makes my loss so much greater and harder to bear, for I honor you above women for the courage you have manifested in telling me this. You are a noble daughter of a noble country, and he who has won your love will have cause to adore you all his life, That he is worthy of you, notwithstanding his misfortune, I cannot doubt, after what you have told me, and I do not believe you could love unworthily. God bless him for his nobility, and you for your constancy!"

Editha looked up astonished at this heartfelt benediction. She had begun to regard him as lacking somewhat in character and pride, when he had returned to plead his cause after her repeated refusal, but now she saw that she had underrated him. She saw that his love was deep and true for her, and that he suffered as great men alone can suffer when he found that he could never win her love; but a mind that was capable of such generosity as to rise above self—to admire and sympathize with a rival—was worthy of the highest regard.

"I am proud," he went on, not noticing her look, "that you have considered me worthy of this confidence; and, if anything could assuage the pain I experience, the trust that you repose in me would do it. Your confidence shall be inviolable, and if there is anything that I can do at any time to promote your happiness and Mr. Wayne's interests, I pray you will not hesitate to let me know it, and I will gladly serve you both."

Paul Tressalia did not realize what he was promising when he said that, but there came a time when he was tried as few men are even tried; and—did he bear the test? We shall see.

Never in all her life had Editha regretted anything as she did at this moment that she had been obliged to blight the hopes of this noble, whole-souled man.

The bright drops chased each other over her cheeks as she thanked him for his kindness, and expressed her regret that she had been obliged to cause him pain.

"Do not grieve for me," he said, gently, as almost involuntarily he wiped her tears away with his own handkerchief. "I know I must suffer as few suffer; but, Editha, believe me, I would rather you would be happy in another's care and love than unhappy in mine. God bless you, my love—my one only love, and perhaps He will yet comfort me."

Editha arose and gave him her hand. She could not speak; she could not bear anything more.

It was her "good-night" and "good-by," for the early morning would find her on her way home.

He watched her until the last flutter of her light robe disappeared from view, and then, springing to his feet as if a hot iron were burning his soul, he went out into the night to battle alone with his rebellious heart.

The late mail that evening brought him letters containing important news from and requiring his immediate presence abroad. He left the next day for England, firmly believing that he never should look upon the face of Editha Dalton in this world again.

Mr. Dalton and his daughter returned to their home in the city, and settled down for the winter—Editha cheered and happy to see Earle occasionally and to know of his increasing success.

Without saying anything to any one, on the morning of her twenty-first birthday she repaired to Mr. Felton's office, and, with a resolute face and steady hand, signed the papers that gave to Earle Wayne ten thousand dollars, together with a year's interest, even as she had said she would do.

These papers she desired should be taken to him at once, and in case he refused to accept the bequest, Mr. Felton was authorized to safely invest the money and retain the papers in his own possession until they should be called for.

Earle firmly refused to touch a cent of it, saying his business was fast increasing, and he did not need it.

It was therefore taken by Mr. Felton to the First National Bank, deposited in his name, and left to accumulate.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INTERVIEW INTERRUPTED.

One day Earle was looking over his papers and arranging them more systematically, when he came across a package containing the memoranda and evidence used during that "knotty case" wherein he was so successful.

These had been wrapped in a newspaper, and had remained untouched since that time.

As he was looking them over, and considering whether it would be best to keep them any longer or destroy them, his eye caught sight of a paragraph, or name rather, in the paper that instantly riveted his attention, and, with staring eyes and paling cheek, he read it eagerly through.

Then he turned to look at the date of the paper.

It was the very same that he had bought that night when he had been so forlorn and dreary, when for a week no one had come to him to get him to do even so much as a little copying, when he had counted his money and discovered all he possessed in the world was a little over two dollars.

Then he remembered how recklessly he had gone to the door to purchase the paper, and, returning, had turned on the full blaze of gas to read by, and before he had read half a dozen lines, his strange client had appeared, and the paper had been entirely forgotten from that time.

Doubtless it would have been destroyed and he never would have seen this, to him, highly important paragraph had it not been used as a wrapper for the papers which the little, thin-visaged, wiry man had brought him.

"It is nearly six months now since this paper was printed," he said, with a shade of anxiety on his face, as he turned to look at the date again.

Then he sat down to think, evidently deeply troubled and perplexed about something.

Meanwhile the boy brought him in his evening paper, for he could afford to have one regularly now, and mechanically he unfolded it and began to read. He had nearly looked it through, when, under the heading of "Gleanings," he read this:

"It will be remembered by the frequenters of Newport that Mr. Paul Tressalia was suddenly recalled abroad, at the last of the season, by the serious illness of his uncle, the Marquis of Wycliff, who has since died, and, being childless, Mr. Tressalia thus becomes heir to his vast possessions in both England and France, and also to his title."

Earle's face was startlingly pale as he read this, while his broad chest rose and fell heavily, as if he found a difficulty in breathing.

"That must be the Paul Tressalia who was so attentive to Editha," he said, with white lips.

For an hour he sat with bent head, deeply-lined brow, and an expression of deep pain and perplexity on his face.

"I must do it," he said at last; "and the quicker the better."

He turned to the shipping list and looked to see what steamers sailed soon. He found two that were to sail on the morrow.

"That will do," he said, and laid aside his paper, with an expression of resolution on his face.

Then he arose, locked his safe, donned his coat and hat, and made his way directly to Mr. Dalton aristocratic mansion on ——th street.

He inquired for Editha of the servant who answered his ring, and was immediately shown into the drawing-room, where she sat alone. Her face lighted and flushed with pleasure as she arose to greet him.

Earle, you are very much of a stranger, she said, half reproachfully.

"I have been very, very busy," he answered, smiling.

"I know—I read of your great success, and the papers speak very creditably of the rising young lawyer, and the friends of that young lawyer would be glad to see more of him, Just think, you have only called once since our return from Newport, and then I had other callers, and only saw you a few moments, while I have only met you once or twice since on the street."

"It would be very pleasant to come oftener, but you know duty before pleasure; and I fear my friends, what few I have, will see even less of me in the future."

"How so?"

"I have business that calls me abroad immediately; it is of that I came to tell you to-night," he said, with a grave face.

"Abroad! Where?" Editha demanded breathlessly.

"To Europe."

"Will—will you be gone long, Earle?" she asked, all the light and beautiful color fading out of her face at this intelligence.

"I do not know—no longer than I can possibly help, for I have work of great importance to do here yet," he said, with a sigh, and a note of bitterness in his tone.

Editha knew that he referred to the solving of the mystery of the robbery. She, too, sighed heavily. It was like taking all the joy out of her existence to know of his going away.

While he was in the same city and near so that she could see him occasionally, or hear of him even indirectly, she could be reasonably content; but, with the ocean dividing them, her heart would be heavy enough.

Earle marked her emotion, and his heart thrilled.

How sweet it was to know that she loved him and would miss him.

He arose from his chair, and, going to her, sat down by her side.

"Editha," he said, in low, eager tones, "you will be glad to learn that I think I have at last a clew to that wretched business."

"Earle, is it possible? And is that why you are going away?" she asked, eagerly. "Have you found out who did the deed?"

"No, not quite that; but I have a clew, and I wish I need not go just now; but other business of the most important nature demands it. I had fondly hoped that before many weeks should elapse I should be able to come to you and tell you that no stain rests on my name."

Edith's eyes fell beneath his earnest glance. Well she knew what would follow if he could once tell her that.

"But, of course," he went on, "all my work in that direction will now have to be suspended for awhile. But, Editha," leaning toward her and scaning her drooping face with great earnestness, "is your faith in me as strong as ever?"

"Yes, Earle."

Very sweet and low but firm came the reply.

"And you will still trust me, even though I may be away a long time?"

"Always, Earle."

But this with a quick, deep sigh.

He looked at her still, his lips trembling as is he longed to say something, yet hesitated. Then he sat suddenly erect and folded his arms tight across his chest, as it to still the heavy beating of his heart.

"Editha," he began, trying to steady his shaking voice, "you have told me that you have read of my success, and know that I am winning the esteem and respect of men in spite of the past. I am rising higher on the ladder of prosperity every day, and money flows in rapidly upon me from every side. If my business abroad proves as successful as it has here, I have reason to hope that great good in a worldly point of view is coming to me—just what that is I cannot explain to you now—but under the circumstances I feel that I cannot be silent any longer. I cannot go away from you without speaking the words I have longed to utter—to tell you of the deep and mighty love I have had to chain as with iron bands for a long time. Editha, I have loved you for more than half a dozen years. When I came to you last Christmas, alone and friendless, believing that you also had ceased to remember me, I can never tell you the revulsion of feeling I experienced when you gave me your simple but heartfelt greeting, while there was that in your eyes and manner which told me I might hope that you could love me in return. Your kindness and trust in me were almost more than I could bear at that time. I could have fallen down before you and kissed the hem of your garments, for your divine charity toward one upon whom all others looked with scorn or pity, as if I was afflicted with some deadly and incurable plague. My darling did I read aright? Did not your eyes tell me that day that you could love me if I could come to you with stainless name? Will you give me that assurance now, before I go away? Will you tell me that when I have cleared away that blight from my life—as I shall clear it yet—you will be my wife?"

The last word was spoken in an intense whisper, as if it was too sacred to be uttered aloud, while he paused and scarcely breathed as he awaited her reply, his noble face illuminated with an earnest pleading more eloquent than his burning words had been.

We have seen all along that Editha Dalton was possessed of a character remarkable for veracity and straight-forward dealing. She realized now that this was the most serious and sacred moment of her whole life—that upon her reply hung the happiness of her own and Earle's future.

There was no coyness, no hesitation in her answer, though no lack of maidenly delicacy and dignity in her words and manner, as she lifted her flushed face, glorified with the light of her noble, steadfast love for him, and said:

"Earle, if you had told me this last Christmas-time you need not have lived quite such a lonely, loveless life ever since. I believe I have loved you from the time when you first came to Uncle Richard's only I never found it out until the day of our trial."

"Editha, can it be possible?" Earle exclaimed, his face almost transfigured by her words.

"Yes, Earle, I used to wish that you were my brother in those days; but when I bade you good by that afternoon after your trial, it came to me that it was no sisterly feeling that I entertained for you, but something deeper, stronger, and more sacred."

"My darling," he cried, fairly trembling beneath the weight of his great happiness, and yet scarcely able to credit what he heard, "you would not say this if you did not mean it—you would not allow me to grasp this hope and then let it fail me?"

She lifted her clear eyes to his.

"Earle, do you think I could love you all these years and then trifle with the affection which is the most precious gift Heaven ever sent to me?" she asked, with grave sweetness.

"No, no; and yet for the moment my brain almost reeled—it did not seem possible that such joy could be really meant for me, after what I have suffered," he returned, with a deep breath of thankfulness that was almost a sob, as he drew her tenderly into his arms and laid the golden head upon his breast.

"It was cruel, so cruel," she murmured, with trembling lips; "I know I shall never be able to realize all you have suffered, Earle, but not a day passed that my heart did not cry out in rebellion against your fate."

"It is all past now, my own; let us not live it over again; and the joy you have given me to-day will brighten all the future," he said, laying his lips reverently against the shining hair that crowned the head upon his breast. "Can it be possible," he added, after a few moments of silence, "that you would have pledged yourself to me last Christmas—to me, only a few hours out of prison, after serving a convict's sentence?"

She laid her hand upon his lips as if to stay the hateful words.

"The fact of you having suffered unjustly for the crime of another only made me love you the more tenderly—I regarded you just as worthy of my affection then as you will ever be," Editha returned, gravely.

"God ever bless you for these words, my darling! And you will be my wife, Editha, some time when——"

"I will be your wife, Earle," she interrupted, not allowing him to finish his sentence, for she knew what he was about to add.

"But suppose I should never succeed in finding those rascals who committed the robbery—suppose the doubt must ever rest upon me?" he persisted.

"It will make no difference, Earle. You know you are innocent; I know it; why then need we make ourselves miserable over what the world may say or think?"

"And you do not care—you will never be troubled or ashamed if others scorn me and give me the cold shoulder?" he asked, astonished.

"Nay, dear," she said, with a smile that had something of sadness in it; "I cannot say that I do not care, for I would like every one to honor you, even as I honor you, and I feel assured that they will yet do so; meanwhile we will be as happy as we can be. Ashamed of you I can never be—please do not allow such a thought to enter your mind again.

"Editha, you were rightly named. Do you know what it means?"

"No; I never even thought to ask if it had a meaning."

"It means happiness. Who gave it to you?"

"Uncle Richard said that he named me," Editha answered, with a thoughtful, far-away look in her eyes.

"It must have been an inspiration, then, for I believe you bring happiness to every one with whom you come in contact," Earle said, in tones of intense feeling.

"Then you are happy, Earle, in spite of all?" Editha asked, lifting her head and regarding him wistfully.

"My darling—my darling, I cannot tell you how happy; the very best of earth's treasures should be laid at your feet, if I had them, to testify to it, and I trust the day is not far distant when I shall be able to bring you a goodly measure of them," he returned, folding her closer.

"You have brought me the most precious one in all the world to-day, Earle—your dear love," the fair girl answered, softly, and almost awed by the depth of his affection for her.

"Ah! if I did not need to go away!" Earle said with a sigh.

"I, too, wish that you did not—the time will seem long until you return," Editha returned, regretfully; then she added, suddenly: "Is it absolutely necessary that you should go?"

"Yes; it cannot be avoided. If I were sure of success, I would tell you the nature of the business which calls me abroad; but you can trust me a little longer?"

"Always."

"And would you, some time in the future be willing to go abroad to live if it was necessary?" Earle asked, with a peculiar expression on his face.

"Anywhere in the world with you, Earle, if need be;" and, with a tender smile, Editha laid both her hands on his. It was as as if she was willing to renounce everything in the world for him and his precious love, and the act touched him as nothing ever had done before.

He bowed his manly head until his lips rested upon them in a fervent, reverent caress.

At that instant the door near which they were sitting swung softly open, and before they were aware of his presence, Mr, Dalton had entered, and was standing before them. He had come in a few minutes previous, and the waiter had told him that Earle Wayne was there, which intelligence so enraged him that he determined at once to put a stop to all further visits from him.

Whether he had been guilty of listening before entering the room they could not tell, but certain it is that he presented himself before them with a most disagreeable smile upon his face and a glitter in his steel-gray eyes that boded them no good.

(To be continued.)

"How can She ever Love Him?" is what you often hear said when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can she bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption, or perhaps in insanity?" Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. By druggists.

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"Is that you, butcher?" came over the wire.

"Yes'm."

"Well, send up to No. 43, Checkerboard Avenue, a nice roast of beef and a small salmon, and be sure and get them here early."

"Bet your bustle I will."

"What's that?"

"You can just bet your—"

"Do you know who you are talking to, sir?"

"Mary, the cook, ain't you Mary?"

"No, sir, I am not Mary; I am Mrs. ——, and this is the last order you'll—"

"'Scuse me, mum; that bet's off."

He feared no Foe.

Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. Many now-a-days seem equally indifferent to danger by the manner in which they neglect ill-health. If taken in time, there is scarcely a chronic disease which Burdock Blood Bitters will not eradicate by its purifying, regulating powers.

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NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT!! Because it is agreeable to take.

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS

CAMPBELL'S Cathartic COMPOUND

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS

MADE IN THE FOLLOWING SIZES:

LOCKET, CARD, CABINET, BOUDOIR, PANEL and LIFE,

—AT—

HARVEY'S SPUDIO!

164, Queen Street, F'ton., Next below Peoples' Bank.

☞ Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Childrens' Pictures a Specialty

Fredericton, December 1, 1886.

NASAL BALM CURES HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL SEARCHES, COLD IN THE HEAD, ROSE COLD, HEADACHE, TRADE MARK, CATARRH

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.

STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address

EASY TO USE. FULFORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.

STEAMER "FLORENCEVILLE."

This Steamer will run between FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK, during the season of 1887, as usual. Leaving

FREDERICTON,

—ON—

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY mornings at 6 o'clock, and leaving

WOODSTOCK,

on the return trip, at 8 o'clock, on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY mornings.

NOTICE—Way Freight *must* be prepaid.

H. D. CREED, *Agent.*

Fredericton, May 11, 1887.

Just Received:

ANOTHER supply of Christie, Brown & Co's. Celebrated BISCUITS.
Soda Biscuits in 3 lbs. boxes.

W. H. VANWART.

May 18

LEMONT & SONS!

Splint Rockers;
Baby Carriages;
Express Waggons;
Velocipedes, Bicycles;
Rail Waggons;

ALL KINDS OF

FURNITURE.

JUST OPENING:

18 Crates of STONWARE.

LEMONT & SONS.

JUST OPENED:

Mens' Clothing,
Boys' Clothing,
Youths' Clothing.

Also, a nice assortment of

FUR AND FELT HATS,

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Trunks, Bags, Valises.

ROOM PAPER.

SIMON NEALIS.

Fredericton, April 27

REMOVED!

F. J. McCAUSLAND,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Has Removed his place of Business from the stand in Wiley's Building, to the stand lately occupied by C. A. McCausland,

Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,

where he will attend promptly and carefully to Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

He has on hand, and will sell Low for Cash, a fine line of

WATCHES

—AND—

JEWELRY,

and a handsome line of Plush Goods.

☞ Remember the place, corner Queen and Carleton Streets.

Fredericton May 18, 1887—1y

Notice of Sale.

To JAMES ANDERSON of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York, Farmer, and ISABELLA, his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and made between the said James Anderson and Isabella, his wife, of the one part, and James A. Vanwart and Wesley Vanwart of the City of Fredericton, County aforesaid, of the other part; which said Mortgage was duly recorded in Book N, 3, pages 8, 9, 10 and 11, of the York County Records; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Phœnix Square, in the City of Fredericton, and County of York, on SATURDAY, the ninth day of July next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being as follows, being the north-west of half lot of Land, described as follows: Being divided by the King Settlement Road, beginning at a marked spruce tree in the south angle of Land granted to Alexander Scott, and running thence by the magnet along the south-east line of the said grant and its prolongation, north 48°, east 147 chains of four poles each, thence south 15 chains, thence south 48°, west 147 chains to the north branch of the Nashwaaskis stream, and thence along the same northerly to the place of beginning, the said half lot as above to contain 100 acres more or less, being the Lands deeded to the said James Anderson by Robert McNaughton, by Indenture dated the 21st August, 1877, and Registered in Book J, 3, pages 218 and 219 of the York County Records.

"Also, the one half undivided interest of the said James Anderson, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of Land, situate in the Cardigan Settlement, in the said Parish of Douglas, being lot number B, and granted to Joseph Cooper of Matson Magnica, Somersetshire, England, containing by estimation two hundred acres, more or less, (the said parcel of Land having been conveyed to John Edgecombe, by Indenture, bearing date March 1st, 1861, and deeded by the said John Edgecombe and wife, to the said James Anderson and one Andrew Steen, Jr., by deed dated April 4th, 1868, A. D.)" together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, and appertenances to same, belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated the seventh day of June, A. D. 1887.

J. A. VANWART,
WESLEY VANWART.

J. A. & W. VANWART,
Solicitors per Se.

Notice of Sale.

To DANIEL LUCY, lately of Fredericton, in the County of York, now of Southampton, in the County of York, Merchant, and SARAH A. LUCY, his wife, and all others to whom it may in any wise concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the first day of April, A. D., 1881, Registered in the Records of the County of York, in Book P, 3, pages 495 to 499, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1881, numbered 31395, made between the said Daniel Lucy and Sarah A. Lucy, his wife, the Mortgagors of the one part, and the undersigned Henry M. Campbell of the County of Kings, Farmer, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the said principal and interest thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at the County Court House in Fredericton, opposite the Queen Hotel, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of July next, at 12 o'clock, noon, the Lands and Premises in said Mortgage described as follows, that is to say:—

"All that certain piece or tract of Land, situate, lying and being in the town plat of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, and known and distinguished as Lot number Two Hundred and Seventeen, (217) in Block number Thirteen in said town plat, the said lot, piece or parcel of Land fronting on Brunswick Street, and extending back therefrom one hundred and sixty-five feet, until it meets lands now or lately owned by Christopher Broderick and Spafford Barker, and being the same Lands and Premises deeded to the said Daniel Lucy, by James M. Wortman, by deed dated the twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, Recorded in the York County Records in Book U, No. 2, pages 501 and 502, the twenty-second day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine.

"Also, all that certain other piece or parcel of Land and Premises, situate, lying and being in the said City of Fredericton, known and distinguished as the upper or north-westerly half of Lot number Two Hundred and Fifteen, (215) fronting on said Brunswick Street thirty-three feet, and extending back to the rear of said last mentioned Lot, one hundred and sixty-five feet, such last mentioned lot, piece or parcel of land having been deeded to the said Daniel Lucy by John Owens and wife, by deed dated the twenty-ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, Recorded in the said York County Records in Book T, No. 2, pages 357 and 358, the thirtieth day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and being the same Lands and Premises upon which the three houses owned by the said Daniel Lucy on Brunswick Street aforesaid, are situate," together with all the rights of way, rights of ingress and egress and other rights of the said Daniel Lucy in and to the said Lands and Premises; together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said Lands and Premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, uses and profits thereof. Each of the above houses and building and lot in connection therewith will be sold separately.

Dated at Fredericton, this 28th day of April, A. D., 1887.

H. MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, *Mortgagee.*

WINSLOW & JORDAN, *Solicitors for Mortgagee.*

Wagon for Sale.

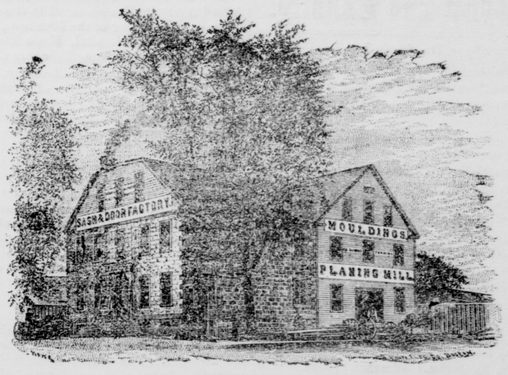
ONE PLAIN BODY WAGON for sale Low.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Now. Now.

NOW is the time to buy Nails, etc., before the advance, which will be very shortly, owing to another turn of the taxation wheel.

Z. R. EVERETT.



No. 2, QUEEN STREET.

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS

FOR BUILDING PURPOSES,

always on hand, or made to order, from kilndried stock. Flooring, Sheathing, Clapboards, Stair stock, &c., &c. Also

Furniture in Bedroom Suits, &c., &c.

OFFICE FURNITURE, &c., ON HAND.

☞ All of the above will be sold LOW for cash or approved payments.

Fredericton, April 6 J. C. RISTEEN & CO.

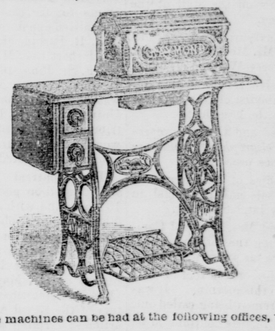
CALL AND SEE THE

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, Mir michi, N.B., Chatham, Hirmichi, N. B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campleton, 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.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

Special Certificate in Midwifery.

OFFICE:

Fishers' Building, Cor. Queen and York Streets.

RESIDENCE—109 Brunswick Street.

Fredericton, May 18, 1887—1y

H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S.,

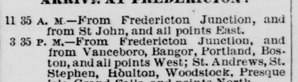
Surgeon Dentist.

OFFICE:

First Door below Peoples Bank, Queen Street, Fredericon, N. B.

OFFICE HOURS—9 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2 to 5, and 7 to 9 P. M.

Fredericton, May 20, 1885



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains—In effect October 24th, 1886.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
9 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for McAdam Junction, and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.
1 10 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for St. Jonn, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from St John, and all points East.
3 35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston