Poetry.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot,
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet,
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night,
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad,
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

Literature.

DOUBLE DEALING.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGERY.

Everet Mapleson availed himself of Mrs. Loring's invitation, and called the second morning after Mrs. Brevort's reception to pay his respects to the young ladies.

He was fortunate enough to find them both at home, and both were charmingly entertaining.

Addie Loring was a merry little body, and no one could ever be dull when in her society.

Gladys was more reserved and dignified in her bearing but she possessed a peculiar fascination which instantly attracted everybody, and taking the two together, it would have been difficult, go the world over to have found a more entaining couple than they.

Everet Mapleson was beguiled into a call of a full hour—a delightful hour it was, too, to them all—and looked his dismay when finally, glancing at his watch, he found how the time had slipped away.

Addie Loring laughed merrily, when she saw the expression on his face, and caught his well-bred, "I had no idea it was so late."

"Pray, Mr. Mapleson, do not look so disturbed," she cried; "there is no fine for such an offense, and you are absolved even before confession, for this time."

"But I have overstepped all bounds. I have been here a whole hour, and this my first call, too."

"How dreadful!" laughed the little lady, roguishly. "pray, tell me, what is the Southern rule for first calls?"

"Twenty minutes, or have an hour at most."

"I am glad I do not live in the south then. Why, one would hardly get through talking about the weather in that time."

"Miss Loring, I protest; there has not been one word said about the weather this morning," retorted the young man, thinking that she was very nearly as pretty as Gladys, as she stood before him in that graceful attitude, her head perched saucily on one side, a mocking smile on her red lips.

"True; but this wasn't a formal call, you know, for which we both feel very much obliged to you, I am sure. People usually begin upon the werther when they make ceremonious visits, and that is about all there is to say. It is really refreshing to have had such a breezy hour as this. Pray, come again, Mr. Mapleson, and don't bring your watch next time; at least, don't look at it, if it is going to make you uncomfortable," replied Miss Loring, with charming cordiality.

"Thank you; you are so indulgent, and your invitation is so alluring that I am sure I shall not be able to resist it," he answered, as he shook hands with her. Then he turned to Gladys, and added: "May I assume that you indorse all that your friend has said, Miss Huntress?"

"It has, indeed, been a very pleasant hour, Mr. Mapleson—if an hour has really slipped by since you came in—and I shall be happy to meet you again, although I remain only a few days longer with Miss Loring," she replied.

Mr. Mapleson's face clouded at this.

"Surely your vacation is not nearly over yet?" he said.

"Oh, no; but I only promised Addie a week; there are but two, and papa and mamma want me at home the other."

"Allow me to ask where is your home, Miss Huntress?"

"In Brooklyn."

"True; I had forgotton. I remember that Huntress told me that he resided in Brooklyn," Everet said, aware that the "City of Churches" was quite convenient to New York, and that he could run over there as easily as come way up town to the Lorings.

"We are not going to give Gladys up until Saturday, Mr. Mapleson," Miss Loring here interposed, "for Thursday evening we give a reception in her honor; the cards were issued several days ago. It is rather late to offer you one, but if you will accept it, we shall be glad to see you with our other guests."

Everet Mapleson was only too glad to get in even at that late date, and with thanks, he took the envelope which Miss Loring proffered him, and expressed the pleasure it would afford him to accept her invitation.

He then bowed himself out, more than ever in love with beautiful Gladys Huntress, and more than ever determined to win her love in return.

He took a car down town, leaving it near Stewart's on Broadway, to go to a certain club-house, where he was to meet his friend Vandewater.

On his way thither, he passed a flower-stand, behind which there sat a woman who appeared to be about fifty years of age.

She was an unusually tidy and respectable looking person to be a street vender of flowers, and she had a rare and choice collection for that season of the year, and they were arranged in a really artistic manner.

It was this arrangement which attracted Everet Mapleson's attention, for he was a great admirer of flowers, and was rarely seen anywhere without some bud or spray in his button-hole.

He had worn heliotrope to-day during his call, but it was wilted and discolored, and he paused now before the stand to replace it with something else.

He selected one exquisite rosebud nestling between its dark green leaves, and taking out a piece of silver, he tossed it over the vases into the woman's lap, and then would have passed on without waiting for his change, but that she had put out her hand to detain him.

She had given a start of surprise and uttered a low cry the moment he had stopped before her, but he had not noticed it, and she had not taken her eyes from his face during all the time he was making his selection.

As she looked she began to tremble, her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and she breathed with difficulty, as if overcome with some powerful emotion.

Her face was wrinkled and sad, showing that she must have passed through some terrible grief. Her hair was very gray and there was a white seam or scar above her right temple, the mark of an injury received years before.

"Oh," she cried, putting out her hand to detain him as he was turning away. "Oh, Geoffrey, have you forgotten Margery?"

Everet stopped short, looked back, and attentively scanned the woman's face.

"'Margery,'" he repeated. "I never knew anybody of that name, and mine isn't Geoffrey either, my woman," he said, somewhat brusquely, for it nettled him whenever he heard that name, which he had grown to dislike so much.

"Surely my eyes can't deceive me," returned the flower-vender, earnestly. "I could never forget the dear boy, that I nursed and tended during the first five years of his life. Can't you remember me, dearie? Have you forgotten the chickens and the rabbits—old Chuck, the dog, and the two little white kittens. Ah! try to think, Master Geoffrey, and tell me what became of Jack after he gave you that dreadful blow, and then ran away with you when he left me for dead, so many years ago."

"What under the sun is the old creature talking about?" murmured Everet, with a perplexed look.

"I'd readily forgive him for the hurt that he gave me," the woman went on, unheeding him," and overlook the past if I could only set eyes on him once more and feel that I wasn't all alone in the world in my old age; it's hard not to have a single soul to care for you. Sure I can't see how you could forget Margery, when you were so fond of her in those old days."

"I tell you my name is not Geoffrey," repeated Mapleson. "You are thinking of some one else. "I do not know anything about Jack, or his striking anybody, and then running away, and I never saw you until this moment."

The poor woman was weeping now, and moaning in a low, heart-broken way that made the young man pity her, in spite of his irritability.

"You must have forgotten," she responded wiping her fast falling tears. "Perhaps the cruel blow Jack gave you hurt your memory—and whatever could he have done with you after he took you away from the old home that night? It breaks my heart that you don't know me dearie, for I served your mother so faithfully when you were a wee baby. She was the sweetest little body that the sun ever shone on—so gentle, and kind, too, with a face like a lily and eyes as blue as Heaven. Poor boy! You never realized your loss when she died, for Margery promised to care for you as if you were her very own, and she did—you were the pride of my heart during all those five blessed years."

"You haye made a mistake my good woman," Everet said, more gently, for her grief and pathetic rambling touched him.

He believed that he had run across an old nurse of Geoffrey Huntress, for he remembered now that he said he lost his parents when very young, and he did not wonder that she had mistaken him for her former nursling.

But it angered him so to talk of his enemy that he would not take the trouble to tell her anything about him, and he never dreamed how near he was to discovering what had been a sealed mystery for many long years.

"My name is Everet," he went on, "and my mother is not dead, neither has she a face like a lily—she is dark, with a rich color and brilliant black eyes."

The woman appeared still more perplexed and troubled by this statement.

She wagged her head slowly from side to side, as if she could not reconcile his assertions with her belief.

"Your mother's name was Annie—she began.

"No, my mothers name is Estelle."

"Estelle," she repeated, searching his face keenly; that might have been her other name. Didn't she have bright, beautiful brown hair, and a sweet, gentle way with her?"

"No: her hair is as black as a raven's wing, and no one would ever think of describing her as 'sweet and gentle,'" the young Southerner replied, with a smile, as a vision of the magnificient woman who reigned in his home arose before him, "but proud and imperious. She is like some beautiful queen."

"And is she your own mother?" questioned the flower-vender, eagerly.

"Yes, my own mother, and I am her only child."

"Well, well, it is very strange," sighed the poor woman, tears of disappointment again filling her eyes. "I was so sure that I had found my boy at last. I've been hunting for him these eighteen years. It isn't much wonder that I mistook you, though, for you couldn't be more like him if you were his twin; and yet he mayn't look like you at all, now that he's grown up. Ah, Jack, peace to your soul if you've gone the way of all the earth, but where under heaven did you leave the child?"

She dropped her head upon her breast and kept on with her mutterings, apparently convinced at last that she had made a mistake.

Everet Mapleson stood irresolute a moment, half tempted to tell her where she could find Geoffrey, and yet obstinately averse to doing anything for one whom he so disliked.

He was in a hurry, too, for it was already past the time that he had appointed to meet young Vandewater, and he was unwilling to be detained any longer to answer the questions of a garrulous old woman, so he went unheeded on his way.

All the way to the club-house she was in his thoughts. Without doubt, he reasoned, she has been a servant in the Huntress family, and probably after Geoffrey's adoption by his uncle she had lost track of her charge, perhaps by a change of residence on her part or his.

He could not seem to understand her reference to the dreadful blow that Jack had given the boy, nor to his running away with him afterward and leaving his wife, as he evidently believed, dead.

The more he thought it over the more strange it appeared, and the more interested he became regarding the matter. Possibly there might be something connected with Geoffrey Huntress' history which he might be able to use against him in his future scheme.

"I will go back by and by and question her some more," he muttered, as he reached the club-house, ran up the steps, and entered the vestibule.

He did not return that day, however, but the next he made it in his way to pass the spot where Margery had had her flower-stand the previous morning.

But she was no longer there. Flowers, stand, and vender had disappeared, and although Everet sought her several times after that he did not see her again during his stay in the city.

He was greatly disappointed, for the more he considered the affair the more he became convinced there was something which he might have learned of Geoffrey Huntress' life and parentage that would have been to his advantage, and he blamed himself severely for having neglected his opportunity.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RECEPTION.

Mrs. Loring reception on Thursday evening proved to be a very brilliant one.

It was given nominally in honor of Gladys, but it really was as much for the sake of the daughter of the house, who was the pride and darling of her fond parents' hearts, and her taste was consulted, her lightest wish gratified, in every arrangement.

The elegant mansion was beautifully decorated for the occasion. A platform had been extended fifty feet from the broad south balcony and enclosed like a pavilion for dancing, while one of the finest bands in New York had been secured to discourse sweet music to entice tripping feet, and an elaborate supper had been ordered from Delmonico's.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntress were of course among the invited guests, and Geoffrey had also been sent for and pressed to honor the occasion with his presence, for Gladys' sake.

He had sent a telegram in reply, saying that he would come if possible, but at nine o'clock he had not appeared, and Gladys turned eagerly towards the door at every fresh arrival, hoping to see him enter.

Mr. Mapleson had not failed to present himself at an early hour, when he immediately constituted himself Gladys' most devoted attendant, and was so persistant and marked in his attentions that the young girl began to feel a trifle uncomfortable and anxious, lest matters should grow more serious than she desired.

"Papa, where do you suppose Geoff is?" she inquired, with a troubled face, as Mr. Huntress came up to her, while Everet Mapleson was doing his utmost to be agreeable.

Mr. Huntress had been introduced to the young man earlier in the evening, and had been startled, as every one else was, by his singular resemblance to the boy whom he had reared, and he had resolved to make some inquiries of him regarding his connections, hoping thus to gain some light upon Geoffrey's early life.

"I do not know, dear," the gentleman replied to his daughter's question: "it is surely time that he was here. Possibly something detained him at the last moment and he could not leave."

"Oh, I hope not; the evening will be spoiled if he does not come," Gladys cried in a tone that made the blood surge angrily to Everet Mapleson's brow, for it told him how little hope there was of his retaining Gladys' companionship if his fortunate rival should make his appearance.

"I shall be sorry myself not to see Geoff; he needs the change and recreation, too, for he is working very hard," responded Mr. Huntress, glancing wistfully toward the door himself. "But you must try to enjoy yourself all the same, if he does not come. Mr. and Mrs. Loring will be disappointed if their reception does not prove a pleasant one after all their effort."

Gladys' glance was bent upon her fan with which she was nervously toying; her cheeks were flushed, her brow was slightly clouded, her lips compressed, and it was evident that she was greatly disturbed.

All at once she turned her gaze again toward the door. She gave a sudden start.

"Why there he is now! Oh! I am so glad, she cried in a joyous tone, her beautiful face growing radiant with undisguised delight, as she saw Geoffrey, looking more handsome than ever, just entering the room.

"She instantly darted toward him without thinking to excuse herself to her companions, thus leaving Mr. Huntress and young Mapleson to entertain each other.

The latter watched that graceful figure a lurid fire in his eye, his lips compressed until they were colorless, his heart throbbing with jealous anger.

He saw her steal softly up to Geoffrey, who was looking in another direction, and slip one white hand within his arm, while she looked up at him, with a roguish but happy glance, and addressed some bright words of welcome to him.

He saw, too, how Geoffrey's countenance lighted, how his eyes glowed as he turned to look down upon that fair, upturned face, while the glad smile that wreathed his handsome mouth, told something of the joy which this meeting afforded him also.

Everet Mapleson read these signs as plainly as he would have read a printed page, and he knew that the young man loved the fair girl with all the strength of his manly nature, and the knowledge made him grind his teeth in silent rage.

But Mr. Huntress spoke to him just then, and he was obliged to turn his glance away from those two central figures, which were now moving out of the room together, and answer him.

Mr. Huntress was more and more impressed every moment that there must be kindred blood in the veins of these two young men, and he was resolved to learn the truth.

But he was destined to be disappointed for Everet Mapleson repeated about the same story, with some additions, that he had already told Gladys, and there seemed no possibility of there being any relationship between them.

"My father was a colonel in the Confederate army during the war," Everet said, in reply to his companion's query, "and my home, with the exception of a short residence abroad, has always been in the South."

"And is your mother also a Southerner?"

Everet smiled, for he knew well enough what these questions meant.

"Oh, yes; she and my father were second cousins, and they were married in 1853."

"Ah! in '53" remarked Mr. Huntress, reflectively; "and was that Colonel Mapleson's first marriage?"

"Yes, sir, and it was a somewhat romantic affair. They had an uncle who was very wealthy, and when he died it was found that he had made a very singular will. He divided his fortune equally between them, but expressed a wish that they should unite it again by marriage; indeed, he made the possession of it conditional, and in this way. My father was about twenty, my mother seventeen at the time of his death. Both were to come into their share of the property at once, but if either married some one else before my mother reached the age of twenty-five, he or she would forfeit that portion and it should go to the other. If both refused to carry out the conditions of the will and married contrary to his wishes, or remained single after my mother who was the younger, reached the age of twenty-five, the whole fortune was to be made over to a bachelor cousin of the testator, and who was also a very singular character."

"That was an exceedingly strange will," observed Mr. Huntress.

"Very, though it was not more eccentric than the man who made it; but my father and mother chose to fulfil the conditions of the will; thus the property was all kept in the family"

"And are you their only child?"

"Yes, sir. I never had either brother or sister."

"It is very strange," murmured Mr. Huntress, musingly.

Everet Mapleson regarded him curiously. "You are thinking of my resemblance to Mr. Geoffrey Huntress," he said, somewhat stiffly, after a brief pause.

"Yes, I am."

"Surely you can have no idea that we are in any way related."

"I—do—not know, of course; but——"

"You do not know," interrupted the young Southerner. "Why, you surely ought to be able to trace his genealogy since he is your nephew."

"But he is not my nephew."

"How?"

"I never saw the boy until about eight years ago."

Everet Mapleson turned a look of blank astonishment upon his companion, while a strange pallor settled over his own face.

Mr. Huntress then related to him the circumstances which brought Geoffrey to his notice, telling of his unaccountable interest in him, of the experiment which had resulted in the restoration of the boy's reason, and of his subsequent adoption of the lad.

Everet Mapleson grew very grave as he listened, and a hundred conflicting thoughts came crowding into his mind.

Could it be possible, after all, that this man whom he had so disliked, and was fast learning to hate from a feeling of jealousy, was in some mysterious way connected with the proud family of Mapleson.

He did not know of a relative of that name, and yet there might be.

He resolved that he would sift the matter the very next time he went home.

"And you know absolutely nothing about him previous to that time?" he asked of Mr. Huntress.

"No, nothing; while he was evidently so young at the time he received the injury which deprived him of his reason that there was comparatively little that he could remember about himself. Of his father and mother he knew nothing; 'Margaret' and 'Jack' are the only names that he has been able to recall, while his memories of them are very vague. I imagine, however, that the woman Margery must have been a sort of nurse who had the care of him."

Everet Mapleson started and colored as he heard these names.

He instantly recalled the incident that had occured, a few days previous, on Broadway, whed the poor old flower vender had detained him, believing that she had at last found the boy whom she had nursed so many years ago. His first impulse was to tell Mr. Huntress of this adventure; but he checked the inclination, resolving that he would himself try to find old Margery again and glean all that he could from her regarding Geoffrey's early history.

He began to realize that there was something very much more mysterious about their strange resemblance that had at first appeared.

It might not be a "freak of nature" as he had tried to think it, and if there was any important secret connected with the affair he meant to ferret it out alone, and possibly it might give him an advantage over his rival in the future if he should stand in the way of his winning Gladys for his wife.

A little later, when he went in search of her, and found her pacing up and down the great hall, leaning on Geoffrey's arm, chatting with him in a free and unrestrained way, and saw both their faces so luminious and happy, and knew that already they had become all in all to each other, he ground his teeth savagely and vowed that he would destroy their confidence and peace before another twelve-month should elapse. He stationed himself behind some draperies where he could see without being seen, and continue to watch them, although it drove him almost fo a frenzy to see how happy and unreserved Gladys was with his rival. Her face was eager and animated—it never had lighted up like that when in his presence—her eyes glowed, her lips were wreathed with smiles, and she chatted like a magpie. She seemed to have forgotten where she was, by whom surrounded, everything, save that she was with Geoffrey.

She knew well enough when she began to tell him about encountering his double in the cafe, for he saw Geoffrey start, change color, and then grow suddenly grave.

"Is Everet Mapleson here in New York?" he heard him ask, as they drew near where he was standing.

"Yes; and oh, Geoff, he is so like you. Even I could hardly detect any difference."

Geoffrey smiled at the reply.

It implied a great deal; it told him that she could distinguish between them if any one could, and that her eyes, sharpened by affection, had been able to detect something unlike in them.

"Do you think you would always be able to tell us apart, Gladys?" Geoffrey eagerly asked.

"Of course I should, you dear old Geoff," she affirmed, with a toss of her bright head.

"How?"

"Why, I only need to look into your eyes to know you," she said, with a fond upward glance.

At this reply, Geoffrey hugged close to his side the small hand that lay on his arm, and his heart thrilled with a sweet hope.

"What is there in my eyes Gladys, that is different from Everet Mapleson's?" he asked.

She blushed crimson at the question, for she knew that it was only in their expression that she could detect any difference.

"Perhaps strangers could not tell you apart," she admitted, with drooping lids; "probably it is because we have lived together so long that I know your every expression; then, too, there is a certain little quiver about your lips when you smile that he does not have. Your voices, though, are entirely different."

"Yes, any one could distinguish between us to hear us speak," Geoffrey assented; but his heart was bounding with joy, for he knew well enough that only the eye of love could have detected the points that she had mentioned.

Yet, in spite of all, he experienced a feeling of uneasiness over the fact that Everet Mapleson was spending his recess in New York and was cultivating the acquaintance of Gladys.

He had never mentioned him in any of his letters—had never spoken of that hazing experience, simply because his mind had been so engrossed with other things, that he had not thought to do so.

"There is the band, Geoff," Gladys exclaimed, as the music came floating in from the south balcony. "Mr. Loring has had the loveliest pavilion erected for dancing, and you know that I cannot keep still a moment within ear-shot of such enticing strains. Come, let us go out."

"Which means, of course, that I am to have the first set with you," he said, smiling.

"It does mean just that. You know I always like to dance with you, for you suit your step to mine so nicely. There! I'm so glad you asked me, for here comes Mr. Mapleson this minute, doubtless to make the same request," Gladys concluded under her breath, as she saw the young man step out from among the draperies, where he had been watching them, and approach them.

(To be continued.)

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Agents wanted everywhere, to whom most liberal terms will be offered.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

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

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Notice of Removal.

THE undersigned has removed his Office to DR. BROWN'S BUILDING, Queen Street, next door above the store of Messrs. George Hatt & Sons, where he will attend to business as usual.

MONEY TO LOAN on approved security, in amounts to suit applicants at current rates of interest.

WILLARD KITCHEN.

Fredericton, May 9.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch St. May 16-1y.

To Travelers.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST stock of Trunks we have ever offered, now open for inspection and sale. All prices from 75 cts., to $10. Valises, Satchels and Shawl Straps, Umbrellas. ect., at bargain prices.

Wilmots Block, Queen Street,

SIMON NEALIS.

ROSSMORE, L. O. L. No. 21,

Meets at Foresters Hall, St. Marys Ferry, on the first and third THURSDAY of each month, at 7.30 P. M.

☞ Visiting Brethren cordially welcomed.

ROBT. COCHRAN, *W. M.*
T. FANCUTT, *Rec.-Sec'y.*

February 1

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'88 Winter Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, November 26th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John:

Day Express,	**7.30**
Accommodation,	**11.20**
Express for Sussex	**16.35**
Express for Halifax & Quebec,	**18.00**

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.10 Train to Halifax.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec,	**7.00**
Express from Sussex,	**8.35**
Accommodation,	**13.30**
Day Express,	**19.20**

☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE.
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 20th, 1888.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
8 45 A. M.—Express for Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St John, and points East.
3 10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
6 30 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6 50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON

4 45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

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

A. J. HEATH,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

SECOND TO NONE!

"Second to none" so far as LIBERAL TERMS go, but far ahead of all, in ASSORTMENT, GOOD VALUES and QUALITY of our goods.

NEW GOODS.

Just opened a complete stock of

TASTY NOVELTIES!

FOR THE FALL TRADE.

CLOCKS, BRONZES, ETC.,

our stock of these goods is now complete

GOLD GOODS.

Diamond Rings,
Solid Gold Sets,
Solid Gold Tie Pins,

A fine line on hand, all choice patterns.

S. F. SHUTE,

302 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, October 24.

CHASE & SANBORN'S

COFFEES,

Dingman's Electric Soap.
Autumn Leaf Soap.
Benson's Prep'd Corn Starch.
Pure Gold Paste Blacking.
Rising Sun Stove Polish.
Brown and Straw Wrapping Papers.
Pure Gold Flavoring Essences.
Brooms, Pails, Tubs, &c.
"Latherine."
Royal Yeast Cakes.
Royal Baking Powder.

—FOR SALE BY—

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

BROWNE'S Metallic and Rubber Weather Strips, at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

THE ENTERPISE MEAT CHOPPER at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

THE LITTLE GIANT MEAT CUTTER at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE

Fredericton, November, 28.

GEORGE W. ALLEN,

Barrister-at-Law,

Winslow's Building, St. John St.,

FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, October 24, 1888.

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.

TO LET.

Possession given 1st February, 1889

THE SHOP at present occupied by J. D. Reid, Harness Maker. Apply to

MISS HOGG,
On the premises.

Fredericton, Nov. 7, 1888

TO LET.

THAT pleasantly situated House and premise at the upper end of George Street, formerly occupied by the late F. P. Robinson.

Furnace and frost proof cellar, and Garden in good state of cultivation.

May be seen at any time by applying to

W. H. ROBINSON,
At Bank of Nova Scotia.

Fredericton, Jan, 18, 1888.

PIANOS. ORGANS.

ORGANS. PIANOS.

I have now on hand a large stock of Pianos, including the

NEW HEINTZMAN AND NEW BELL PIANOS,

GRANDS, SQUARES AND UPRIGHTS.

☞ FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Handsome cases of double Veneered Rosewood, Mahogany. Blistered Walnut and French Burl.

All Pianos guaranteed three unisons. In style, beauty, finish, workmanship, grandness, brilliancy and purity of tone and durability they are unequalled.

ORGANS IN GREAT VARIETY.

New England Bethoven and Bell Organs,

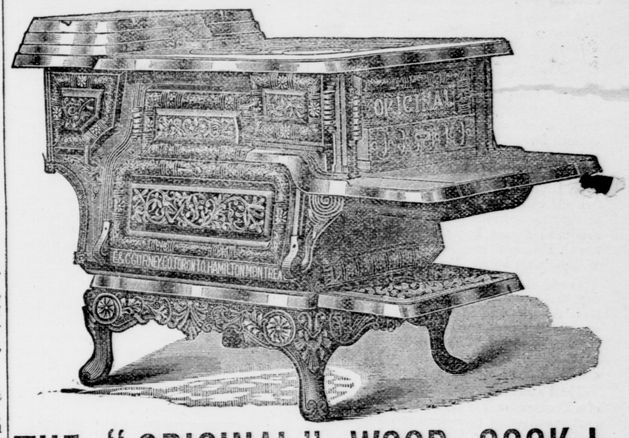
Suitable for Churches, Lodge and Concert rooms, and Parlors.

Cases of the best material. Beautifully finished throughout. Tone full, grand, clear and sweet Don't be led astray by false representations of agents but come and see for yourself. Buying for Cash I am thus enabled to give better value for the money than any other dealer in the Province.

Sold on easy terms—Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

D. McCATHERIN, - - - Phœnix Square, Fredericton.

FREDERICTON, December 12, 1888



THE "ORIGINAL" WOOD COOK!

First-Class in Design;
First-Class in Workmanship;
First-Class in Operation.

THE ORIGINAL is the ONLY FIRST-CLASS WOOD COOK that has an individuality of its own, distinguishing it from the every day construction offered in First-Class Stoves.

The ORIGINAL fulfils every pledge that is made for it, and stands to-day unequalled as a marvel of beauty and practical utility.

Modern ideas and new improvements, make it the most economical and convenient stove ever placed on the market. It has the largest High Oven, largest top, largest reservoir, largest fire box and flues. Its value is apparent at sight, and builds its own reputation.

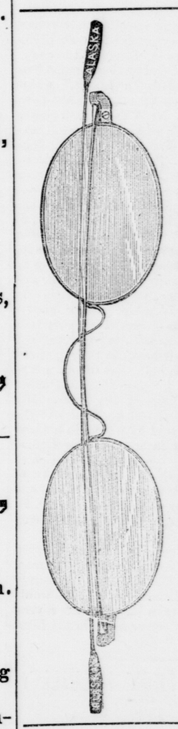
The lower oven door drops and forms a substantial flush oven shelf, while the upper one retains the heat that is wasted from every swinging oven door Cook Stove.

I also keep the **NOVEL STANDARD,** the latest and most modern COAL COOK in the market. The points of construction are similar to the Original Cook, and a sister stove for burning coal.

CALL AT

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE,

AND SEE THEM.



NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

Spectacles and Eye Glasses,

in Gold, Nickel, Steel and Rubber Frames.

SOLE AGENT