Literature.

'LENA RIVERS.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. GRAHAM AT HOME.

As the summer advanced, extensive preparations were commenced for repairing Woodlawn, which was to be fitted up in a style suited to the luxurious taste of its rightful owner, which, as report said, was in reality Durward. He had conceived a fancy for the place five years before, when visiting in the neighborhood, and on learning that it was for sale, he had purchased it, at the suggestion of his mother, proposing to his father that for a time, at least, he should be its nominal possessor. What reason he had for this he hardly knew himself unless it was that he disliked being flattered as a man of great wealth, choosing rather to be esteemed for what he really was.

And, indeed, few of his age were more generally beloved than was he. Courteous, kind-hearted, and generous almost to a fault, he gained friends wherever he went, and it was with some reason that Mrs. Graham thought herself blessed above mothers, in the possession of such a son. "He is so like me," she would say, in speaking of his many virtues, when in fact, there was scarcely anything in common between them, for nearly all of Durward's sterling qualities were either inherited from his own father, or the result of many years' companionship with his step father. Possessed of the most exquisite taste, he exercised it in the arrangement of Woodlawn, which, under his skillful management, began in a few weeks to assume a more beautiful appearance than it had ever before worn.

Once in two weeks either Mr. Graham or Durward came out to see how matters were progressing, the latter usually accepting Mrs. Livingstone's pressing invitation to make her house his home. This he was the more willing to do, as it threw him into the society of 'Lena, who was fast becoming an object of absorbing interest to him. The more he saw of her, the more was his admiration increased, and oftentimes, when joked concerning his preference for Carrie, he smiled to think how people were deceived, determining, however, to keep his own secret until such times as he should be convinced that 'Lena was all he could desire in a wife. For her poverty and humble birth he cared nothing. If she were poor, he was rich, and he possessed too much good sense to deem himself better than she, because the blood of a nobleman flowed in his veins. He knew that she was highly gifted and beautiful, and could he be assured that she was equally true hearted, he would not hesitate a moment.

But Mrs. Livingstone's insinuation that she was a heartless coquette, troubled him, and though he could not believe it without more proof than he had yet received, he determined to wait and watch, studying her character, the while, to see if there was in her aught of evil. In this state of affairs, it was hardly more than natural that his manner toward her should be rather more reserved than that which he assumed toward Carrie, for whom he cared nothing, and with whom he talked, laughed, and rode, forgetting her the moment she was out of his sight, and never suspecting how much importance she attached to his every word and look, construing into tokens of admiration the most casual remark, such as he would utter to any one. This was of advantage to 'Lena, for secure of their prize, both Mrs. Livingstone and Carrie, for a time, at least, ceased to persecute her, seldom speaking of her in Durward's presence, and, as a general thing, acting as though she were not in existence.

John Jr., too, who had imposed upon himself the duty of watching his mother and sister, seeing no signs of hostility, now withdrew his espionage, amusing himself, instead, by galloping three times a week over to Frankfort, the home of Nellie Douglass, and by keeping an eye upon Captain Atherton, who, as a spider would watch a fly, was lying in wait for the unsuspecting Anna.

At last all was in readiness at Woodlawn for the reception of Mrs. Graham, who came up early in October, bringing with her a larger train of house servants than was often seen in Woodford county. About three weeks after her arrival, invitations were issued for a party, or "house-warming," as the negroes termed it. Nero, Durward's valet, brought the tiny notes to Mr. Livingstone's, giving them into the care of Carrie, who took them immediately to her mother's room.

"If it's Durward's handwriting," said she, glancing at the superscriptions, and reading as she did so—"Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone"—"Mr. John Livingstone, Jr."—"Miss Carrie Livingstone"—"Miss Anna Livingstone"—"*Miss 'Lena Rivers*;" and she stopped, in utter dismay, continuing, as her mother looked up inquiringly—"And, as I live, one for *grandma*—'MRS. MARTHA NICHOLS!'"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, reaching out her hand for the billet. "Yes, 'tis Mrs. Martha Nichols!—what can it mean?"

A peep behind the scenes would have told her what it meant. For once in his life Mr. Graham had exercised the right of being master in his own house, declaring that if Mrs. Nichols were not invited with the family, there should be no party at all. Mrs. Graham saw that he was in earnest, and yielded the point, knowing that in all probability the old lady would not be permitted to attend. Her husband had expected a like opposition with regard to 'Lena, but he was disappointed, for his wife, forgetting her declaration that 'Lena should never darken her doors, and thinking it would not do to slight her, cousented that, on her uncle's account, she should be invited. Accordingly, the notes were dispatched, producing the effect we have seen.

"How perfectly ridiculous to invite grandma!" said Carrie. "It's bad—enough to have 'Lena stuck in with us, for of course she'll go."

"Why of course?" asked Mrs. Livingstone. "The invitations are at my disposal now; and if I choose to withhold two of them, no one will be blamed but Nero, who was careless and dropped them! 'Lena has nothing decent to wear and I don't feel like expending much more for a person so ungrateful as she is. You ought to have heard how impudent she was that time you all went to Woodlawn."

Then followed a one-sided description of that morning's occurrence, Mrs. Livingstone working herself up to such a pitch of excitement, that before her recital was finished, she had determined on all events to keep back 'Lena's invitation as a method of punishing her for her "insolence," as she termed it.

"Mrs. Graham will thank me for it, I know," said she, "for she cannot endure her; and besides that, I don't think 'Lena expects to be invited, so there's no harm done."

Carrie was not yet quite so hardened as her mother, and for a moment her better nature shrank from so mean a transaction, which might, after all, be found out, involving them in a still worse difficulty; but as she thought flashed upon her that possibly 'Lena might again attract Durward her, she assented, and they were about putting the notes aside, when John Jr. came in, catching up his grandmothers, note the first thing, and exclaiming, "Oh *rich!—capital!* I hope she'll go!" Then before his mother could interpose a word, he darted away in quest of Mrs. Nichols, whose surprise was fully equal to that of Mrs. Livingstone and Carrie.

"Now, you don't say I've got an invite," said she, leaving the darning-needle in the stocking-heel which she was mending, and wiping her steel-bowed spectacles. "Come, 'Leny, you read it, that's a good girl."

'Lena complied, and taking the note from her cousin's hand, read that Mrs. Graham would be at home Thursday evening, &c.

"But where's the invite? That don't say anything about *me*!" said Mrs. Nichols, beginning to fear that it was a humbug after all.

As well as they could, 'Lena and John Jr. explained it to her, and then, fully convinced that she was really invited, Mrs. Nichols began to wonder what she should wear, and how she should go, asking John "if he couldn't tackle up and carry her in the shay," as she called the single buggy.

"Certainly," answered John Jr., willing to do anything for the sake of the fun which he knew would ensue from his grandmother's attendance.

'Lena thought otherwise, for much as she desired to gratify her grandmother, she would not for the world expose her to the ridicule which her appearance at a fashionable party would call forth. Glancing reprovingly at her cousin, she said, "I wouldn't think of going, grandma, for you are lame and old, and there'll be so many people there, all strangers, too, that you won't enjoy it at all. Besides that, we'll have a nice time at home together—I'll read to you all the evening."

"*We*," repeated John Jr. "Pray, are you not going?"

"Not without an invitation," said 'Lena smilingly.

"True, true," returned her cousin. "It's down stairs, I dare say. I only stopped to look at this. I'll go and get yours now."

Suiting the action to the word, he descended to his mother's room, asking for "'Lena's card."

"'Lena's card! What do you mean?" said Mrs. Livingstone, looking up from the book she was reading, while Carrie for a moment suspended her needle-work.

"'Lena's invitation; "you know well enough what I mean," returned John Jr., tumbling over the notes which lay upon the table, and failing to find the one for which he was seeking.

"You'll have to ask Mrs. Graham for it, I presume, as it's not here," was Mrs. Livingstone's quiet answer.

"Thunder!" roared John Jr., "'Lena not invited! That's a smart caper. But there's some mistake about it, I know. Who brought them?"

"Nero brought them," said Carrie, "and I think it is strange that grandmother should be invited and 'Lena left out. But I suppose Mrs. Graham has her reasons. She don't seem to fancy 'Lena much."

"Mrs. Graham go to grass," muttered John Jr., leaving the room and slamming the door after him with great violence.

"'Twas a pity he did not look in one of the drawers of his mother's work-box, for there, safe and sound, lay the missing note! But he did not think of that. He only knew that 'Lena was slighted, and for the next two hours he raved and fretted, sometimes declaring he would not go, and again wishing Mrs. Graham in a temperature but little suited to her round, fat proportions.

"Well, if they feel too big to invite 'Leny, they needn't expect to see me there, that's just all there is about it," said grandma, settling herself in her rocking-chair, and telling 'Lena "she would not care an atom if she's in her place."

But 'Lena did care. No one likes to be slighted, and she was not an exception to the general rule. Owing to her aunt's skilful management she had never yet attended a large party, and it was but natural that she should now wish to go. But it could not be, and she was obliged to content herself with the hopes of a minute description from Anna; Carrie she would not trust, for she well knew that whatever she told would be greatly exaggerated.

Mrs. Graham undoubtedly wished to give her friends ample time to prepare, for her invitations were issued nearly a week in advance. This suited Carrie, who had a longer time to decide upon what would be becoming, and when at last a decision was made, she could do nothing but talk about her dress, which really was beautiful, consisting of a pink and white silk, with an over-skirt of soft, rich lace. This, after it was completed, was tried on at least half a dozen times, and the effect carefully studied before the long mirror, Anna, who cared much less for dress than her sister, decided upon a black flounced skirt and velvet basque. This was Mr. Everett's taste, and whatever suited him suited her.

"I do think it's too bad that 'Lena is not invited," said she one day, when Carrie, as usual, was discussing the party. "She would enjoy it so much. "I don't understand, either, why she is omitted, for Mr. Graham seemed to like her, and Durward too—"

"A great ways off, you mean," interrupted Carrie. "For my part, I see nothing strange in the omission. It is no worse to leave her out than scores of others who will not be invited."

"But to come into the house and ask all but her," said Anna. "It does not seem right. She is as good as we are."

"That's as people think," returned Carrie, while John Jr., who was just going out to ride, and had stopped a moment at the door, exclaimed, "Zounds, Cad, I wonder if you fancy yourself better than 'Lena Rivers. If you do, you are the only one that thinks so. Why, you can't begin to compare with her, and it's a confounded shame that she isn't invited, and so I shall tell them if I have a good chance."

"You'll look smart fishing for an invitation, won't you?" said Carrie, her fears instantly aroused, but John Jr. was out of her hearing almost before the words were uttered.

Mounting Firelock, he started off for Versailles, falling in with Durward, who was bound for the same place. After the usual greetings were exchanged, Durward said, "I suppose you are all coming on Thursday night?"

"Yes," returned John Jr., "I believe the old folks, Cad, and Anna intend doing so."

"But where's Miss Rivers? Doesn't she honor us with her presence?" asked Durward, in some concern.

John Jr.'s first impulse, as he afterwards said, was "to knock him off from his horse," but a second thought convinced him there might be some mistake; so he replied that "it was hardly to be supposed Miss Rivers would attend without an invitation—she wasn't quite so verdant as that!"

"Without an invitation!" repeated Durward, stopping short in the road. "Lena not invited! It isn't so! I directed one to her myself, and gave it to Nero, together with the rest which were designed for your family. He must have lost it. I'll ask him the moment I get home, and see that it is all made right. She must come, any way, for I wouldn't give—"

Here he stopped, as if he had said too much, but John Jr. finished the sentence for him.

"Wouldn't give a picayune for the whole affair without her—that's what you mean, and why not say so? I speak right out about Nellie, and she isn't one half as handsome as 'Lena."

"It isn't 'Lena's beauty that I admire altogether," returned Durward. "I like her for her frankness, and because I think her conduct is actuated by the best of principles; perhaps I am mistaken—"

"No, you are not," again interrupted John Jr. "'Lena is just what she seems to be. There's no deception in her. She isn't one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Spunky as the old Nick, you know, but still she governs her temper admirably, and between you and me, I know I'm a better man than I should have been had she never come to live with us. How well I remember the first time I saw her," he continued, repeating to Durward the particulars of their interview in Lexington, and describing her introduction to his sisters. "From the moment she refused to tell that lie for me, I liked her," said he, "and when she dealt me that blow in my face, my admiration was complete."

Durward thought he could dispense with the blow, but he laughed heartily at John's description of his spirited cousin, thinking, too, how different was his opinion of her from that which his mother evidently entertained. Still, if Mrs. Livingstone was prejudiced, John Jr. might also be somewhat biased, so he would not yet make up his mind, but on one thing he was resolved—she should be invited, and for fear of contingencies, he would carry the card himself.

Accordingly, on his return home, Nero was closely questioned, and negro-like, called down all manner of evil upon himself "if he done drapped the note any whar 'Strue as I live and breathe, Mas'r Bellmont," said he, "I done carried Miss 'Leny's invite with the rest, and gur 'em all to the young lady with the big nose!"

Had Durward understood Mrs. Livingstone a little better, he might have believed him; but now it was but natural for him to suppose that Nero had accidentally dropped it. So he wrote another taking it himself, and asking for "Miss Rivers." Carrie, who was in the parlor and saw him coming up to the house, instantly flew to the glass, smoothing her collar, puffing out her hair a little more pinching her cheek, which was not quite so red as usual, and wishing that she was alone. But unfortunately, both Anna and 'Lena were present, and as there was no means of being rid of them, she retained her seat at the piano, carelessly turning over the leaves of her music book when the door opened, and Conida, not Durward, appeared.

"If you please, Miss 'Lena," said the girl, Marster Bellmont want to speak with you in the hall."

"With 'Lena! How funny!" exclaimed Carrie. "Are you sure it was 'Lena?"

"Yes, sure—he done ask for Miss Rivers."

"Ask him in, why don't you?" said Carrie, suspecting his errand, and thinking to keep herself from all suspicion by appearing "wonderfully pleased" that 'Lena was not intentionally neglected. Before Corinda could reply, 'Lena had stepped into the hall, and was standing face to face with Durward, who retained her hand, while he asked if "she really believed they intended to slight her," at the same time explaining how it came to his knowledge, and saying "he hoped she would not fail to attend."

'Lena hesitated, but he pressed her so hard, saying he should surely think she distrusted them if she refused, that she finally consented, and he took his leave, playfully threatening to come for her himself if she were not there with the rest.

"You feel better, now, don't you?" said Carrie with a sneer, as 'Lena re-entered the parlor.

"Yes, a great deal," was 'Lena's truthful answer.

"Oh, I'm real glad!" exclaimed Anna. "I most knew 'twas a mistake all the time, and I did so want you to go. What will you wear? Let me see. Why, you havn't got anything suitable, have you?"

This was true, for 'Lena had nothing fit for the occasion, and she was beginning to wish she had not been invited, when her uncle came in, and to him Anna forthwith stated the case, saying 'Lena must have a new dress, and suggesting embroidered muslin.

'How ridiculous!' muttered Carrie, thrumming away at the piano. 'There's no time to make dresses now. They should have invited her earlier.'

'Isn't Miss Simpson still here?' asked her father.

Anna replied that she was, and then turning to 'Lena, Mr. Livingstone asked if 'she wanted to go very much'

The tears which shone in her eyes were a sufficient answer, and when at supper that night, inquiry was made for Mr. Livingstone, it was said that he had gone to Frankfort.

'To Frankfort!' repeated his wife. 'What has he gone there for?'

No one knew until late in the evening, when he returned home, bringing with him 'Lena's dress, which Anna pronounced 'the sweetest thing she ever saw,' at the same time running with it to her cousin. There was company in the parlor, which for a time kept down the gathering storm in Mrs. Livingstone's face, but the moment they were gone, and she was alone with her husband in their room, it burst forth, and in angry tones she demanded 'what he meant by spending her money in that way, and without her consent?'

Before making any reply, Mr. Livingstone stepped to her work-box, and opening the little drawer, held to view the missing note. Then turning to his wife, whose face was very pale, he said, 'This morning I made a discovery which exonerates Nero from all blame. I understand it fully, and while I knew you were capable of almost anything, I must say I did not think you would be guilty of quite so mean an act. "Stay," he continued, as he saw her about to speak, 'You are my wife, and 'Lena is at last invited, your secret is safe, but remember, it must not be repeated. You understand me, do you?

Mrs. Livingstone was struck dumb with mortification and astonishment—the first, that she was detected, and the last, that her husband dare assume such language towards her. But he had her in his power—she knew that—and for a time it rendered her very docile, causing her to consult with Miss Simpson concerning the fitting of Lena's dress, herself standing by when it was done, and suggesting one or two improvements, until 'Lena perfectly bewildered, wondered what had come over aunt, that she should be so unusually kind Carrie, too, learning from her mother how matters stood, thought proper to change her manner, and while in her heart she hoped something would occur to keep 'Lena at home, she loudly expressed her pleasure that she was going, offering to lend her several little ornaments, and doing many things which puzzled 'Lena, who readily saw that she was feigning what she did not feel.

Meanwhile, grandma, learning that 'Lena was invited, declared her intention of going. I shouldn't of gin up the first on't, said she, only I wanted to shew 'em proper resentment; but now it is different, and I'll go anyway—Tilda may say what she's a mind to.

It was in vain that 'Lena reasoned the case. Grandma was decided, and it was not until both her son and daughther interferred, the one advising and the other commanding her to stay at home, that she yielded with a burst of tears, for grandma was now in her second childhood, and easily moved. It was terrible to Lena to see her grandma weep, and twining her arms around her neck, she tried to soothe her saying, she would willingly stay at home with her if she wished it.

Mrs. Nichols was not selfish enough to suffer this. No, Leny, said she, I want you to go and enjoy yourself while you are young, for you'll sometime be old and in the way; and the old creature covered her face with her shriveled hands and wept.

But she was of too cheerful a nature long to remember grief, and drying her tears, she soon forgot her trouble in the pride and satisfaction which she felt when she saw how well the white muslin became Lena, who John Jr. said, never looked so beautifully as she did when arrayed for the party. Mr. Livingstone had not been sparing of his money when he purchased the party dress, which was a richly embroidered muslin, and fell in soft folds around 'Lena's graceful figure. Her long, flowing curls were intertwined with a few natural flowers, her only attempt at ornament of any kind, and indeed, ornaments would have been sadly out of place on 'Lena.

It was between nine and ten when the party from Maple Grove reached Woodlawn, where they found a large company assembled, some in the drawing rooms below, and others still lingering at the toilet in the dressing chamber. Among these last were Nellie Douglas and Mabel Ross, the latter of whom Mrs. Livingstone was perfectly delighted to see, overwhelming her with caresses, and urging her to stop for a while at Maple Grove.

I shall be so glad to have you with us, and the country air will do you so much good, that you must not refuse, said she, pinching Mabel's sallow cheek, and stroking her straight glossy hair, which in contrast with the bandeau of pearls that she wore, looked as dark as midnight.

Spite of her wealth Mabel had long been accustomed to neglect, and there was something so kind in Mrs. Livingstone's motherly demeanor, that the heart of the young orphan warmed toward her, and the tears glittered in her large mournful eyes, the only beauty save her hair, of which she could boast. Very few had ever cared for poor Mabel, who, though warm hearted and affectionate, required to be known in order to be appreciated, and as she was naturally shy and retiring there were not many who felt at all acquainted with her. Left alone in the world at a very early age, she had never known what it was to possess a real, disinterested friend, unless we except Nellie Douglas, who while there was nothing congenial between them, had always tried to treat Mabel as she herself would wish to be treated, were she in like circumstances.

Many had professed friendship for the sake of the gain which they knew would accrue, for she was generous to a fault, bestowing with a lavish hand upon those whom she loved, and who had too often proved false, denouncing her as utterly spiritless and insipid. So often had she been deceived, that now, at the age of eighteen, she had learned to distrust her fellow creatures, and oftentimes in secret would she weep bitterly over her lonely condition, lamenting the plain face and unattractive manners, which she fancied rendered her an object of dislike. Still there was about her a depth of feeling of which none had ever dreamed, and it only required a skilful hand to mould her into an altogether different being. She was perhaps too easily influenced, for in spite of her distrust a pleasant word or kind look would win her to almost anything.

Of this weakness Mrs. Livingstone seemed well aware, and for the better accomplishment of her plan, she deemed it necessary that Mabel should believe her to be the best friend she had in the world. Accordingly she now flattered and petted her, calling her darling, and dearest, and urging her to stop at Maple Grove, until she consented, provided Nellie Douglass were willing.

Oh, I don't care answered Nellie, whose gay dashing disposition poorly accorded with the listless, sickly Mabel, and who felt it rather a relief than otherwise to be rid of her.

So it was decided that she should stay at Maple Grove, and then Mrs. Livingstone, passing her arm around he waist, whispered, Go down with me, at the same time starting for the parlor, followed by her daughters, Nellie and 'Lena. In the hall they met with John J. He had heard Nellie's voice, and stationing himself as the head of the stairs, was waiting her appearance.

Miss Ross, said Mrs. Livingstone to her son, at the same time indicating her willingness to give her into his care.

But John Jr. would not take the hint. Bowing stiffly to Mabel, he passed on toward Nellie, in his eagerness stepping on Carrie's trail, and drawing from her an exclamation of anger at his awkwardness. Mrs. Livingstone glanced backward just in time to see the look of affection with which her son regarded Nellie, and she placed her soft hand confidingly upon his arm, and gazed upward smilingly into his face. She dared not slight Miss Douglass in public, but with a mental invective against her, she drew Mabel closer to her side, and smoothing down the heavy folds of her *moire antique*, entered the drawing-room, which was brilliantly lighted, and filled with the beauty and fashion of Lexington, Frankfort, and Versailles.

To be continued.

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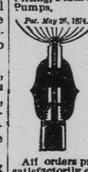

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R. COLWELL, Proprietor.
CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,
SLEIGHS and PUNGS
Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.
MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST
PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO
Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc
ON HAND:
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE
A LARGE LOT OF
IVERS,
PIANO BOX,
TOP PHAETONS,
WAGON CONCORDS,
GENERAL GRANDS,
AND A LARGE LOT OF
SLEIGHS AND PUNGS
TO BE SOLD CHEAP.
Terms to give satisfaction.

House for Sale.
THAT beautifully situated House and property belonging to the Estate of the late WILLIAM A. MCLEAN, is now offered for sale. The property has a frontage of about 80 feet on Sunbury Street, and includes House, Stable, Barn, Woodshed, and a large garden, and is one of the most pleasant and desirable localities in Fredericton. It is offered for sale on very easy terms.
For further information apply to A. A. STERLING, Esq., or to
WM. A. McLEAN.

ELY PERKINS,
AT HIS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
FLOUR STORE,
desires to thank his first-class customers for their very bountiful patronage during the past year, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favors for the future. In Store a large and varied assortment of SEEDS, pure and true to their kind; together with a fine stock of
Groceries, Flour, Meal, Pork, Dry Goods and Earthenware,
which will be sold at reasonable rates.
Fredericton, May 12, 1881.

WHIPS! WHIPS!!
JUST received, one case of Whips.
Z. R. EVERETT.
Oct. 20

TAILORING!
GENTLEMEN'S
Wedding and Mourning Outfits
A SPECIALTY.
The West End Tailoring House.
MY FALL STOCK OF
Fancy and Staple Woollens,
BROAD CLOTHS,
DOESS, ETC.,
IS NOW COMPLETE.
And I am therefore in a position to show to my Customers the very Latest Novelties from the British, Continental and Canadian Markets, the largest and best selected to be seen in the capital.
Gentlemen in want of a suit of well-made Clothes will please call and inspect the very large and well-selected stock now on hand.
All departments are now complete with some of the best goods that the British American and Canadian markets can produce.
The Furnishing Department is the Largest in Fredericton.
My large staff of Cutters and Employees are all under my own personal supervision, and I have spared no expense to procure the best in Canada.
JAS. R. HOWIE,
QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.
November 3

JUST RECEIVED.
A Choice Lot of
Codfish, Bloaters, Shad,
Shelburn and Bay Herring.
ALSO:—
Amber Syrup, Sugar, Raisins, Brooms, Biscuits fancy and plain, Canned Oysters, Beef, Baked Beans, Lobsters, Salmon, Morton's Pickles, Worcester Sauce; also a job lot of
CIGARS,
which we will dispose of in 3 or 4 box lots, very low to suit purchasers.
In addition to the above we have in stock all kinds of
FANCY and STAPLE
GROCERIES,
Broma, Chocolate, Cocoa, Tapioca, Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Sago,
Teas and Coffee,
Of the finest Flavor,
Flour, Meal, Pork, Fish, Molasses, Tobacco, Nuts and Confectionery.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, we will charge you nothing to show our Stock of Fresh Groceries, which we are selling very low to suit the times.
W. E. MILLER & CO.,
OPPOSITE PEOPLE'S BANK,
Queen Street, - - Fredericton.
Oct. 27, 1881

Authorized Capital, - - $2,000,000
Paid up Capital, - - - - - $592,650
THE MARITIME BANK
OF THE
DOMINION of CANADA,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
DIRECTORS:
LeB. BOTSFORD, M. D., Vice President.
JER. HARRISON (of J. & W. F. Harrison, Flour Merchants).
JOHN E. PARKS, (of Wm. Parks & Son, Cotton Manufacturers).
ROBT. CRUIKSHANK, (of Jardine & Co., Grocers.)
THOS. MACLELLAN, (of Maclellan & Co., Bankers).
JOHN TAPLEY, (of Tapley Bros., Indiantown).
HON. D. TROOP, (of Troop & Son, Shipowners).
The Bank, under new management and with fresh capital, is now open and prepared to transact a general Banking Business.
Loans granted, Deposits received, Exchange bought and sold, Drafts issued, Collections made at, and may be telegraphed to, all accessible places
Every facility afforded to customers, and business transacted on favorable terms.
THOMAS MACLELLAN,
President.
ALFRED RAY, *Cashier.*
St. John, N. B., Oct. 20, 1881

REFINED
SUGAR AND SYRUP!
60 BARRELS Refined Sugar; 20 barrels and tierces Amber Syrup. Prices low.
GEO. HATT & SONS.
STRAW PAPER, 500 reams, very low.
GEO. HATT & SONS.
ADMIRATION, Buda Ocean, Crown of Gold Standard, White Pidgeon Flours.
GEO. HATT & SONS.
GRAPES, Pears Apples, Sweet Potatoes this week, and Quinces next week.
GEO. HATT & SONS.
October 17, 1881.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Emory's Bar to Port Moody.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
TENDER FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.
SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up till noon on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of February next, in the lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 6, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.
Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.
This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.
Mr Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to W. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."
F. BRAUN.
Secretary.
Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 14th, 1881.

GRAND HOTEL
—AT—
GRAND FALLS.
TO Lease for a term of years or for Sale, that valuable Hotel and premises situate at Grand Falls, on Front Street, at present occupied by Leonard Reed.
Possession given 1st of May, 1881.
Apply to the undersigned or to Fraser, Wetmore & Winslow.
BRIDGET E. BRYSON.

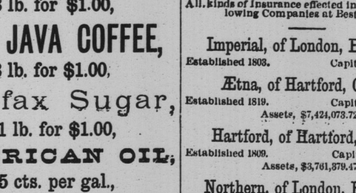
THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Incorporated 1881.
The Popular Plan of affording the Protection of Life Insurance.
SIMPLE, SAFE AND ECONOMICAL.
The dangers and defects of the old "Reserve" Plan, and the weakness and uncertainty of the Co-operative Plans avoided.
Endowments to Persisting Members.
J. G. GILL,
Agent for York County.
Fredericton, April 14

CHRISTMAS CARDS!
We are now opening our stock of
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
Personally selected from the leading manufactures of
ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AMERICAN,
and CANADIAN MAKERS,
WHICH FOR
Quantity, Quality, Style and Finish
SURPASSES ANYTHING BROUGHT TO THIS CITY,
and at Prices much lower than last season
Call early and make a selection.
McMurray & Fenety.
Fredericton, Nov. 17, 1881.

McMURRAY & BURKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Photgraphs and Ferrotypes Enlarged, and Copies made in First Class manner.
CHILDREN'S PHOTOGRAPHS A SPECIALTY!
FRAMES of all kinds made to order FREE.
McMURRAY & BURKHARDT,
Opposite Stone Barracks, Queen Street, Fredericton.

INSURANCE!
THE undersigned is agent for the following Insurance Companies which have Capital and assets amounting to fully $100,000,000, affording the most perfect security possible,
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE. LONDON & LANCASHIRE.
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE. SCOTTISH COMMRCIAL.
COMMERCIAL UNION. LANCASHIRE.
TRAVELER'S LIFE & ACCIDENT.
INSURE AGAINST FIRE.



INSURE AGAINST, Accidents
These Companies are well known for the honorable, liberal, and straight-forward manner in which their business is conducted.
All kinds of insurable property insured at moderate rates. Detached Dwelling Houses and contents insured for three years at lowest rates.
Losses promptly settled and no unnecessary trouble given.
Office on Queen Street, opposite the CITY HALL, where every information can be obtained.
JULIUS. L. INCHES

T. G. O'CONNOR,
IMPORTER OF
British and Foreign Woollen Manufactures, &c,
Now in stock, a large and varied assortment of
GENTS' SUMMER SUITINGS, WORSTED COATINGS,
SCOTCH TWEEDS, SERGE SUITINGS, MELTONS,
CHEVIOTS, SAXONY TWEEDS, &c., &c., &c.
WEST OF ENGLAND BROADS, CANADA TWEEDS,
WEST OF ENGLAND CASSIMERES, HARVEY HOMESPUNS.
WEST OF ENGLAND DOESKINS, OXFORD HOMESPUNS.
Gents' Furnishings, &c.
First Class Cutter, First Class Suits, Lowest Hard-pan Prices.
Goods sold from the Piece or Made to Order as may be desired.
T. G. O'CONNOR,
Next below Barker House, Queen St., Fredericton

YERXA & YERXA,
Opp. City Hall, Fredericton,
ARE SELLING
Good Congou Tea,
3 lb. for $1.00,
REAL JAVA COFFEE,
3 lb. for $1.00,
Halifax Sugar,
11 lb. for $1.00,
AMERICAN OIL,
35 cts. per gal.,
SOAPINE,
18 cts. lb. package,
Confectionery
Wholesale and Retail,
A handsome Volume given away with every 3 lbs. of the Li-quor tea.
Standard Weights, and Imperial Measure.
YERXA & YERXA.
Fredericton, Oct. 27

1881 FALL 1881
MORE NEW GOODS
AT
J. G. McNALLY'S
Another hundred Windsor Beds.
Another lot of those handsome Ash and Walnut Bedroom Suits.
More Perfection Spring Beds and Mattresses.
Parlor Suits in Raw Silk, Velvet and Hair Cloth,
100 COMMON Bedsteads;
50 Lounges;
40 doz. Oak, Cane Seat, and Perforated Chairs;
5,000 ft. Picture Mouldings and Backings;
22 doz. Looking Glasses;
9 boxes Mirror Plates;
375 doz. Lamps, all kinds, the finest assortment and lowest prices ever offered in New Brunswick;
200 doz. Burners;
45 gross