

LILIAN, THE ADDRESS.

"It" with a little shocked start: "it doesn't matter, I—I quite forgot. I—"

She presses her hand nervously down upon the top of her goodly pile, and suppresses the gay little exclamation until it lies prostrate on her plate, where even then it makes a very fair show.

"You meant it for something, my dear, did you not?" asks Lady Chetwoode, kindly.

"Yes, for the birds," says the girl, turning upon her two great earnest eyes that shine like stars through regretful tears. "At home I used to collect all the broken bread for them every morning. And they grew so fond of me, the very robins used to come and perch upon my shoulders and eat little bits from my lips. There was no one to frighten them. There was only me, and I loved them. When I knew I must leave the Park—a sorrowful quiver making her voice sad—"I determined to break my going gently to them, and at first I only fed them every second day—in person—and then only every third day, and at last only once a week, until—in a low tone—"they forgot me altogether."

"Ungrateful birds," says Cyril, with honest disgust, something like moisture in his own eyes, so real is her grief.

"Yes, that was the worst of all, to be so soon forgotten, and I had fed them without missing a day for five years. But they were not ungrateful; why should they remember me, when they thought I had tired of them? Yet I always broke the bread for them every morning, though I would not give it myself, and to-day—"she sighs—"I forgot I was not at home."

"My dear," says Lady Chetwoode, laying her own white, plump, jeweled hand upon Lilian's slender, snowy one, as it lies beside her on the table, "you flatter me very much when you say that even for a moment you felt this house home. I hope you will let the feeling grow in you, and will try to remember that here you have a true welcome forever, until you wish to leave us. And as for the birds, I too love them—these creatures—and I shall take it as a great kindness, my dear Lilian, if every morning you will gather up the crumbs and give them to your little feathered friends."

"How good you are!" says Lilian, gratefully, turning her small palm upwards so as to give Lady Chetwoode's hand a good squeeze. "I know I shall be happy here. And I am so glad you like the birds; perhaps here they may learn to love me too. Do you know, before leaving the Park, I wrote a note to my cousin, asking him not to forget to give them bread every day—but young men are so careless!"—in a disparaging tone.

"I dare say he won't take the trouble to see about it."

"I am a young man," remarks Mr. Chetwoode, suggestively.

"Yes, I know it," returns Miss Chesney, coolly.

"I dare say your cousin will think of it," says Lady Chetwoode, who has a weakness for young men, and always believes the best of them: "Archibald is very kind-hearted."

"You know him?"—surprised.

"Very well indeed. He comes here almost every autumn to shoot with the boys. You know, his own home is not ten miles from Chetwoode."

"I did not know. I never thought of him at all until I knew he was to inherit the Park. Do you think he will come here this autumn?"

I hope so. Last year he was absent, and we saw nothing of him; but now he has come home I am sure he will renew his visits. He is a great favorite of mine, I think you, too, will like him."

"Don't be too sanguine," says Lilian; "just now I regard him as a usurper. I feel as though he had stolen my Park."

"Marry him," says Cyril, "and get it back again. Some more tea, Miss—Lilian?"

"If you please—Cyril," with a little laugh. "You see, it comes easier to me than to you, after all."

"Place aux dames! I felt some embarrassment about commencing. In the future I shall put my miniature bottle in my pocket, and regard you as something I have always longed for—that is, a sister."

"Very well, and you must be very good to me," says Lilian, "because, never having had one, I have a very exalted idea of what a brother should be."

"How shall you amuse yourself all the morning, child?" asks Lady Chetwoode. "I fear you're beginning by thinking us stupid."

"Don't trouble about me," says Lilian. "If I may, I should like to go out and take a run round the gardens alone. I can always make acquaintance with places quicker if left to find them for myself."

When breakfast is over, and they have all turned their backs with gross ingratitude upon the morning-room, she dons her hat and sallies forth, bent on discovery.

Through the gardens she goes, admiring the flowers, pulling a blossom or two, making love to the robins and sparrows and gay little chaffinches, that sit aloft in the branches and pour down sonnets on her head. The cautious butterfly, skimming hither and thither in the bright sunshine, hail her coming, and as though seeking to steal from them a lovelier blue for their own wings. The flowers, the birds, the bees, the sunorous wind, all woo this creature, so full of joy and sweetness and the unsurpassable beauty of youth.

She makes a rapid rush through all the hot-houses, feeling almost stifled in them this day, so rich in sun, and gaining the orchard, eats a little fruit, and makes a hasty conquest of Michael, the great gardener, who, when she has gone into generous raptures over his arrangements, becomes her abject slave on the spot, and from that day forward acknowledges no power superior to hers.

Tiring of admiration, she leaves the garrulous old man, and wanders away over the closely-shaven lawn, past the hollies, into the wood beyond, singing as she goes, as is her wont.

In the deep green wood a delicious sense of freedom possesses her; she walks on, happily, unsuspecting of evil to come free of care (oh that we all were so!) with nothing to chain her thoughts to earth, or compel her to dread of aught but the sufficing joy of living, the glad earth beneath her, the brilliant foliage around, the blue heavens above her head.

Alas! how short is the time that lies between the child and the woman! the intermediate state when, with awakened eyes, and arms outstretched, we inhale the anticipation of life, as but one day in comparison with all the years of misery and unaccountable pleasure to be eventually derived from the reality thereof!

Coming to a rather high wall, Lilian pauses, but not for long. There are few walls either in Chetwoode or elsewhere likely to daunt Miss Chesney, when in the humor for exploring.

Putting one foot into a friendly crevice, and holding on valiantly to the upper stones, she climbs, and, gaining the top, gazes curiously around.

As she turns to survey the land over which she has traveled, a young man emerges from among the low-lying brushwood, and comes quickly forward. He is clad in a light-gray suit of tweed, and has in his mouth a merchandise pipe of the very latest design.

He is very tall, very handsome, thoughtful in expression. His hair is light brown—what there is of it—his barber having left him little to boast of except on the upper lip, where a heavy, drooping moustache of the same color grows unrebuked. He is a little grave, a little indolent, a good deal passionate. The severe lines around his well-cut mouth are profound and counterbalanced by the extreme friendliness of his kind, dark eyes, that are so dark as to make one doubt whether their blue is not indeed black.

Lilian, standing on her airy perch, is still singing, and imparting to the surrounding scenery the sad story of "Barbra Allen's" vile treatment of her adoring swain, and consequent punishment, when, the craning of her neck beneath a human foot, causing her to turn, she finds herself face to face with a stranger not a hundred yards away.

The song dies upon her lips, an intense desire to be elsewhere gains upon her. The young man in gray, putting his meerschaum in his pocket as a concession to this unexpected warbler, advances leisurely; and Lilian, feeling vaguely conscious that the top of a wall, though exalted, is not the most dignified situation in the world, trusting to her activity, springs to the ground, and regains with mother earth her self-respect.

"How could you be so foolish? I do hope you are not hurt," says the gay young man, coming forward anxiously.

"Not in the least, thank you," smiling so adorably that he forgets to speak for a moment or two. Then he says with some hesitation, as though in doubt:

"Am I addressing my—ward?"

"How can I be sure," replies she, also in doubt, "until I know whether indeed you are my—guardian?"

"I am Guy Chetwoode," says he, laughing and raising his hat.

"And I am Lilian Chesney," replies she, smiling in return, and making a pretty old-fashioned reverence.

"Then now I suppose we may shake hands without any breach of etiquette, and swear eternal friendship," extending his hand.

"I shall reserve my oath until later on," says Miss Chesney, demurely, but she gives him her hand nevertheless, with unmistakable *bonhomie*. "You are going home?" glancing up at him from under her broad-brimmed hat. "If so, I shall go with you, as I am a little tired."

"But this wall," says Guy, looking with considerable doubt upon the unpromising barrier on the summit of which he has just seen her. "Haf we not better go round?"

"A thousand times no. What?"—gayly—"to be defeated by such a simple obstacle as that? I have surmounted greater difficulties than that wall many a time. If you will get up and give me your hands, I dare say I shall be able to manage it."

This adjured, Guy climbs, and, gaining the top, stoops to give her the help desired; she lays her hands in his, and soon he draws her in triumph to his side.

"Now to get down," he says, laughing.

"Wait!" He jumps lightly into the next field, and turning holds out his arm to her. "You must not risk your neck a second time," he says.

"Am I so very small?" says Lilian. "Well, take me down, then."

She leans towards him, and gently, reverentially he takes her in his arms and places her on the ground beside him. With such a slight burden to be he feels himself almost a Hercules. The whole act does not occupy half a minute, and already he wishes vaguely it did not take so very short a time to bring a pretty woman from a wall to the earth beneath.

In some vague manner he understands that for him the situation had its charm. Miss Chesney is thoroughly unimpaired.

To be Continued

Buy all your fuel both wood and coal from M. BRANNAN.

New Store.

JUST OPENED:

GREY, WHITE, COTTON, PILLOW

White Sheetting, Grey Sheetting, Towels, Towelings, Linen Damask, Napkins,

TABLE CLOTHS, HAMBURGERS.

J. HASLIN.

Fredericton, Jan. 21, 1885.

10 CAR LOADS OF CHOICE

HAY

(CARLETON COUNTY),

NOW LANDING BY TRAIN.

Which will be disposed of at a

Very Low Figure

For cash; and will be delivered free of charge.

Send in Your Orders

EARLY.

H. MORECRAFT,

PHENIX SQUARE.

Fredericton, Jan. 15, 1885.

LOOK HERE!

For Good All Work

shirts and Drawers

at a lower price than you ever got them before, go to

C. H. THOMAS & Co's

Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1885.

"Golden Fleece."

BARGAINS

JACKET & ULSTER CLOTHS.

The Subscriber has on hand a Large Stock of

LADIES' Jacket & Mantle

CLOTHS

In Colored and Black for Winter wear, which he intends to dispose of

AT HALF PRICE.

Parties desiring an article of this kind will find it to their advantage to call at the

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

Also, a lot of

Ladies' Jackets, ULSTERS

Knit Vests

AT HALF PRICE.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Dec. 24, 1885.

Ungar's Steam Laundry.

HAVING opened a Branch office in this city, parties desiring work done will please send orders at our office

SHARKEY'S BLOCK, QUEEN ST.

GOULD'S American Dye Works

AND HAT FACTORY.

All kinds of dyeing and cleaning done in first-class style. Sent this dried and altered to any desired shape and color at 50 cts. each. Samples may be seen at Laundry Office.

Fredericton, Nov. 7th, 1884

An Immense Stock

Now on Exhibition at

Lottimer's Shoe Store!

WINTER STOCK About Complete!

The Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now showing the Largest Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, OVERBOOTS.

Moccasins, Larrigans, &c.,

To be found in the city of Fredericton. Don't fail to give him a call.

A. LOTTIMER

WINTER

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

GENTS' SNOW EXCLUDERS, LADIES' FANCY OVERBOOTS,

" FANCY OVERBOOTS, " PLAIN do.

" MANTOBA do. " ALASKA do.

" ALASKA do. " AMERICAN do.

Boys' Misses' and Children's OVERBOOTS, All Very Cheap!

GENTS' FINE BALMORALS. GENTS' FINE CONGRESS. GENTS' DANCING PUMPS. GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS.

Cheap For Cash!

BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, TRY

J. B. McALPINE.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1885.

CUSTOM TAILORING.

LATEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PLATES RECEIVED MONTHLY.

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS.

THE FINEST ASSORTMENT TO BE FOUND IN FREDERICTON.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED, TURNED OUT PROMPTLY AND AT LOWER RATES THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY.

Next Door below Maritime Bank. JOHN G. GUNN,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, May 9, 1885.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE!

Bring Your Cloth to

W. E. SEERY'S

AND HAVE IT MADE UP IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

A Perfect Fitting Garment Every Time.

CUTTING FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN attended to as usual. The LATEST FASHIONS always on hand

W. E. SEERY, Wilmet's Alley.

Fredericton, December 9, 1884.

FALL AND WINTER 1885-6.

On hand at the

"IMPERIAL HALL."

A Very Fine Assortment of CLOTHS, comprising SUITINGS, in

Diagonals, Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds.

OVERCOATINGS

Naps, Worsteds, Tweeds, Meltons and Diagonals

A choice lot of IRISH TWEED from the Shannon Mills, in

ATHLONE, FRIEZES AND IRISH SERGES,

which, for strength and durability, cannot be beaten.

The above will be made up in First Class Style, at the very shortest notice. Fashion Plates received monthly. Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., always in stock. Call and see prices before buying elsewhere.

THOMAS STANGER,

Opposite Post Office, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, Sept. 17th, 1894.

RELIABLE Fire Insurance.

The LANCASHIRE Fire Insurance Company

CAPITAL RESERVE FUND - \$1,000,000

DEPOSITED WITH THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT. - \$100,000

THE SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE COY. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

ESTABLISHED 1821

CAPITAL - \$20,000,000

TOTAL ASSETS - \$25,000,000

INVESTED IN CANADA - \$1,000,000

AGENTS: Gregory & Gregory.

Carleton Street, Fredericton, N. B.

May 7, 1885.

DAILY EXPECTED: A CARGO OF SUPERIOR

Joggins Coal

Fresh Mined and Screened, which will be sold at usual LOW rate from boat.

PLEASE leave your orders early.

ALSO: O. M. S. COAL, (GENUINE) AND HARD COAL

See last year, in Egg, Stove and Chestnut.

Customers will please call and obtain prices before purchasing elsewhere.

John Richards & Son.

Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1885.

"WHEN YOU BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT BUY SOMETHING SERVICEABLE."

Your Wife

Would have no objection to one of our Fashionable and Stylish

PARLOR SUITS,

With—Platform Rocker, Corner Chair, Easy Window Chair, Sofa, &c.—Upholstered in Figure Plush, Raw Silk and Hair Cloth Coverings. We are selling them very low.

Or Your Husband

To one of our

Easy, Reclining and Study CHAIRS,

Of which we have a fine line, at all prices

And the Children

Will be sure to be pleased with our

Small Bureaus, Sofas, Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Rocking Chairs, &c., &c.

We have also,

Drapery Tables, Music Stands, Slipper Boxes, Wall Pockets, Cabinets, Foot Rests, Towel Racks, Corner Stands, Brackets, etc., etc., etc.

ADAMS'

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

County Court House Square.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1885.

Tea! Tea!

Landing To-day.

54 Half Chests Kaisow Congou, 50 Boxes (20 lbs each) Peking do.

24 Caddies (10 lbs in each) Kaisow do.

Our stock of TEA is now complete, and customers can depend upon getting Good Values.

A. F. Randolph & Son.

Fredericton, Jan. 21, 1885.

Look Here!

For a Good Single or Double-Breasted

Cardigan Jacket,

"CHEAP!!

GO TO

C. H. THOMAS & Co's

Fredericton, Sept. 10, 1885.

Miss Annie Louise Lugin,

TEACHER OF

MUSIC.

(Pupil of Madame de Angelis, Boston.)

TERMS—\$20 Lessons. - \$7.00.

RESIDENCE—Corner York and Brunswick Streets, Fredericton.

Fredericton, May 9, 1885.

New Brunswick Railway Co

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 12, 1885.

Eastern Standard Time.

—LEAVE FREDERICTON—

6 30 A. M.—Express for St. John.

8 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with trains for St. Stephen, Woodville, Truro, and Woodville.

10 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with trains for St. Stephen, St. John, and Woodville.

3 30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John