

New Advertisements

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

ANODYNE LINIMENT

JUST OPENED:
10,000 ROLLS ROOM PAPER,
All New Designs, from 5 Cents to \$1.00 per Roll. Gift and Bronze Papers, with Borders to Match. Wholesale and Retail.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

W. T. H. FENETY,

286 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

JAS. D. FOWLER,

JEWELLER,
Opposite Post Office, Fredericton.

R. COLWELL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Carriages, Wagons, 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. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.

FACTORY:
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

FEED. FEED.

LANDING TO-DAY, ONE CAR
Feed, Middlings, Shorts, Bran.
Also in store and to arrive,

OATS!

2,000 Bushel OATS of First Class Quality, which will be Sold at the very lowest price.

W. E. MILLER & CO.

A. LOTTIMER,

HAS much pleasure in announcing that his Stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES** for the Fall Trade is now Complete in Ladies, Gents, Boys, Youths, Misses and Children's Sizes. He would call Special Attention to his Immense Stock of Ladies' French Kid Button Boots, ranging in Price from \$2.50 to \$6.00 a Pair. He has them in B, C, C 1-2, D and E Widths. A Nice Stylish French Kid Button Boot, in Ladies' Sizes, for \$2.50 a Pair. Wigwag Slippers, in Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses, and Children's sizes.

A. LOTTIMER, 201, Queen Street.
Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

APPLES.

150 BARRELS CHOICE WINTER FRUIT.

COMPRISING
Bishop Pippins, American Baldwins, King Tompkins, Ribson Pippins, Northern Spy, Spitzenburg, Greenings, Baldwins, Golden Russets.

W. R. LOGAN

NO. 212.

NEW GOODS.

Just Arrived: Ladies Coats, Corsets, Dress Goods, Plushes and Cloths.

JOHN HASLIN.

Fredericton, October 4th, 1887

The Heiress.

"Mantagonet, you grow daily more dissipated," says Cecil Stafford, severely. "A little boy like you should be in your bed hours ago instead of that you have been allowed to sit up until half past four, and—"

"And still I am not 'dissipated'! How could I be when you did me out of that solitary dance you promised me? I really believed when I asked you with such paths in the early part of the evening to keep that one green spot in your memory for me, you would have done so."

"Did I forget you?" Remonstrated. "Well, don't blame me, Mr. Lowry would keep my card for me, and, as a natural consequence, it was lost. After that how was it possible for me to keep my engagements?"

"I think it was a delightful ball," Molly says, with perhaps a shade too much enthusiasm. "I enjoyed myself very much."

"Lucky you," says Cecil. "I had been allowed I should perhaps have been happy too, but—"

"He has fallen in love with Molly," thinks Cecil, wondering vaguely at the manner of his address, he having never attempted to call her by her christian name before.

"You are in love?" she says, kindly, but rather uncertainly, not being able at the moment to call to mind any tender glances of his cast at Molly or any suspicious situations that might confirm her in her fancy.

"Need you ask?" says Lowry, taking her hand, feeling still further emboldened by the gentleness with which she has received his first advance. "Have not all these months, say, this year past, taught me to speak to you, and tell you all that is in my heart?"

"This year past?" Cecil repeats, by the heat of the manner to grasp at once the real meaning of his words. Though he thinks a second later, a faint inkling of it comes to her because she releases her hand quickly from his clasp and her voice takes a sharper tone. "I do not understand you," she says. "Take care you understand yourself."

"The warning comes too late. Lowry, bent on his own destruction, goes on vehemently."

"I do—too well. Have I not had time to learn it?" he says passionately. "I have not spent every day, every hour, in thoughts of you? Have I not lived in your shadow? Have I not been waiting for you? Have I not been waiting for you? Have I not been waiting for you?"

"Pray cease," says Cecil, hurriedly, stepping back and raising her hand imperiously. "What can you mean? You must be out of your senses to speak to me like this."

Although angry, she is calm, and, indeed, scarcely cares to give way to indignation before Lowry, whom she has always looked upon with great kindness and rather in the light of a boy. She is a little sorry for him too, that she should have chosen to make a fool of himself with her, who she cannot help feeling is his best friend. For to all the moodiness and oddity of his nature she has been singularly lenient, bearing with him when others would have lost patience. And this is her reward. For a full minute Lowry seems confounded. Then, "I must indeed be bereft of all reason," he says, in a low, intense voice. "If I did not believe that you can receive like this the assurance of my love. It cannot be altogether such a matter of wonder—my infatuation for you—as you would have me think, considering how you—in a rather choked tone—" "I did you?" My dear Lowry, how can you talk so foolishly? I certainly thought I knew you very well, and—"

"I let you run your messages now and then, and I let you send me flowers in London or out of it; and you were extremely kind to me on all occasions, but then so many other women were kind also, that I really beyond the flowers—going back to her second friend—"which were in comparatively thin than those I ever received from any one else. I don't know that you were more to me than the others."

"Will you not listen to me? Will you not even let me plead my cause?" "You are certainly not, considering what a name it is. You must be mad."

"You are old as ice," says he, losing his head. "No other woman but your self would consent to live as you do. A madman and yet so wise!"

"Mr. Lowry," says Lady Stafford, with much dignity but perfect temper, "you forget yourself. I must really beg you not to discuss my private affairs. The life I lead might suit you or my single one of your acquaintance, but it suits me, and that is everything. You say I am 'cold' and you are right: I am. I fancied (wrongly) my acknowledged coldness would have prevented such a scene as I have been forced to listen to, by you, to-day. You are, indeed, the first man who has ever been at my feet, metaphorically speaking or otherwise; and I sincerely trust," says Lady Stafford, with profound earnestness, "you may be the last, for anything more unpleasant I never experienced."

"Have you no pity for me?" cries he, passionately. "Why need you scorn my love? Every word you utter wounds my heart, and you—care no more than if I were a dog! Have you no feeling? Do you never wish to be as other women are, beloved and loving, instead of being as now—"

"Again, sir, I must ask you to allow my private life to be private," says Cecil, still with admirable temper, although her eyes had faded a good deal, and the fingers of one hand have closed convulsively upon a fold of her dress. "I may, perhaps, pity you, but I can feel nothing but contempt for the love you offer, that would lower the thing it loves!"

"Not lower it," says he, quickly, grasping eagerly at what he vainly hopes is a last chance. "Under the circumstances a divorce could be easily obtained. If you would trust yourself to me there would be no delay. You might easily break this marriage tie that can scarcely be considered binding."

"And supposing I do not wish to break it? How then? But enough of this. I cannot listen any longer. I have heard too much already. I must really ask you to leave me. Go!"

To be Continued.

HERE AND THERE.

Some Facts and a Few Other Good Things.

Motto of a well-bred lady:—I came, I saw, I condescended.

Ten Years of Torture.—Mr. Thomas Acres, of Hants, Dal., was for ten years a sufferer from liver complaint, which doctor's medicine did not relieve. After using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters she was entirely cured, and states that she is like a new woman again.

Figures will not lie, but they are handy to file with.

PARALYSIS SICKNESS.—The most prevailing complaint at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammation and congestion. For all these and other painful troubles, Hays' Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

It is a wise child that knows where to lay down a poker hand.

A SUNDAY FACT.—The worn-out waste and poisonous matter in the system should escape through the secretions of the bowels. Kidneys and skin, or serious disease results. B. B. H. opens these natural outlets to relieve disease.

Fresh resolutions, like fresh eggs, are getting very scarce.

FOR FRUIT RETAIL.—There is no better remedy for fruit retailers than Hays' Yellow Oil. It cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

The language that telephone speaks is broken English.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.—Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and burning cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hays' Yellow Oil. It cures colds, coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

A warm bath will often be found a valuable measure in case of sleeplessness.

CONSUMPTION.—The most effective remedy for consumption is Hays' Yellow Oil. It cures colds, coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

FOR SALE.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE BOOK OF THE SEASON, BY A. W. BELL, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN," ETC.

CONSUMPTION.

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"GLEANER" JOB PRINTING

Office

Fast Dresse with All Latest Improvements.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TYPE IN ALL THE NEWEST DESIGNS.

Every Description of Printing Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Dodgers, Posters, Circulars, Way Bills, Custom House Blanks, Legal Blanks Forms, Coroners' Blanks, Bill Heads, Tags, Letter and Note Heads, Invitations, Cards, Programme, Visiting And Wedding Cards, &c., &c., &c.

THE GLEANER

TO TRAVELLERS

Northern and Western RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect July 11th, 1887.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A Passenger and Freight Train will leave Gibson every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE GIBSON

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

CONNECTION.—Close connection is made with the Chatham Junction with L. C. B. Accommodation Train going York.

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