

'87. Spring, Summer, '87

Jas. R. Howie,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

English and Scotch Goods.

The Subscriber begs to inform his numerous patrons that he is now opening the **FINEST STOCK OF CLOTHS** ever shown in this city, consisting of—
 Fine Diagonals and Waxed Tweed Suits, Check Suits, Spring and Summer Overcoats, Striped, Check & Plain Trousering, and all the various styles and patterns of **CLOTHS** to be found in any First-class Tailoring Establishment.
 In addition to myself and son I have secured the services of a **FIRST-CLASS CUTTER**, from New York, and therefore I am prepared to guarantee a Perfect Fit, and the Very Latest New York Fashions.
 I have also a large and most thoroughly assorted stock of **GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS AND CAPS.**
 —AND—
Ready-Made Clothing.
 FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

JAS. R. HOWIE,
 150 QUEEN STREET.

Advertisement June 4

FEED,

NOW LANDING, ONE CAR

Middlings, SHORTS & BRAN.

Extra No. 1

GREEN HEAD LIME.

W. B. MILLER & Co.,

150 & 152 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

NEW GOODS!

JUST TO HAND AT THE

"IMPERIAL HALL."

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF

HATS, Latest Styles,

TWEEDS, FANCY SUITINGS,

TROUSERS, DIAGONALS.

Also, in latest patterns.

All goods made up in first-class style, at shortest notice and at lowest prices.

Ad. Good News Circulation, Inspection Invited.

Thomas Stanger,

"IMPERIAL HALL,"

300 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Meat. Meal. Meat.

JUST RECEIVED:

Half Ton NEW

BUCKWHEAT MEAL,

FOR SALE LOW AT

W. B. MILLER & Co.

WEST END

Saw Mill & Lumber Yard

Season 1886.

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Geo. P. Rowell & Co's

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,

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Send 10 cents for 10 Page Pamphlet

JACKSON ADAMS,

PRINCIPAL

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COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE

(In front of Queen Street)

FREDERICTON

Water-proof Coats.

EVERY COAT WARRANTED. You can

get them Cheap at

C. H. THOMAS & CO'S

Nails. Nails.

JUST RECEIVED: 50,000 Steel and Iron

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The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous force to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go on with my studies. I was then advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever. — Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for several years, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I heartily believe it to be the best blood medicine ever concocted. — W. F. Fenn, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored. — Mary Harvey, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cures and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered. — E. D. Johnson, 333 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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The Heiress.

Continued.

By degrees the voices on the other side were fainter and fainter, then rose with sudden boldness, as Marcia—so sure in her French—said in that language, evidently in answer to some remark:—

"No! just conceive it; she is totally uneducated, that is, in the accepted meaning of the word. The very morning after her arrival she confessed to me she knew nothing of French, nothing to signify of music, nothing of any thing."

"But her air, her whole bearing; it is impossible," says Lady Stafford, "she must have had some education surely."

"She spoke of a National School! Consider the horror of it! I expect her brother must be a very low sort of person. If she can read and write it is as much as we need hope for. That is the worst of living in one of those petty villages, completely out of society."

"What a pity, with her charming face and figure!" says Lady Stafford, who (I regret to say) was forgetting herself as she spoke in the language she believes falsely to be unknown to Molly.

"Yes, she is rather pretty," admits Marcia, against her will, "but beauty when attached to ignorance is only a matter of regret, as it seems to me."

"True," says Lady Stafford, pityingly, letting her eyes fall on Molly.

The latter, whose eyes have been fixed vacantly on some distant and invisible object outside in the dark garden, now rises, humming softly, and goes towards the window, pressing her forehead against the pane. So situated, she is out of sight and hearing.

The door opens, and the men come in by twos. Luttrell makes straight for Molly, and as an excuse for doing so says out loud:—

"Miss Massereene, will you sing us something?"

"I don't sing," returns Molly, in a distinct and audible tone—audible enough to make Marcia raise her shoulders and cast an "I told you so!" glance at Cecil Stafford.

Luttrell, bewildered, goes to Molly. "I tell you I don't sing," she says, again, in a lower, more imperative tone; although even now she repeats her of the ill humor that has baffled her of a revenge so ready to her hand. To sing a French song, with her divine voice, before Marcia! A triumph, indeed!

All night long the conversation between her cousin and Lady Stafford rumbles in her mind. What a foolish freak it was her ever permitting Marcia to think of her as one altogether without education! Instinctively, she had told her that her cousin would not scruple about applying such knowledge to her disadvantage. And yet why is Marcia her enemy? How has she ever injured her? With what purpose does she seek to make her visit unpleasant to her?

And to speak contemptuously of her to Lady Stafford, of all people, whom she almost as likely would tell of her regard in return—it is too bad. Not for worlds would she have had her think so poor of her.

At all events she will lose no time in explaining on the morrow, and with the determination full upon her she retires to rest, with some small comfort at her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Play I come in?" says Molly, next day, knocking softly at Lady Stafford's door.

"By all means," returns the plaintive voice from within; and Molly, opening the door, finds Cecil has risen and is coming forward eagerly to meet her.

"I knew your voice," says the blonde, gently. "Come in and sit down, old. I am engaged to the last degree, and will accept it as a positive duty, if you will devote half an hour to my society."

"But you are sure I am not in the way?" says Molly, hesitatingly; "you are busy?"

"Busy! Oh, what a stranger! I am to you, my dear!" exclaims Cecil, elevating her brows. "It is three long years since last I was busy. I am sure I wish I were perhaps a little less busy, but I cannot get through the time. I have spent the last hour wondering what on earth brought me to this benighted spot, and I really don't know yet."

"Cecil's invitation, I suppose," says Molly, laughing.

"Well, yes, perhaps so; and something else—something that I really believe gives me all the best of the last untold story, and can have it where I please. There lies the secret of our yearly visitings. We outsiders don't of course hope to be the heir—'till it is a matter of fact that the heiress goes, and we all hope to be 'tightly remembered.' Each time we sacrifice ourselves by coming down here, we console our souls by the reflection that it is at least another hundred ticked to our legacy."

"What if you are disappointed?"

"I often think of that," says her ladyship, going off into a perfect peevish laughter. "Oh, the fun it would be! Think of our expressions. I assure you I spend whole hours picturing Maud Darley's face under the circumstances; you know she takes the same kind of drive with him every day in the form of hope of cutting us all out and getting the lion's share."

"Doesn't it seem to you that she has her trouble for nothing? I do not think I should like driving with grandpapa."

"I share your sentiments; neither should I. Still, there is a charm in money. Every night before going to bed I put up my fingers the amount of the bequest I feel I ought to receive. It has reached two thousand pounds by this. Next visit will commence a fresh thousand."

"You are sanguine," says Molly. "I wonder if I shall go on hoping like you, year after year."

"I request you will not even imitate such a thing," cries Lady Stafford in pretended horror. "Year after year! Why, how long do you mean him to live? If he doesn't die soon, I shall certainly throw up my chance and cut his acquaintance." Then, with sudden self-proach, "Poor old fellow," she says, "it is a shame to speak of him like this even in jest. He may live forever, as far as I am concerned. Now tell me something about yourself, and do take a more comfortable chair; you don't look half cozy."

"Don't make me too comfortable, or perhaps I shall be tempted to stay here with the frequency of my visits. You will have me again to-morrow if you don't take care."

"Well, I hope so. Remember, you have come here to come here when ever you choose. I was fast falling into the blues when I heard your knock, so you may fancy how welcome you were, almost as welcome as my cousin."

"Marcia asked Molly, feeling slightly disappointed at the 'almost.'

"Oh, dear no—not Marcia; she and I don't get on a bit too well together, and she was excessively disagreeable all this morning; she is her grandfather's own child. I am sure she need not visit Philip's defection on me; but she has a horrible temper, and that is the truth. No, I meant Teddette; he is my cousin also. I do so like Teddette; don't you?"

"Very much indeed," coloring faintly. "But," hastily, "I have not told you what brought me here to-day."

"Do you mean to tell me you had an object in coming?" cries her ladyship, throwing up her little white jewelled hands in affected reproach. "That something kinder than a desire for my cousin has brought you to my board?"

"You reduce me to despair! I did for one short quarter of an hour believe you loved me for myself alone."

"No! laughing, and blushing too, all through her pale clear skin, "I confess to the object. I—the fact is—I have felt a little doubtful ever since last night. Because in spite of Marcia's superior information on the subject, I have had some slight education, and I do know a little French!"

"Ah!" cries Lady Stafford, snuffing and blushing faintly, a vivid crimson: "you heard, you saw, I told you, with a sudden revival, and a happy remembrance of her own words, and 'I didn't say anything but, did I?'"

"No, no; I would not have come here if you had. You said all that of the kindest. You were so kind, I could not bear to deceive you by not telling you a false opinion of me. Marcia, indeed, but she is so good, though I am quite of the opinion of her own words, and I didn't say anything but, did I?"

"No, no; I would not have come here if you had. You said all that of the kindest. You were so kind, I could not bear to deceive you by not telling you a false opinion of me. Marcia, indeed, but she is so good, though I am quite of the opinion of her own words, and I didn't say anything but, did I?"

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