Literature.

BETWEEN TWO FATES,
OR,
The Bride of the Guillotine.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARQUIS AND THE COUNT.

The revolution had done its work the Republic was proclaimed—the Reign of Terror was drawing towards its closing scenes, after drowning fair France in oceans of human blood.

The Marquis Vancleux, a proud noble who had served the king loyally, and whose ancestors, eight centuries before, had planted their banner upon the walls of Jerusalem, in company with Godfrey de Bouillon, had retired to his old chateau in the midst of an extensive domain. Here he lived with his only son, Pierre, the Count de Vancleux, and his ward, the beautiful Adele.

It was night. The marquis paced the floor of a vast chamber in the chateau. His face was grave, his forehead was wrinkled with frowns, and his whole appearance and manner indicated serious and unpleasant thoughts.

Presently his confidential valet put his head in at the door, and said, in a subdued voice:

"Monsieur the Count has arrived. He desires to speak with Monsieur the Marquis.

"Tell him to come to me at once," said the marquis, as an eager, hopeful expression swept across his visage.

The valet retreated, and a few minutes later the door opened again, admitting a tall and exceeding handsome young man, enveloped in a long, dark cloak. This was Pierre, the Count de Vancleux, the son and heir of the old marquis.

"You have been absent since yesterday," said the latter, sternly. "I was uneasy lest some accident had befallen you. Where have you been?"

"We will speak of that later," replied the son, standing erect with folded arms. "I only come now, my father, to warn you."

"To warn me! What do you mean by that? I am aware of our danger."

"So much the better, then. You must leave here as early as to-morrow night, as you value your life. You will be busy enough in the mean time, making the necessary preparations, but delay means death. You and Adele must fly to Germany."

"And you?"

"I remain here."

"What! In the name of God, are you mad?"

"Not exactly, Monsieur le Marquis," returned Pierre, quietly. "But you must do as I bid you. Procure for yourself some garments more common than your own—it will be more prudent—and have a carriage stationed two miles below, to-morrow night, for your conveyance."

"A carriage?"

"Yes; a postchaise would be stopped at every turn of the road. At Antoile you can take the post without fear, for no person there will know you. I will speak to your notary after your departure, and have him look after affairs here It will be dangerous to delay your preparations an hour. I have heard much talk among your tenants; they have risen against you to a man, and swear they will force you to refund every franc of the money that has been extorted from them by your intendent."

The marquis lifted his head haughtily, and his lips curled with scorn. But it was only for an instant. He came back to the momentous subject.

"And you?" he exclaimed. "Surely, surely, you will not be mad enough to tempt death by lingering here?"

"I am in no danger, father."

"No danger! Le Counte de Vancleux in no danger among these blood-thirsty devils! You are raving, Pierre."

"Look, father.."

The young man threw off the long dark cloak which had hitherto concealed his figure, and stepped forward into the broad light of the chandelier. He was arrayed in full military dress, with a slender rapier suspended at his side.

The marquis staggered back as if he had been struck, falling into an arm-chair and covering his face with his hands.

"Oh, this is too much!" he groaned, trembling like an aspen. "I did not expect this. My house is disgraced! I am dishonored! My own son has turned traitor and recreant to his king and name! Oh, Pierre, I would rather have seen you laid in your grave!"

Pierre gazed compassionately at his father, as he again folded the cloak around his noble figure, but his proud lips never relaxed their firmness.

"I am sorry to distress you, father," he said, in tones of the deepest respect. "Our opinions clash, it is true, but don't try to make more out of it than that. I told you long ago that I secretly admitted the truth of the principle of the Revolution, and it is not astonishing that I should enlist in the army of the Republic. That I have at last done so, my uniform is sufficient evidence. I believe the people are in the right, and I have given up every other aim in life to fight for them."

"And steep your hands in the blood of innocent people!" gasped the marquis.

"Father, you wrong me. I may espouse the principle of the Revolution without upholding its excess. I reject them with horror. But enough of this. You can do no better than save yourself and Adele, and I beseech you to do it. You are aware, father, that I love Adele with my whole soul, and have intended to make her my wife. I relinquish that intention at present, but I may possibly take it up again at the close of the war, provided she can forgive me for being disloyal to the king."

"If she does forgive you I will cast her off forever!" thundered the marquis, springing to his feet in a white heat of passion. "You are no son of mine if you persist in this mad course——"

"Pardon Monsieur le Marquis, interrupted Pierre in his smoothest tones; "I cannot consent to quarrel with my own father. Besides, my time is precious. For the present, adieu!"

He bowed respectfully, turned on his heel and strode out of the room, leaving the exasperated marquis to fight it out with his emotions.

The young count was deeply, passionately in love with his father's ward—the beautiful Adele de L'Estriere. For a long time his fondest dream had been of a glorious day in the future, when the joyous wedding-bells would proclaim to the world that she was his for life. But now he was not without misgivings. His last step was an extraordinary one for a man of his rank and title; perhaps she would despise him for it. There was still another source of uneasiness—he had a rival. The name of this individual was Jacques St. Foix, and he was well known in the court of France as a dangerous character—shrewd, cunning, turbulent and fascinating—a man of strong character and a powerful intellect. At one time he had been on the high road to royal favor, with the baton of a marshal scarcely beyond his grasp, but some treacherous act, afterwards kept a secret by the discoverers, had hurled him to the foot of the ladder and caused him to leave the country in disgrace. The breaking out of the Revolution had been the signal for his return, and he became a virulent leader of the mob, inciting the people to deeds of the most atrocious and inhuman character.

This was the man who disputed the prize with the Count de Vancleux. What Adele's feelings were regarding him, was not apparent. Jacques St. Foix had once saved her life, when her carriage would have been precipitated over a precipice by an unruly horse. She was very grateful—possibly more. But he never ventured to visit her at the chateau; the irascible old marquis would have ejected him on the toe of his boot, since he was a traitor to the king.

Nevertheless, they had met several times, either by chance or design, and Adele never failed to treat him courteously. Among certain classes, St. Foix made no secret of his determination to win her in the face of all opposition!

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVALS.

When Pierre de Vancleux left the house after the interview with his father, he shaped his course across the garden intending to let himself out of the grounds at a point where suspicious eyes would be the least likely to observe him.

It was a still, cloudless night, and the moon shed a silvery radiance over the scene.

As Pierre approached the gate, a dark figure rose from a stone bench near one of the walls, and confronted him.

In an instant he saw that it was Jacques St. Foix. The tall, elegant form, the handsome, smiling face, and the long, black hair falling on his shoulders were not to be mistaken—especially as the moonlight revealed them so distinctly.

"What want you here?" demanded the count, sharply.

"Monsieur le Comte is in a bad humor to-night," returned Jacques, with an aggravating smile. "Has the pretty mademoiselle been so unkind as to show him the door?"

The hot blood surged into Pierre's face and it was only by a strong effort that he restrained himself from clutching the fellow's throat.

"You are insolent!" he exclaimed. "How dare you speak thus to me?

"And why not to you, monsieur? You are only a common soldier;—why not to you?" He laughed a low, musical laugh, that was ten times more agravating than his smiles had been.

Pierre was choking with indignation, but he still controlled himself.

"Why do you stand in my way? he cried. "Would you keep me from passing?"

"By no means! I crave a thousand pardons! Monsieur le Comte can pass on."

The villain stepped aside, and bowed with mock humility. The count strode haughtily past him then turned.

"I have no mind to leave you until you have accounted to me for your presence here," he said with ringing emphasis. "Your well-prepared sneers go for nothing with me. Explain why you are encroaching on my father's grounds, or I will drive you off at the point of my blade!"

St. Foix laughed again.

"Monsieur would not thank me for telling him."

"I will chastise you in five seconds, if you don't!"

"Then I will, of course; but monsieur will bear in mind that I would have spared him the pain. I am here by appointment to meet Mademoiselle Adele."

The count took a quick step forward.

"Liar! Scoundrel! How dare you——"

"Monsieur may say something he will regret hereafter," interrupted St. Foix, with perfect composure. "I have told him the truth, and nothing else. If he will wait here a minute or two, it will be proved to him."

"Liar!" repeated the count, fiercely. "How dare you, I say, insult an innocent lady? Dog! you shall answer for this with your life! If you are not altogether a miserable coward, draw and defend yourself."

He threw off his cloak as he spoke, dropping it on the stone bench behind him.

But before either could draw his sword, a light footstep and the rustle of silken garments sounded on the paved walk, and a female figure rushed in between the two men. They saw a white, beseeching face in the moonlight, a little hand held up toward the Count de Vancleux, as if to keep him from striking, and then a scared, tremulous voice cried out:

"Pierre! Pierre! would you commit murder? In heaven's name, what has he done that you should kill him?"

It was Adele. Pierre recognized her, and staggered back with a deep groan, his face looking positively ghastly. He was thunderstruck.

Jacques St. Foix held up one finger, with that slow insolent smile on his features.

"Is monsieur satisfied that I spoke the truth?"

He was satisfied, but he made no reply. Without a word, or a sign, he took up his cloak and hastily left the spot. He heard Adele's voice calling after him as he went: "Pierre! Pierre!" but he did not stop. He hurried on all the faster for that, and tried to shut out the sweet sound from his ears. She was false- as false as she was fair—she whom he had believed a paragon of virtue. She was a meeting this smooth tongued villain clantestinely at the foot of the garden.

Well, he must give her up with everything else. He must seek new associates new pleasures, in the new sphere of life he had chosen; but he groaned bitterly as he thought of it.

Two hours later.

The chateau-bell toiled the hour of midnight. Dark, phantom-like figures were moving about the building, darting in and out of the shadows, flitting hither and thither, busy, stealthy, silent.

Suddenly the noise of shouts, screams, and the sound of combat rose on the night air. A lurid flame lit up the windows, and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" passed from lip to lip, answered by a still more dreadful cry—the cry that meant blood in those days:

"*Vive la Republiqu! Vive la Republique!*"

The Marquis de Vancleux was an aristocrat, and as an aristocrat, must suffer the vengeance of an oppressed people. His son's warning had come too late.

The mad shouts became momentarily madder. Flames burst forth from every quarter of the grand old edifice, and clouds of smoke rolled to the heavens. The Chateau de Vancleux was doomed.

"Jacques St. Foix came out of the house, carrying a lady in his arms. She was white and still as death, but she had only fainted. It was Adele.

The man strode through the crowd with his fair burden, and disappeared.

A moment later, a young soldier came bounding through the crowd in breathless haste, his wild eyes fastened upon the burning pile. It was the young count. He clutched a man's arm in a fierce grasp as he hoarsely demanded:

"The Marquis de Vancleux—has he escaped?

"No."

"Is he still in the building?"

"Most certainly—he will burn with it. He is bound hand and foot in his own chamber."

"Oh, my poor father!" groaned Pierre.

He did not hesitate an instant, but ran swiftly toward the house. Reaching one of the doors, he plunged recklessly in, and in another second was hidden from view by a dense volume of smoke. It seemed like certain death to enter the house at that time, but his life was nothing to him now, and his father had never seemed so dear,

Jacques St. Foix saw the count as he rushed into the chateau, and smiled. Having disposed of his beautiful prisoner, he came back to the crowd and gave orders to surround the building.

"See that Monsieur the Marquis does not escape alive; and if any one attempts his rescue, kill the traitor on the spot!"

But neither the marquis nor Pierre came forth. Minute after minute passed: every turret and tower was wrapped in flames, and the walls were crumbling to the earth; still no one issued from the interior.

It was too late now. No mortal could live for a second within the pale of those fiery walls.

Jacques St. Foix laughed quietly to himself.

"Saints be praised! this is better than I expected. Father and son are both gone to purgatory, and mademoiselle has no other protector but me!"

CHAPTER III.

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The sun shone down with a silky, refescent glare, as if it were shining through blood. The rumbling tumbrels were carrying load after load of doomed mortals to the guillotine, and the streets were crowded with eager, excited people, hissing and hooting at the prisoners, and struggling for places to witness the execution.

These were busy days for the executioner. Never until nightfall did the abattoir of the Republic cease its functions, and then around the roaring bonfires gaunt, ghastly men, and wild, haggard women danced their savage dance, and sang their ribald songs, leaping and flinging their limbs like demons in some hellish revel.

But on this day there was an additional interest. Among the women who were to be beheaded, was the beautiful Adele de L'Estriere. There was a peculiar fascination in the execution of beautifnl young girls, and here was one of the most lovely creatures that had ever trod the earth.

But how came Adele here? Why was she under sentence of death?

Jacques St. Foix had been foiled. He had deceived the count cleverly enough; had had the satisfaction of seeing the young lady deprived of both her protectors; but the rest was not so easy as he had imagined. When he asked Adele to marry him, she refused with scorn. He pleaded with her, but she was firm. He became enraged, and told her to chose between two fates—that of becoming his wife, and that of dying at the guillotine!

She chose death. It was the least repulsive fate of the two. Her guardian and the man she loved were both dead;—what had she to live for? Jacques St. Foix, finding her inexorable, executed his threat by giving her into the hands of the Revolutionary Tribunal, with many false charges, and she was speedily sentenced to death.

And this was the day on which she was to be executed. It was a horrible death to die, but it would soon be over, she told herself, and then—eternal peace.

The guillotine was kept steadily at work. The hungry crowd, while reveling in the sanguinary feast before them, still longed for the arrival of the female victims. They came at last, and were greeted by yells of delirious joy.

It so happened that Adele was to be the last victim offered to the bloody knife, The rest preceded her one by one, till at last she remained alone, and the executioner extended his hand toward her.

Half unconscious, scarcely knowing what she did, the young girl clasped her hands and began to pray. One of the aids of the executioner seized her; she began to ascend the steps of the scaffold, The angel of death hovering over her, and seemed to touch her with his chilly wing.

All of a sudden, there was a commotion in front of the scaffold, and a voice cried:

"I claim this young girl for my wife! It is my wife—I am a soldier."

The execution was suspended. Adele fainted. A young man, his eyes flashing fire, rushed to the platform, caught her in his arms, and bore her rapidly away, amid the loud shouts of the populace. He paused under the balcony where sat the august personage known as the representative, superintending the horrible spectacle.

"Citizen Representative," he said, addressing this man, "the law gives back life to one condemned whom a soldier claims for his wife. I am in the ranks under the flag of the Republic. I offer my hand to this girl, and I claim from your justice your authorization of my marriage. Let the people repair with me to any suitable place, and witness my oath as a husband!"

The Representative did not dare refuse.

The crowd, always pleased with a new sensation, applauded with transports, and the soldier, who still bore Adele unconscious in his arms, was escorted to a neighboring square. There the liberator of Mademoiselle de L'Estriere repeated the oath he had pronounced at the foot of the scaffold, and was forthwith married to the young lady.

As for Adele, she responded to the questions addressed to her without comprehending their meaning, and the ceremony was complete.

Placing Adele in a carriage, he conducted her to a place of safety, and once alone with her in a pleasant room, away from the eyes of the rabble, the man spoke to her.

"Adele, I have married you without your consent. You are my lawfully wedded wife. But I did it only to save your life, and am willing to release you at once, if such is your desire."

The girl had recovered from her stupor by this time, and now, hearing herself addressed by a familiar voice, she sprang to her feet with a scream.

"Pierre—Count de Vancleux! Can it be you?

"It is I," answered Pierre, gently. "Be not afraid, child; I would be the last to harm you."

"But I—I thought you were—dead!" gasped Adele.

The Count de Vancleux smiled.

"There were others thought that, too, but you see I am not. I escorted my father from the burning chateau through a secret passage leading into the garden. I did not leave him till the frontier was crossed, and he is now alive and safe in Germany, waiting for you. I will not hold you to this marriage, Adele. I know you do not love me."

"I do! I do!" she cried, and threw herself into his arms.

He put her from him with an expression of the deepest amazement and doubt.

"It cannot be!" he exclaimed sternly, "You know not what you say."

"Oh, Pierre!" cried the girl, clinging to his arm; "I speak the truth. You think I love Jacques St. Foix—I loathe him! You think I met him secretly by appointment—it is all a mistake. That night he sent for me to meet him there at the foot of the garden, declaring that he had a message from you. I did not know that you were at that moment in the house; you had been absent since the day before, and I was uneasy and anxious to hear what had happened to you. So I went, and found you quarrelling with him. He had told me a base false. hood——"

"My darling!" interrupted Pierre, joyfully. "Is it possible that you are mine, after all?;

"I am yours, Pierre—always yours."

So the bride of the guillotine was a happy one.

Pierre removed his wife to a pleasant and comfortable abode, and then returned to his duty. He fought through the war, and came out covered with honors, having risen to the rank of general.

Jacques St. Foix, before the troubles ended, was shot for treachery by those who had followed him in the earlier days.

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Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

WOULD beg leave to inform his numerous friends and customers, and the public in general, that he has received from

EUROPE CANADA, and the UNITED STATES

One of the best and cheapest stock of

CLOTHS, CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
—AND—
Gents' Furnishing Goods

ever offered in this market and will be sold

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Call and examine for yourselves.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

Notice of Removal.

C. T. WHELPLEY,

WOULD respectfully announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed THREE DOORS BELOW THE OLD STAND, where with increased facilities to carry on a first-class Grocery Store, he hopes to merit a continuance of the very liberal patronage he received for the last twelve years.

F'ton, May 25.

SALT AND MOLASSES.
—AT—
ELY PERKINS'

Landing this day:—

100 SACKS SALT. Also, a choice lot of Molasses for the people.

April 27.

STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS.

50 DOZ. Mens' Youths' and Boys' Straw Hats. Best value in the market. They will be sold from 10 cents upwards. Inspection invited.

April 27. THOS. W. SMITH.

PER SCHOONER
MAUD & BESSIE.

60 ROLLS Roofing Felt.
10 casks Roofing Pitch;
12 Pitcher Spout Kitchen Pumps;
12 Reams Flint Paper.

Just received and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

May 4.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

JUST received from Oshua, Ontario, 65 Packages as follows:

Manure and Hay Forks
Cast Steel and Malleable Garden Rakes;
Hoes, Sythes, Bush Sythes, Scythe Snaths;
Manure and Hay Fork Handles;
Shovel handles. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

PER S. S. DIRECT.

230 BOXES Window Glass, running from 7x9 to 36x42. Just received and for sale by

May 11, 1878. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BEVERLY'S
Bookstore and Bindery
HAS REMOVED
TO THE
Corner of QUEEN and CARLETON STS.

May 4.

HARDWARE.

Just Received:

4 DOZEN GO BEARINGS
6 doz. Glass Globes for same;
80 kegs Cut Nails; 20 kegs Cut Spikes;
6 Double Mould Board Plows;
2 Heavy Jack Screws;
6 pair Japanned Shelf Brackets;
1 superior Refrigerator;
600 gross Wood Screws; 60 gross Brass Screws
60 gross Plated Screws, round heads—
and for sale low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, May 25.

SHAD AND SALMON TWINE, MILK Pans, Lamp Chimneys, Crocks, Flower Pots. For sale at

BENJ. EVANS.
Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 4, 1878.

HARDWARE.

60 DOZEN T Hinges;
75 Pair Barr Door Hinges;
6 Dozen Garden Rakes;
2 " Extra handles;
3 Turnip Seed Drills—(a new thing here);
3 Lawn Mowers;
6 Patent Churns—(splendid article);

Just to hand and for sale low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, May 11, 1878.

CUT NAILS.

Just Received and in Stock:

160 KEGS Cut Nails and Spikes.

JAMES S. NEILL.

SPLINTS, SPLINTS at

BEVERLY'S.

NOW LANDING FROM CARS.

50 Bbbls. Haxall Flour;
50 bbls. Shirk & Snider Extra;
50 bbls. Graham Flour
20 " Granulated Sugar.

April 27 G. HATT & SONS.

MY friend stop that cough. If you can't stop it, G. L. Atherton's Cough Mixture can. If you don't believe, try it.

G. L. ATHERTON & CO.

June 22.

Haxall Flour

100 BARRELS HAXALL FLOUR.
Just received at

GEO. HATT & SONS.

July 20, 1878.

Per Schr. Maud & Bessie from Boston.

43 PACKAGES HARDWARE.

DRAWING Knives, Garden Trowels, Zinc Oilers, Dividers, Carpenters Braces, Twine Boxes, Brick Trowels, Shoe Knives, Barber Shears, Scissors, Auger Bitts, Augers, Door Gongs, Porcelain Escutcheons, Picture Knobs, Sputter Knobs, Bull Rings, Jack Planes, Long Jointers, Steel Taps, Sad Iron Stands, Porcelain Door Knobs, Monky Wrenches, Blind Hinges, Hinged Hasps, Butt Hinges, Loose Joint Butts, Acorn Loose Pin Butts, Cow Bells, Oval Stair Rods, Table Castors, Mop Sticks, Curry Cards, Hoes, Manure Forks, long and short handles, Measures in Setts, Half Bushels, Mortice Lock, Drawer Locks, Till Locks, Cubboard Locks, Pad Locks, Chest Locks, Box Locks, Rim Locks, Window Springs, Sash Fasts, Sash Cord, Wrought Iron Hinges, Rafting Augers, Window Cord, Chalk Lines, Wrought Iron Nuts, Wrought Iron Washers, Whip Sockets, Whiffletree Plates, Spring Buckles, Spring Shackles, Shaft Shackles, Perch Irons, Door Bolts, Window Springs, Pad Lock Keys, Chest Lock Keys, Trunk Keys, Mineral Door Knobs, Cubboard Catches, Plated Screws, Gate Hinges.

Just received.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, June 15.

Received to-day,
1 CASE
WHITE PIQUES,
Hamburg Edgeings
AND
INSERTIONS.
DEVER BROS.

July 13.

JUST RECEIVED BY RAIL FROM BOSTON.

4 CASES READY MIXED PAINTS, from 1 to 5 lb cans.
2 cases VARNISH, in ½ Pints, Pints, Quart tins for retail;
1 bbl. bite Frozen Glue;
1 bbl. Com. Frozen Glue;
1 bbl. Pale Glue;
1 bbl. Common Black Glue;
2 cases containing Burnt Umber, raw Umber, Burnt Sceanna, Raw Sceanna; Drop Black; Indian Red, Chromo Yellow, Vermilion, (gr und in oil and dry); 50 lb. Rose Pink.
1 Keg Borax; 1 case Potash; 1 keg Alum;
1 Keg Saltpetre; 2 cases Axle Grease;
3 reams Sand Paper; Shellace;
Points, etc. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

Paints. Paints.

75 KEGS BEST WHITE LEAD;
90 Kegs Yellow, Red, Green, Blue and Black;
4 Kegs Pure Zinc White;
50 One pound cans Best light Shutter Green
50 lbs. pure Bright Red (new color);
100 " One pound Tins white Lead;
50 " Five pound tins bite Lead;
50 " Five pound Drabs;
50 " Five pound Grays—
and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

May 4.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

The Subscriber begs to announce to the Public that he has always on hand a good and varied stock of

SPRUCE, PINE and HEMLOCK LUMBER,

CONSISTING OF

Dry Pine Plank, 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, thoroughly seasoned and planed.

Dry Pine Boards, well seasoned, planed on one and both sides, and tongued and grooved.

ALSO,

Good Dry Laths and Sawed Cedar Shingles of every quality, together with a stock of Spruce and Hemlock Logs, from which we are prepared to saw to order at short notice.

Bills of Scantling of any dimensions.

A large quantity of Refuse Lumber on hand.

All orders promptly delivered.

Please call at my yard, West End Mill.

RICHARD A. ESTEY.

F'ton, June 22, 1878.

TO PAINTERS AND OTHERS.

SOMETHING NEW.

SAMPLE case of PREPARED KALSOMINE, in packages of 6 lbs. each. Makes the handsomest and smoothest Wall or Ceiling of any article in use. Any person can use it. Superior to paint and lasts for years.

One package will cover about 400 square feet. Can be mixed for use in five minutes.

White and two tints in case,

JOHN RICHARDS,
Ticket Agent.

F'ton, May 18, 1878.

BY RAIL!

4 REFRIGERATORS. New and latest out.
4 Lawn Mowers, best and cheapest out.
15 New Pattern Sinks and Racks. Call and see them.
1 case Varnish Brushes.
1 large Cooking Stove; the old Grand Daddy of them all.
2 Cooking Ranges, new and elegant.
6 Lifting Jacks, best and cheapest yet.
6 papers Silver Coffin Lace.
Just received and for sale by

June 22 R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BROOMS, PAILS, CEMENT, and LIME.

50 DOZ. Brooms, 50 doz. Pails;
10 doz. bbls. Cement;
50 casks Lime;
1 bbl. Boston Sugar Cured Hams.

April 27. GEO. HATT & SONS

REFRICERATORS!

JUST Received from Brockville, Ontario, 3 REFRIGERATORS:

1 ARTIC;
1 PALACE;
QUEEN.

For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, May 18, 1878.

H. RUTTER,
SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER,
DEALER IN

WHIPS,
BRUSHES,
CURRY COBS,
BLANKETS,
BITS, Etc., Etc.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

AT THE OLD STAND,

Opposite the County Court House,
Queen Street, F'ton., N. B.

F'ton, April, 20, 1878.

YORK COUNTY DEBENTURES
FOR SALE.

FROM $8,000 to $10,000, in denominations of $200, $500 and $500.

HENRY B. RAINSFORD, JR.,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Fredericton, June 29, 1878.—Rep.

EDGECOMBE'S BLOCK,
York Street.

WHITTIER AND HOOPER

American, and

CANADIAN FLOUR

THE following brands in store and to arrive:

Haxall,	Reliance,
Union,	Big "A",
National,	Dickson,
New Nation,	Faultless,
Gibbs' Best,	Tidal Wave,
Strong Bakers'	Venango,
Hazol Dell,	White Pigeon,

ALSO: Coles County Corn Meal, Oatmeal, Codfish, Herring, Canned Goods, a large variety.

ALSO:—

1000 bush. Canadian Oats,
500 " " " for seed.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

Superphosphate,

FARMERS' PLASTER.

☞ All the above at lowest prices, and trades allowed a liberal discount.

Whittier & Hooper,

EDGECOMBE'S BLOCK,
York Street.

F'ton., May 11, 18

Just Received.

40 GRINDSTONES;
12 Doz. Cast Steel Scythes;
50 Kegs Cut Nails; 1 Barrel Pale Seal Oil;
1 Barrel Codfish Oil; 1 Barrel Olive Oil;
1 Dozen Eureka Clothes Wringers;
6 Dozen Hayfork Handles;
And for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

July 13, 1878.

TAKE NOTICE!

The Highest Prices in Cash paid for

HIDES & BEEF TALLOW,

BY

F'ton Leather Co.,

KING STREET, FREDERICTON.