Literature.

FAIR WOMEN!

BY MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IV.

On that evening Mr. Maxwell was to be entertained by Sir Howard at a small but very select dinner-party; the baronet was somewhat of a *bon vivant* himself. Flora made it an especial request, at the last moment, that she should be taken in to dinner by Mr. Maxwell.

"What the devil have you got into your head now?" asked her grandfather, with a considerable elevation of his shaggy eyebrows. "Do you think of marrying him?"

"Perhaps!" uttered Flora, coldly.

"Well, my dear!" returned Sir Howard, after a short pause. "I often thought your husband would be mythological; but I certainly never looked for a Silenus." And he smiled grimly at his own humor.

Flora sat next to Mr. Maxwell at dinner. She did not talk much to him; that might disturb his digestion and affect his temper. But when she did speak, it was always of eating. She advised him from the bill of fare of every dish that was to appear, and saw that he was liberally supplied with every dainty, and that his glass was never empty. She promised to secure from Sir Howard's *chef* a receipt that was only known to him and two other men in London. She talked eloquently of the advantages of clubs, and the folly of admitting objections to them. She declared it was only sick and silly people who despised eating, and that when men and women arrived at years of discretion, none who possessed common sense and discrimination undervalued the importance that a good appetite and digestion had relative to health. Mr. Maxwell was enchanted. It had never before been his good fortune to meet with a young woman so gifted with good sense and discernment. Most girls affected a profound disregard for those pleasures of the table that were so essential, so delightful to him. It would be charming to have a wife who was not only beautiful and well born, but could be a sympathetic companion, and the confidante of his joys. He actually found himself wondering whether she would accept him if he proposed to her.

And Flora, as she leant back in her chair at dessert, fearful of disturbing her companion's digestion, had still the grace to be ashamed of the part she had played during the last two hours. But all the same, she did not shrink or draw back from the course she had decided upon, and the following evening, when she met her new admirer at Miss Douglas's ball, she resumed the attack, and, to all appearance, with a very fair chance of success. But while she was in the very habit of exercising her fascinations on the dull, middle-aged man, she had passed Errol Hastings, standing absorbed in the contemplation of her cousin. An angry, jealous pang shot through her heart. Here was a man, young, rich, handsome, whom she once thought she would marry. What had prevented it? Was it yet too late? When she had exchanged the few sentences with him that we have recorded she knew that it was, and went back somewhat *désillusionne* to the pursuit of Mr. Maxwell.

Meanwhile Mr. Hastings had crossed over to where Winifred was standing, engaged in laughing conversation with Lord Harold, a bright smile on her lips, and apparently very happy. She did not see Errol until he came up to her; and then she stopped short in a sentence and changed color. She felt a quick thrill of pleasure when she saw his handsome face bent on her with a genuine admiration. Some sudden thought of forgetting her pride and yielding to her love came surging into her brain; and then her second, new, unnatural self rebelled, and she greeted him with a cold, indifferent smile.

"You will dance with me, Winifred?" he whispered, as Lord Harold turned to speak to some one behind him.

"I am engaged for every dance, thank you."

"May I come and call in Eaton Square?"

"I dare say Lady Grace will be pleased to see you."

"But you?"

"It is my duty to be pleased to see any and all of Lady Farquhar's guests."

"You are not natural, Miss Eyre—you are strangely altered from the generous, large hearted, true Winifred, I knew two years ago."

"Is it well for ignorant, country girls to be trustful?" she asked, with a quick scorn. "If they are generous, do they always meet with like generosity from those whose minds are more enlarged, or should be from their birth and station?"

"Is your enmity to be life-long, then?"

"No doubt it will wear out in time, as every other feeling does," was the quick response.

As Mr. Hastings walked away, he asked himself how it was possible that a man whose inherent fault was intense pride, could voluntarily expose himself to the slights and indifference of a young girl?

"I wonder how it is that I still care for her? She seems to have lost all that made me love her when I first knew her. What a fool I am! I will not think any more of her!

And he left the room and the house, and went off to an entertainment where a considerably greater degree of freedom reigned than at the mansion of stately Miss Douglas, and where he was sure of an enthusiastic welcome.

With the charming inconsistency of the sex, Winifred was terribly chagrined on discovering that he was really gone.

"He is disgusted with me—he will not bear my unworthy treatment of him longer," she thought, bitterly. "I love him with all my heart, and I have lost him."

The evening lost half its brightness from that time, although she received attention and homage enough to have turned her head. Kind Lady Grace was delighted at her favorite's success. She felt almost (not quite—that would have been impossible) what a mother does who lives her youth over again in her daughter's success.

"I need not ask you, dear, if you have enjoyed your evening; you would be something more or less than mortal not to be satisfied with such a success."

"Ah! dear Lady Grace, how shall I ever repay all your goodness to me? Sometimes, long ago, I used to dream of some such pleasure as to-night, but never with the idea of having it realized."

Lord Harold was staying at his aunt's for a few days; so the morning after the ball they sat down to discuss it.

"I predict, aunt, it will be remembered as one of the best balls of the season. I never enjoyed one more in my life."

"The best ball, Harold, are always those we enjoy most. But I do not imagine that all the pains I had taken with the appointments, or the expense to which they put me, had any share in making it a good ball for you. I think there was some other attraction. I remarked that you devoted yourself very much to that graceful girl who came with Lady Grace Farquhar. I forget her name.

"Miss Eyre, aunt."

"Eyre! Eyre!" repeated Miss Douglas. "What family does she belong to."

"Not any that you would be acquainted with, aunt." Lord Harold replied, quickly. "Her father was a gentleman farmer, but her mother was a Miss Champion."

"Not the one who made such a terrible *mesalliance*, surely, Harold?"

"The same."

"Then how comes she to be with your Aunt Grace?"

"She has adopted her."

"Why?"

"Because her father died and she was left alone in the world."

"What folly! I hope, Harold, you have no serious thoughts about the girl?"

"It would be no use if I had, aunt."

"No use! What do you mean? Is she engaged?"

"Heaven forbid! At least, not that I know of."

"Do speak out, Harold. Why no use?"

"Because I have asked her twice to marry me, and she has refused."

"Refused you, Harold!" cried Miss Douglas, with amazed consternation. "Refused you!"

"Yes, dear aunt," he replied—"twice."

"What could be her object?"

"She did not care for me, I suppose."

"Pshaw!" said the old lady, angrily; "a farmer's daughter not care for a man with a title and fortune, when he is young and good-looking besides! There must have been some other reason."

"None that I know of."

"Harold, I have not common patience with you. But you may thank the girl's folly for saving you a fortune. I would not have left you a shilling if you had married her."

"Aunt," said Lord Harold, looking up quickly, with a red flush, "I have always been fond of you, for your kindness to me, and I don't think you are likely to suspect me of being a fortune-hunter; but I tell you candidly, I would give up all hope of your money, and half my own if I could prevail on Winifred Eyre to be my wife."

CHAPTER V.

DANGEROUS.

Winifred was standing at the window of a Piccadilly mansion, waiting for her friend, Mrs. Clayton. A single brougham, with one splendid horse, was at the door, ready to convey them into the park. Presently Mr. Clayton entered.

"What! Miss Eyre, you here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Clayton."

"I thought you always rode in the morning?"

"Fee asked me to walk in the park with her to-day. She did not care to ride."

"She is very capricious, I think. She always tell me she cannot walk five hundred yards."

"We are going to drive there."

"What in?"

"Her brougham."

Mr. Clayton hurried to the window.

"Why, confound if," he muttered, "she has taken Lancer," and he left the room. A moment afterwards Winifred saw him on the pavement, speaking angrily to the coachman. The man touched his hat and drove off. At this moment Fee came in, looking like a little fairy in her diaphanous drapery.

"I have kept you waiting, have I not, dear? Let us go at once; the brougham is here."

"It has just gone, Fee."

"Gone! Where?"

"I do not know. I think Mr. Clayton has sent it away."

"What makes you think that?" exclaimed Fee, flushing with anger.

"He came in here just now and looked out of the window. He seemed very angry when he saw the brougham, and went out immediately."

Mrs. Clayton rang the bell sharply.

"Is the brougham at the door?" she asked the footman.

"Master has just sent it away, ma'am. He said I was to tell you he had ordered the bay horse to drive himself this afternoon. Harris has gone back to the stables to fetch the chestnut."

Fee was bitterly angry and mortified, but she controlled herself admirably.

"We will walk there, then, Winifred, if you do not mind," she said quietly. "You can send Harris after us when he returns," she added to the servant.

It was some minutes before she spoke again; something seemed to rise in her throat and choak her. To be humiliated in this way before her servants, to have her slightest order countermanded, was torture to her proud nature. Presently she said:

"We hear sometimes of women leaving their husbands, and then the world cries them down, and they never dare show their faces in society again. If people could know one half a wife may suffer, I wonder if they would be so hard?"

"I wish I could say something to comfort you, Fee; your life must be horrible."

"And yet you do not know half. These little annoyances and provocations which make you sympathize with me are but the least part of what I have to bear. O Winifred, I am so miserable! I envy every one I meet, and think they must be less unhappy than I am; even that blind man with the dog, or that poor creature who drags himself on one hand and knee along this pavement, day after day."

And then they walked on silently down the broad street, past the magnificent mansions looking on to St. James' Park, amid the crowd of business and pleasure seekers. Dusty passengers looked down on them with an admiring stare from the top of hot, crowded omnibusses; pale, envious faces peeped out from cabs after them; the ubiquitous street boy delayed his errand to contemplate them, and the beggars and cripples, and poor deformed creatures, who haunt the steps of luxury and fashion, gazed wistfully at them with that look of suffering which they always wear either from habit or pain—who knows? The two ladies had pitiful, gentle hearts, God bless them! and believed, when they bestowed money on some poor ragged creature, that they were relieving want, not encouraging vice and idleness. Some one remonstrated once with Miss Eyre for giving charity in the street. She was told that, in all probability, the poor wretch to whom she offered alms was worthless and undeserving.

"Perhaps you are right," said Winifred, "but when I see one of these poor objects, I only feel that they are poor, and hungry, and miserable, and half clothed, while I am living in luxury, and I feel as if it is wicked to turn away from them without the little help I can give."

Presently Mrs. Clayton and Miss Eyre turned into the Park gates, and crossed over to the thronged promenade. They were so late there seemed no hope of getting chairs, unless they met with some strong-armed, gallantly disposed man amongst their acquaintance, who did not object to carrying them from a distance.

"Look, Fee," cried Winifred, suddenly, "there is your husband. Perhaps he will bring you a chair."

Mr. Clayton would have passed them, but Winifred stopped him.

"Will you get Fee a chair?—she is so tired?"

"There is not a chair to be had. If she is tired, she had better go home again," and he passed on.

Winifred was terribly vexed. She knew her friend was not strong, and was afraid of her being fatigued by standing about.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," she said; but at that very moment she caught sight of Mr. Hastings approaching them. He would have passed with a bow, but she stopped him, blushing vividly. "Mr. Hastings, *do* you think you can get Mrs. Clayton a chair?—she is so tired."

"I have no doubt I can," he replied, with a smile, departing on his quest.

In three minutes he returned.

"I have found two chairs and have left some one in charge of them. Come this way."

Winifred wanted to thank him, but he gave her no opportunity. He stood for ten minutes talking to Mrs. Clayton, and then he bowed distantly to Miss Eyre, and went to speak to a group of ladies further on.

"Look, Winifred," said her companion, "there is your cousin. Do you see how she is flirting with that insane old Maxwell? I believe she means to marry him."

"How can you be so absurd Fee!"

"Why absurd?"

"He is old enough to be her father, and she cannot like him."

"He is rich, dear—very rich; and, you know," added Mrs. Clayton bitterly, "worse men than Mr. Maxwell have been married for money."

"How do you do, Miss Eyre?" said a well-known voice by her side at this moment, and both ladies gave a little start at the interruption.

When Colonel d'Aguilar stopped to speak to Winifred, he had not the most remote idea that her companion was Mrs. Clayton, or he would certainly have passed by with a simple recognition. He had not been schooling himself to forget and avoid her for the last three months to have all his heart burnings and struggles with conscience roused by a voluntary meeting with her. It was a dangerous time, too, for a talk between them, just when Fee was quivering with anger and bitterness from her husband's insults and neglect. The would not let him stay talking to her friend, but beckoned him over to her side. Each one of the three felt vaguely uncomfortable. Winifred remembered with a sort of uneasiness the old times at Endon Vale. She did not know that Colonel d'Aguilar and Mrs. Clayton had met since. Colonel d'Aguilar was angry with himself for allowing his resolution to be shaken, and Fee was defying, although dreading her husband.

They had been talking together some time in a low voice, when Francis Clayton passed down the Row behind them. He started with anger as he recognized the two heads bent together, and a scowl contracted his sullen brows. He did not stop then, but walked past them. Perhaps a more pleasing thought occurred to him, for when he turned he was smiling.

"So you found seats at last, Miss Eyre!" he said, coming close to Winifred's chair; and the start which she and her companions gave at the sound of his voice by no means escaped him. "O, d'Aguilar, is that you?" he added, as the latter looked up. "I am more fortunate in meeting you here than I was in Paris Let me see, I think you arrived the day I left, and left the very day I returned. Singular coincieence, was it not, Miss Eyre?"

But in spite of such an unpromising commencement, Mr. Clayton did not seem at all inclined to make himself rude, or disagreeable to his wife's friends; on the contrary, he seemed disposed to be sociable, and even invited him home to lunch.

Colonel d'Aguilar was not by nature mistrustful, but he found it very hard to put faith in the amenities of Francis Clayton, although he failed in discovering a treacherous meaning in them.

He declined the invitation, however, pleading another engagement. Fee had been utterly astonished at first by the change in her husband's manner, but she soon fathomed it. It might have put her on her guard had she been less miserable or less indifferent; now she only felt a sort of vague, heart-sick pleasure. No disgrace, no wretchedness, but seemed easy to bear in comparison with her present life. When the time came to go, the two men, one of whom loved and the other detested her, handed her into her brougham with equal care and attention, and raised their hats as she drove away.

When the carriage had driven off, and they turned to say good-bye, a strange look passed between the two men. A smile on the lips and a curse in the heart are apt to give a curious expression, though.

Winifred had been three times to the opera. In the old days in the country, when the Italian opera had formed part of her fairy-land in day-dreams, she had scarcely imagined anything that was not realized now. Perhaps she had been singularly fortunate in hearing the most charming if not the grandest operas first—*Norma*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Il Trovatore* To-night she was to hear *Lucrezia Borgia*. She was hardly indifferent enough yet for a fashionable young lady. It vexed and troubled her, when visitors came into the box and would talk during those thrilling songs.

Winifred was leaning back, her eyes half closed, listening to a celebrated singer's liquid voice in *Com'e Bello*. She did not hear the soft opening of the door, or remark that Lady Grace was talking to some one. Mr. Hastings had come in, and was watching her intently.

If you want to forget a person, it is a singular mistake to trust yourself in his or her presence when the senses are enthralled by beautiful and voluptuous music. Not until the act was over did she see him; then she greeted him as she had not done since the old days. Her manner was frank, and she was as simple and natural as in the time when he first knew her. He came and sat behind her, whispering now and then in a low voice, and for once she gave herself up to the charm of his presence. She was happy—almost intoxicated with the happiness of being near him, and letting herself love him. The music stole over her senses, and softened out every thought of bitterness—every feeling but love. If he had spoken to her then as he did on the night of the ball—as he did in the after-days, she would not have answered him with coldness and scorn. But he did not know how she felt towards him, and the golden opportunity vanished.

Perhaps the same feeling had stolen over his senses when he first heard beautiful, spirit-stirring music; but it was so far away in the past, he had forgotten. When she turned to speak to him in a low voice, and her eyes looked for a moment into his, he thought: "She is becoming a woman of the world; her eyes are learning to express what she does not feel." He was wrong; but then how is it possible for men to understand every variation of feeling in the hearts of the women they love?

Women are instinctively quick in reading women. Lady Grace was watching Winifred's demeanor to Mr. Hastings intently although unobtrusively, and she recognized the master passion in the look the girl now and again turned upon him. And she wondered—wondered what cause could bring a forced estrangement between two people who loved each other as she felt they did. She sighed.

"Ah!" she thought, "the young will not learn by the experience of others. They must spoil their whole lives by a caprice, or a fancied injury, before they can see the misery of forcing a resentment, and steeling themselves against forgetting and forgiving."

The curtain had fallen on the last act. Mr. Hastings was wrapping Winifred in her cloak.

"You will be at Mrs. Clayton's ball on Thursday, of course?" he whispered.

"Oh, yes, I hope so."

"Will you dance with me?"

"Yes, if you ask me.

"Will you keep the first waltz that you are there for me?"

She whispered, "Yes!" very softly. Her tone made him think that perhaps, after all she was not indifferent to him. But he could not say more then, for he was obliged to give his arm to Lady Grace.

Since her arrival in London Winifred had often bethought herself of the aunt and cousins who lived in a new district away beyond Brompton.

"Lady Grace," she said, the morning after the opera, "would you mind my going some day to see my aunt?"

"Mind, my love! certainly no I have thought, two or three times, it would be right for you to do so, but waited until you should suggest it. Go this afternoon, if you feel inclined."

"But you will not like driving alone?"

"I do not intend to drive to day. I must reserve myself for our dinner-party this evening. You can take the carriage. Perhaps your aunt would like a drive in the Park."

"(O Lady Grace," cried Winifred, "you are too good; but I do not think I ought to take advantage of your kindness."

"Why not my dear? It is one of my gratifications to give pleasure when I can—and so I think it is yours too. I will order the carriage half an hour earlier. And, my dear, give my compliments to your aunt, and say I shall be pleased if she will lunch with us one day next week."

Winifred kissed and thanked Lady Grace affectionately, and went to don her habit for a ride with Sir Clayton.

That afternoon the inhabitants of Poplar Terrace were much surprised and excited by seeing a very grand carriage, with a powdered footman, stop at No 15. Mrs. Raymond was equally astonished, and perhaps a little dismayed, until she recognized her niece.

Winifred ran in, "just the same as ever," her aunt said, a little wonderingly, afterwards.

"Well, auntie, dear, I have come to see you at last. And Lady Grace has sent the carriage for you to have a drive in the Park, so make haste and put on your bonnet. Where are Dora and Annie?"

"Dora has gone to her dancing-lesson, but Annie is at home. But, my dear, you don't mean Lady Grace Farquhar said anything about my going in her carriage? I shouldn't like to do such a thing."

"Nonsense, auntie; Lady Grace would not have said it if she had not meant it. You do not know how good and considerate she is."

"But I have nothing fit to wear in such a carriage as that."

"Oh, yes you have, I know. Now, do be quick, because I should not like to keep the horses waiting too long, and let Annie come too."

Thereupon Mrs. Raymond hurried off, and after great search for various articles of dress, generally kept in lavender, and only looked at, brought out some very grand attire, while the housemaid performed the same office for Annie, a not very interesting child of twelve. Whilst she was left alone, Winifred thought about all that had happened since she last sat in that small pasteboard double draw-room, furnished throughout with green reps, gilt-framed looking-glasses, and walnut cheffoniers of the sort that one has come to connect mentally with the Tottenham Court Road. She was profoundly thankful for the good fortune that had come to her, although she could not forget that her present happiness and comfort sprang from a deep sorrow. But it was pleasant to be rich, and live with refined cultivated people, and she thought she could not have felt very happy in this common little place, with relations with whom she could not have felt much sympathy. But she was delighted to be the means of giving them this pleasure. She remembered all the delight and triumph it would have caused her in former days to ride in so grand a carriage, and she did not mind the least in the world that the appearance of her relations was not very imposing or fashionable. Mrs. Raymond came in presently with Annie, radiant, delighted, and nervous. It was not without some trepidation that she mounted the steps of the barouche, assisted by the grand footman. She would not have leaned back for the world; but there was a conscious pride in her manner, and perhaps not the least part of her enjoyment was the idea that she was an object of scrutiny and envy to her neighbors.

"My dear, this is very kind of you, and how beautiful you do look!" she said with a squeeze of Winifred's hand. "Why, I never thought you pretty before, and how lovely all your things are! I think you have been in luck's way to find such grand friends. You know Raymond and I meant to have asked you to come and live with us when the accident happened to poor dear George; but when we heard of Sir Clayron Farquhar and his lady offering to take you, we thought we had better keep in the background, for fear of standing in your way. And the idea of old Sir Howard coming forward in that handsome way, ready to adopt you, and putting up that lovely monument, I never was so thunderstruck in my life! Do you ever see him now?"

"Not very often, aunt. I cannot forget how he behaved to poor, dear papa."

"There now, my dear, I think you're wrong. Always let by-gones be by-gones and I am sure he made the *amende* in every way. Dear me! what a number of people!"

Mrs. Raymond's delight was great at seeing her niece bow to several persons in very grand carriages; but nothing excited her so much as Winifred's acquaintance with a gentleman driving a splendidly appointed four-in-hand.

"My dear, who is that very handsome young man with those splendid horses? What an elegant manner he has, and how he bowed to you—just as if you were a countess! What is his name, and how did you come to know him?"

"He is Mr. Hastings, aunt. He lives down in Hirtshire, about a mile from the old Farm"

"Is he married, my dear?"

"No, aunt."

"Well, Winifred, I expect you will be making some grand match one of these days. It would be a fine thing for you to marry some one like Mr. Hastings."

"It would, indeed, aunt; but I do not think I mean to marry at all."

"Ah, my dear, so all the young ladies say before they are asked. You'll change your mind, I dare say."

"Perhaps you are right, aunt, but I have forgotten my message—Lady Grace would like you to come and lunch next week."

"Oh, my dear, I am much obliged to her ladyship, but I think I would rather not. You know I am not used to grand people."

"She is just the same as any one else, auntie, only kinder and more considerate."

"I'll just ask Raymond about it, my dear; and you make some excuse to her ladyship about my not being able to send an answer to day."

When Mrs. Raymond asked her husband whether she should go, he said:

"No, my dear, certainly not. It shows a very nice feeling in Winifred, not being ashamed of us; but we are plain people, and should not do her any credit, so I think you had best keep away."

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R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton Jan 27.

HARDWARE.

OUR Cheap Sale still continues, and is quite a success.

Some Goods at Half Price,

Please remember this.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

March 3, 1881.

IMPERIAL HALL.

Fall and Winter, 1880.

Good work and good materials for small profits.

JUST RECEIVED, our usual well selected stock of Cloths for Fall and Winter wear, consisting of

OVERCOATINGS,

WORSTED COATINGS,

DIAGONAL COATINGS,

West of England, Scotch & Canadian

TWEEDS,

in all the latest patterns, all of which will be made up in the most fashionable styles at shortest notice.

JUST RECEIVING: our FALL and WINTER stock of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

THOMAS STANGER,

IMPERIAL HALL, F'ton, Sept. 23.

IMPORTANT!

To All Who Wear Clothes!

J. R. HOWIE

CALLS the attention of all who wear Clothes to his

LATEST IMPORTATION OF

CLOTHS,

Comprising the latest Novelties and Best Makes.

A FULL LINE OF

ENGLISH WORSTEDS,

in the latest patterns. A large variety of choice patterns of

SCOTCH TWEEDS.

A few very Choice Patterns in

FRENCH GOODS

A full line of

English & Canadian Tweeds,

Always on hand a full line of the Best Quality of TRIMMINGS.

Employing a large staff of experienced workmen, I am prepared to fill orders promptly in the LATEST NEW YORK STYLE.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

Merchant Tailor & Clothier,

QUEEN STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO BRAYLEY HOUSE.

GREAT

TRADE SALE

—OF—

EDGECOMBE & SONS

HAVE ON HAND, and offer for sale

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

at prices much below regular rates, and which must insure prompt sales, the following stock warranted first-class in every respect:—

5 Concord Carriages;
4 Piano Box Carriages;
3 Top Buggies;
2 Single and Double Phaetons with Shifting Tops;
3 Jump Seat Carriages
4 Portland Fancies;
5 Express Wagons, single and Double;
13 Farm Wagons, with from 1 1-2 to 2 inche axles;
3 Slovens.

☞ Contracts will be made for any description of vehicles in large numbers, at favorable rates. Our facilities enable us to produce the best work in the shortest possible time.

Send for circulars and prices, with especially favorable terms.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton Steam Carriage Work

Fredericton, October 11, 1878.

FALL AND WINTER

BOOTS, CLOTHING, &C

THE subscriber has just received a large and well assorted stock of

Boots, Shoes,

Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c.,

which he offers at REDUCED PRICES, for cash. These goods were bought direct from the manufacturers, there by saving agents' commissions, &c., and will be found to be the best value in the market.

Please call and examine.

Respectfully,

DANIEL LUCY,

Wilmot's Block.

F'ton, Oct. 21.

LUMBER.

The subscriber begs to announce to the public that he has always on hand and for sale 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 Cedar Shingles of every quality; together with a stock of 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.

☞ *CEDAR SHINGLE STOCK WANTED, by the cord or otherwise.*

SEELY & McMILLAN,

BARRISTERS, &c.,

SANDS' BUILDING, 77 PRINCE WM. ST

St. John, N. B.

(Opposite Messrs. Barnes & Co.)

GEO. B. SEELY, T. H. McMILLAN.

St. John, May 6, 1880.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

WONDERFUL.

Cutlery,
Crockery,
Wooden Ware,
Plated Ware,
Glass Ware,
Fancy Goods,

and the largest assortment of

FURNITURE.

in Fredericton, at

Lemonts' Variety Store

We want every boy and girl, every man and woman in the country to visit our establishment, which is three stories high, and filled with almost everything required for house keeping, with thousands of articles useful and ornamental. Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines very cheap.

GOODS CHEAP FOR CASH.

LEMONT & SONS.

Martin Lemont, Wm. Lemont, Martin Lemont, Jr.

$200 A MONTH warranted. $5.00 a day at home. Our agents, men, women, boys and girls are getting rich. Costly outfit with $5.00 premiums free to agents. Capital not required. Write at once that this great offer may not pass you. The work is light and pleasant, any one can do it. Write to us, you will never regret it. We can start you. One agent in Portland, Me., cleared $20 in one day.

J. M. SHAW & Co., Hallowell, Me.

SHOVELS. SHOVELS.

Just received from Gananoque, Ontario:

60 BUNDLES Iron and Steel Shovels.

For sale low by

JAS. S. NEILL.

Fredericton Feb. 3

TO LET.

SEVERAL OFFICES in the Brick Building in York Street, next adjoining the Corner of Queen Street.

J. L. INCHES.

Fredericton, Feb. 12, 1880

WILEY'S DRUG STORE

Vases,
Toilet Setts,
Perfumed Cases.

POCKETBOOKS AND PURSES,

FANCY TOILET BOTTLES.

PERFUMES,

By Atkinson, Rimmel, Lubin, Cleaver, Hendriere.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Hair Brushes,
Plain and Fancy Backs.
Wire Hair Brushes.

Meerchaum and Briar Pipes.

Also just received this day a fine line of

CLEAVER'S SOAPS,

FLAVORING EXTRACT, HERBS, etc.

An Inspection is solicited.

JOHN M. WILEY,

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Fredericton, Dec. 16, 1880.

Sole Leather.

WE are now manufacturing at our Tannery head of King Street, a first-class quality of

SOLE LEATHER,

which we offer for sale at market rates.

FREDERICTON LEATHER CO.

I. W. SIMMONS, *Manager.*

F'ton, October 14—tf.

FOR SALE

AT A

BARGAIN.

A No. 1

BARK MILL,

nearly new. Enquire of

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

F'ton, Feb. 17, 1881.—tf.

HARDWARE.

Just received, all rail from New York:

1 CASK Screw Bolts; 1 case Cottage Door Latches; 3 doz. Bronze Store Door Latches; 2 doz. iron Bench Screws;
1 bbl. Curry Combs;
10 kegs Nuts—assorted; 4 kegs Washers;
1 case Hatchets;
1 " Hammers; 3 doz. Lock Drawers;
1 doz. Blacksmith's Fincers;
4 " Fancy Match Safes;
6 " Wood Handle Stove Cover Lifters;
3 " Toy Sad Irons;
5 " Spring Balances—weigh from 1 oz to 40 pounds; 1 doz. Carpenters Steel Squares
6 doz. Carpenters Iron Squares;
6 " " Steel Dividers;
12 " Last Fasteners—assorted;
6 " " Lifts; 12 doz. pairs Fancy Shelf Brackets;
2 doz. Flower Pot Brackets:
20 " Plain Iron Shelf Brackets.
1 gross Bronze Drawer Pulls; 2 doz. Bronze Door Knobs; 3 doz. Saw Setts;
1 doz. Copper Bull Rings;
1 " Cattle Leaders; 1 case Horse Cards;
3 " Cupboard Turns
6 " " Catches; 1 doz. Boot Jacks;
1 cask T and Strap Hinges;
1 " Barn Door Hooks and Hinges;
1 " " Hangers and Rollers;
1 case Towel Racks; 1 case Sofa and Table Castors; 6 doz. Chest Handles;
2 doz. Well Wheels;
2 gross Picture Knobs; 2 doz. Picture Nails;
2 doz. coils Picture Wire;
2 gross Picture Cord; 4 gross Wrought Hooks and Staples;
1 case Jack Planes; 1 case Smoothing and Block Planes;
4 doz. Carpenters' Braces.

The above is imported direct from the manufacturers, and will be sold as cheap as any house in the Province

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, Feb. 21.

First Premium

Provincial Exhibition, 1878.

REED & REED

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the GOOD HOUSEWIFE to the superior quality of their

BROOMS & WISPS.

They manufacture an article not excelled by any in the market, either domestic or imported.

MERCHANTS near the upper St. John will find it especially advantageous to deal with them. All orders promptly filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.

REED & REED

NEW

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO!

WE will open our new Photographic Studio in the same building as the one at present occupied by us, up stairs one flight, in a few days, fitted with new Instruments, new Back Grounds, new Carpets, etc., and with the best Skylight known to the art, we will be able to turn out first-class work, second to none in the country, and in all kinds of weather. No waiting, as our old Gallery will be fitted expressly for Tintypes, and we will be now able to attend to all who may favor us with their patronage,

Pictures of children made instantaneously.

Mouldings of every description on hand, and made to order, any size.

Call and see prices,

McMURRAY & BURKHARDT.

Fredericton, Feb. 4, 1881.

$5 Outfits sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers, intending to make a change in their present business on or before the first of August next, beg to return their sincere thanks to their friends, and the public generally for their liberal patronage so long extended to them; and from this date they will sell at greatly reduced prices for cash or approved endorsed notes the whole stock.

Some goods including Stoves we offer at half price.

☞ *This is a Rare Chance.* ☜

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fredericton, Feb. 10, 1881.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Tuned and Repaired.

E. CADWALLADER

SUNBURY STREET

Dec. 11—52. *(between Charlotte and George Sts).*

MONEY TO LOAN

ON REAL ESTATE security in Carleton or Sunbury Counties. Apply to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

April 29, 1880.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Jackson Adams,

CABINET MAKER

AND

UNDERTAKER

(near County Court House,)

Queen Street, - - Fredericton,