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FACTORY

KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

NARKA,

THE NIHILIST.

CHAPTER I.

It was All-souls Eve. The winter was setting in early, and threatened, or perhaps we should say promised, to be a very severe one; for a hard winter was not looked upon as a misfortune at Yrakow, the ancestral home of Prince Zorokoff. Ice and snow brought too many pleasures in their train ever to be unwelcome there.

A group consisting of young Prince Basil Zorokoff, his brother-in-law, M. de Beaucrillon, and three ladies, were assembled in an old-fashioned tapestried room of the castle. The two men were smoking cigarettes, and discussing sport between long-drawn puffs. The three ladies were sitting round the samvar. They presented three as distinct types as could have been brought together with a view to the setting off of each by contrast.

Sibyl, Comtesse de Beaucrillon, the daughter of the house, was as blond as a Scandinavian, with light blue eyes and fair hair; her hands were so small as to be almost out of proportion with her figure, which was tall and full; they were round and dimpled like a baby's, with the delicate nails and pink tapering tips that one seldom sees in perfection except in babies. Her movements had the subtle fascinating grace that reminded you of a kitten, or rather of a young cat, for there was nothing of the undignified friskiness of a kitten about Sibyl. She was patrician to the tips of her fingers. Her manners united the refined elegance of a French woman with the soft serpentine grace of the women of the north.

Marguerite de Beaucrillon was just below the middle height, but she looked tiny beside her stately sister-in-law. She had no pretensions to beauty, yet her face was pleasanter to look at than many a beautiful one; her clear olive skin, her warm color, her wistful bright brown eyes, her dimples, and her glossy hair were suggestive of youth, health and happiness, and these natural advantages were set off by the most becoming toilets; for Marguerite had a French girl's taste and principles about dress, and considered it seriously as one of the daily duties of life. She was careful and very successful in her combination of colors and effects. Yet you would never have accused her of coquetry in the ordinary sense. If you had been so uncharitable one glance into her face would have converted you. Her eyes were as free from consciousness as a child's, and their language was as transparent. Sibyl used to say to her, 'If you don't want people to see what you are thinking of, drop your lids, for those eyes of yours are like windows into your brain, and let one see your thoughts coming and going.'

Narka Larik, the adopted sister of Madame de Beaucrillon, was the tallest of the three women, and cast in altogether an ampler mould. If her figure had been less perfectly proportioned, it might have seemed too large; her great luminous blue-black eyes, sometimes quite blue, sometimes quite black, were as velvet, but under the softness there lurked intimation of a fiery vitality ready to awake and emit sparks at the lightest touch; her mouth was perhaps a trifle too full for classical perfection, but its curves were so exquisite, the sensitive play of the lips so lovely, that you never thought of that; the clear tint of her complexion was like the whiteness of some white flower; her hair, of that warm red gold beloved of Titian, was knotted in thick coils at the back of her head, and fell in rippling waves over her low square forehead. There was something wild in the character of Narka's beauty, in the lines of her figure. She stood and moved with the strong, elastic ease of a panther, or some other grand, free, untamed creature. Beautiful, incomparably more beautiful than Sibyl, there was nevertheless something wanting to her beauty which that of Sibyl possessed, impalpable but distinct, something which marks the difference between a highly finished work of art and a spontaneous growth of Nature in her happiest and most generous mood. This difference was not noticeable except when the patrician sister was brought into close contact with the plebeian, and even then no one was conscious of it, perhaps, but Narka herself. She knew that she was beautiful and far more gifted in many ways than Sibyl, and yet she felt as much her inferior as the lowly born maid in mediæval times may have felt herself below the noble demoiselle in whose train she was brought up.

The three friends were chatting over their teacups, planning costumes for a fancy ball that was to take place at the castle before Christmas.

'I wish I could hit upon something that would combine everything,' Marguerite said, putting her head on one side with a pretty bird-like motion very characteristic of her, and which always amused Basil Zorokoff.

'Why don't you consult me, cousin?' he said, holding out his cigarette between his first and second fingers and gazing steadily at Marguerite; but the twinkle in his blue eyes belied the extreme seriousness of his handsome face.

'Well?' said Marguerite, with another bewildering turn of her head from left to right.

'Little Red Riding-hood would suit you to perfection. The color would be becoming, and your eyes would shine like diamonds under the scarlet hood, and you would look like a Liliputian Venus in the short petticoats.'

'And you would play the wolf and howl at me?'

'And crunch you up; that I should do with great satisfaction!'

'How many wolves' skins would it take to make a costume for you, I wonder?' said Marguerite, measuring the tall young fellow's height with a glance of saucy impertinence. 'A pity it is so early in the winter, or you might go and shoot half a dozen. How exciting it must be to hear them howling in the forest! They never come till Christmas, do they?'

Basil had not time to answer when a distant sound, penetrating through the heavily curtained windows, made them all start.

'There it is again,' said Narka.

'What is it?' said Marguerite.

'Listen!' Sibyl held up her finger, and the gentlemen put down their cigarettes.

A long dismal howl, perceptibly nearer this time, was again audible.

'Is it a wolf?' asked Marguerite under her breath.

'At this time of the year?' said M. de Beaucrillon. 'You were just now telling me that they never came till the snow was deep?'

'No more they do,' replied Basil. 'I never before knew, except when I was a child——'

'There it is again!' interrupted Sibyl, 'and this time quite close. Let us go up to the gallery.'

'Oh, how dreadful!' exclaimed Marguerite, who seemed too horrified to move. 'If he were to dash at the windows and break in!'

'He certainly would if he saw you, little cousin,' said Basil; 'but as he can't, we have nothing to fear. Come along up to the gallery, and see what a live wolf looks like.'

He drew her arm through his and led her off, excited and only half reluctant. The others had all fled up before them, and were already grouped in the deep mullioned window at the further end of the gallery, the only one that was in shadow, for it was a brilliant night and the full moon riding high in the heavens, sent as her largess broad bars of silver light through the row of eight windows on one side of the gallery. Basil, still holding Marguerite's arms within his, joined the others, and they all stood watching.

The broad gravel drive shone like granite in the dazzling whiteness of the moonshine; one wing of the castle was in black shadow, the other in brilliant light, every arch and moulding carved in ebony and silver.

'Where is the brute sneaking?' said Basil.

'He can't be far off,' said Narka. 'The last howl was very close.'

They waited with bated breath. Nothing stirred. The park was so silent you might have heard the stars twinkling.

'Look! there he is!' exclaimed Sibil, in a whisper, pointing toward the clock tower, that was in shadow.

They pressed closer and strained their eyes.

'I see him!' Marguerite cried, and, shuddering, she clutched Basil's arm, as if safety lay in his coat sleeve.

Basil bore it manfully. 'Never fear, little cousin. See, he is coming on!'

The beast advanced a few steps and paused, one halt of his lank grey body in shadow, the other in sheen. Suddenly he pricked his ears, held one forefoot suspended, and turned his head toward the park in an attitude of intense listening.

'Does he hear something?' asked M. de Beaucrillon.

'It looks like it,' Basil replied, uneasily. 'I will get my gun.'

'So will I,' said his brother-in-law. And they hurried away together.

Presently the wolf turned his head toward the house, moved forward a few steps, and glared up with his red eyeballs.

To Marguerite there was something delicious in the combination of horror and a sense of comfortable safety that she experienced in looking down at the ferocious animal from behind thick stone walls.

'Do you think he heard us speaking?' she asked, almost under her breath.

Narka's fear and Sibyl's was that he had heard something else. What an age the gentlemen were in bringing their fire-arms! They had in reality been away about two minutes.

'Oh, here they come!' said Sibyl.

'Open the window as quickly and quietly as you can,' said Basil. But before there was time to obey, the wolf turned his head, and uttering a low long howl, bounded off, and disappeared round the clock tower.

'Confound the brute!' muttered Basil.

'I wonder why he darted away so suddenly?' said Narka.

'Probably it was some noise in the thicket, some animal prowling about,' said Basil; but he did not seem convinced.

'Suppose it were some one coming through the park?' suggested Marguerite. 'How awful if it were!'

'Nobody is likely to be out this time of night,' replied her cousin.

'Hush! listen!' cried M. de Beaucrillon, laying his hand on Basil's shoulder.

Every ear was strained. Yes, there was a sound of galloping hoofs in the distance.

'Ought we to send out men with fire-arms?' asked Sibyl.

'Where to?' said Basil. 'That sound comes from the left, and the brute made for the forest. Besides, no one would be abroad at this hour without fire-arms. I dare say it is Larchoff. I met him riding in to X. this afternoon. He often rides back late. He is sure to be armed. It would be a good joke if the wolf pulled him down and made a meal of him.'

'No such good luck,' cried Narka; 'beasts of a species do not prey on each other.'

This speech sounded unnaturally cynical on the lips of a young girl. Marguerite shrank imperceptibly away from her, and moved closer to Basil. M. de Beaucrillon felt the same repulsion so strongly that, under pretence of putting aside his gun, he went out of the room. Presently Basil carried his to a safe corner, and then, stepping into the deep embrasure of one of the windows flooded with light, called to Marguerite to join him. She went tripping lightly across the polished floor, and they stood together looking out at the moonlit landscape.

Sibyl and Narka remained alone. They were both more disturbed than they wished to appear. Superstitious as genuine Muscovites, the coming of the wolf before the seasonable time was to them an ill omen, all the more alarming from its vagueness. 'The wolf waits for the white carpet,' was a saying of the peasants; and when he appeared before the carpet was spread, some calamity was certain to follow.

'Well, cousin, you have had a glimpse of one of our winter amusements. How do you like it?' asked Basil.

'I don't like it at all,' replied Marguerite.

'You were saying, only a little while ago, that it must be so exciting, and wanting me to turn wolf and howl at you.'

'Do you think the wolf overheard me?'

'I will tell you a secret,' said Basil. 'I asked the brute to come and howl for you to-night. At first he flatly refused, like the brute that he is; then I bribed him.'

'What bribe did you offer him?'

'You won't tell?' He bent his tall figure down until his mustache almost touched her ear. 'I told him that Larchoff was coming this way, and that he could sup off him.'

'Oh!' said Marguerite, drawing away with a little shudder. 'Why do you want that poor man to be devoured by a wild beast?'

'Because the poor man is more destructive than any wild beast alive; he is the devil.'

'Is he so wicked? Who is he?'

'Who is Larchoff? He is our neighbor, and dates his descent from Peter the Great, who gave the family a title. He is a liar and a hypocrite, as cruel as a tiger and as greedy as a wolf, cowardly as a rat and dishonest as a Jew; he has all the bad instincts of man and beast combined; he is only fit company for the devil, and that is where the curses of good men are speeding him night and day.'

'Ah! but that is wicked!' said Marguerite, with a shudder. 'They ought to pray for him that he might repent.'

'Pray for Larchoff!' Basil threw back his head with a low laugh; the notion of anybody praying for Larchoff was immensely funny to him. 'If the prayers were heard, and that fiend were to repent and enter the kingdom of heaven, I hope I may go somewhere else! He has done more evil and made more men and women miserable than any man of his generation, unless, perhaps, his master the Czar. You know about old Larchoff, this fellow's father? No? Sibyl never told you? Well, listen. Jacob Larik, Narka's father, was a Jew; they are a vile race, but Jacob was an exception; he was honest, and very rich. He traded in furs, and he was clever and industrious, as the Jews mostly are. He lived in one of Larchoff's villages, unluckily. One day Larchoff, who, like his son, was always in want of money, went to Jacob, and said he must pay down fifty thousand rubles or pack up. Of course Jacob paid them. At the end of six months Larchoff came down on him for another fifty thousand. Jacob paid again; and so it went on until there was no more blood in the stone. Then Jacob fell on his knees and besought Larchoff, for the sake of the God of Abraham, to spare him and give him time to gain the money, and he would go on working and paying while he could; but Larchoff spat on him and mocked him, and then went off and denounced him as deep in a plot against the life of the Emperor. The poor wretch was seized and flogged and tortured to make him confess; and as he could not confess, he was sent to Siberia. Fortunately he died on the road.'

'Oh my God! And Narka?'

'Narka was a small toddler at the time. She and her brother Sergius and Madame Larik came to live with us. Narka was educated with Sibyl, Sergius with me; he was such a good dear fellow, and so clever! He wanted to be a physician, and just after old Larchoff died he passed his examination brilliantly. We were all proud of him, and everybody made much of him; all the people in the district invited him and made a fuss over him. It was very foolish, for it enraged Larchoff *file*; he knew that his father had been hated for the murder, as it was called, of old Jacob, and that he himself was hated as much as his father. He resolved to be revenged on us all by ruining Sergius. He went and denounced the poor fellow. Oh, it was a damnable piece of work!' said Basil, with suppressed passion.

'What happened him?'

'Sergius? He was sent to Siberia.'

'And he is there still?'

'Yes.—his bones are there. He lived three years at the gold diggings, and then luckily he died. Poor Sergius!'

'And his mother, and Narka?'

'They lived through it, as people do. It broke their hearts; but people live with broken hearts, as they do with broken legs. We were all very fond of them—Sibyl and Narka are like sisters. My mother always spoke of Narka as her adopted child, and after her death the two were inseparable.'

'And that cruel, horrid man stays on here? Does anybody speak to him?'

'Speak to him! They cringe to him, they lick his feet.'

'You never speak to him?'

'I spoke to him no later than this afternoon.'

'Oh!' in a tone of shocked astonishment.

'My child, it I offended Larchoff, in spite of my father's present influence at court, he would never rest till he had sent me and all belonging to me after the Larika.'

'Is it possible? Why, he must be the devil.'

'My sweet cousin, I began by telling you he was.'

'And is there nothing to protect people against him? Is there no law in Russia?'

'Yes; there is the law of might and cunning.'

After a moment's silence Marguerite said, in a confidential *sotto voce*, looking up at Basil: 'I wonder why you don't make a revolution. If I were a Russian I should be a Nihilist—is not that what you call them?'

Basil's eye flashed, and he made a sudden movement as if he would have caught her in his arms; but he checked himself, and said with a laugh, 'If you preach treason of that sort, *pétite Française*, I will tell Larchoff, and you will be escorted to the frontier immediately, and perhaps get a whipping first.'

While this conversation was going on in the deep recess of one window, Sibyl and Narka were talking confidentially in another.

'I wonder whether Basil thinks at all seriously of Sophie?' Sibyl remarked. 'I do long to see him married and out of harm's way!'

'Are you sure that to marry him to the sister of Ivan Goff would be taking him out of harm's way?'

Sibyl did not answer.

'Supposing it were,' resumed Narka, 'I could understand *your* overlooking a good deal to make him settle down, as you say; but I can't see how the Prince should be anxious for such a marriage for his son. Paul Goff was a trader, and Ivan carries on his father's business—on a grand scale, it is true; still, he is in trade; and the daughter and sister of a trader is not the wife one would expect Prince Zorokoff to select for his son.'

'It is hardly a selection. Who else is there to prefer to Sophie? She is the only girl in the district. Basil never goes to St. Petersburg except to pay his court to the Emperor and rush back. You know how he used to entertain us caricaturing all the girls he sees there. Then Sophie's mother was noble; it was considered a dreadful disgrace her making that *mesalliance* with Paul Goff. Besides, she is sole heiress to her uncle's enormous fortune; and Basil, with all his indifference to money, knows very well that it is not a thing to be despised; for I suspect my father is melting down his fortune as fast as he can at St. Petersburg.'

Narka did not reply. She knew well enough that the Goff money-bags were the bait that was making Prince Zorokoff swallow his pride and court the trader's pretty daughter for his son. But would Basil prove an accomplice in the transaction?

'Basil is far too proud to make a *mesalliance* for money,' continued Sibyl, contradicting her last words, for she felt instinctively what was in Narka's mind. 'But he does admire Sophie. Besides, he is so chivalrous I believe he would make any sacrifice to deliver her from that brute Larchoff. Ivan says that Larchoff is trying hard to ingratiate himself, and Sophie naturally loathes the sight of him; but if she were to let Larchoff see this, the consequences might be awful to herself and Ivan. We know of what Larchoff is capable.'

'Yes,' replied Narka, in a level undertone; 'but it would not be pleasant to have his vengeance turned upon Basil as a successful rival.'

Before Sibyl could answer, M. de Beaucrillon interrupted them.

'It appears the whole house is in a motion about the wolf,' he said. 'My man tells me they are propheesying the most appalling events—fires, earthquakes, murders, and I know not what—on the strength of it.'

'They are a pack of fools!' Basil called out, walking up with Marguerite through the checkered light. 'That wolf came with the best intentions, solely to amuse Marguerite. To-morrow he will provide entertainment for you by giving us an opportunity to hunt him.'

'Your Russian hospitality is sublime, *mon cher*,' replied M. de Beaucrillon. 'The very wild beasts are summoned to contribute to the enjoyment of your guests.'

And so, laughing, they went out of the gallery together, and separated for the night.

(To be Continued.)

ODDS AND ENDS.

At every railroad in Holland there is a watch woman at the crossing.

NOTHING LIKE IT.—"I was troubled with liver complaint for a good many years, but was cured by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. I have never found any medicine to help me like B. B. B., in fact one bottle made a complete cure" W. J. West, Parkhill, Ont.

Marriage would be more frequently a success if fewer men and women were failures.

COMMON CROUP—Is often fatal when not remedied in time. Leslie B. Nicholson, 19 Wellesley Ave., Toronto, says: "As a quick cure for croup, colds, sore throat, chilblains, etc., I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil." It is a sure cure. Directions accompany each bottle.

All matches, friendships and societies are dangerous and inconvenient where the contractors are not equal.—L'Estrange.

PARTLY GAVE UP.—In the year 1885 I coughed for six months, and having unsuccessfully tried many remedies, I partly gave up, thinking I had consumption. At last I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, less than one bottle of which cured me, leaving me as well as ever I was." Henry W. Carns, Wabash, Ont.

At Canajoharie, N. Y., a horse was frightened to death by the noise made by steam escaping from a locomotive.

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Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—Zimerman.

A HIGH VALUATION.—"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba, I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Phillip H. Brant, of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

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To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette,
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An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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HOW'S YOUR LIVER?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, digestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

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C. E. DUFFY, Agent.

Fredericton Oct. 6th, 188

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

NOW IN STOCK

FOR FALL TRADE

—AT—

WM. JENNINGS

Merchant Tailor.

WIDE WALE WORSTED OVERCOATINGS IN A GREAT VARIETY OF PATTERNS.

ALSO:

A Fine Selection of Fashionable Trowserings and Suitings.

WM. JENNINGS

COR. QUEEN ST. AND WILMOT'S ALLEY

Fredericton, Sept. 4th, 1888

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

ONE HUNDRED CASES

CONSISTING OF

American, Goodyear, and Canadian

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

FIRST QUALITY. CALL AND EXAMINE BEFORE SPENDING YOUR MONEY.

NELSON CAMPBELL

Fredericton, Nov. 1

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. It's a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

WEATHER STRIPS.

Weather Strips.

GO TO

LIMERICK'S

FOR

Weather Strips.

Fredericton, Nov 27th, 1888

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it Free to any Person who applies to Nicholson, 177 Bedford Street, New York. Dec. 15—1yr W

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 28th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A Passenger and Freight Train will leav Fredericton every morning (Sunday excepted for Chatham

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7.10, a. m; Gibson, 7.15; Marysville, 7.35; Manzer's Siding, 8.00; Durham, 8.20; Cross Creek, 9.05; Boiestown, 10.00; Doaktown, 11.20; Upper Blackville, 12.45, p. m; Blackville, 1.20; Upper Nelson Boom; 2.20; Chatham Junction, 2.40; arrive at Chatham, 3.30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

8.00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 8.40; Upper Nelson Boom, 8.55; Blackville, 9.50; Upper Blackville, 10.20; Doaktown, 11.35; Boiestown, 12.35, p. m; Cross Creek, 2.00; Durham, 2.40; Marysville, 3.20; Gibson, 3.40, arriving at Fredericton, 3.45.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson, with the N. B. Railway for all Western points and St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HON, Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., Nov. 28th, 1888.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points.

8 45 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3 10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock and points north.

6 30 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6.50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

4 45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. | F. W. CRAM, General Manager

A. J. HEATH, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Change of Firm.

GREAT

BARGAINS

Having in contemplation a change in the firm on Feb. 1st. we have decided to clear out

AT SLAUGHTER PRICES,

The balance of our winter stock, consisting

Cardigan Jackets,
Wool Underwear,
Top Shirts,
Pants, Mufflers,
Gloves, Mitts, &c.,

In order to make room for our Spring Goods which we have bought largely of.

HOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET A BARGAIN

☞ Don't fail to call and see for yourself.

C. H. THOMAS & CO,

224 QUEEN STREET

Fredericton Jan 19

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE HANDLED 60 000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.

And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.

General Commission Merchants,

22 CENTRAL WHARF BOSTON, MASS

Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

IMPERIAL HALL.

FALL AND WINTER, 1888-9

NEW GOODS.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

OVERCOATINGS

In Naps, Meltons, Sataras, Tweeds, Elysians Diagonals, Pilots, &c.

SUITINGS

In all the Latest Shades and Patterns, Prices low. Also

Gent's Furnishings, Gloves, Caps, &c., &c.

THOMAS STANGER,

230 QUEEN STREET

Fredericton, Nov. 1.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.

LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.

Fredericton, Jan. 12, 1889