POOR COPY

TAKEN BY SIEGE

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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Continued.) 137

"So the order says. Well, I suppose I had better let the folks at home know it and make such arrangements as are necessary and be off. I shall be around in the morning to say good-by, but this evening I shall have to devote to the office. There will be a thousand and one things to attend to. If there is anything I can do for you on the other side, command me. To be executing your orders, though three thousand miles away, will afford me the greatest delight." And so Rush talked on for half an hour, unable to tear himself away, though well aware that it was high time for him to be off.

The next morning he was at the house again. Helen was taking her late breakfast when he came in, dressed in her prettiest morning gown, and looking like a bit out of Watteau as she sipped her tea from a Sevres cup and patted the head of her pet greyhound. Helen was not one of those young women who think it vulgar to eat. She had a healthy appetite, and was fond of good eating; but she ate very daintily, and had a way of fixing her food before she began eating that made it particularly attractive. The presence of Rush did not in the least interfere with her appetite. She was very particular about her teas, and she brewed him a cup of what Americans usually call "English breakfast tea," but what Rush called nectar. And so over the breakfast table they laughed and talked until it was time for Rush to say good-by. He had been very gay, nervously so, up to this point; but now his courage failed him, and Helen, too, showed signs low spirits. She told him she was going to miss him; but she had no idea how much she would miss him when she spoke.

"I must give you something to remember me by, for if I do not you will forget me over there among those pretty English girls." And she looked about her for something appropriate. "Ah, here is just the thing," she said, going to her writing desk. "Watch seals are coming into fashion again; here is a curious old one that belonged to my grandfather; he sealed all his love letters to my grandmother with it. I don't know whether I ought to give you an heirloom, but then I feel as if you were one of the family—a younger brother, or cousin, or something of that sort. See, isn't it odd?" And she handed the seal to Rush.

He examined the curious workmanship, and then turned the seal to the light. It was not only old fashioned, it was pretty. The stone was sardonyx, and the intaglio represented a dove flying with a letter tied around its neck. Underneath was the legend, in French, "From thy true lover." Rush blushed to the roots of his hair as he read it, but Helen, who had forgotten what the inscription was until she saw him blush, pretended not to notice. Taking the seal carelessly from his hand, she fastened it on his watch chain.

"There," she said, "let that be your talisman. See that you don't give it away, and good luck will attend you wear it."

"You couldn't have given me anything that would please me more," stiff Rush, recovering from his embarrassment. "For you to care to give me any parting gift is of itself flattery enough; but to give me a thing about which there is such a pretty family sentiment is beyond anything I had a right to expect. You may be sure that I will never part from this talisman. I shall get so fond of it that my only fear is that I may use it for sealing office letters. That would be horrible, wouldn't it? I should like," and he hesitated; "I should like to seal such letters as I may be allowed to send to you with it." And he looked eagerly for her reply.

"Indeed no," she answered him bantteringly. "What a scrape I would find myself in with my French maid! Before two letters were sent you would find paragraphs in the newspapers about it. No, indeed, my friend; no practical jokes at my expense."

Rush felt that his time had not come yet, so there was nothing left for him to do but to leave a good-by message for Aunt Rebecca, who was at the Academy of Music, harassing Maxmann, say good-by to Helen and take himself off.

"Well," said he, rising, "the best of friends must part. I little thought when I bade you bon voyage last spring that in a few months I should hear the same words from your lips. I shall be awfully homesick, there's no doubt of that; but if you will occasionally drop me a line, if it's only a business letter, I shall be supremely happy."

"You know I am a poor correspondent," answered Helen; "but you can relieve your homesickness by writing to me. I love to get letters, particularly such interesting ones as you will be sure to write; only don't seal them with that seal." And she laughed a merry laugh. "You must tell me everything about your business, for I am very much interested in your success," she added, taking his hand.

"Whatever success I have had, or am to have, Miss Knowlton, is due to your encouragement. The kind words I have had from you, and the desire I have to make make myself worthy of your kindness, are an incentive that few young men have when they begin the work of their lives," said Rush, with a touch of sentiment in his voice.

"It's very amiable of you to say so, and I should be very pleased to know that any word of mine had been of help or encouragement to you; but I think you over estimate the encouragement you have received from me. Not that I am not deeply interested in you; both Aunt Rebecca and I liked you the very first day we saw you. You are a particular favorite of my aunt's. I won't say what I think of you," she added, with a smile; "it might make you vain."

So they said good-by, and in a short time Rush was on board the steamer bound for Liverpool. Archie Tillinghast came down to see him off, and brought a pleasant message from the Archers—Bessie and all. They congratulated him on his foreign appointment, and hoped that it was but the stepping stone to better things at home. And so Rush sailed from New York. He was a good sailor, and enjoyed every hour of the voyage. There were not many people going over, but those who were proved to be agreeable traveling companions. Rush spent a good deal of his time in writing letters to Helen that he never intended to send, and in sealing them with the forbidden seal. The amount of comfort he extracted from this imaginary correspondence was really astonishing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARRIVED in London, the first thing Rush did after engaging lodgings was to call upon his chief. He found Mr. Plummett in an amiable frame of mind and disposed to be very friendly. Rush learned afterwards that his chief's good humor and accessibility on this occasion were a lucky accident. At another time he might have been unapproachable, but on this particular afternoon something had happened to put him in a good humor and Rush got the benefit of it.

John Gaspar Plummett was a peculiar man. He was the son of a very able father, and had inherited a fortune and a newspaper. As a young man he had been very wild, and at forty he was not tamed to any great extent. His exuberance of spirits showed itself in the conduct of his paper. He got up the wildest schemes and generally carried them out with success, thus making The Dawn the best known newspaper in America and the best known American newspaper in Europe. Plummett, without being handsome, was very distinguished looking. He had a tall, aristocratic figure and bore himself with a great deal of dignity. It would be impossible for a stranger to pass him in the street without turning around and saying to his companion, if he happened to have one, "Who is that distinguished looking man?" He was very particular about his dress, and had a style of his own that his friends tried to imitate; but, as few had such a figure, the imitation was not successful. People who knew Plummett slightly fancied that his wild schemes were without method, and that he was a harum-scarum sort of fellow, who did everything hit or miss, and whose business was at loose ends. On the contrary, he always knew what he was about, and he had a long head for business.

Although he was seldom in New York, he watched his paper carefully and knew who wrote every article in it. He had been looking closely after Rush ever since he came upon the paper, and was very much pleased with his work. When he found that his London office was not managed as he thought it should be, he at once made up his mind that Rush was the man to reorganize it. And he proved to be right. In a general way he told Rush what he would like to see done, but he did not give very minute instructions, as he wanted to see what the young man would do if left to himself. Having had charge of the foreign department in New York, Rush knew its shortcomings and had a plan mapped out for its improvement. This he laid before Mr. Plummett. It won his instant approval.

Rush thoroughly disliked the system of "interviewing," carried on as it had been up to this time; but he saw opportunities for making it a great feature. To run after every fifth class actress before she had fairly landed in New York and ask her what she thought of America was disgusting to him; but to get a statesman to talk upon an important subject, or to get personal memoirs from distinguished men of letters, he believed was not only interesting, but a legitimate branch of journalism. His brightness and sincerity of purpose made him a great many friends among the public men of England, and he succeeded in getting some important interviews out of them. In the matter of foreign news he kept The Dawn hours ahead of any other New York paper, and everybody interested in newspaper work said that Rush Hurlstone was a journalist of mark.

For two years Rush stayed in London. Two busy years they were. In all this time he had not seen Helen, but he had heard from her occasionally. She did not hesitate to tell him that she missed him, but she did not tell him how much she wished that he was back in New York. If Rush had planned his absence as a ruse he could not have planned a more successful one. The man who invented the proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind" didn't know what he was talking about. "Out of sight, never out of mind" would be nearer the truth. Helen had never thought so much of Rush as during his absence. I can't say that he thought more of her, for I do not see how that would have been possible. Helen's life was a busy one, too; but still she missed Rush almost as much as though she had been an idle woman. He was not a man to be taken out of a young woman's life and not be missed. Rush heard occasionally from Archie Tillinghast, who sometimes spoke of Helen, but more frequently of Bessie Archer.

Bessie was getting to be more like her old self, and Archie began to hope, as she now had no crackbrained agitators on her visiting list. She had tried wood carving and amateur photography as a pastime, and now she was amusing herself by trying to hatch chickens with a patent incubator. Rush was very glad to hear this, for he had feared that Bessie, in her craving for something that society could not give her, might fall again into dangerous company. He did not know her. The lesson she had learned lasted her a lifetime.

At the end of Rush's two years in London Mr. Plummett sent for him to come over to Paris, where he was living in great style. Rush crossed the channel, and hurried on to Paris to learn a piece of important news. The managing editor of The Dawn was getting too old to do his work satisfactorily, so Mr. Plummett concluded to retire him on a pension and offer Rush the vacant chair, with a salary of ten thousand dollars. This the young editor was only too well pleased to accept. Armed with his chief's orders, he returned to New York by the first steamer. None of his friends knew of his coming. He hadn't time to write, and he thought it hardly worth while to cable. The trip home was as uneventful as the trip over had been, but Rush's sensations were immeasurably different.

Before he had been sailing away from Helen, now he was sailing to her; and when the vessel reached quarantine he made a rough calculation to see if he would not gain time by swimming ashore. He concluded, however, that he would be taken for a thief or a lunatic if he gave way to any such impulse, and so remained quietly on board until the vessel arrived at her dock. Again he had to restrain himself, for he wanted to drive direct to Helen's house from the steamer. Instead, he drove to the Brevoort, which was his headquarters for some time to come. New York had never looked so attractive to him as it did on this October morning. He saw plainly enough where it fell short of London's grandeur; but there was a homelike look about the place that was very grateful to a man who had been away for two years. Even the strangers in the streets looked like old friends.

Rush had learned from a daily paper, brought on board the steamer by the pilot, that the opera season would not begin for a fortnight, so he knew that Helen's time would be comparatively unemployed. He also saw by the same paper that "our distinguished prima donna, Miss Helen Knowlton," had arrived in town from Saratoga, and was occupying "her charming little house in West Twentieth street." He first sent a telegram to his mother, telling her that he had arrived, and then he set about unpacking his trunks and preparing to call upon Helen. He divested himself of his traveling clothes, and after a refreshing bath, arrayed himself in the latest style of English afternoon dress, and sallied forth. Before he started out he looked at himself in the long mirror in his room and congratulated himself that he appeared at least ten years older than when he left. The reason for this was largely attributable to the imposing Vandyke beard and mustache he had grown during his absence, which not only made him look older, but were exceedingly becoming.

Arrived in sight of Helen's house, Rush felt his heart beating like a trip hammer; but it almost stood still when he got to within twenty feet of the door, for there, slowly coming down the front steps, was the hated West Hastings. Hastings was so much occupied with his own thoughts that he did not see Rush. The expression on his face was one of undisguised surprise. He looked as though it were impossible for him to believe what had happened; but whether he could not realize his good fortune or his bad, Rush was unable to decide. He made up his mind, however, that he would know before he left Helen's house, and end the suspense he had been living in for the past five years. He had had no such thought when he left the hotel, but the sight of West Hastings aroused all the jealousy in his nature and made him fully alive to the fact that he was occupying a very uncertain position. His mind was now fixed, and he rang the door bell with such a determined pull that the little bell tinkled for several minutes, and the old man servant who had been so long attached to Helen's service forgot his dignity for once and came running to the door. He was as much pleased as surprised to see Rush, and ushered him unannounced into the drawing room, where Helen was standing, apparently lost in thought, before the wood fire that crackled on the hearth. Indeed, she was so absorbed that she did not hear Rush enter the room, and he had the pleasure of gazing upon her in all her lovely unconsciousness. A long sigh escaped from her lips, and, as she raised her eyes, she saw Rush advancing towards her. A look of terror passed over her face, and she gave a low cry of alarm.

"I hope I have not frightened you," said Rush, taking her hand; "but I was so lost in admiration that I did not dare to speak and break the charm."

When she saw that it was Rush, and not an apparition, she blushed to the tips of her shell like ears and said:

"I was thinking of you at that very moment, and when I looked up and saw you standing there before me my heart stood still, and I actually thought it was a spirit and not real flesh and blood. But how you have changed! You look older by years than you did when you went away."

"I am delighted to hear that, for you used to torture me with remarks on my youthful appearance," said Rush, leading her to a chair and taking her vacant place on the hearth rug.

"Did I? I am grieved to know that I was ever so rude as to make such personal remarks; but I can never say anything of that sort again, for you certainly look much more than two years older."

"I cannot say that of you," said Rush; "you look ten years younger."

"Don't tell me that; people always begin telling a woman how young she looks when they realize that she is no longer young. It is the first sign that old age is creeping on. But tell me what this means—why are you home? I suppose your departure from London must have been sudden, or you would have let your friends know of the treat in store for them."

"Now, please don't guy me, Miss Knowlton," said Rush. "My departure from the other side was sudden; I didn't know until forty eight hours before I sailed that I was to come. The chief sent for me to meet him in Paris. There he told me he wanted me to become managing editor of The Dawn at once; so I hurried back to New York by the first steamer.

"Managing editor of The Dawn! You take your honors coolly. That is as fine a position as a journalist could have. I congratulate you; but I am not surprised. From the way I heard people speak of your work in London, I was prepared for anything."

"People were very kind to speak well of my work. If they had only known my incentive, however, they would have wondered why I didn't do better. But enough about me; tell me about yourself; that is a much more interesting subject. You looked sad as I entered, and you breathed a deep sigh. Has anything gone wrong? I wish you would make me your confidant; you must know that I would not only share any of your troubles, but take the burden of them upon my own shoulders most cheerfully."

A troubled expression passed over Helen's face, and yet with it there was a little twinkle in her eye, as though something amusing had happened.

"I saw Mr. Hastings leaving your door as I entered. Had you said anything to make him very happy—or very unhappy? His face wore a most peculiar expression."

"I don't know whether he was happy or unhappy in his mind. The only sensation he expressed before me was one of surprise." And she smiled at the thought.

"You will forgive me if I ask you a question point blank. I have a feeling that Mr. Hastings made a proposal of marriage to you this afternoon. Am I right?" said Rush, as quietly as a man could when very much excited.

"Mr. Hurlstone," said Helen, rising, "you forget yourself. Your question is impertinent."

"No, it is not impertinent. No man who loves a woman as I love you would ask her an impertinent question. I must be answered once and for all. Every one says you are engaged to Mr. Hastings. Is it true?"

Rush's heart beat so hard and fast that it almost choked him. His eyes were fixed intently upon Helen's, as though he would read every thought that passed through her brain. She hesitated a moment before answering him; and then she said, slowly, in a low, soft voice:

"No, I am not engaged to Mr. Hastings. I have never been engaged to him, and I never shall be."

"Then, Helen," said Rush, taking her hand, "will you listen to me? I have loved you devotedly for five years—ever since my eyes first saw your beautiful face. I have had no thought but of you during all these years. I did not tell you of my love, because I believed that you were not to be taken by storm—at least not by me, who at that time could be nothing more to you than a boyish acquaintance. But I lived every day of my life with the one end in view. You are to me life, and love, and everything that there is in the world. If you will be my wife you will have a lover for a husband to the end of your days. If you say no to me, God help me! I am not man enough to bear such a blow quietly. But you will not say no, Helen—you cannot say no to a man who adores you, who worships you, who lives only for you. I must know; I cannot live any longer in suspense. Helen—darling—will you be my wife?"

Rush spoke every word slowly, and with an intensity that there was no mistaking. Helen stood pale as death before him, and in a voice scarcely audible, said:

"It cannot be! it cannot be!"

"My God, Helen, what do you mean? Do you love another man?"

"No, I love no other man; but it cannot be; you would repent in sackcloth and ashes before you were 30. Don't you know I am five years older than you? I would be an old woman while you were a young man."

"And would you let such a thing as that wreck a man's life? I couldn't love a woman younger than myself. A woman is not interesting to me until she is 30, though I began to love you when you were 25. Is this question of years the only obstacle in my way, Helen?"

"It is insurmountable," said Helen, in a whisper, turning her head away.

"My darling!" And Rush's strong arms were around her in a second, and her head was resting on his broad shoulder. The long twilight shadows lay across the floor; but Rush saw only the glory of the October sun as its rays fell upon the face of her whom he had at last won after years of patient waiting.

THE END.

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Out of the Profesh.

A middle aged man, with a satchel between his feet, sat in front of a Canal street hotel the other evening when a pedestrian turned aside and accosted him with:

"Well, are you off?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but you have the advantage of me," replied the first.

"Well, well, but that's queer. We have been together four weeks."

"You—you are not'——

"I am Ka-bush-ky, the Zulu, who can't speak a word of English, and prefers raw meat to cooked. You are Tornado Tom, the celebrated scout and Indian slayer, and are modestly credited with having killed thirty-seven Indians. We both exhibited from the same platform in the museum."

"Thunder! but so we did! Well, what's new?"

"Going home to Indiana to-morrow. The old man wants me to help him run the grocery, and I'm tired of the Zulu business. Too much sameness about it. Have to hold a peach stone in my mouth to produce the guttural, and it wears on my teeth. Which way you going?"

"Back to Toronto. I'm tired of this cowboy business. Public asks too many questions. Fellers come in every day and want to see my scars. I've got Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska all mixed up in my geography, and somebody gets on to me every day for a deceiver. If I start out again it will be as William Belding, the Australian murderer, who was sentenced to be hanged seven different times, but who finally proved his innocence."

"Well, Tornado, so long!"

"Ka-bush-ky, good-by, and may luck go with you."—New York Sun.

The Weather Was Left Out.

In the early days of Michigan a man who was destrous of settling in Gratiot county appeared at the state land office, entered a tract of 100 acres, and when he departed he seemed well pleased. In the course of a month, however, he returned with a serious expression on his face and said:

"It hasn't rained yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I want some rain on my land."

"But what have we got to do with that?"

"Can't you fix it?"

"Why, no. The state of Michigan doesn't control the weather."

"Humph! You ought to have told me so before I bought. I'll sell out."

He hung about until a spectator bought him off, and when he had received his money he said:

"I don't blame 'em at the land office, thought they could have told me. The trouble was they left it out of the state constitution."—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Was Hard Up.

"Poor Bob is pretty deuced hard up, they tell me," said young Mr. Strainer, dropping a lump of sugar into his coffee.

"But you told me a while ago that Bob's father left him a large property!" exclaimed Stumpkins.

"Yes, he did leave him a large property—a very large property."

"Then how in the dickens is Bob so hard up?"

"It was a summer hotel that his father left him."—Lewiston Journal.

A Compulsory Renovation.

Contented Scarrs—What wuz it, Billy Dogs?

Unhappy Siders—Nope. Got ketched in a street sweepin' machine, feet first.—Judge.

Keeping Up with the Supply.

Freddie G., aged 5, contracted the habit of eating his food very rapidly. Repeated scoldings failed to correct the habit. Finally his mother one day angrily said:

"Freddie, what makes you eat so fast?"

With a mouthful of food and with stopping for an instant in his masticatory operations the youngster mumbled:

"'Cause I want to see what's tuming next."—Detroit Tribune.

She Wanted Wings.

When the news of Lee's surrender and the emancipation of the southern slaves reached a certain Virginia farm, an old colored aunty, whose dignity and immense size made her unusually quiet in her demonstrations, sprang into the air, threw her arms above her head, and clapping her hands violently together, exclaimed: "Mars Lincoln, gimme wings!"—Drake's Magazine.

Cool.

"Do you pass members of the profession?" asked a song and dance man of a theatrical manager.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "very frequently—without speaking to them."—Merchant Traveler.

The V-a-s-e.

From the maddening crowd they stood apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which hall Culture ripest grown,

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia pedigree,

The Boston Mind of Azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo.

For all loved Art in a scemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said: "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn.

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "Is is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glancing round with an anxious thrill,
Awaits the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteousiee
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me.

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vawse!"
—James Jeffrey Roche in Rochester Post-Express.

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It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Believing all manner of Cramps and Chills.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
All who buy direct from us, and respect it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

DR. SHARP'S M. P. S. G. B. ALPINE LINIMENT,
Taken internally cures Headache, Cramp and Pain in Stomach, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Applied Externally cures Scalds, Burns, Bites, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Bruises, Sprains, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Ring Worm, Rheumatic Affections, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Joints, Stings of Bees, &c.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—TAKEN INTERNALLY—For an adult, 15 drops to half a teaspoonful in sugar or warm water. EXTERNALLY—Rub on freely and take a few drops in water. For STOMACHACHE—Rub the Gums and Face, apply in cotton to the cavity of tooth and you will find instant relief. Price 25 Cents.
SHARP'S BALSAM MANF'G CO, - - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.
CONNOR & DINSMORE, PROPRIETORS.

$33 TO $125.
YES WE HAVE
PARLOR SUITS
From $33 to $125, and
BEDROOM SETTS
From $16.50 upwards. And the cheapest line of Decorated Linen Blinds in the city.
LEMONT & SONS.

INSECTICIDES!
Dutcher's Fly Paper;
Sticky Fly Paper; Fly Pads;
Dalmation Insect Powder;
Paris Green just received at
WILEY'S DRUG STORE,
196 QUEEN STREET.

Canned Goods.
CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS,
PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS,
LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF,
LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM,
Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.
FOR SALE LOW AT
S. L. MORRISON'S
Queen Street, Cor. of York.
Fredericton, June 21st, 1888

WE DO NOT CLAIM
TO SELL GOODS AT
LESS THAN COST,
But we do claim that we have a fine line of
SILVERWARE
At Surprisingly Low Prices.
BUTTER DISHES, PICKLE DISHES, CASTERS
AND CAKE BASKETS AT SPECIAL RATES.
THE ESTATE OF
S. F. SHUTE,
302 QUEEN STREET.
Sole Agent for Rockford Railroad Watches.

MONTSERRAT FRUIT LIME JUICE.
THE BEST SUMMER DRINK.
JUST RECEIVED.
4 cases Montserrat Lime Juice; 2 cases Chip Beef;
6 cases Corn Beef; 2 cases Ox Tongue;
1 case Condensed Coffee; 1 case Condensed Milk;
1 Bbl. Powdered Sugar; 2 bbls. Ontario Hams.
W. R. LOGAN,
Queen Street, Fredericton.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,
YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.
Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for
SLEIGHS & PUNGS
We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at
PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.
Leave Your Orders Early.
EDGECOMBE & SONS.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME

A Passenger, Mail and Express Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3.00, p. m.; Gibson, 3.05; Marysville, 3.15; Manuer's Siding 3.35; Durham, 3.45; Cross Creek, 3.[illegible]; Boiestown, 5.20; Doaktown, 6.05; Upper Blackville, 6.35; Blackville, 7.10; Upper Nelson Room, 7.40; Chatham Junction, 8.05; arrive at Chatham, 8.20.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

5.00, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 5.25; Upper Nelson Room, 5.50; Blackville, 6.20; Upper Blackville, 6.45; Doaktown, 7.25; Boiestown, 8.15; Cross Creek, 9.10; Durham, 9.50; Marysville, 10.25; Gibson, 10.30; arriving at Fredericton, 10.35.

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 St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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

THOMAS HOBEN,
Superintendent
Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect July 1st, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points east.

3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON

From St. John 6.45, 8.45 a. m., 1.45 p. m., Fredericton Junction 8.10 a. m., 1.45, 6.35 p. m., McAdam Junction, 11.20 a. m., 2.05 p. m., Vanceboro, 10.55 a. m., St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 a. m., St. Andrews, 7.55 a. m., arrive in Fredericton 9.20 a. m., 2.10, and 7.15 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11.30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

10.10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.

A. J. HEATH, Gen Pass. & Ticket Agent.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Northern & Western RAILWAY.
SATURDAY EXCURSIONS!
COMMENCING the 1st of JUNE, and during the Summer Months, the Northern and Western Railway will issue
EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS
On Saturdays, from and to all Stations, good to return the following Monday only, for
ONE FIRST CLASS FARE
Round Trip. Tickets for sale at F. B. EDGECOMBE'S Dry Goods Store, Queen Street, Fredericton, and at all Stations.
Through Tickets to all points west for sale at F. B. EDGECOMBE'S Dry Goods Store.
JAS. WETMORE, G. T. A.
THOS. HOBEN, Superintendent
Gibson, M[illegible]h. 1889.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS! IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton. LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 188[illegible]

BARKER HOUSE STABLES
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch!
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS.
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEORGE I. GUNTER,
HACK & LIVERY STABLE,
QUEEN STREET,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
Telephone Communication.
Fredericton, May 21.

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[illegible]
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned General Traders, doing business at St. Mary's Ferry under the name of "Edgar & Hayes," has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to make payment on or before the 20th day of August next; after that date the unpaid accounts will be handed to an Attorney for collection, and all persons having any claims against the firm will please present them on or before the above date.
Dated this eleventh day of June, A. D. 1889.
HUGH EDGAR,
JAMES P. HAYES.
June 25—2mpd