Literature.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Continued.

He found everything in confusion when he reached his regiment. Orders for certain changes in the disposition of the troops had been sent in, and the French Guards had been ordered to the front. This increased the difficulties of a visit to his home, and naturally made Jean more eager to make the attempt.

It was dusk before he could set out, and his way had to be very circuitous, so as to avoid the sentinels, who were on guard in large numbers.

Jean's knowledge of the country did him good service, and at length he gained the fields beyond the out posts, and was able to pursue his way rapidly. The roads were full of stragglers and camp followers, and the knowledge of the immense value of the jewels that he carried kept him on the alert for every sound and motion.

His joy when the well known cottage was in sight can be imagined, and gaining the little lawn in front, he had a glimpse of the sweet picture within—Madeleine sitting in her low chair with Adrienne kneeling by her side.

'I knew you would come, papa,' cried Adrienne, as soon as she could recover breath after his embrace. 'Mamma and I have watched for you ever so long.'

'Why, my pet, how did you know that papa was near you?'

'Some one was here!' said Adrienne, laughing gaily. 'And he had his soup with us.'

'Why, yes,' said Madeleine, hastening to explain the mystery. 'One of your regiment, Jacques Latour. He told us so much news; that his majesty and the dauphin are with the army, and that our countess is on her way to D'Aubretot.'

'I see you know all the budget. Yes, we arrived last night, Madeleine, you and Adrienne must keep within doors awhile. I think every robber in Paris came with us, but I doubt that they find many spoils. We have nothing worth stealing, and our Dutch and English friends travel still lighter of baggage. I wish that you and Adrienne were safe in the chateau; but it is too late to get there to-night, or I would put Adrienne on my shoulder and set out. Well, how did you like Jacques Latour?'

'Very well. He seemed honest and good-natured. But never mind him—tell me how you have been all these weeks?'

'As you see, in good health and in good spirits, except when I thought of you and the baby here without me. However, should we win the battle to-morrow, no doubt the campaign will be ended; and then, farewell to soldiering for me. The count has offered me my old position as forester at D'Aubretot, and I have accepted.'

'Ah, Jean, if you only would give up this terrible life, all made up of partings and anxiety!' And Madeleine stopped her preparations for Jean's supper to throw her arms around his neck and thank him with kisses.

He watched her quick, light movements about the cottage, thinking that he had never seen her look so handsome. Her soft, dark braids were partly hidden by the low cap of white muslin, peculiar to the woman of that province. Her large brown eyes were shining with delight and excitement, and the determination not to give way before him, but to encourage him by the assumption of gaiety, gave an unnatural brilliancy to her cheeks and lips.

Madeleine wore the peasant's costume when at Antoin—a short, bright scarlet petticoat, a black jacket, and a colored apron; long gold ear-rings and a gold chain and cross. This dress was peculiarly becoming to her tall, rounded figure, and she wore it with ease and gracefulness. It was Jeans favorite dress. He rather disliked the long skirts which she put on when in Paris so as to look as if she belonged in the city.

The little party quite enjoyed the hastily-arranged supper. Addrienne sat on her father's knee, her golden ringlets touching his powdered hair and long braided queue, which was a source of endless amusement for her. One delicate little arm and hand rested on his neck, the other alternately fed him and herself. Madeleine waited on father and child, and tried to forget the morrow.

At that period the dress of the French Guards was more picturesque than practical for fighting purposes. 'The army was at that time,' says one of their own writers, 'enslaved by the fashion of powder and queues.' The coat worn by the French Guards was of dark blue. All the soldiers wore a belt and a large shoulder-belt. Both pieces were made of silk. Those for the *corps d' élite* being adorned with lace. The pointed hat was mounted on a paste-board block, without fur. The foot-soldiers had a cartridge-box for cartridges, worn on their right side in their belt, and on the left a hanger, which held at the same time the sword and the bayonet case.

Adrienne, having satisfied her hunger, began to play with the cartridge box, and to exert her small strength in opening it. Jean looked meaningly at Madeleine.

'I have not much longer to stay with you, Adrienne, kiss papa, and go to bed; mamma and I have something to say to each other.'

'Ah, no, please let me stay with you,' said Adrienne, throwing her arms around his neck, and pressing kisses on his cheeks and lips. Jean held her in his arms for some minutes longer, wondering as men will, at the beauty and fragility of the little creature who was his very own, whose very helplessness held him bound as if in chains. So, for some minutes, father and child sat thus, without speaking until the sacred stillness made Adrienne drowsy, and Madeleine took her from Jean's reluctant arms and carried her into the next room, where she laid her gently on the bed, put a light covering over her, and then returned to Jean.

He was sitting nearer the table, on which lay his cartridge-box empty. From it he had taken a purse, and he was counting out of it gold louis d'or, which he had placed in a pile in front of him. Two parcels lay at his elbow.

'Heavens! Jean, where did you get them?'

Jean threw his arm around Madeleine, and drew her to a seat near him.

'It is a long story, my dear, let me count these, and you shall hear it all. There—three hundred louis d' or only think of it Madeleine! They are ours, honestly ours; should anything happen to me to-morrow—'

'Ah, Jean, do not speak like that. I cannot bear it.

'But Madeleine, some must fall, and I do not bear a charmed life. Be sensible, my darling, and listen to me. This money, if necessary, can be so placed as to keep you and Adrienne from want. If I do not come back you will give it to Count d'Aubretot to invest for your benefit. Promise me.'

'I do—I will,' said Madeleine, with an effort to regain her self-control. 'What a pretty purse Jean! It has a coronet, worked in this corner—'

'Yes it belonged to the Count de Mornasse. You will keep it, Madeleine, as a souvenir; one of these days it may prove useful to us. Now, these packages, in case—well, in case my duties shall to you to carry out, must reach the Countess Valentine de Mornasse at Arras, where she lives with her aunt, a canoness. You see these are all papers, title-deeds to estates; and in this casket—see.' Jean pressed a spring the lid opened, and Madeleine gave a sigh of admiration at the brilliancy and size of the diamonds thus disclosed. 'They were her mother's jewels. This signet-ring of the count's I will put with them. And now, Madeleine where is the safest spot to hide them? As soon as possible after to-morrow they must reach their proper owner, I do not like the responsibility of keeping them, even for a few days.'

'I suppose the safest place will be in the Swiss box with my necklace. It is large enough to hold all of them.'

'Well, get it; and now you shall hear all about them.'

While Madeleine unlocked the cupboard, and took out her treasured box, Jean described his finding of the wounded count, and their long interview. While talking, he held Madeleine's necklace to the lamp, letting the rays fall on the dazzling gems to admire them, and then he carefully arranged the jewels and papers beside it on the velvet.

'No one dreams of what this cottage contains, or you would scarcely be safe in it when I am away.'

'Alas! Jean, only this morning Adrienne asked for the necklace before some of our neighbors, and I was silly and vain enough to let them see it.'

'Who were they?'

'Marie Meyer, Aglae Leroux, Annette Despard, and Victorine Gabeille. Of coarse they are all honest, but—'

'But they are gossips and may talk. Well Madeleine, cheer up. We will find a safer place for the gems and the gold, and you can tell our neighbors so; and now my own darling, I must leave you.'

Madeleine threw her arms around him unable to utter a word, and, for some minutes, only her sobs broke the stillness.

'You will unman me, darling, if you give way like this, and I need all my courage now,' he whispered keeping back his own tears, while his arms held her as in a vise. 'Madeleine! Madeleine! I must go. Surely, surely, you would not have your husband called a coward!'

The agony in his voice roused her. She lifted her head from his breast, and unclasped her arms from his neck.

'One minute,' she whispered. 'Go and kiss Adrienne, while I put away the box.'

Madeleine placed the box in the cupboard, locked the door, and put the keys in her deep side pocket. Going into the next room, she saw Jean kneeling by the bedside, his gaze fixed on Adrienne's upturned sleeping face. Her little mouth was smiling. Perhaps she dreamed of him. Jean kissed the dropping eyelids and waxen cheeks, his hot blinding tears no longer to be kept back, and then he rushed from the room. Madeleine closed the door after her, and softly drew the heavy wooden bolt into its socket, thus guarding against Adrienne leaving the room, should she waken. That done, the mother gave way to the wife, and she followed Jean out on the lawn, caught up with him at the gate, and putting her arm in his they set out toward Antoin.

"Just to the top of the hill, Jean We have often walked it together, when you were sure to be back in a few hours—'

'Well, as you will. Should it be our last walk together, Madeleine, at least it shall be a happy one.

He tried to impart to her some of his own courage and renewed cheerfulness, but Madeleine, had never felt so utterly despondent.

It was a lovely night; the stars glittered above the still landscape and the white cottage standing out from the background of dense forests. The perfumes from the blossoming orchards add hedges were wafted in the sweet fresh air; no sign of the hostile armies, who only waited dawn to begin their terrible work, was visible where Jean and Madeleine finally parted with a last passionate embrace—he to speed away, afraid to glance behind him, while Madeleine, sinking on a rock, gave way to the pent-up grief and despair so long hidden and controlled.

She sat thus until Jean's tall figure disappeared in a piece of wood through which his way led, and then, with an effort, rose and turned her face homeward. She stopped at the gate to secure the latch, and coming up the little path, stood for a second for a last look at the peaceful, starry sky, at the dewy, tremulous May blossoms, and a lingering glance in the direction of Fontenoy.

'God protect my poor Jean to-morrow!' she murmured. 'How shall I live through it, sitting at home with folded hands! Ah! well, I am not the only poor woman fretting this night for to morrow's wee. Adrienne will wake and miss me. Poor baby Adrienne! how little she dreams of what is hanging over us; and she is so fond of her father! If anything should happen to him, I think the child would die!'

So saying, Madeleine opened the heavy door, entered, and turning, secured it with a strong bolt. Then, turning again, she was advancing toward the table when she heard a strange, scratching noise, and looking up saw a man standing in front of the cupboard, trying to open it at the middle door.

CHAPTER III.

"I AM WITH YOUR FATHER."

No sooner had Jean and Madeleine passed beyond the lawn when one of the windows looking out upon the kitchen-garden was slowly and noiselessly raised, and a man sprang into the room. His first action was to greedily devour the food left on the table; then he took a blunt weapon from his belt and approached the cupboard. His efforts, however, were fruitless; the door was too thick. This man's dark hair was very long, and hung loose around his neck and down over his forehead, not only concealing his face, but giving a wild, unearthly expression to his fierce eyes and large decided features. He was ghastly pale, and his soiled, torn dress, damp and muddy, had scarcely a trace of color left in it. It was a curious costume, combined from that of half a dozen regiments, and gave no clew to the man's identity. Tall and powerful, he was fearful in his gaunt wretchedness, and Madeleine stood before him transfixed with horror, white and gasping for breath. Unusually strong and muscular for her age, and ordinarily brave and fearless, she now felt perfectly helpless: the events of the day had unnerved her.

'What do you want?' she at last found strength to ask, meeting his sullen, keen glance.

'The key of this door.'

'There is nothing there for you,' said Madeleine, the blood rushing to her heart and tingling through her veins, as she guessed the man's intention.

He laughed and took a step toward her his dark, menacing eyes fixed on her face.

'Keep off!' cried Madeleine, backing. 'I have nothing that you want!'

'You forget the jewels that you and your husband were admiring a few minutes since. I, too, saw them glitter from outside. Give me the key! quickly, too; I am in a hurry.'

'I will not,' said Madeleine, seizing a knife from the table and retreating toward the door of the cottage.

'You will not? We shall see about that. You have it in your pocket. I saw you put it there. Come, you are losing time.'

Madeleine's idea was to reach the door, open it quickly, dart abross the lawn, and by her screams, alarm the people in the neighboring cottages; but her wary antagonist, divining her thoughts, suddenly sprang forward, seized her violently, and attempted to confine her hands and arms in his strong, rough grasp.

Madeleine felt all her strength returning, as if by magic, and up and down the hard, sanded floor they fought and struggled for the mastery.

Life and death were in the balance, and Madeleine at last, by a superhuman effort freed her right hand, which still held the sharp pointed knife and dealt the robber a stinging blow on the cheek. For an instant, mad with pain, and blind and dizzy with a nameless dread, the man relaxed his hold and fell back, Madeleine breathed again; hope rose in her breast; her strength seemed to renew itself for the contest. The robber dashed the blood from his cheek, and made ready for another spring.

At this moment a child's sweet voice broke the awful stillness.

'Mamma! mamma!' cried Adrienne, at the door of her room.

Madeleine's heart sank. The robber, seeing his advantage, sprang toward the bolted door. Madeleine darted in front of him; with trembling uplifted hands, and was again seized in his strong arms.

'The child, you will not hurt my child!' she shrieked, as he drew a dagger from his breast, and pointed to the door.

'Then give me the key!'

Madeleine drew the key from her pocket, and offered it to the robber.

'Will you stay where you are?' he asked, threateningly.

She bowed her head, unable to speak. The man approached the cupboard, and was slowly fitting the keys.

'Mamma! mamma!' cried the childish voice, in louder tones.

'That child is too noisy. She will ruin all,' cried the man, striding toward the door.

Madeleine flung herself before him. He tried to push her away; but, falling on her knees, she caught his hands with frenzied energy.

'Oh, no, you will not hurt my baby, my only one! You cannot be so wicked.'

'Then say to her, 'Go to sleep my child I am with your father.'

'Oh, no, you cannot mean it!' cried Madeleine, horror-stricken at the idea.

'Then I will quiet her.'

'Stay, stay. May God forgive me, I will say it,'

'Be quick then!' he cried, eagerly watching poor Madeleine's efforts to form the lie with her trembling lips Twice, thrice, she tried to speak; but no sound came, only a long, gasping sigh.

'Mamma! Mamma! Oh, mamma, come!'

The cry broke the spell. Madeleine sprang to her feet, crying, in hoarse forced tones:

'*Go to sleep my child. I am with your father!*'

The little feet were heard pattering on the hard floor; then all was still. Madeleine sat, half-fainting, on her low chair, terrified at the sound of her own words and the robber carefully emptied a deep pocket in his coat, and secured Madeleine's box in the depths. That done, he again approached his trembling victim.

'You have lived in the Chateau d' Aubretot?'

'I have,' Madeleine faltered.

'There are valuables concealed there. Which room are they in?'

'I do not know.'

'Will you swear it?'

'Yes.'

'How long is it since you lived there?'

'Six years.'

'You know which room they were kept in then?'

'That has nothing to do with the place they may be in now,' said Madeleine, boldly. 'The chateau is well guarded; you have everything now worth stealing in the place. Go away.'

'Not till you tell me what I want to know. They are making preparations for some great event at the chateau. I was in the grounds not long ago. There is a long suit of rooms to the right of the entrance hall; they are hung with pink, and look as if ready for the comfort of a rich, delicate lady; perhaps, in one of them—'

Madeleine dropped her face in her hands, lest he should read in her trembling features what her tongue refused to utter.

'Well, in which? There is a large quantity of plate laid away in a closet which is sunk in the wall. The doors open with a a spring, the secret of which room the closet is. The family jewels, in their ebony cases, are also there, and they are what I want. Come, you *shall* tell me.

"Never!' cried Madeleine. 'You are a strong man, and now a rich one, and have beggared us. Take your plunder and leave me.'

'Quick, answer me; the jewel room, which is it?'

He raised his dagger as he spoke.

'Have pity, and leave me.'

'The room—which is it? Tell me.'

'Never! You can kill me; but you cannot make me betray my benefactors.'

'Then die for your obstinacy!' he cried plunging the dagger into her heart.

With one low moan, Madeleine fell backward on the floor. The murderer stood for a second gazing at his work! then, with a cry of horror, he pushed back the bolt, opened the door, and rushed down the pathway and out of the gate.

The lovely May moon soon threw its soft, silvery beams over the quiet cottage and quivering through the windows, shone on the motionless form struck down in its full strength and beauty.

Adrienne slumbered through the dark hours, but the sunlight streaming over her pillow disturbed her, and she awoke with a start, sitting up and calling 'Mamma!' with all the strength she had.

There was no reply. Adrienne burst into tears, then examined her dress which had not been changed for the little white wrapper, lying as Madeleine had folded it, near her pillow, The child grew frightened, and again tried to open the door, but in vain. Then she cried, and called 'Mamma! till she was exhausted.

Suddenly the sound of distant firing broke on her ears. The cannonade had commenced. It was a repetition of the terrible noise of yesterday. Thoroughly frightened, Adrienne covered her head in the blankets, and sobbed with terror.

Hours passed. The villagers were all on the alert for stragglers who would bring news from the front Household duties were done between animated discussions as to the number engaged, the probable presence of Marshal de Saxe with the troops, and the chances of a victorp for the French arms.

About nine o'clock Marie Meyer began to wonder what Madeleine was so busy about that she did not join the gossips at their doors, or in the road. At length, when ten o'clock struck from numerous clocks in the neighborhood, she could no longer restrain her curiosity, but leaving her children, and calling to her nearest neighbor to join her, started for the cottage, followed by Annette Despard.

The open door invited them to enter. Then the two women uttered a cry of horror, and hurried to the quiet figure, neither supposing Madeleine to be dead, but rather fearing that fright had brought on a fainting fit.

The wound was deep and narrow, having been made by a small, sharp dagger, and had not bled much. The face of the dead woman was peaceful, almost smiling Her hands were still clasped as if in prayer for mercy on her murderer.

Sick with horror, the two women sank on their knees and stared blankly at each other.

'She is dead! Madeleine is dead!' they said. 'Who—who could have done this?'

'And the child! My God! the child!' cried Annette, springing to the door of the sleeping-room.

'Why it is bolted on this side! Oh! Marie, Marie, what can have happened here? And we heard nothing!'

'Go for help, Annette; call in some of the men. Something must be done at once!'

Marie brought a pillow from the high bed, and gently placed the dead woman's head upon it; then growing courageous with action, she drew back the bolt and looked into the next room. Adrienne lay sleeping, her cheeks stained with tears her golden curls falling over her forehead. Marie was hesitating whether to waken her suddenly, when the noise of approaching steps and voices saved her the trouble. Adrienne opened her eyes as the people crowded into the cottage, and jumping from the bed, ran out into the large room, not heeding Marie's 'Wait wait, Adrienne!'

The child knelt beside her mother, the awe-stricken group watching her, no one daring to break the terrible stillness.

'Mamma! mamma! Speak to me mamma! Oh, why did you not come to me?' She tried to open the marble eyelids with her little hands, and failing, began to kiss the cold lips.

'What is the matter with my mamma?' she cried at last, rising and looking about her.

'Oh, Adrienne, my child, your poor mamma is dead,' said Marie Meyer, her voice breaking into sobs.

The words fell meaningless on the child's ears. Adrienne only knew of life.

'Dead,' she repeated again sitting down by the body. 'What is dead? Can she not speak?'

'Adrienne, your mother will never speak to you again; she is dead, my child dead.'

(To be continued.)

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For Ulcers and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scald-head, and Ringworm VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases, and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

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JULY 1st, 1878.

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OF THE

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INCORPORATED 1851.

HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO.

Hon. J. McMURRICH, *President.*
B. HALDEN, *Managing Director.*
J. J. KENNY, *Secretary.*
JAS. BOOMER, *Inspector.*
J. PRINGLE, *General Agent.*

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED,	$800,000 00
CAPITAL PAID-UP - - - -	400,000 00

ASSESS.

Cash in Bank	$ 42,248 41
Government & Municipal Bonds	331,469 20
United States Bonds and Deposits	431,973 50
Bank Stocks	99,781 25
Loan & Investment Co. Stocks & Deposits	82,245 50
Mortgages on Real Estate	53,858 73
Bills Receble, (Marine Premium)	41,992 18
Interest Unpaid and Accrued	12,179 74
Company's Offices	22,750 51
Agents' Balances and other Acc'ts	67,824 59
	$1,176,321 61

LIABILITIES.

Losses under Adjustment	$ 45,695 61
Dividends unclaimed	520 30
Dividend Payable July 8, 1878	30,000 00
	$76,215 91

ASSETS	$1,176,321 61
LIABILITIES	76,215 91
SURPLUS	$1,100,105 70
Capital subscribed but not called in	400,000 00
	$1,500,105 70
Income for year ending June 30, '78	$928,984 86

JULIUS L INCHES, Agent for Fton

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TO THE

Corner of QUEEN and CARLETON STS.

May 4.

WAVEFLY HOUSE

FREDERICTON.

THIS well known hotel has been improved on, and the premises enlarged. The Stables are the best in the city. Charges low.

JOHN B. GRIEVES, Proprietor

HUGH McMONAGLE,

Susse. Corner, King's County

NEW BRUNSWICK.

breeder of Ayrshire Cattle, and Leicester Sheep

BECKWITH & SEELY,

Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, etc.

Office in

CITY HALL, FREDERICTON

Attend at Oromocto and Fredericton Junction, alternate Saturdays.

Accounts Collected, and Loans Negotiated.

Fraser, Wetmore & Winslow,

ATTORNEYS and BARRISTERS at LAW,

Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc.

MONEY NEGOTIATED and LOANS MADE.

Fton., April 13th, 1878.

DAILY EXPECTED.

THE FINEST LOT OF

TOILET BOTTLES,

ever imported into this City, at

GEO. H. DAVIS'

DRUG STORE,

Corner of Queen and Regent Sts., Fredericton.

F'ton, December 14, 1878.

BROOMS, PAILS, CEMENT, and LIME.

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

April 27. GEO. HATT & SONS

Just Received.

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

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

July 13, 1878.

SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, &c., &c.

THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand and for sale a large stock of Shingles, Clapboards, and other Sawed Lumber which he offers at lower rates than any other dealer in the City. The above Lumber is manufactured on the Nacawica by Mr. Pinder, and is superior to a great portion of the Lumber that comes to this market. Persons requiring bills of scantlin, &c, sawed to order can save money by leaving their order with me a few days before the Lumber is required,

Respectfully yours,

DANIEL LUCY, Queen St.,

Fredericton 6th July, 1878.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.

A change having been made in the management of the business of this old established first-class Company, by which the undersigned is allowed more latitude than heretofore, he is prepared to effect insurance against loss or damage by fire on nearly all descriptions of property on as reasonable terms as any other office of equal standing.

Three years policies on first-class private dwellings issued.

JULIUS L. INCHES.

June 29.

Land for Sale.

600 ACRES fine quality farming land, within three miles of either Kent or East Floreneville Station on the N. R. Railway, can be purchased at a low rate. The will be a grand chance for a number to make a settlement and neighborhood for themselves A good road passes the land and the market for country produce is better here than in most parts of this Province, as it is within a very short distance of the winter operations of the Miramichi lumberers. For further particulars apply to

BERTON BROS., St. John.
RAINSFORD & BLACK, Fredericton.
Wm. DIBBLEE, Woodstock.
W. A. BLACK, Richibucto.

F'ton, Oct. 29.

TEA AND COFFEE.

ON HAND:

175 HALF-CHESTS Choice Congo, Souchong, Oolong and Japan Teas.

ALSO:

A choice stock of prime Java Coffee, Broma, Cocoa, Chocokolate, &c.

Nov. 22. GEO. HATT & SONS.

GAS FITTING, Plumbing, &c.

THE subscriber keeps on hand a large assortment of

TINWARE.

of every description, and made to order

He has engaged the services of Mr. WILLIAM REID, who is thoroughly acquainted with Gas Fitting, Plumbing, Well Boring, and putting in Pumps.

Pat. May 28, 1874.

SOLE AGENT FOR ELLIS' Patent Burner

We make it a specialty to regulate the above when putting them up.

All orders promptly attended to, and work satisfactorily done.

Gas Fittings always in stock.

A. LIMERICK,
Yorkstreet.

Fton, April 20, 1878.

PRACTICAL PLUMBING. AND GAS FITTING! ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ, are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business, would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURNERS for sale cheap.

GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTING, always in stock.

Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every discription, and of the best material manufactured to order on the premises at shortest notice.

Prices to suit the times.

J. & J. O'BRIEN,
Queen Street Fredericton N, B

F'ton, Aug. 10, 1878.

CABINET MAKING.

JAS. D. HANLON,

CABINET MAKER

AND

UNDERTAKER

King Street, Fredericton, N. B.

ALL kinds of Furnitue made and repaired at short notice and at reasonable rates.

Orders for UNDERTAKING, from the town and country attended to with promptness.

Picture Framing a Speciality.

F'ton, May 18, 1878.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

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

SPRUCE, PINE and HEMLOCK LUMBER,

CONSISTING OF

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

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

ALSO,

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

Bills of Scantling of any dimensions.

A large quantity of Refuse Lumber on hand.

All orders promptly delivered.

Please call at my yard, West End Mill.

RICHARD A. ESTEY.

F'ton, June 22, 1878.

SCULLY & COLLINS.

We have now in stock a splendid assortment of

Black and Blue Worsted Coatings;

West of England, Scotch, and American Tweeds;

A full line of Broadcloths and Does;

Trousering of all description.

The above goods will be made to order in first-class style, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

"NO ALTERATION NECESSARY."

STYLE, FIT, and PRICE warranted to please. TRY US.

SCULLY & COLLINS.

F'ont, Aug. 3, 1878

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs to return thanks to the Citizens of Fredericton and the public generally, for the liberal patronage extended to him since commencing business, and would respectfully inform them that he has purchased the Stock-in-Trade, and leased the premises of Joseph Mashall, Esq. where with improved facilities for carrying on his business, he hopes to merit a continuance of the favor which he has heretofore enjoyed.

His Stock will always comprise all the popular Brands of Wines and Liquors usually kept in a first-class establisement, also

Family Groceries of every description and of the best quality.

He is also agent for Jones' celebrated Ale.

ALEX. BURCHILL.

F'ton, Sept. 28.

LAND FOR SALE.

WE are instructed to offer the following LOT OF LAND for sale:

A Lot situate in the Parish of Douglas on the Western side of the Old Cardigan Road, and lying between the Old Cardigan Road and the Ryal Road, being a part of Lot number two, granted to John Colling and conveyed by the late Benjamin Wolhaupter, containing forty acres more or less.

Also a Lot situate in the Parish of Southampton, adjoining on the southeast a tract of land granted to Michael Knapp and five others on the Nackawicac Stream, and known as Lots Number One and Two, granted to Henry Morehouse and George Morehouse, containing four hundred and forty acres, conveyed by Thomas Murray to the late Benjamin Wolhaupter.

For terms and particulars apply to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW,
Solicitors.

F'ton, April 3, 1878.

BY RAIL!

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

June 22 R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

YORK COUNTY DEBENTURES

FOR SALE.

FROM $8,000 to $10,000, in denominations of $200, $300 and $500.

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

Fredericton, June 29, 1878.—Rep.

THRESHING MACHINE TEETH.

JUST RECEIVED by Rail, from West Waterville, Maine, 500 THRESHING MACHINE TEETH. For sale by

JAMES S. NEILL

F'ton, Nov. 9.—2 mos. Rep. Wkly Star

Novelty Oil Cans.

JUST received a lot of Novelty Oil Cans, a new and useful article.

40 Dozen Snow Shovels 1 dozen Coal Sifters.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

INSURANCE!

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

of Edinburgh and London.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY

of London.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

of Toronto.

ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

of Montreal.

TRAVELLERS' LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

of Hartford.

The undersigned is prepared to effect Insurance in the above first-class offices on reasonable terms. For rates and any other information apply at the office of

JULIUS L. INCHES.

Fton, June 29.

SPLENDID Farming Property FOR SALE.

ALL that Valuable Landed Estate, being the land situate in the Parish of Studholm, Kings County, with the several farm houses and buildings thereon, belonging to John Sanders, Esq., and comprising part of what is generally known as the Studville property.

The above property, containing about 1100 acres, a considerable portion of which is intervale, is situated on the River Kennebecasis and close to Apohaqui Station, on the Intercolonial Railway, and about three miles from Sussex Station. It comprises several farms and will be sold all together, or in lots to suit purchasers.

Most or the land is in a high state of cultivation and is admirably adapted for farming, and especially for grazing purposes.

Terms of sale reasonable and will be made known, and plans of the property shown and any information given on application to FINEMORE MORTON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Sussex Kings County; or to W. Z. EARLE