Poetry.

"The Children Laughed and Sang."

It was in the chill December
That the Angel of Death came by,
And he rustled his wings of darkness
As he swept through the wintry sky;
A household of happy creatures
Dwelt quiet, and free from care,
And the angel stole in softly,
And stood all silent there.
But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.

And the angel swiftly in silence
Struck home the mortal blow,
And in the wintry morning
He laid the father low;
And wildly the sorrowful mother,
Bewildered and stunned with woe,
Wailed in her lone bereavement,
And wished that she too might go.
But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.

Cold in the lonely chamber
Lay the father's form at rest;
And they laid the delicate flower wreaths
Upon his quiet breast;
And forth from his home they bore him,
And hid him from sound and sight;
And they heaped the cold earth above him
While the children's feet trod light.
But the boys went home to their happy play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.

And often the childish footsteps
Are turned to their father's grave,
Where the grass with its glistening hoarfrost
Lies over that heart so brave;
And sometimes they watch their mother
Bending in sorrow and pain;
And they say in their childish voices,
"Will papa never come again?"
But soon they laugh and sing at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang have they.

So God in his infinite pity
Shuts the eyes of the children dear,
And they see not the fell destroyer,
Though their eyes are so bright and clear
And I said there's no past for the children
With its terrible pangs and stings;
And for them no brooding future
Spreadeth its threatening wings,
All they see is the present—to-day,
And so they laugh and sing at their play.

Literature.

'LENA RIVERS.

CHAPTER I.

'LENA.

For many days the storm continued. Highways were blocked up, while roads less frequented were rendered wholly impassable. The oldest inhabitants of Oakland had "never seen the like before," and they shook their gray heads ominously as over and adown the New England mountains the howling wind swept furiously, now shrieking exulting as one by one the huge forest trees bent before its power, and again dying away in a low, sad wail, as it shook the casement of some low-roofed cottage, where the blazing fire "high piled upon the hearth," danced merrily to the sound of the storm-wind, and then whirling in fantastic circles, disappeared up the broadmouthed chimney.

For nearly a week there was scarcely a sign of life in the streets of Oakland, but at the end of that time the storm abated, and the December sun, emerging from its dark-hiding place, once more looked smilingly down upon the white, untrodden snow, which covered the earth for miles and miles around. Rapidly the roads were broken; paths were made on the narrow sidewalk, and then the villagers bethought themselves of their mountain neighbors, who might perchance have suffered from the severity of the storm. Far up the mountain side in an old yellow farm-house, which had withstood the blasts of many a winter, lived Grandfather and Grandmother Nichols, as they were familiarly called, and ere the sun-setting, arrangements were made for paying them a visit.

Oakland was a small rural village, nestled among rocky hills, where the word fashion was seldom heard, and where many of the primitive customs of our forefathers still prevailed. Consequently, neither the buxom maidens, nor the hale old matrons, felt in the least disgraced as they piled promiscuously upon the four-ox sled, which erelong was moving slowly through the mammoth drifts which lay upon the mountain road. As they drew near the farm-house, they noticed that the blue paper curtains that shaded the windows of Grandma Nichols' "spare room," were rolled up, while the faint glimmer of a tallow candle within, indicated that the room possessed an occupant. Who could it be? Possibly it was *John*, the proud man, who lived in Kentucky, and who, to please his wealthy bride, exchanged the plebeian name of Nichols, for that of *Livingstone*, which his high-born lady fancied was more aristocratic in its sounding!

"And if it be John," said the passengers of the ox sled, with whom that gentleman was no great favorite, "if it be John, we'll take ourselves home as fast as ever we can."

Satisfied with this resolution, they kept on their way, until they reached the wide gateway, where they were met by Mr. Nichols, whose greeting they fancied was less cordial than usual. With a simple "how d'ye do," he led the way into the spacious kitchen, which answered the treble purpose of dining-room, sitting-room, and cook-room. Grandma Nichols, too, appeared somewhat disturbed, but she met her visitors with an air which seemed to say, she was determined to make the best of her trouble, whatever it might be.

The door of the "spare room" was slightly ajar, and while the visitors were disrobing, one young girl, more curious than the rest, peered cautiously in, exclaiming as she did so, "Mother! mother! Helena is in there on the bed, pale as a ghost."

"Yes, Heleny is in there," interrupted Grandma Nichols, who overheard the girl's remark. "She got hum the fust night of the storm, and what's queerer than all, she's been married better than a year."

"Married! Married! Helena married! Who to? Where's her husband?" asked a dozen voices in the same breath.

Grandfather Nichols groaned as if in pain, and his wife, glancing anxiously toward the door of her daughter's room, said in reply to the last question, "That's the worst out. He was some grand rascal, who lived at the suthard, and come up here to see what he could do. He thought Heleny was handsome, I s'pose, and married her, making her keep it still because his folks in Car'lina wouldn't like it. Of course he got sick of her, and jest before the baby was born he gin her five hundred dollars and left her."

A murmur of surprise ran round the room, accompanied with a look of incredulity, which Grandma Nichols quickly divined, and while her withered cheek crimsoned at the implied disgrace, she added in an elevated tone of voice, "It's true as the Bible. Old Father Blanchard's son, that used to preach here, married them, and Heleny brought us a letter from him, sayIng it was true. Here 'tis,—read it yourselves, if you don't b'lieve me;" and she drew from a side drawer a letter, on the back of which, the villagers recognized the well remembered handwriting of their former pastor.

The proof of Helena's innocence was hardly relished by the clever gossips of Oakland, for the young girl, though kind-hearted and gentle, was too beautiful to be a general favorite. Mothers saw in her a rival for their daughter, while the daughters looked enviously upon her clear, white brow, and shining chestnut hair, which fell in wavy curls about her neck and shoulders. Two years before our story opens, she had left her mountain home to try the mysteries of millinery in the city, where a distant relative of her mother was living. Here her uncommon beauty attracted much attention, drawing erelong to her side a wealthy young southerner, who, just freed from the restraints of college life, found it vastly agreeable making love to the fair Helena. Simple-minded, and wholly unused to the ways of the world, she believed each word he said, and when at last he proposed marriage, she not only consented, but also promised to keep it a secret for a time, until he could in a measure reconcile his father, who he feared might disinherit him for wedding a penniless bride.

"Wait, darling, until he knows you," said he, "and then he will gladly welcome you as his daughter."

Accordingly, one dark, wintry night, when neither moon nor stars were visible, Helena stole softly from her quiet room at Mrs. Warren's, and in less than an hour was the lawful bride of Harry Rivers, the wife of the clergyman alone witnessing the ceremony.

"I wish I could take you home at once," said young Rivers, who was less a rascal than a coward; "I wish I could take you home at once, but it cannot be. We must wait awhile."

So Helena went back to Mrs. Warren's, where for a few weeks she staid, and then saying she was going home, she left and became the mistress of a neat little cottage which stood a mile or two from the city. Here for several months young Rivers devoted himself entirely to her happiness, seeming to forget that there was aught else in the world save his "beautiful 'Lena," as he was won't to call her. But at last there came a change. Harry seemed sad, and absent-minded, though ever kind to Helena, who strove in vain to learn the cause of his uneasiness.

One morning when, later than usual, she awoke, she missed him from her side; and on the table near her lay a letter containing the following:—

"Forgive me, darling, that I leave you so abruptly. Circumstances render it necessary, but be assured, I shall come back again. In the meantime, you had better return to your parents, where I will seek you. Enclosed are five hundred dollars, enough for your present need. Farewell.

H. RIVERS.

There was one bitter cry of hopeless anguish, and when Helena Rivers again awoke to perfect consciousness, she lay in a darkened room, soft footsteps passed in and out, kind faces, in which were mingled pity and reproach, bent anxiously over her, while at her side lay a little tender thing, her infant daughter, three weeks old. And now there arose within her a strong desire to see once more her childhood's home, to lay her aching head upon her mother's lap, and pour out the tale of grief which was crushing the life from out her young heart.

As soon therefore, as her health would permit, she started for Oakland, taking the precaution to procure from the clergyman, who had married her, a letter confirming the fact. Wretched and weary she reached her home at the dusk of evening, and with a bitter cry fell fainting in the arms of her mother, who having heard regularly from her, never dreamed that she was elsewhere than in the employ of Mrs. Warren. With streaming eyes and trembling hands the old man and his wife made ready the spare room for the wanderer, more than once blessing the fearful storm which for a time, at least, would keep away the prying eyes of those who, they feared would hardly credit their daughter's story.

And their fears were right, for many of those who visited them on the night of which we have spoken, disbelieved the tale, mentally pronouncing the clergyman's letter a forgery, got up by Helena to deceive her parents. Consequently, of the few who from time to time came to the old farm-house, nearly actuated by motives of curiosity, rather than by feelings of pity for the young girl-mother, who, though feeling their neglect, scarcely heeded it. Strong in the knowledge of her own innocence, she lay day after day, watching and waiting for one who never came. But at last, as days glided into weeks and weeks into months, hope died away, and turning wearily upon her pillow, she prayed that she might die; and when the days grew bright and gladsome in the warm spring sun, when the snow was melted from off the mountain tops and the first robin's note was heard by the farm-house door, Helena laid her baby on her mother's bosom, and without a murmur glided down the dark, broad river, whose deep waters move onward and onward, but never return.

When it was known in Oakland that Helena was dead, there came a reaction, and those who had been loudest in their condemnation, were now the first to hasten forward with offers of kindness and words of sympathy. But neither tears nor regrets could recall to life the fair young girl, who, wondorously beautiful even in death, slept calmly in her narrow coffin, a smile of sadness wreathing her lips, as if her last prayer had been for one who had robbed her thus early of happiness and life. In the bright green valley at the foot of the mountain, they buried her, and the old father, as he saw the damp earth fall upon her grave, asked that he too might die. But his wife, younger by several years, prayed to live—live that she might protect and care for the little orphan, who first by its young mother's tears, and again by the waters of the baptismal fountain, was christened HELENA RIVERS;—the *'Lena* of our story.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN.

Ten years of sunlight and shadow have passed away, and the little grave at the foot of the mountain is now grass-grown and sunken. Ten times have the snows of winter fallen upon the hoary head of Grandfather Nichols, bleaching his thin locks to their own whiteness and bending his sturdy frame, until now, the old man lay dying—dying in the same blue-curtained room, where years agone his only daughter was born, and where ten years before she had died. Carefully did Mrs. Nichols nurse him, watching, weeping, and praying that he might live, while little 'Lena gladly shared her grandmother's vigils, hovering ever by the bedside of her grandfather, who seemed more quiet when her soft hand smoothed his tangled hair or wiped the cold moisture from his brow. The villagers, too, remembering their neglect, when once before death had brooded over the mountain farm-house, now daily came with offers of assistance.

But one thing still was wanting. John their only remaining child, was absent, and the sick man's heart grew sad and his eyes dim with tears, as day by day went by, and still he did not come. Several times had 'Lena written to her uncle, apprising him of his father's danger and once only had he answered. It was a brief, formal letter, written, evidently, under some constraint, but it said that he was coming, and with childish joy the old man had placed it beneath his pillow, withdrawing it occasionally for 'Lena to read again, particularly the passage, "Dear father, I am sorry you are sick."

"Heaven bless him! I know he's sorry," Mr. Nichols would say. "He was always a good boy—is a good boy now. Ain't he, Martha?"

And mother-like, Mrs. Nichols would answer, "Yes," forcing back the while the tears which would start when she thought how long the "good boy" had neglected them, eighteen years having elapsed since he had crossed the threshold of his home.

With his hand plighted to one of the village maidens, he had left Oakland to seek his fortune, going first to New York, then to Ohio, and finally wending his way southward, to Kentucky. Here he remained, readily falling into the luxurious habits of those around him, and gradually forgetting the low-roofed farm-house far away to the northward, where dwelt a gray-haired pair and a beautiful young girl, his parents and his sister. She to whom his vows were plighted was neither graceful nor cultivated, and when, occasionally, her tall, spare figure and uncouth manners arose before him, in contrast with the fair forms around him, he smiled derisively at the thoughts of making *her* his wife.

About this time there came from New Orleans a wealthy invalid, with his only daughter Matilda. She was a proud haughty girl, whose disposition, naturally unamiable, was rendered still worse by a disappointment from which she was suffering. Accidentally Mr. Richards, her father, made the acquaintance of John Nichols, conceiving for him a violent fancy, and finally securing him as a constant companion. For several weeks John appeared utterly oblivious to the presence of Matilda, who, accustomed to adulation, began at last to feel piqued at his neglect, and to strive in many ways to attract his attention.

John, who was ambitious, met her advances more than half way, and finally, encouraged by her father, offered her his heart and hand. Under other circumstances, Matilda would undoubtedly have spurned him with contempt; but having heard that her recreant lover was about taking to himself a bride, she felt a desire, as she expressed it, "to let him know she could marry too." Accordingly, John was accepted on condition that he changed the name of Nichols, which Miss Richards particularly disliked, to that of Livingston. This was easily done, and the next letter which went to Oakland carried the news of John's marriage with the proud Matilda.

A few months later and Mr. Richards died, leaving his entire property to his daughter and her husband. John was now richer far than even in his wildest dreams he had ever hoped to be, and yet like many others, he found that riches alone could not insure happiness. And, indeed, to be happy with Matilda Richards, seemed impossible. Proud, avaricious, and overbearing, she continually taunted her husband with his entire dependence upon her, carefully watching him, lest any of her hoarded wealth should find its way to the scanty purse of his parents, of whom she always spoke with contempt.

Never but once had they asked for aid, and that to help them rear the little 'Lena. Influenced by his wife, John replied sneeringly, scouting the idea of Helena's marriage, denouncing her as his sister, and saying of her child, that the poor-house stood ready for such as she! This letter 'Lena had accidently found among her grandfather's papers, and though its contents gave her no definite impression concerning her mother, it inspired her with a dislike for her uncle, whose coming she greatly dreaded, for it was confidently expected that she, together with her grandmother, would return with him to Kentucky.

"You'll be better off there than here," said her grandfather one day, when speaking of the subject. "Your Uncle John is rich, and you'll grow up a fine lady."

"I don't want to be a lady—I won't be a lady," said 'Lena passionately. "I don't like Uncle John. He called my mother a bad woman and me a little brat! I hate him!" and the beautiful brown eyes glittering with tears flashed forth their anger quite as eloquently as language could express it.

The next moment 'Lena was bending over her grandfather, asking to be forgiven for the hasty words which she knew had caused him pain. "I'll try to like him," said she, as the palsied hand stroked her disordered curls in token of forgiveness, "I'll try to like him;" adding mentally, "but I do hope he won't come."

It would seem that 'Lena's wish was to be granted, for weeks glided by and there came no tidings of the absent one. Daily Mr. Nichols grew weaker, and when there was no longer hope of life, his heart yearned more and more to once more behold his son; to hear again, ere he died, the blessed name of father.

"'Lena," said Mrs. Nichols one afternoon when her husband seemed worse, "'Lena, it's time for the stage, and do you run down to the 'turn' and see if your uncle's come; something tells me he'll be here to-night."

'Lena obeyed, and throwing on her faded calico sunbonnet, she was soon at the "turn," a point in the road from which the village hotel was plainly discernible. The stage had just arrived, and 'Lena saw that one of the passengers evidently intended stopping, for he seemed to be giving directions concerning his baggage.

"That's Uncle John, I most know," thought she, and seating herself on a rock beneath some white birches, so common in New England, she awaited his approach. She was right in her conjectures, for the stranger was John Livingstone, returned after many years, but so changed that the jolly landlord, who had known him when a boy, and with whom he had cracked many a joke, now hardly dared to address him, he seemed so cold and haughty.

"I will leave my trunk here for a few days," says John, and perhaps I shall wish for a room. Got any decent accommodations?"

"Wonder if he don't calculate to sleep to hum," thought the landlord, replying at the same instant, "Yes, sir, tip top accommodations. Main't more'n tew beds in ary room, and now-a-days we allers has a wash-bowl and pitcher; don't go to the sink as we used to when you lived around here."

With a gesture of impatience Mr. Livingstone left the house and started up the mountain road, where 'Lena still kept her watch. Oh, how that walk recalled to him the memories of other days, which came thronging about him as one by one familiar way-marks appeared, reminding him of his childhood, when he roamed over that mountain side, with those who were now scattered far and wide, some on the deep, blue sea, some at the distant west, and others far away across the dark river of death. He had mingled much with the world since last he had traversed that road, and his heart had grown callous and indifferent, but he was not entirely hardened, and when at the "turn" in the road, he came suddenly upon the tall walnut tree, on whose shaggy bark his name was carved, together with that of another—a maiden—he started as if smitten with a heavy blow, and dashing a tear from his eye he exclaimed, "Oh, that I were a boy again."

From her seat on the mossy rock 'Lena had been watching him. She was very ardent and impulsive, strong in her likes and dislikes, but quite ready to change the latter if she saw any indications of improvement in the person disliked. For her uncle she had conceived a great aversion, and when she saw him approaching, thrusting aside the thistles and dandelions with his gold-headed cane, she mimicked his motions, wondering "if he didn't feel big because he wore a large gold chain dangling from his jacket pocket."

But when she saw his emotions beneath the walnut tree, her opinion suddenly changed. "A very bad man wouldn't cry," she thought, and springing to his side, she grasped his hand, exclaiming, "I know you are my Uncle John, and I'm real glad you've come. Granny thought you never would, and grandpa asks for you all the time."

Had his buried sister arisen before him, Mr. Livingstone would hardly have been more startled, for in form and feature 'Lena was exactly what her mother had been at her age. The same clear complexion, large brown eyes, and wavy hair; and the tones of her voice, too, how they thrilled the heart of the strong man, making him a boy again, guiding the steps of his baby sister, or bearing her gently in his arms when the path was steep and stony. It was but a moment, however, and then the vision faded. His sister was dead, and the little girl before him was her child—the child of shame he believed, or rather, his wife had said it so often that he began to believe it. Glancing at the old-womanish garb in which Mrs. Nichols always arrayed her, a smile of mingled scorn and pity curled his lip, as he thought of presenting her to his fastidious wife and elegant daughters; then withdrawing the hand which she had taken, he said, "And you are 'Lena—'Lena Nichols they call you, I suppose."

'Lena's old dislike began to return, and placing both hands upon her hips in imitation of her grandmother, she replied, "No 'tain't 'Lena Nichols, neither. It's 'Lena Rivers. Granny says so, and the town clark has got it so on his book. How are my cousins? Are they pretty well? And how is *Ant*?"

Mr. Livingston winced, at the same time feeling amused at this little specimen of Yankeeism, in which he saw so much of his mother. Poor little 'Lena! how should she know any better, living as she always had with two old people, whose language savored so much of the days before the flood! Some such thought passed through Mr. Livingstone's mind, and very civilly he answered her concerning the health of her cousins and aunt; proceeding next to question her of his father who, she said, "had never seen a well day since her mother died."

"Is there any one with him except your grandmother?" asked Mr. Livingston; and 'Lena replied, "Aunt Nancy Scovandyke has been with us a few days, and is there now."

At the sound of that name John started, coloring so deeply that 'Lena observed it, and asked "if he knew Miss Scovandyke?"

"I used to," said he, while 'Lena continued: "She's a nice woman, and though she ain't any connection, I call her aunt. Granny thinks a sight of her."

To be continued

JACKSON ADAMS,
CABINET MAKER
AND
UNDERTAKER
(near County Court House,)
Queen Street, - - Fredericton,

Where may be found a stock of
Furniture of all Descriptions,
Also, a full line of
CASKETS AND COFFINS
IN
Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered.
Robes & Shrouds,
Crapes & Gloves.
☞ Orders from the Town and Country will receive prompt and careful attention.

JAMES D. HANLON,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Undertaker,
KING STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

UNDERTAKING.

Prompt attention given to Country Orders.

Wood Seat Hand-Made Chairs cheap for cash.
Barbers' Chairs, Wardrobes, Sideboards, Bureaus, Tables.
A lot of Children's French Bedsteads, finished in Ash and Walnut, on hand and for sale at low prices.
Furniture Neatly Repaired.
Fredericton, July 14

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.

SOLE AGENT
FOR
ELLIS'
Patent Burner
He makes 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,
York Street.

For Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus,
USE
Gates' Certain Check!
This is to certify, that Isaac Thomas, of Middleton, in the County of Annapolis, maketh oath and saith, that in the summer of 1878, he was very much reduced by
DIARRHŒA,
and had tried different remedies, and found no benefit and relief; and knowing Dr. C. Gates' medicines, resolved to apply to him for aid; and with considerable difficulty, reached the doctor's residence, obtained and took some of his celebrated
CERTAIN CHECK,
and experienced immediate relief, and was at once restored to his usual good health.
ISAAC THOMAS
Sworn to at Middleton, this 6th day of January, 1879, before
JAS. WHITLOCK, J. P.
☞ The best preparation for children known
TRY IT.
Price 25 cts, sold by druggists and dealers.

THE
American Express Company!
FORWARDS Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description, collects bills with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts.
Running daily (Sunday excepted), to all points East and West.
OFFICE:
Opposite City Hall, - - Fredericton.
G. W. DICKIE, *Agent.*
F. W. CARR,
Division Superintendent.
Fredericton, May 5, 1881

HENRY RUTTER,
HARNESS MAKER
and dealer in
English and American Saddlery.
Also, a full stock of
WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, Collars, Saddles, Bridles, Girth and Rein Webs, Chamois Skins, Harness Soap, etc.
☞ All kinds of Interfering and Speed-Cut Boots made to order.
Repairing done with neatness and despatch.
At the Old Stand,
Opposite County Court House,
Queen St., Fredericton.
July 20, 1880.

PIANOS
AND
ORGANS
Tuned and Repaired.
E. CADWALLADER,
SUNBURY STREET
Dec. 11—52. (*between Charlotte and George Sts.*).

HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, whereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Companies representing a capital of over
Thirty-Three Million Dollars!
$33,000,000.
LARGE DEPOSITS AT OTTAWA FOR BENEFIT OF POLICY HOLDERS.
All kinds of Insurance effected in any of the following Companies at Best Rates.
Imperial, of London, England,
Established 1803. Capital, $3,000,000.00
Ætna, of Hartford, Conn.,
Established 1819. Capital, $3,000,000.00
Assets, $7,424,073.72
Hartford, of Hartford, Conn.,
Established 1810. Capital, $1,250,000.00
Assets, $4,781,378.47
Phœnix, of London, England,
Established 1782. Capital, $15,000,000.00
British America, of Toronto,
Established 1833. Capital, $1,000,000.00
Fire Association of London,
England. Capital, $5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund, $350,000.00
Detached Residences in Town and Country Insured for Three Years at lowest rates.
ALL LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
JOHN BLACK,
Agent, Fredericton.
Office with BAIRSFORD & BLACK, Barristers, Carleton Street, Fredericton.

THE DOMINION AFETY FUND
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Incorporated 1881.
The Popular Plan of affording the Protection of Life Insurance.
SIMPLE, SAFE AND ECONOMICAL.
The dangers and defects of the Old "Reserve" Plan, and the weakness and uncertainty of the Co-operative Plans avoided.
Endowments to Persisting Members.
J. G. GILL,
Agent for York County.
Fredericton, April 14.

DEBENTURES.
City of Fredericton
ACCORDING to an Act of Assembly 44 Vic. cap 46, and order of the City Council, passed 11th August instant, I hereby give Public Notice that the undermentioned, outstanding Debentures are hereby called in for payment, or exchanged for others issued at Five per cent on the 20th day of September next, after which date interest on said Debentures shall cease.
New Steam Fire Engine Debentures.
No. 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, for $200 each.
No. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21, for $100 each.
New City Hall Debentures—First Issue.
No. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 28, 31, 33, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 48, 53, for $100 each.
No. 19, 20, 27, 29, 36, 37, 49, 50, for $250 each.
No. 21, 44, 54, 55, for $1000 each.
No. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 29, 46, 47, 51, 52, for $200 each.
No. 30, 34, 35, 43, 45, for $1500 each.
New City Hall Debentures—Second Issue.
No. 19, 25, 26, 31, 47, for $500 each.
No. 20, 21, 27, 32, 36, for $200 each.
No. 22, 28, 29, 30, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, for $100 each.
No. 23, 24, 40, 41, for $250 each.
No. 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, for $1000 each.
City Hall Debt Debentures,
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, for $200 each.
No. 15, 16, 26, 27, for $100 each.
Exhibition Building Debentures.
No. 5, 12, 13, for $500 each.
No. 6, 7, for 200 each.
No. 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, for $100 each.
No. 11, 20, 21, for $200 each.
The 5 per cent. Debentures are issued, and are now for sale, in sums of $1,000, $400, $200, and $100. Holders of the 6 per cent. Debentures now called in will have the preference in choice, as far as can conveniently be managed.
Interest will hereafter be allowed on 5 per cent Debentures, whenever exchanged for 5 per cent, to 20th September next.
JOHN EDWARDS,
City Treasurer.

Notice to Sportsmen.
GUNS, ETC.
THE New Improved Forehand & Wadsworth's Single Breech Loading Gun. This gun has the following merits:—Its Top Snap Action, (the best in the world,) Allongaie Shell Extractor, Rebounding Lock, Pistol Grip, Steel Trap End, Walnut Pistol Frame, and Oiled Walnut Stock. The Barrel is bored from a solid bar of steel, and by an improved method of boring. All the shooting qualities are obtained belonging to the finest guns. Another great advantage claimed for this gun is that all the parts are interchangeable, should any part break it can be repaired at little or no expense. Finally, these guns are fully guaranteed, and offered at low in price, as those made from condemned musket barrels.
For sale by
JAMES S. NEILL.
ALSO ON HAND:—
Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns,
" " " " Duck Guns,
Muzzle Loading Guns, Single and Double Barrel,
Loading Tools of all Description.
Brass and Paper Shell,
Powder Flasks and Shot Pouches,
Revolvers and Pistols,
Revolver Cartridges all sizes, Rim and Center Fire,
Sporting and Rifle Powder,
Shot all sizes,
Gun Cleaners and Gun Tools in great variety.
For sale Wholesale and Retail by
JAMES S. NEILL.
Aug. 25—Rep. and Corp.

NEW
BOOK BINDERY.
The Subscribers have opened a
BOOK BINDERY
in connection with their
BOOK AND STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,
and are now prepared to attend to all orders given them in that line.
☞ All kinds of Magazines, Periodicals, and School Books, in fact every description of Books, bound in First Class manner, and at Low Prices.
Binding of Music a Specialty.
M'MURRAY & FENETY.
Fredericton, May 25

THE
DOMINION EXHIBITION!
OF 1881
WILL be held at the CITY OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, in the ROYAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AND GROUNDS, from
21st to 30th SEPTEMBER,
when Cash Prizes to the amount of $15,000.00 will be awarded for Horses, Cattle and other Live Stock, Machinery of all kinds, General Manufactures, Mining, Agricultural, Forest, Fishery and Dairy Products, Fruits, Plants and Flowers.
No charge for entry of exhibits.
Prize lists, entry papers, and all necessary information may be obtained on application.
Manager—PROF. GEO. LAWSON, LL.D.
WILLIAM McKERRON,
Secretary.
Halifax, June 6th, 1881

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

900 COMMON Chairs for sale cheap by
J. G. McNALLY.

GEO. HATT & SONS
Have now in stock the following:
CHOICE brands of Flour—Buda, Patent Process, Baker's Choice, Crown of Gold, Standard, Pidgeon, and Tranquility;
Graham Flour, Rye Flour;
Oatmeal, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Meal;
Scotch and Granulated Sugar;
Choice Porto Rico and Barbadoes Molasses;
A large stock of Choice English and American Groceries;
Extra Teas at very Low Prices;
Real Java Coffee, Tobacco, Snuff, Kerosene Oil, Fruits and Canned Goods, &c., with a large Stock of general goods. For sale at
Bottom Prices, Wholesale or Retail.
Standard Weight and Imperial Measure.
SPRING, 1881.
LEMONT'S
To Country Dealers!
1200 HARD BAKED MILK PAN, at low prices.
A splendid show of
Children's Perambulators.
Aarge llot of
BUTTER CROCKS
A full Stock of
FURNITURE,
ALL KINDS CHEAP.
Crockery and Glassware to arrive:
Dinner, Breakfast & Tea Setts
Give us a Call and look through our Stock.
We can furnish you with PARLOR or KITCHEN LAMPS of all kinds.
LOOKING GLASSES AND MATTRASSES.
Receiving goods every week. For sale very low for Cash at
Lemonts' Variety Store
Fredericton, April 14

LONDON
PURPLE,
PARIS
GREEN,
FOR DESTROYING THE
POTATOE BUG,
for sale low at
WILEY'S
Drug Store.
Fredericton, August 11

LUMBER.
The subscriber begs to announce to the public that he has always on hand and for sale a good and varied stock of SPRUCE, PINE, AND HEMLOCK LUMBER, consisting of Dry Pine Plank, 1½, 1½, and 2 inch, thoroughly seasoned and planed; Dry Pine Boards, well seasoned, planed on one and both sides, and tongued and grooved. Also good Dry Laths and Cedar Shingles of every quality; together with a stock of Hemlock Logs, from which we are prepared to saw to order at short notice
BILLS OF SCANTLING of any dimensions.
A large quantity of REFUSE LUMBER on hand.
All orders promptly delivered. Please call at my Yard, WEST END MILL.
RICHARD A. EVERY.
☞ *CEDAR SHINGLE STOCK WANTED, by the cord or otherwise.*
R. A. E

STOVES. STOVES.
Just received from Hamilton, Ontario, one car load Cook and other Stoves, as follows:
THE Archer Cook, with Copper Reservoir and Hot Closet, the Square Archer Cook, the Angelo Cook, with Copper Reservoir and Hot Closet, the Square Angelo Cook, the Square Surprise Cook, the Favorite Range, the Ridgewood Cook.
The above are all for burning wood, and are nicely mounted with Nickel Plated Mountings. I have also on hand a large variety of other Cook Stoves, such as the Niagara Cook, Star Cook, and Waterloo Cook, as well as a full assortment of Hall, Close and Parlor Stoves.
2 Hall Stoves for burning Hard Coal, Self Feeders, called the Silvio.
4 Hall Stoves for burning Hard Coal, Self Feeders, called the splendid.
The above Self Feeders are among the nicest that ever came to this market, and I would solicit inspection.
☞ Stove Pipe Elbows, Hollow Ware, and a large assortment of Kitchen and House Furnishing Hardware kept constantly on hand.
JAMES S. NEILL.
Sept. 1

CHURNS, Etc.
6 PATENT Churns, best out; 1 Eureka Butter Worker; 1 Creamer, complete;
1 case Dry Colors: Crome Yellow, Turkey Umber, English Vermillion, Maroon Smalts, Blue Smalts, Black and Green Smalts;
2 bbls. Fine Finish Glue;
1 case Coal Oil Stoves and parts;
50 bags Shot, assorted sizes; 4 doz Powder Flasks and Shot Pouches;
25000 Gun Caps;
3 bundles Axe Steel; 3 doz. Flour Sieves;
1 case Rim and Dead Locks;
1 case Butchers' Files, assorted;
1 case Paint, Varnish and Wall Brushes;
6 cases Wagon Spokes;
12 Setts Wagon Rims;
20 kegs Cut Nails.
Just received and for sale as usual.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
Sept. 1

Axe Steel.
JUST received, direct, a large lot of FIRTH'S Extra Cast Steel for Axes. For sale low.
Z. R. EVERETT.

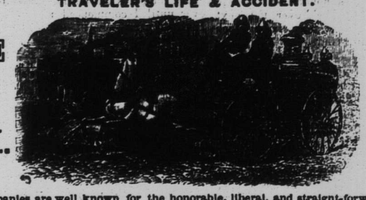
$5 Outfits sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once.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

McMURRAY & BURKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Photgraphs and Ferrotypes Enlarged, and Copies made in First Class manner.
☞ CHILDREN'S PHOTOGRAPHS A SPECIALTY!
☞ FRAMES of all kinds made to order FREE. ☜
McMURRAY & BURKHARDT,
Opposite Stone Barracks, Queen Street, Fredericton.

T. G. O'CONNOR,
IMPORTER OF
British and Foreign Woollen Manufactures, &c.
Now in stock, a large and varied assortment of
GENTS' SUMMER SUITINGS, WORSTED COATINGS,
SCOTCH TWEEDS, SERGE SUITINGS, MELTONS,
CHEVIOTS, SAXONY TWEEDS, &c., &c., &c.
WEST OF ENGLAND BROADS, CANADA TWEEDS,
WEST OF ENGLAND CASSIMERES, HARVEY HOMESPUNS,
WEST OF ENGLAND DOESKINS, OXFORD HOMESPUNS.
Gents' Furnishings, &c.
First Class Cutter, First Class Suits, Lowest Hard-pan Prices.
☞ Goods sold from the Piece or Made to Order as may be desired.
T. G. O'CONNOR,
Next below Barker House, Queen St., Fredericton

INSURANCE!
THE undersigned is agent for the following Insurance Companies which have Capital and assets amounting to fully $100,000,000, affording the most perfect security possible,
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE. SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL.
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE. LANCASHIRE.
COMMERCIAL UNION. DOMINION.
TRAVELER'S LIFE & ACCIDENT.
INSURE AGAINST FIRE.



INSURE AGAINST Accidents
These Companies are well known for the honorable, liberal, and straight-forward manner in which their business is conducted.
All kinds of insurable property insured at moderate rates. Detached Dwelling Houses and contents insured for three years at lowest rates.
Losses promptly settled and no unnecessary trouble given.
☞ Office on Queen Street, opposite the CITY HALL, where every information can be obtained.
JULIUS. L. INCHES

NEW BOOK STORE!
The Cheapest and best place in this City to buy
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
IS AT
McMURRAY & FENETY'S,
CHEAP BOOK STORE!
Fisher's Building, - Queen Street, Fredericton.

Rogers & Brother's
celebrated Plated Ware. A fine assortment just received by
J. G. McNALLY.

TO LET.
THE DWELLING and OFFICES on Carleton Street, known as the OLD POST OFFICE.
JOHN A. EDWARDS,
Queen Hotel.
F'ton, May 19.

TO LET.
THOSE Shops on Regent St. in Mr. Hackett's building, so called.
Apply at office to
FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW,
March 17.

FOR SALE.
A FINE Thoroughbred AYRSHIRE BULL, aged 2 years, and in prime condition. Can be seen in Phœnix Square, on Saturday, between 9 A. M. and 1 P. M.
Kingsclear, Sep. 1—1in.

CHAMBER SUITS.
20 WALNUT Trimmed Ash and Painted CHAMBER SUITS, home manufacture. Best value in the city.
J. G. McNALLY.

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.
It supplies