Literature.

LAST HOURS OF A DRUNKARD.

There he sat—the fire within had dried up the juices of his body; his tongue and lips were swollen and blistered; his eyes fixed motionless in their sockets, were staring wildly in all the unconsciousness of stupid and senseless apathy; his arms hung torpid by his side, while his once powerful and athletic, but now emaciated frame shook like an aspen. There he sat in the gray of a cold winter's morning, after his last debauch, and his wife and five miserable children were huddling together on an old flock bed in a corner of the room, without either food, or firing, or furniture.

There he sat, suffering all the pain of internal misery, and external wretchedness, when Death was looking through the broken panes in the little casement, ready to lay the his iron fingers upon him and consign him to the narrow house appointed to all living, and his soul, his immortal soul about to be ushered into the presence of Him who has said that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

"I say, rouse thee, Mark Burton," said a little shrivelled and decript old woman who lived in the next room, and who had opened the door to me; "rouse thee, man; here is a gentleman come to see you." The wife of the drunkard rose hastily, wrapped the tattered blanket round her sleeping children, and not having been undressed, she instantly came forward and inquired the object of my visit. "I have come," I replied, "because I have heard that your family is in great distress; and if I am to judge from appearances, I have not come too soon."

"You are in time to save my starving children," she said, "but there is no cure for a broken heart; yet I bless you for the visit. These sleeping infants are the cords which bind to this weary existence, and for them I am yet content to live."

"Mark Burton, rouse thee up man," said the decrepit old woman; "speak to this gentleman." Mark Burton answered not, he made not the slightest motion, nor gave any indication that he was conscious of what was going forward.

"What ails your husband?" I said to the poor woman; "I have been informed that he is a drunkard, but something more than mere drunkenness appears to affect him at present."

"My husband," she replied, "was once a good husband to me, and he appeared many years to be a good man; but he has fallen—fallen forever—and accursed drink has done it. You see him in the same state he has been for the last twenty four hours. I cannot arouse him. I have snatched but a few minutes sleep during the night, and God only knows where my troubles will end. There is no cure for a broken heart. O my children! my poor starving destitute children, I never expected it would come to this!"

"Rouse thee, Mark Burton—get up—speak man—look about you," said the little shrivelled old woman, in a sharp, squeaking voice, and shaking him violently by the shoulders; "rouse thee up, man; there is, it may be, some bread for the children."

Mark heard not, or if he heard he answered not, so, turning to the little old woman, I gave her money, and desired her to get a fire and some breakfast for the family. "The blessing shall rest on you and yours; for the deeds of mercy, although forgotten on earth, are remembered in heaven," said the decripit old woman, as she hastily left the room.

I began to think I had got into strange company. The old woman was evidently actuated by no common feelings towards the poor family, and I felt curious to know something about her. Turning to the mother, I said, "Who is this old woman, your neighbor?—she seems to feel more than a common interest in your family." She answered. "Who she is I know not, nor will she tell me aught of her history; but to me she has proved a good Samaritan. Under a decrepit and almost unearthly form she hides the soul of an angel; and but for her, I and my children must have perished. She has tended us in sickness; she has watched over us with a solicitous care; she has taken the bread from her own mouth, and the clothes from her own back, and for five long years of misery she has been our constant companion. Could anything have cured my poor husband, surely the remonstrances of Maria Moreland would have done it.'

I said to Mrs. Burton, "If I do not mistake, you must at a former period of your life have been in very different circumstances. Have you no friend able to assist you?" "No friend on earth but Maria Moreland. My father and mother died when I was yet a child, and they left me a small fortune. I was well educated. I married my poor husband, and then thought I had found a friend; but company and extravagance, and, above all, drinking has reduced him to the wretched state in which you see him. But for my children, I should be glad to have found an early grave!"

"The grave is where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest,' said Maria Moreland, as she entered the room. "Helen Burton, although in a crazy vessel on a stormy sea, must not forget the anchor of hope both sure and steadfast. Mark Burton is on the verge of eternity; but Helen, his wife, who will soon be his widow, is the mother of the children, and she must wait and patiently endure till God has placed them in other hands. "Look, sir," she said, turning to me, "there sits the man, than whom the world never saw one more promising a victim, an early victim, to the demon of drunkenness'—Rouse him—draw from his own lips the history of his career, and ere his eyes are sealed in death if you be a christian, tell him what it is to die."

I was filled with amazement at the eloquence and energy of the little old woman and as she was busily employed in kindling the fire, and preparing a breakfast for the starving family, I seated myself on an old box, and kept musing and wondering where all this would end.

The shrill squeaking voice of the old woman broke out. "Mark Burton, are you senseless? are you dreaming? or is your mind filled with all the horrors of earth and hell? Rouse—for there is but a step between thee and the eternal world; and as sin has done its work with you, till the fuel is consumed and the fire is well nigh gone out, listen once more, I say. Mark Burton, listen once more to the voice of mercy."

Mark was silent. Helen Burton directed attention to her little ones, who had now awakened; but they could not rise, the cold was so intense; and being nearly destitute of clothing, they were compelled to huddle together upon the old bed, both day and night, to keep themselves warm. The old woman had kindled a fire very quickly, and some warm breakfast was now ready for the children, which she distributed with great tenderness, at the same time pressing the poor mother to sit down by the now glowing fire, and warm herself. Helen Burton obeyed, and as she looked wistfully in the face of her besotted husband, she burst in a flood of tears.

"It is a mighty power that can change the current of a womans love," said the old woman. "Years of neglect, and sorrow, and want, crowned with simple and debasing conduct on the part of a husband, cannot always do it, or the love of Helen Burton would have been changed to hatred cruel as the grave.' I addressed myself to the poor afflicted Helen in the mildest terms I could use, spoke to her of the loving kindness of Him whose tender compassions fail not, and who maketh the light to shine out of the darkness when it pleaseth Him. She heard me in silence, her eye wandering alternately from her husband; but I saw clearly that nature was struggling vehemently, and I could not help reflecting with pain on that wretched condition, to which man reduces himself and others by the commission of iniquity. Here was before me the feeble and broken hearted mother of five children, destitute of every earthly comfort, and brought to ruin and want, apparently by the bad conduct of the only individual on earth to whom she had a right to look for comfort and protection. There he sat, unconscious of that ruin to which he had reduced his family, but of which he could not have been unconscious as he was pursuing his career of wickedness. My reflections were broken by the voice of Maria Moreland, who again commenced her address to the drunkard. "Mark Burton, wilt thou not rouse thee? The wife, thy dearly beloved Helen, seeks a word from thee, ere the film of death has overcast thy eyelids? Where are now thy plighted vows? where that kindly heart and manly form which stole the affections of Helen, pure as the dew upon the mountain top? Mark Burton, thy children are no common beggars, but thy madness has reduced them to receive an alms from the stranger. *Thy children Mark Burton, are beggars and they have been made so by you!*'

This last sentence was expressed with great power and emphasis. Whether it was the clear shrill intonation that struck home upon the ear of the drunkard, or whether the sentiment expressed had touched some latent feeling not yet entirely destroyed by a long course of wickedness, I cannot tell; but Mark Burton started upon his legs, and in a tremulous, but angry voice he said, "Who dare to say that my children are beggars?" Maria Moreland replied, "I dare tell you Mark Burton, that the wife and children of the heir of Lindisburn are beggars, and in greater distress than the mendicant who wanders from door to door. Look around you, look at Helen your wife, hungry and half naked! Look at your children in that miserable corner—they cannot rise for want of clothing! The fire before you, and the morsel they have just partaken, and the gift of this messenger of mercy—and will you deny that your family are beggars?"

"Maria Moreland," answered Burton, "you have crossed my path for years, and I hate you. Your voice to me is as the voice of a fiend, and your dwarfish, shrunken form of an unearthly visitant. Who told you that I was the heir of Lindisburn? and who taught you to track my footsteps as the blood-hound tracks the footsteps of his prey?"

Maria replied, "I have crossed your path for years, have I, ay, and I will continue to cross it, till you turn from your wicked courses. But your course is nearly run; riot and drunkenness have done their business with your once noble form; even now you tremble—your eye has lost brilliancy, and there are but a few steps between you and the grave. I have crossed your path for years, have I? Maria Moreland has watched you with the eye of an eagle from your infancy, and she knew that you were the heir of Lindisburn before you knew it yourself.'

In the name of God, who and what are you? said Burton; "I thought I escaped the eye of all who knew me. Did you know my mother?—Were you a witness of her care over me?—and do you now also mark my degradation? it is torture to my mind to think so.'

"Did I know your mother, do you say?" said Maria, "I shall meet her in heaven; she crossed my path until I turned into the blessed path that leads to eternal life; she taught me the way to happiness and heaven; and Mark Burton, she taught you also, and she taught your Helen who now sits before you, oppressed with misery, but a patient expectant of everlasting glory. Oh that you had been buried in the same grave with your mother!—then you would have escaped the drunkard's doom, and Helen and her first-born would have sorrowed for you on the sunny mountains of Lindisburn, but not as those who sorrow without hope. I shall not tell you who I am: but I have watched you in your mad career. I saw you when drunken tavern assemblies began to steal from you the thousands of poor Helen and the acres of Lindisburn. I saw you when drink, debauchery, and unhallowed amusements began to lead you from your once happy home, and when your lovely Helen was left by you to pine in solitary sadness. I have crossed your path ever then, but not in the decrepit form of Maria Moreland. "And,' she added in a low whisper, "I saw you when you became a forger, and but for me you would have suffered a forger's doom."

"But for you I would have suffered a forger's doom!" said Burton, as he again sunk upon his seat, evidently suffering the severest mental torture. "A forger's doom!" he repeated, and fell senseless on the floor. Helen Burton screamed aloud and fainted; the poor naked children started from their bed, and running to their mother, cried in piteous accents. "Mother dear, dear mother—oh do not leave us."

I tried to calm them; and while Maria directed her attention to the poor mother I said to her, "This is a sad and awful scene—a melancholy picture of the effects of sin!" She replied, "Yes: we are entering upon the last scene of a painful drama I have seen it from beginning, and must abide the close; but at present there is no immediate danger. Helen will come round immediately, and so will her husband. I have touched him in a tender part: I am glad he feels it, for he may now listen to the word of wisdom and the voice of mercy, which he has long despised."

I said, "He is very ill and something must be done for him immediately; a bed must be procured, and clothing for these poor children." Helen Burton opened her eyes, and staring wildly round her, exclaimed, "Is he gone—gone for ever? Oh my poor husband—my poor children—my heart is broken.

"He en," said Maria, "there is still hope; your husband begins to feel. The lamp of life, it is true, glimmers in the sockets, and it must soon go out; but while life exists it is our duty to direct him to the fountain of mercy—that fountain long neglected and despised, but still open to wash away the sins of the vilest of the vile.' Addressing myself to Maria, I said, "I shall go and provide some necessary article for this poor family. I shall send medical aid immediately and will again look in upon you in the course of the day,'

In the afternoon of the same day on which the foregoing events took place, I again directed my steps to the miserable apartment of Burton; having previously sent a bed, some clothing, and other necessaries for himself and family. I slipped quietly into the passage, on one side of which was the door of Maria's room, and on the other the door of the room occupied by the drunkard and his family. The clear, shrill, animated voice of Maria burst upon my ear, and by her language, soon discovered that Mark Burton had recovered his senses. The door of the room being ajar, and not wishing at the instant to disturb her conversation, I slipped into it and sat down. "Mark Burton,' said Maria, "it is long since I ceased to flatter and it is no mark of friendship to withhold the truth from a dying man. You have sinned—sinned grievously—and with a high hand. You have sinned against God, against that dear woman, and her helpless children, and against your own soul." * * * A deep and hollow groan was the only reply.

"If that groan were the groan of a heart broken and contrite under a deep sense of sin, and under a conviction of the long-suffering and tender mercy of God, Maria Moreland would rejoice with a joy exceeding the delight of a mother over her first-born child. Is it so, Mark Burton, or is your soul still cold and callous as the nether mill-stone? Look at Helen and your children—look at your devoted wife, whose heart, still unchanged burns with an affection for you which all your neglect and wicked conduct have not quenched." The poor drunkard was touched, "Helen,' he said, "My poor Helen, forgive me. I am suffering under the horrors of a dark despair, and when too late, I see the dreadful condition to which I have reduced myself and family. I—I deserve it all; but you—you and my innocent children—the thought is madness! O that I had never tasted the poisoned cup!"

Poor Helen wept for joy: for to the voice of kindness from her once fond and affectionate husband she had long been a stranger. Truly the cup of strong drink is a poisoned cup; it destroys the affections, and almost, if not altogether, obliterates the common feelings of humanity. In accents the most gentle and affectionate, she said, "O Mark! Oh my dear husband! I forgive you all; and may you receive forgiveness from God. May he yet spare you to be a comfort and help to your poor family."—"I feel that my worthless life is near to a close," said Mark Burton; "there is a sad sinking within me; it is like the breaking up of the framework of nature, Helen. I cannot leave you to a world that will use you worse than you have been used by your wicked husband. What an awful reflection is this for a dying man! I dare not, I cannot hope for mercy from Him against whom I have so deeply offended. Oh, the misery of a life of dissipation, and the tenfold misery of a dying hour! Would to God I had remained satisfied with the pure and simple pleasure of domestic life at Lindisburn? O tell my children to avoid the beginnings of evil.' * * * * *

There was now silence. I rose from my seat and rapped gently at the door. It was opened by Maria, who said to me, "There is a change for the better here, sir; I wish it were a change for the better in regard to the things of eternity.' Maria Moreland left the room, and I sat down by the bedside of the dying drunkard. After a few moment's silence I said to him, "Your situation, and the situation of your poor family, is distressing. What would induce a man, moving in the circle in which you have moved, so far to forget himself, and every honorable and moral feeling, as to sink down in the condition, and take up the character and practices of a low and debased drunkard? Mark Burton looked at me with a countenance of inexpressible misery, and replied, "Sir, I fell by degrees, and my fall commenced in my own house. Always social and hospitable, I felt great pleasure in the company of my friends. The custom of my country made drinking a necessary adjunct to every evening party, and I was not aware that thus keeping up the spirit of hospitality would ruin my family, and eat as doth a canker into my own vitals." I continued; "Your conduct has indeed brought sad and awful ruin upon yourself and family! and yet amidst it all, your poor wife seems an example of patient resignation. Have you wasted all your property? Is there nothing left, either of your own or your wife's for these children?—"Nothing!" he answered; "nothing!—not even the consolation that their father lived and died, an honest, respectful man. Five thousand pounds was the fortune of Helen Blair, my once-beloved Helen. It is gone;—and Lindisburn, the inheritance of my fathers, and what ought to have been the inheritance of these children, is gone also, O the curse that follows in the track of the drunkard! It leaves nothing for those who come after, and it scatters all around it debasement, and misery, want, and death. I am, and have been for years truly miserably, and yet I have never conquered my degraded passion. Even now, I feel the craving of an appetite cruel and rapacious as the grave.'

"Have you any relations or friends who can assist your family? To all appearance you must soon quit this world; and next to your own eternal welfare, it is of some consequence to know what is to become of these children, and your feeble but patient wife." He shrank back—was silent for a time; and then, in a paroxysm of the most bitter and poignant reflection exclaimed, "All my relatives have disowned me and mine forever. Helen Burton has an uncle, and only relative: he is in a distant land. I have attempted to—to ruin—' He could proceed no further: the violence of his feelings overcame him, and he sank upon his bed in an agony of remorse. His poor wife was at his bedside in a moment, and in sweet and soothing accents whispered in his ear "My dearest Mark Burton, my husband compose yourself. O Mark, may not all yet be well? If Lindisburn is no longer ours, yet a change in you would be better to me than the possessions of Lindisburn or anything the world can give."

Mark Burton looked at his weeping wife and, in language of unutterable despair, cried out, "Helen Blair, I am dying! Drink in an evil hour, robbed me of every manly and honest feeling. You have felt and are now feeling, the consequences of your husbands vile conduct; but you know not half his guilt. O Helen, I am wretched beyond all endurance, and I am a—." The miserable man again stopped short. At this moment Maria Moreland entered the room, and looking in his face she exclaimed, "Mark Burton, thy race is ended—thy course is run, the morrow's sun shall not light upon thy eyelids; and once more I tell you there is balm in Gilead and a physician there." A groan escaped from the lips of the dying drunkard—it come from the heart; and he exclaimed, "I am a—." "A forger," said Maria Moreland; "but I crossed your path, and you missed your aim. You became a *drunkard*—and drunkenness drove you to meanness—to madness—to crime. Bitter is the experience of Maria Moreland of the evils of that awful vice; its name is *Legion*." At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a stranger entered. Maria Moreland uttered a piercing shriek, exclaiming, "It is Colonel Blair, the Uncle of Helen Burton." This was too much for the poor drunkard: his whole frame shook and trembled; he heaved one heavy groan—and, in an instant more his spirit had passed the boundaries which separate time from eternity.

Colonel Blair had just returned from India, and through his agent, had found out the abode of his niece and her wretched circumstances. But very lately before his arrival Maria had discovered a plan, which Mark Burton had laid to swindle Colonel Blair out of large property in the funds by forgery. She communicated her discovery to the Colonel's agent under a promise that being the husband of his niece, he should be allowed to escape, in consequence of this information and agreement, Colonel Blair's property was saved, and the criminal spared ignominious punishment.

The sudden unexpected appearance of Helen Burton's uncle had unstrung the nerves of Maria Moreland, in general not very easily moved; but for the poor drunkard it was too much. Doubtless, the sudden appearance of the man whom he had basely attempted to ruin, hurried on that closing moment which, under other circumstances could not have been far distant.

He died evidently suffering all the horrors of remorse of conscience: beyond this we cannot, and dare not say anything.

Col. Blair and Maria Moreland recognized each other; mutual explanations took place; and soon afterwards Helen and her children were removed by him to his house in the country, there to spend their days beside him, and afterwards to inherit his ample property, for he was unmarried. They were accompanied by Maria Moreland whom they revered as an example of faithful friendship rarely to be met with in this wicked world; looking upon her as a brilliant comet in the moral hemisphere, which may pass away, but whose striking and wonderful appearance can never be forgotten while the pulse of life continues to beat.

JULY 1st, 1878.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE

WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.

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

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank	$ 42,248 41
Government & Municipal Bonds	331,469 20
United States Bonds and Deposits	121,972 50
Bank Stocks	99,781 25
Loan & Investment Co. Stocks & Deposits	82,245 50
Mortgages on Real Estate	53,858 75
Bills Receivable (Marine Premium)	41,992 18
Interest Unpaid and Accrued	12,170 74
Company's Office	22,750 51
Agents' Balances and other Assets	67,823 59
	$1,176,321 61

LIABILITIES.

Losses and in Adjustment	$ 15,695 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 $928,981 86

JULIUS L. INCHES, Agent for F'ton.

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.

June 29. JULIUS L. INCHES.

Corns! Corns!

WE have a remedy that will remove corns after 2 or 3 applications. Try it.

G. L. ATHERTON & CO.,
2 doors below People's Bank

GRAVEL MEDICINE.

A SURE CURE for Gravel, and Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Urinary Organs.

$1.00 per bottle. Price, No Pay.

Manufactured by
M. MACKEY.

F'ton, Sept. 7.

GRIND STONES.

ONE and a half Tons GRIND STONES. For sale by
JAMES S. NEILL.

SPLINTS, SPLINTS at
BEVERLY'S.

CABINET MAKING.

JAS. D. HANLON,

CABINET MAKER

AND

UNDERTAKER

King Street, Fredericton, N. B.

ALL kinds of Furniture 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.

YORK STREET

FLOUR STORE!

WHITTIER & HOOPER have the following brands in stock:

Haxall,
Reliance,
Dickson,
Chesterfield,
Favorite,
Sea Foam,
National,
Union Pacific,
Family Pride,
Gibbs's Best,
Ringleader,
New Nation,
Globe,
Minnesota Bakers,
Faultless,
White Pigeon.

Also "Peerless" Cornmeal (every barrel warranted.)

WHITTIER & HOOPER,
York Street.

F'ton, July 20, 1878.

ALLEN & WILSON,

Barristers and Attorneys

AT LAW.

Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c., Loans Negotiated, Accounts Collected.

OFFICE upstairs in Wiley's Building, next door to Logan's Store.

WAVERLY 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,

Sussex 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.

F'ton., April 13th, 1878.

H. RUTTER,

ADDLER and HARNESS MAKER,

DEALER IN

WHIPS,
BRUSHES,
CURRY COBS,
BLANKETS,
BITS, Etc., Etc.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

AT THE OLD STAND,

Opposite the County Court House, Queen Street, F'ton., N. B.

F'ton, April, 20, 1878.

Organs & Pianos.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish

PIANOS & ORGANS

(EACH INSTRUMENT WARRANTED)

at Lowest Prices and favorable terms.

E. CADWALLADER.

Residence Sunbury Street.

Fredericton, July 6, 1878.

Per Schr. "Jessie"

FROM BOSTON:—

25 ROLLS dry Sheathing Paper;
25 Rolls Tarred Sheathing Paper;
5 barrels Southern Pitch;
5 " " Tar;
5 " Coal Tar;
1 " Seabiscuit Oil (pure);
36 Large Pots with small shoulders, for Cooking Stoves;
3 doz. Fifth Wheels;
40 Pair Small or Sad Irons;
1 Ice Cream Freezer;
6 New Pattern Well Pumps;
12 Hides No. 1 Patent Dash Leather;
18 Sett Waggon Rimms; 6 sett Sulky Rims;
1 " Seat Rails;
1,500 Waggon Bolts, light and extra;
12 doz. New Pattern Sash Fastners;
2 " " " Barn Door Bolts;
6 " " " Molasses Gates;
6 " Mrs. Potts' Centennial Smoothing Irons;
3 " Polishing Irons, Nickle Plate;
3 " Stands only.

Just received and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, June 8.

NO. 4, COY'S BLOCK, NO. 4.

WE will have in a few days a full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Give us a Call.

SCULLY & COLLINS.

Sept. 31, 1878.

BY RAIL!

4 REFRIGERATORS New and latest out.
1 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 pairs Silver Coffin Lace.

Just received and for sale by

June 22 R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

TO arrive on MONDAY next.

PLIMSOLL,
TEA ROSE,
WHITE PIGEON.

—IN STORE—

FRESH GROUND BUCKWHEAT MEAL, CRANBERRYS, &c.

ELY PERKINS.

F'ton, Sept. 28.

LAND FOR SALE.

WE are instructed to offer the following LOTS 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 R. y. 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 Kiernan and five others on the Zerwicer Stream, shown as Lots one and two, granted to Henry Moreland 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 5, 1878.

DON'T FORGET that the cheapest place in town to buy pure Drugs and Medicines is at G. L. ATHERTON & Co's Drug Store, in Smith's Brick Building, adjoining People's Bank.

20,000 Rolls

HOUSE PAPER,

JUST RECEIVED.

English Room Papers!!

From 6 cents up, up, up.

M. S. HALL.

HALL PAPER!
PARLOR PAPER
KITCHEN PAPER!
BEDROOM PAPER!
DINING ROOOM PAPER!

All New Styles and Patterns

Friends and customers who have been so good in the past, will confer a great favor by continuing their custom in the future. They will always find a place where they will be well served.

HALL'S BOOK STORE,

Opposite City Hall.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

FOR SALE OR TO LET!

THE House and premises situated on King Street, in Fredericton, next the residence of the Chief Justice, known as "The Woods Property."

Possession given immediately. Terms reasonable.

August 30th, 1878.

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW.

Just Received

AT

Geo. Hatt & Sons,

60 DOZ. Pails; 2000 lbs. Cheese;
50 doz. Burnett's Extracts;
1 doz. Smoked Beef Tongues;
20 " Salmon; 10 doz. Tomatoes;
5 Barrels Graham Flour;
1 Case Epps' Cocoa; 25 Cases Corn Starch;
30 Boxes Ground Pepper;
2 Barrels Golden Syrup; 30 doz. Bed Cords;
2,200 lbs. Confectionery;

July 20th 1878.

June 1st, 1878.

200 barrels of Flour. Meal. and Fish.

LANDING this day for the people,—quality goods—prices very low.

ELY PERKINS,
at his Wholesale and Retail Flour Store.

F'ton, June 1, 1878.

CHEAP GOODS!

FOR

CASH

AT

LOGAN'S.

A LOT OF

DRESS GOODS,

8, 10, 12, and 15 cts., worth double the price.

BLACK AND BROWN

CAMBRICS,

WHITE PIQUES,

PRINTS cheaper than ever.

NEW STOCK

GREY AND WHITE

COTTONS.

Parks' Cotton Warps.

THOS. LOGAN.

Fredericton, August 3, 1878.

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.

F'ton, June 29.

PER SCHOONER "ROUGH DIAMOND," FROM BOSTON.

6 DOZ. Pair Waggon Shafts.
25 Setts Waggon Rims;
1 Piece Rubber Drill, and
3 cases Carriage Bolts from New York, containing 11,900 assorted lengths.

Just received and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

August 17.

NOTICE.

Resuming Business.

THE subscriber begs to notify his friends and the public generally that he has again commenced business, and will be found in the store lately occupied by Mr. A. Lottimer, and opposite the Stone Barracks, where he will be happy to meet his old customers and the public generally.

A good stock of GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS kept constantly on hand as heretofore.

CALL AND SEE ME.

M. MORAN.

F'ton., May 4, 1878.

WE will be pleased to furnish as many customers as will call, with any or all the goods usually found in a first-class Drug Store.

G. L. ATHERTON & CO.

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.

SALT AND MOLASSES.

—AT—

ELY PERKINS'

Landing this day:—

100 SACKS SALT. Also, a choice lot of Molasses for the people.

April 27.

PER S. S. DIRECT.

230 BOXES Window Glass, running from 7x9 to 36x42. Just received and for sale by

May 11, 1878. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BEVERLY'S

Bookstore and Bindery

HAS REMOVED

TO THE

Corner of QUEEN and CARLETON STS.

May 4.

HARDWARE.

Just Received:

4 DOZEN GLOBE PANTERNS
6 doz. Glass Globes for same;
80 kegs Cut Nails; 20 Kegs Cut Spikes;
8 Double Mould Board Plows;
2 Heavy Jack Screws;
60 pair Japanned Shelf Brackets;
1 superior Refrigerator;
600 gross Wood Screws; 60 gross Brass Screws
60 gross Plated Screws, round heads—

and for sale low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, May 25.

SHAD AND SALMON TWINE, MILK Pans, Lamp Chimneys, Crocks, Flower Pots. For sale at

BENJ. EVANS.
Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 4, 1878.

HARDWARE.

60 DOZEN T Hinges;
25 Pair barrel Door Hinges;
6 Dozen Garden Rakes;
2 " Extra handles;
3 Turnip Seed Drills—(a new thing here);
3 Lawn Mowers;
6 Patent Churns—(splendid article);

Just to hand and for sale low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

F'ton, May 11, 1878.

CUT NAILS.

Just Received and in Stock:

160 KEGS Cut Nails and Spikes.
JAMES S. NEILL.

MY friend stop that cough. If you can't stop it, G. L. Atherton's Cough Mixture can. If you don't believe, try it.

G. L. ATHERTON & CO.

June 22.

Haxall Flour.

100 BARRELS HAXALL FLOUR. Just received at

GEO. HATT & SONS.

July 20, 1878.

Received to-day,

1 CASE

WHITE PIQUES,

Hamburg Edgeings

AND

INSERTIONS.

DEVER BROS.

July 13.

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.

Font, 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 purchase the Stock-in-Trade, and leased the premises of Joseph Mystrall, 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 establishment, 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.

TO LOAN.

$5000 TO LOAN UPON APPROVED SECURITY.

Apply to
J. A. & W. VANWART,
Barristers.

F'ton, Sept. 14, 1878.

Scrap Pictures.

LARGEST Lot, best assortment, nicest variety in the City. Scrap Book Pictures and Bordering.

We will sell the above at greatly reduced rates. We will cut out sheets to suit purchasers.

J. L. BEVERLY,
Coy's Block.

F'ton, April 13, 1878.

Novelty Oil Cans.

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

10 Dozen Snow Shovels 1 dozen Coal Sifters.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

American Iron.

Now landing per Schooner "Rangola," from Boston:

24 TONS AMERICAN REFINED IRON, which I will sell at St. John Prices for cash or approved paper.

JAMES S. NEILL.

Oct, 19.

Paints. Paints.

75 KEGS BEST WHITE LEAD;
90 kegs Yellow, Red, Green, Blue and Black;
1 kegs Pure Zinc White;
50 One pound cans Best Light Shutter Green
50 lbs. pure Bright Red (new color);
100 " One pound Tinnite Lead;
50 " Five pound tinnite Lead;
50 " Five pound Drabs;
50 " Five pound Grays—

and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

May 4.

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, 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 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.

TO PAINTERS AND OTHERS.

SOMETHING NEW.

SAMPLE case of PREPARED KALSOMINE. In packages of 6 lbs. each. Makes the handsomest and smoothest Wall or Ceiling of any article in use. Any person can use it. Superior to paint and lasts for years.

One package will cover about 400 square feet. Can be mixed for use in five minutes.

White and two tints in case.

JOHN RICHARDS,
Ticket Agent.

F'ton, May 18, 1878.

JOHN RICHARDS,

Insurance Agent,

(Next door to People's Bank, F'ton.)

Representing the following first-class Offices:

English.—QUEEN, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON & GLOBE, NORTHERN, IMPERIAL.

American.—ÆTNA, HARTFORD, AND PHŒNIX.

Canadian.—BRITISH AMERICA, AND NATIONAL.

ALSO:—Agent for the sale of Railway Tickets to all parts of North America.

F'ton, April 13, 1878

BROOMS, PAILS, CEMENT, and LIME.

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

April 27. GEO. HATT & SONS

YORK COUNTY DEBENTURES

FOR SALE.

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

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

Fredericton, June 29, 1878.—Rep.

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.

TAKE NOTICE.

The Highest Prices in Cash paid for

HIDES & BEEF TALLOW,

BY

F'ton Leather Co.,

KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS.

50 DOZ. Mens' Youths' and Boys' Straw Hats. Best value in the market. They will be sold from 10 cents upwards.

Inspection Invited.

April 27. THOS. W. SMITH.

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 Macaulay by Mr. Pinder, and is superior to a great portion of the Lumber that comes to this market. Persons requiring bills of scantling, &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.

T. W. SMITH,

FISHER'S BUILDING,

*Queen Street, Fredericton