

Donated by Margaret Rainford
The Evening Star
S. J. Bliss

JAS. H. CROCKET, Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 186.

VOLVI, NO.

ALDERMANIC ELECTIONS.

Result in the Different Wards Monday.

Speeches in the Morning and Afternoon.

But Two Changes for this Year's Board.

In the Aldermanic election Monday three wards of the city were contested, viz. Carleton, St. Anne's and Wellington wards. In King and Queen Ward, Aids Richey and Hazen, and Moore and Davis were re-elected by acclamation.

The greatest excitement of the day prevailed in the Carleton Ward.

A large gathering assembled at the Regine House of the Ward to hear the nomination proceedings, and speeches which proved rather lively. Mr. Edgcombe was nominated by Mr. Thos. W. Smith, Mr. Sharkey by Mr. Israel Golding, Mr. McManus by Mr. J. H. Mager and Mr. Burns by Dr. Conibard. Calls were made for the candidates, and after a few remarks from Mr. Edgcombe, Mr. McManus spoke at some length. The first indication of a warm time was when the latter asserted that the fact of new candidates being in the field was the result of a determination to defeat both the old ones and that the new ones were pursuing himself like sleuth-hounds. Mr. Sharkey, however, defied his statement, and after a few remarks from the ex-Alderman, in which the speaker left the impression that Messrs. Edgcombe and McManus were running a ticket he took the floor. He denied that the running of an opposition ticket to the old Aldermen had ever been suggested to him and as for Mr. Burns, he knew nothing of him in this election whatever, and had never seen mentioned election to him. He repeated in indignation terms the idea that Mr. Edgcombe's friends who were his friends would consent to a combination in which Mr. McManus would be preferred to him and made vigorous onslaught on the latter for depriving of his franchise at last election the friends of ex-Ald Hall (a large number of whom were present) by riding into the election with votes of dead men and other impersonations. Mr. Burns gave his reasons briefly for appearing before them as a candidate. His speech was principally of a personal nature, explaining away canvasses that he alleged had been made against him.

The canvassing was warm. And when the returns were being read the engine house was packed to its utmost capacity. The result stood:—

Edgcombe.....121
Sharkey.....88
McManus.....85
Burns.....83

When the announcement had been made loud calls were made for Edgcombe, who in response, thanked the electors for the handsome vote they had given him, and promised to do in the future as he had done in the past to serve their best interests.

Mr. Sharkey returned thanks for his election in a clever speech which was warmly applauded. He said that for a young man entering into public life for the first time when the average candidate generally meets with defeat, he was no less satisfied than surprised at the result of the poll. Two years ago when he stood on the hustings platform of Carleton Ward and nominated Aid Edgcombe, who was now returned at the head of the list, it never once occurred to him that 24 months would find the nominee and nominee on that occasion elected to sit as colleagues side by side at the Board of Aldermen. While it must be a pleasure to that gentleman to meet with that improving confidence in his business ability to which confidence his increasing acquaintance with the interests and wants of the ward would go to entitle him, so that from the position of second on the list he has now advanced to the first, it was none the less gratifying to him (Mr. Sharkey) to find that on his first appeal to public confidence the people appeared to be prepared to entrust him with the management of their public affairs. He might be pardoned then if he felt a little vain glory over the handsome vote which they had ratified his candidature to-day. When his name was first mentioned in connection with the office of alderman, he was a little reluctant to impute himself to the altar of ward politics for man's first offering was usually a self-sacrifice. But there was one circumstance that left him no other course to pursue and that was the unfair canvassing that the mention of his name for the position elicited from some interesting parties. He felt then that it was due to himself to go to the tribunal of public opinion to test if his record in the past was not such as to justify them in asserting by their votes that they deemed his course would be an independent, consistent and reliable one.

Mr. McManus said he was too old now and too much of a philosopher to take his defeat as a disgrace. He thanked the electors who voted for him and bowed to the decision of the majority. A strong canvas had been raised against him in a quarter to punish him for voting for the Scott Act, and in doing so exercised his franchise as a British subject.

He had been charged with inconsistency regarding his temperance principles, if the Scott Act was useful, as he believed it was, a man who drinks may feel all the prouder in voting for a temperance law that would put the liquor beyond his reach. He always felt that the man who drank rum was as respectable as the man who sold rum. The City Council had nothing whatever to do with the Scott Act and therefore the canvas used in that direction was a fallacy. His friend Burns and he were in the same ship that he so eloquently described in the morning and it was a pity that the electors did not appreciate the great talent of that gentleman, who in the morning had made such a fiery speech. It would be wrong to say that he has not the ability. He has. If the electors did not think so, he himself did and that was just as good. The statement made by that gentleman in the morning, with regard to his inconsistency at the time of the first Scott Act election was one of the most infamous, dishonest falsehoods ever uttered by a man, and was blacker than the blackest printer's ink that was ever thrown upon paper. He felt that the verdict of the electors, under these circumstances was an unfair one, but he received it in good grace; he would be foolish not to do so. Although defeated, he was not dead yet, and he would watch the city's interest with the same care as he had done in the past.

Mr. Burns said he stood before them the lowest on the list. He would challenge any man to come forward and say that he had had done in the past. He said with regard to the statement he made about Mr. McManus in the morning, that the statement was made from a rumor and he had so expressed himself in the morning. He had stated when a young man to do business in this city on his own money. He had many times been financially embarrassed and had, not long ago, lost over \$3,000 worth of property that was sunk in a ship; but had despite all paid his 100 on the dollar, and he thought he had just as much right as any one to offer himself as a candidate for Alderman in the city. He heartily thanked the electors who had voted for him.

St. Anne's Ward.

In St. Anne's ward there were four candidates in the field as follows:—

James W. Thomas, nominated by W. H. Vanvar.

C. H. Thomas, and J. M. Wiley nominated by Hugh O'Neill.

J. G. Guter, nominated by Jos. Seary.

When the nomination had closed the candidates responded to the calls from the electors.

J. G. Guter, the first to address the electors said that he had represented them at the Council Board during the last year, and he was here to give an account of his work, and to answer certain charges that had been brought against him with regard to the temperance question; and also to answer the charges that had been brought against him with regard to the economic canvas made by Mr. Guter and pointed out where the city would have been at a loss of \$21,616 if two motions passed by him had been carried at the Council Board. He referred to the convention (so called) that had brought these men out. He thought the decision of the electors would show that they were not in favor of these hole and corner canvasses. He felt sure that the majority of the electors were satisfied with his course at the Council Board and returned again they would be as well satisfied at the end of this year as in the past.

Mr. Guter said he didn't intend to make any remarks, but Mr. Thomas had compelled him. He had represented them for the several times before at the Council Board, and had represented them as long as 15 years ago when Mr. C. H. Thomas was in Boston or obscurely somewhere. He thought from the long experience he had in the past he could represent them about as well as a pillarer or a shirker, either, which these men were who were opposing him. The charges preferred against him by Mr. Thomas were too extravagant to demand any attention and were beneath his notice.

Mr. Wiley corroborated the statements made by Mr. Thomas relating to the Alma House. He had represented them at the Council Board the past year, and if again elected by them would still continue to serve the best interests of the city.

Mr. Thomas said that he was an entirely new man in the field. He appeared as a candidate to-day by request of a number of his fellow citizens, and assured them if elected he would serve their best interests.

After the speeches the candidates and their supporters settled down to work. The election was carried on very quietly throughout the whole day, but the candidates kept busy at work. Thomas and Wiley, the old Aldermen, ran a ticket together and Guter and Tabor worked in each others interest.

At the close of the poll the result of the election was announced as follows:—

J. M. Wiley.....113
C. H. Thomas.....113
J. G. Guter.....85
James Tabor.....78

Ald Wiley, in response to the calls made for him, thanked the electors for returning him with such a handsome majority. He thanked the electors for giving him second place in the contest. It was exactly where he expected to be. He referred to the defeat of the so called convention and hoped that the candidates would take the lesson that had just been taught them.

Mr. Tabor heartily thanked the electors that had voted for him, and although he had been defeated he had polled a vote that any new man might not be ashamed of.

Mr. Guter, although frequently called for, failed to put in an appearance.

Wellington Ward.

John McPherson, nominated by Joseph Vandine.

Alex. Calder, nominated by J. O. Risteen.

George Parker, nominated by Joseph Vandine.

The candidates briefly addressed the electors both before and after the election. The election was carried on quietly, but the candidates kept up a lively canvass throughout the day.

The result was as follows:—

John McPherson.....49
Geo. H. Parker.....43
Alexander Calder.....43

SENIOR-TREASURER'S SUPPLY.

The members of the Council, the County Officers and the Town Officers.

At the close of the Council on Thursday evening last, the councillors in a body, the county officials and the press representatives repaired to "Kate's," whether they had been invited, by Mr. Wilson, the Secretary-Treasurer, to partake of an oyster supper.

The Secretary-Treasurer's yet unborn are loud in their complaints of the precedent established, but just whose fault it is they do not know. The oysters and the eaters were served up in Miss McMichael's excellent style. A number of toasts were drunk, a good many jokes cracked, and the occasion in general was one of much jollity and good humor. The toast to the Queen was first honored, after which the health of the County Councillors was drunk and responded to by the new members of the Board, viz. Mr. A. E. Cliff, Mr. Avery and Mr. Little. The toast to the Parish of Prince William drew forth some happy and humorous remarks from Coss, McManus, and the Secretary-Treasurer.

The toast to the Press was responded to by Mr. P. B. Cliff, of the Star, and Mr. McMichael, of the Capital, and Mr. Lawson, of the Globe.

Mr. McMichael's Speech.

Mr. McMichael said he wished to take this occasion to inform the able representatives of this noble county that he had no intention, when speaking during the session last year, to dictate to the Mayor, as he had heard it expressed from several members of the Board. He only wished to place himself and the paper he represented on as fair a basis as the other papers and reporters. Mr. McNulty, of course, could not see his way clear to do so, but he would pay while the other papers were ignored, nor could he, if he had been placed in the same position. As for Mr. Cliff he was as yet a novice in the business, and would probably have declined to take any part had he known just what steps were right and proper for him to take. He wished particularly to inform the councillors that Mr. Cliff was not in the habit of dictating to the Mayor, and that he was not in the habit of dictating to the Mayor, and that he was not in the habit of dictating to the Mayor.

"Ex-Wardens of the Council" was the next toast proposed and was warmly responded to by Mr. Luke Lawson, Mr. James P. Rinder and Mr. Thomas Colter. Mr. Lawson, in the course of his remarks made the statement that his parish (Cantonbury) gave to the county the first Warden ever had—about thirty years ago—in the person of Mr. Asa Dow.

The toast of the officers of the municipality brought Mr. Wm. W. Wiley to the front, who, in his speech, also mentioned Mr. John Black. Both were loudly applauded. "City Council" was responded to by Mr. George Cliff. The toast to the ladies was honored and their cause espoused by the unanimous members of the Board, Mr. A. E. Cliff and Mr. Gilman, after which the pleasant evening's entertainment was brought to a close.

Order of Foresters.

At the regular meeting of Mount Alexander, No. 141, held at Maryville Monday evening last, the following officers were duly installed: Alfred Rowley, C. D. H. C. R.; W. T. Day, G. R.; George F. Hanson, V. C. R.; H. F. Lint, Sec. Sec.; R. A. Taylor, Fin. Sec.; Henry Morill, Treas.; Thomas Morrison, S. W.; John Dunbar, S. W.; Thomas McDowell, S. B.; Joseph Walker, J. B.; L. S. Munger, Chap.; Isaac C. Sharp, M. J. Phys.

Alfred Rowley and Henry Morill were elected representatives to High Court, which meets at St. John in August next.

Cutting Notes.

At a meeting of the cutters Monday night the following rinks were selected for the match with Newcastle—Ships W. K. Allen, E. H. Allen, J. S. Neil and T. G. Loggie.

Not being able to get men to go to Truro on the date mentioned, that match has been indefinitely postponed.

The following eight men were selected to enter into the contest for the McLeelan cup:—T. O. Loggie, E. H. Allen, A. P. Street, W. K. Allen, H. C. Rutter, Jas. H. Hawthorne, J. B. Grieve, and F. S. Hilyard.

The different committees for the ball to be held on March 2nd were appointed.

Preparing for Drill.

The officers and non-commissioned officers of Capt. Loggie's company, 71st Battalion, met in their armory rooms on Thursday night last to organize for drill. It is the intention of Capt. Loggie and the officers of this company to perform regular drill at least one night out of every week.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.—Most diseases of the skin arise from bad blood and lack of cleanliness, and are caused by greasy secretions. Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples and all Humors of the blood are curable by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purifies the blood.

ST. DUNSTON'S FAIR.

The Opening Yesterday Afternoon.

Handsome Work by the Ladies of the Congregation.

List of Different Committees in Charge.

The fair at St. Dunstan's Hall opened on Monday and during the afternoon and evening the ladies of the congregation were especially busy. With people representing all denominations, the city. No one could take a glance into the hall during any time that the fair was in progress yesterday without being fully convinced that it was a great success on the opening day. The hall is gaily decorated for the occasion and every thing within presents a most inviting appearance. Everything was in readiness at 2 o'clock, the hour for the opening. The committees that took charge of their different booths.

The tea table was the most prominent part of the entertainment about 5 o'clock and from that time until about 7.30 o'clock. The tables were beautifully laden with a most excellent supply, and reflected the highest credit on all the ladies who took part in providing the fare. The lady attendants at the tea table were Mrs. Murphy, Miss Brown, Miss Elliott, Miss Taylor, Miss McGill, Miss Jennie McArthur, Miss Rose McGrath, Miss McManley, Miss Jennie Kellier, Miss McFarlane and Miss Scully.

Near the append of the tea table stands the holder tree, it was with tablets and containing 300 bibles of every denomination. This tree is in charge of Miss McManus and Miss Jennie McArthur and the holders are disposed of by numbered tickets. The magic came close by is a great attraction and affords much amusement for the young folk, and a good many dimes are taken in by the fairies in charge of the booth. Miss Jennie Seery, Miss Mary Dowling and Miss Nellie Broderick.

But the greatest source of attraction is the fancy table, and a more elegant and magnificent display of fancy work is very seldom seen at a church bazaar. The fancy goods, sent to make this table complete, are of most endless variety, and great pains have been taken to get the best in charge to make this department a complete success.

For his to take. He visited particularly the fancy work done by the Sisters in simply elegant and attractive the attention of all. The green plush luster painted banner, the sign of Miss Mackay is very beautiful and skillfully executed, and also the Kensington worked soft cushion done by the same lady; the painted and embroidered work of Miss Owens; the fancy needed worked soft cushion by Miss Seery; the Kensington worked soft cushion by Miss O'Connor; the elegant fancy work by Miss McDonald and Miss McPeake; and a number of lace goods and bangles.

From the Kensington patterning and in oils, the work of different ladies, are among the very handsome and valuable fancy goods noted by the reporter at this booth. The ladies in charge of the fancy table are Mrs. McPeake, Mrs. Nealis, Mrs. Meagher, Mrs. Dowling, Miss Mary Seery, Miss Elliott, Miss Duffy, Mrs. McManley, Miss Alice Meagher, Miss Sharkey, Miss Jessie Owens, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. Jennings, Miss Jessie Perks.

Besides the booths already mentioned there is the Italian curiosity table presided over by the Misses Farrell; the Bagatelle table by Miss Seery and Miss McFarlane; and the table of lace goods and bangles by Mrs. Seery and Miss McFarlane.

There was no business for the Sunbury County Court which met on Tuesday, 19th.

Look out for the announcement of a grand dramatic entertainment to be given in the City Hall in a short time.

Starving to Death.

Some months ago, John Bodin, a grocery and provision dealer of this city, suddenly started ill. He remained there a few hours, and commenced to eat strangely, and finally made a desperate attempt to commit suicide. He was brought back to this city, and was afterwards sent into the country. He apparently was doing well when suddenly he refused to eat and in starting himself to death. He has been unable to speak for some hours, and will probably soon die. No reason for his insanity has been discovered. Up to the day of his leaving this city for St. John he was a very bright and active business man.—Portland Press.

This is the same person whose most tragical act, probably in his whole life, was played in this city. The Press is in error about the time when he was in St. John.

Security Given by Mr. Rainford.

As a security for the deficiency in the county funds and to reduce his liabilities, Mr. Rainford, ex-Secretary-Treasurer, has deposited with the present Secretary-Treasurer a life insurance policy transferred to him by Mr. H. G. O. Wetmore, the premium for which Auditor General Beck has promised to pay to Mr. Rainford, and the liability has been further reduced by the payment of Mr. Rainford's half yearly salary.

A Great Paper.

We are indebted to Dr. Patterson for a copy of the San Francisco Chronicle of Jan. 1st. It is a marvellous sample of journalism.

SWELLER'S NECK.—Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Bernville, Pa., writes, testifies to a prompt cure of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat, by Dr. H. B. Sweller's Sore Throat and Hoarse Voice Remedy. Yellow Oil. Yellow Oil is a sure relief for all painful conditions.

CAMPBELLTON NOTES.

Railway Men Helping the Poor.—The smallest Fox River, A Heavy Snow Storm.

Wednesday, Jan. 26th, 1886.—There is to be a supper and musical entertainment given to-morrow (Thursday) morning in Patterson's hall, under the auspices of the Railway Men's Association, for the benefit of the poor in and around Campbellton. The railway men are to be commended in getting up an entertainment for such a purpose, and the townspeople will, doubtless, give it the patronage it deserves.

The Literary Society is now in good working order. A large number of ladies members take an active part in all its proceedings. Last evening the programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music, readings, and an interesting paper on "Hygiene," by Dr. Frank Brown. Next Tuesday evening, Rev. Mr. Waits will give a lecture before the society, subject, "Be your best."

There was a heavy fall of snow, of about sixteen inches, last night. To-day it is drifting badly. All trains north and south are late several hours.

The small-pox scare has somewhat abated, but Dr. Brown informs us that many places along the I. C. R. near Riviere du Loup are infected. His is to be hoped by the watchfulness of the medical officer that this place will escape.

Broom Drill Entertainment.

The Broom Drill given by the W. C. T. Union in the City Hall, Saturday night, was largely attended and proved a great success. The young girls who formed the Broom Brigade were headed in their march about the stage by Corp. Shea of the Infantry School, singing as they went the "Broom Brigade" marching song. The girls were all attired alike in their white dusting caps, white aprons and red stockings and they formed a pretty sight as they went through the many complicated figures of their drill, all of which was neatly and nicely done, and without the slightest mistake. The call to "Quick, March," "Pratt Arms," "Right About Face," "March," was promptly obeyed and brought forth roars of laughter from the audience. The "Broom Brigade" and the song and recitation in connection with it were nicely carried out and formed a pleasing feature of the entertainment. The "Broom Brigade" was very beautiful and were all well worth the price of admission. The following is the full programme which was carried out to perfection by all the little ones:—

Broom Drill.

Song—Louise and Nellie Lugin.

Recitation—Allie Sharp.

Song—Louise Lugin.

Recitation—Allie Sharp.

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Recitation—Allie Sharp.

Lumbering Notes.

Lumbering, which is an all important industry with us, is fortunately quite brisk this winter. Messrs. Rabbitt & McKinn have a party of 65 men engaged. Their camps are on Forest Lake, on the right side of the Tobique, and they are pushing their work vigorously, and expect to put out 5 million feet.

John McDougall, who is in the same section, with a large crew, expects to place a considerable quantity on the browls also. Their landings are on the lake, and expect to run through in the spring with the aid of driving dams.

Mr. Bell is working on the Odell Brook, and will probably cut and haul about two million feet; Messrs. Armstrong Bros. will put out about two millions.

Mrs. Baird, Kinney & Merritt have a number of parties in the Tobique waters. The probabilities are that the quantity of spruce cut this winter will be considerably in excess of any one season for some years back.—Scribner.

Notes from Margareville.

MARGAREVILLE, Jan. 25.—Mr. John Anthony, of Fredericton, who had his saw mill at this place burned a few months ago, has it rebuilt and will commence operations about the first of February.

A pie sociable will be given at the Temperance Hall, Lower Margareville, on Wednesday evening next, the proceeds to be appropriated towards furnishing Rocker Sterling with a set of driving harness.

An old resident of Burton, Mr. John Allen, died very suddenly at his son's residence, Mr. David Allen, on Wednesday last. Deceased was in his 80th year and was widely and favorably known.

The parlor concert given at Mr. John K. Gilbert's last week was largely attended and proved very successful. The proceeds will be appropriated towards St. Paul's Church, Burton.

How to Cure Diphtheria.

To the Editor of THE GLAZIER:—

Some time ago I lost two children with diphtheria, and while I was in Portland, Me., a gentleman gave me this wash as another one of my children had it again. I have used it in three or four cases and it has done wonders, and I hope you will publish it and we will have good results. Take equal parts turpentine and sweet oil, use a long brush, wash the throat out every hour and in three hours there will be a great change for the better.

C. E. B.

CAMPBELLTON, Jan. 26th.

A Newspaper Publishing Company.

Narcissus A. Landry, Bathurst, Gloucester County, N. B., Barrister-at-Law; Laman R. Seely and Blanche Tibbitts.

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In **Dress Goods, Prints, Cottons, Swansons**
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ROOM PAPER and COTTON WARPS
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Brown, Blue and Black—all
and colors, being best **Wool of Eng-**
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quality, suitable for **fall and winter**
year.
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quality, which will be made up
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King Street - Fredericton
Fredericton, September, 1884.

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THE IRISH PRIDE OF AN
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.
(Continued.)

"Mona, rising, pushes Violet gently into her own chair, a little black-and-gold-wicker chair, gaily, contentedly."

"Yes, at that," she says, a new note of tender sympathy in her tone, keeping her hand on Violet's shoulder as she speaks. "You are not to be vexed, my dear, rise again. You must indeed. It is not such a dear, cozy, comfortable little chair."

Why it has become suddenly necessary that Violet should make a dash for the comfortable she omits to explain.

Then Dorothy, going up to the new comer, removes her hat from her head and puts her cheeks, and tells her with one of her loveliest smiles that she has "such a little cold, which will settle off with like a wave of the great apple-blossom!"

Apple blossoms suggest the orchard, and whereon Violet reddens perceptibly, and Nolly grows cold with fright, and feels a little more than a little faint.

Lastly, Lady Darling comes to the front with—

"You have not tired yourself, dear, I hope. The day has been so oppressively warm, more like July than May. Wouldn't you like to go to the lake, and have I have it half an hour earlier if you wish?"

All these evidences of affection Violet notices in a dreamy, far-off fashion: she is the happier because of them; yet she does not overcasten them longingly, being filled with one absorbing thought, that dulls all others. She accepts the chair, the compliment, and the tea with grace, but with somewhat vague gratitude.

And when her brothers are behaving with the utmost gallantry, and one of them called him "sold fellow" twice and once Geoffrey has slapped him on the back with a heartiness well meant, and he does not encourage, but trying.

And when she is asked to play the piano, and seeing everything just now through a rose colored veil, tells herself he is specially pleased in his own people, and that Geoffrey and old Nick are two of the best of the best of men, and that she is a little dejected, being lost in an eddy, she refuses persistently to be so caught.

Nolly alone of all the group stands aloof, joining not at all in the unapologetic and the undisturbed pleasure of them, and nothing but the guilty culprit did find it necessary to say—

"How you were all laughing when we came in!" says Violet; presently: "I could not hear you at all along the corridor."

Everybody at this smiles involuntarily—everybody, that is, except Nolly, who feels faint again, and turns a rich and angry crimson.

"You were all joking, of course," goes on Violet, not having received any answer to her first question.

"It was," says Nicholas, feeling a reply can no longer be shirked. Then he says "Ahem!" and turns his glance confidently to Violet.

But Geoffrey, to whom the situation has its charm, takes up the broken thread.

"It was one of Nolly's good things," he says, gayly.

"Yes, yes," says Violet, who knows how to be a prudent listener, and has her funny to the last degree—calculated to set any "table in a row"—give it to us again. Nolly. It bears repeating. As he likes to it it you, Violet."

"Yes, yes," says Violet.

"Do not, Nolly," exclaims Dorothy, in her most encouraging tone. "Let Violet hear it. She will understand it."

"I would, of course, with pleasure—because the unfortunate Nolly," she says, "perhaps Violet heard it before?"

"Well, really, do you know, I think she did!" says Mona, so demurely that they all smile again.

"Nolly," says Dorothy, says Mr. Darling to Geoffrey in an indignant tone, aside. "You all gave your oaths to secrecy before I began, and now you are determined to betray me. It ails right down shamefully. And I shan't forget it this time, you, let me tell you that."

"My dear fellow you can have forgotten it so soon," says Geoffrey, pretending to misunderstand this vehement whispering. "Don't be shy! or shall I refresh your memory?"

"It was, you remember about—"

"Oh, yes—yes—I know; it doesn't matter; I'll pay you out for this," says Nolly savagely, in an aside.

"Nolly," says Violet, "I do like a good story," says Violet, to Geoffrey.

Then Nolly's last will suit you down the ground," says Nicholas. "Besides it is wit, it possesses the rare quality of being strictly true. It really occurred. It founded on fact. He himself vouches for it."

"Oh, go on, do," says Mr. Darling, a second aside, who is by this time in brilliant purple from fear and indignation.

"Let's have it," says Jack, taking up from his reverie, having found it impossible to compel Violet's eyes to move his.

"It is really nothing," says Nolly feverishly. "You have all heard it before."

"I said so," murmurs Mona, meekly. "It is quite an old story," goes on Nolly.

smiling mildly at the leg of a distant acquaintance.

"You are bent on telling 'em," she said, "do all at once," whispers Nolly, casting withering glances at the smiling Geoffrey. "It will save time and trouble."

"I never saw any one feel the heat as much as Oliver," says Geoffrey, pleasantly. "I have never seen him so red."

"Would you like a fan, Nolly?" says Mona, with a laugh, yet really with kindly view to rescuing him from his present dilemma. "Do you think I left it at home?" she asks, with immediate interest.

"I am sure I could," says Nolly, bestowing upon her a grateful glance, after which he starts upon his errand with suspicious haste.

"How odd Nolly is at times!" says Violet, yet without any very great show of surprise. She is still wrapp'd in her own dream of delight, and is rather indifferent to objects in which but rarely takes any personal or intimate interest. "But, Nicholas, what was his story about? He seems quite determined not to impart it to me."

"A mere nothing," says Nicholas, who, however, was merely telling her the truth, because he was sure that he had made of anything of that sort he takes in hand."

"But what was the subject of it?" asks Violet.

"Oh—well, those thirty-five charming companions of Mona's who are now in the House of Commons—or, rather, out of it. It was little tale that related to their expulsion the other night by the Speaker—and—er—other things."

"I don't care for that kind of gossip," says Violet, with a somewhat quick "yes."

"I shouldn't care for it," says Nicholas.

"This is fortunate. Every one feels that Nicholas is not only clever, but singularly lucky."

"It wasn't all politics, of course," he says, smiling.

Whereupon every one thinks he is bold and daring man to risk her fortune again.

It is at this particular moment that Violet, inadvertently raising her head, catches sight of Mona's face, who now is like that young man—being prompt in action—goes quickly up to her, and in the sight of the assembled multitude takes her hand in his.

"How can you not see well then this morning as you see other times," he says, presently.

"Oh, no, no, now," pleads Violet, hastily. She rises hurriedly from her seat, and, after her disengaged hand of her lover, turns to her friend, and catches sight of her self possession, and a blush warm and rich as carmine, mantles over her cheek.

This fond coloring, sultry the exigencies of the moment, and the fact that she never before has she looked so strikingly pretty. Her lips tremble, her eyes grow pathetic. And Captain Rodney, already deeply in love, goes one degree more impressed with the fact of his own good fortune, if having conceived no enviable bride.

Passing his arm round her, he draws her closer to him.

"Mother, Violet has promised to marry me," says she, abruptly. "Haven't you Violet?"

And Violet says, "Yes, obediently," then the tears come into her eyes, and she, quite a born liar on her lips, so sweet, and so singularly naïve to whisper to her mother, "I don't know what she said, it was in Violet to look like that."

Here a crowd everybody says the most charming thing or she can think of at a woman's notice; and then she catches sight of her mother's face, and in this auspicious instant with the fan and recovered temper, joins in the general congratulations, and actually kisses her, though Geoffrey whispers "traitor!"

"It is an awful tone, as he goes forward to do it."

"It is the sweetest thing that could have happened," says Dorothy, enthusiastically.

"Now Mona and you and I will be ready to do it," says Geoffrey.

"What a surprise it all is!" says Geoffrey, hypocritically.

"Yes, isn't it?" says Dorothy, quite good-faith; "though I don't know at all what you mean, but I am sure I am not ourselves; we knew all about this long ago!"

"Yes, long ago," says Geoffrey, with indignation. "Quite an hour," says Dorothy, smiling.

"Yes, hardly," says Violet, with a laugh and another blush. "How could you?"

"A little bird whispered it to me," explains Geoffrey, lightly. Then, taking pity on Nolly's evident agony, he goes on, "that is, you know, we guessed it long ago, and I am sure I am not ourselves; we knew all about this long ago!"

There is something deplorably naïf about this exposition, when the lovers have been, during the past two months, always absent from the rest of the family as models.

"It is like a fairy tale," says Dorothy, pretty; "says little Dorothy, who is quite sure to turn out an inveterate match-maker when a few more years have rolled over her sunny head."

"It is Nolly's story that he declined telling me," says Violet, smiling.

"Well, really, now you say it," says Dorothy, smiling.

Collyre's tale: when you come
 to compare it with the other they count
 as the best of the kind.
 "What! How could Jack and I resemble
 an Irish member?" asks she, with a little
 grimace.
 "Everything has its romantic side,"
 says Geoffrey; "even an Irish member
 has his. I have never known a man who
 really loves his country, and I have never
 seen that it is positively bristling with
 romance."
 CHAPTER XXXIX.
 And now what remains to be told
 of the history of what you gentle reader
 has reached that heaven where she would
 be!—
 Violet and Dorothy are to be married
 next month, both on the same day, at
 the same hour, in the same church,—St.
 George's, Hanover Square, without a
 ring. From Lord Lard Stayne's house in
 Mayfair, by Dorothy's special desire, both
 marriages are to take place, both the
 father being somewhat erratic in his
 conduct, and in fact at this time being
 deliriously amusing on the Himalayas.
 Monsi is happier than words can say.
 She is up to her eyes in the business,
 that business sweetest to a woman's soul,
 of looking after and directing and general
 management of a fortune. In her case the
 she is doubly blessed, because she has
 the supervising of two!
 Her sympathy is unbounded, her temper
 is equal to the most trying occasions,
 for little or nothing is to be done, and
 she is to be the refuge of an unending
 source of comfort,—a two girls an unending
 way unrebuked pour out the indignations
 against their dreamakers that seem to
 be coming straightly within their brows.
 Indeed, she is the only person who
 of the plenitude of her heart, "How we
 should possibly go on without you
 Monsi, I shudder to contemplate."
 Geoffrey happening to be present
 on the occasion, and being, as they say,
 Violet turns to him, and says, impulsively—
 "Oh, Geoffrey, wasn't it well you were
 to be here and met Monsi? Because
 you had met her on here last autumn
 when she was so much in love with
 you, and then that would have become
 of poor Monsi!"
 "What is it you would say?" exclaims
 Monsi, threateningly, turning toward
 Geoffrey, who has vainly tried to
 dole with anger.
 "It is impossible, such an institution
 exists," says the lively Dorothy. "Violet
 Monsi's cause is ours; what shall we
 do?"
 "Brain him with his wife's faith,"
 quotes Violet, playfully, snatching up
 Monsi's fan that lies on a *pridée* near
 and going up to Geoffrey.
 "No detraction!" is his aspect this
 time, and he looks at her with a
 crying "mea culpa," says a hasty
 retreat.
 From more to deny, eye, nothing
 discussed in bower or boudoir but
 bouffes, fluffs and furbelows,—three, or
 four, or five, or six, or seven, or eight,
 more vital importance than those other
 three of Mr. Parnell's former. As
 Monsi, having proved herself quite
 good taste in the matter of her own
 dress, and being, as she is, a person
 is concerned, is appealed to by both
 girls on all occasions about such things
 as must be had in readiness "Against
 their beryl day, which is not long."
 As for instance—
 "Is it very true that Elsie is right
 she is so very positive; are you
 allright is the correct shade to go with
 this?"
 "Dearest Monsi, I must interrupt you
 for a moment. Are you very sure that
 do come and look at the last bouffé
 Madame Veroté has just sent. She
 there will be nothing to equal it this
 season. But in a heart broken voice,
 she is bringing into the circle, it being
 said—
 Lady Roiney, too, is quite happy
 Everything has come right; all is now
 again; there is no longer cause for censure
 and never-ending fear. With P.
 Monsi's greatest—the latter feeling con-
 sidered the more so, as she has con-
 sidered her enemy lost; without the use
 any murderous force the walls in
 falls down before her, and she is
 flying into the circle with flying
 feet.
 Yet does she so different or is it with-
 out she reaches forth her hand to em-
 brace him, and strives by every
 means to bring him back to the dilated
 memory of the unpleasant past.
 And Lady Roiney is very willing that
 it should be obliterated. Just now,
 indeed, it is a favorite theory of hers that
 could never have been unconvincing
 to her. It is always "Dear Monsi, to-
 day (say) let us go to the theatre, and
 that lay upon her, caused by the Au-
 stralian and the missing will, and a
 cruel belief that such Nicholas would
 be banished from the house where he
 had been so long. His heart was
 game happily with her, her mind would
 not have been so warped, and she would
 have learned at once to understand and
 appreciate the sweetness of the de-
 lightful character! And so on.
 "I'll accept this excuse for you,"
 insists—

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A vertical black and white image showing a close-up of a textured surface, possibly a book cover or endpaper. A dark, irregular vertical strip runs down the center, contrasting with the lighter, textured background on either side. The texture appears fibrous or woven, typical of paper or fabric.

LILLIAN,
THE HEIRLESS.

CHAPTER I.

Down the broad oak staircase through the silent hall into the drawing room came Lillian, singing as she went. The room was deserted; through the half-closed blinds the dim sunshine was rushing, turning to gold all on which its soft touch lingered, and rendering the large, dim, handsome apartment almost comfortable.

Outside everything is bright and warm, and genial, as should be in the heart of summer; within there is only gloom—and Lillian clings to her mourning robes. The contrast is disquieting; there, life, here death, or at least the knowledge of it. There joy, here the signs and trap-pings of woe.

The black gown and funeral train—hardly harmonious with the girl's flower-like face and the gay song that trembled on her lips. But, alas! for how soon a time does our first keen sorrow last! how swiftly are our dearest forgotten! how seldom does grief kill! When eight long months have flown by across her father's grave Lillian finds, sometimes to her dismay, that the hours she grieves for him form but a short part of her day.

Not that her sorrow for him, even at its freshest, was very deep; it was of the subdued and horrified rather than the passionate, despairing kind. Aunt though in truth she mourned and wept for him until her pretty eyes could hold no longer tears, still there was a mildness about her grief more suggestive of tender melancholy than any very poignant anguish.

From her the dead father could scarcely be more separated than had been the living. Naturally of a rather sedentary disposition, Archibald Chesney, on the death of the wife whom he adored, had become that most uninteresting and selfish of all things, a confirmed bookworm. He went in for study of the abstruse and heavy order, with an air worthy of a better cause. His library was virtually his home; he had neither affections nor desires beyond devoting himself exclusively to his books, he suffered them to take entire possession of what he chose to call his heart.

At times he absolutely forgot the existence of his little three-year-old daughter; and if ever the remembrance of her did cross his mind, it was but to think of her as an incubus—as another misfortune heaped upon his luckless shoulders—and to wonder, with a sigh, what he was to do with her in the future.

The child, deprived of a tender mother at so early an age, was flung, therefore, upon the tender mercies of her nurses, who alternately petted and injudiciously reproved her, until at length she came to be as utterly spoiled as a child can be. She had one companion, a boy cousin about a year older than herself.

He too was lonely orphaned, so that the two children, making common cause, clung closely to each other, and shared, both in infancy and in early youth, their joys and sorrows. The Park had been the boy's home ever since his parents' death, Mr. Chesney accepting him as his ward, but never afterwards troubling himself about his welfare. Indeed he had no objection whatever to fill the Park with relations, so long as they left him undisturbed to follow his own devices.

Not that the education of these children was neglected. They had all the tuition that was necessary, and Lillian, having a talent for music, learned to sing and play the piano very charmingly. She could ride, too, and at her horse a mer-cantile, and had a passion for reading—perhaps inherited. But, as novels were her principal literature, and as she had no time to regulate her choice of them, it was a matter of opinion whether she derived much benefit from them. At least she received little harm, as at seventeen she was as fresh minded and pure heart-ed as a child as one might care to know.

The county, knowing her to be an heiress—though not a large one—called systematically on her every three months. Twice she had been taken to a ball by an enterprising mother with a large family of unpromising sons. But as she reached her eighteenth year her father died, and her old home, the Park, being strictly entailed on male heirs, passed from her into the hands of a distant cousin utter-ly unknown. This young man, another Archibald Chesney, was abroad at the time of his kinsman's death—in Egypt, or Hong-Kong, or Jamaica—no one exactly knew which—until after much search he was finally discovered to be in Halifax.

From thence he had written to the effect that, as he probably should not return to his native land for another six months, he hoped his cousin (if it pleased her) would continue to reside at the Park—where all the old servants were to be kept on—until his return.

It did please his cousin; and in her old home she still reigned as queen, until after eight months she received a letter from her father's lawyer warning her of Archibald Chesney's actual arrival in London.

This letter failed in its object. Lillian either would not or could not bring her-

self to name the day that should part her forever from all the old haunts and pleasant nooks she loved so well. She was not brave enough to take her "Brace-shaw" and look up the earliest train that ought to convey her away from the Park. Indeed, so utterly wanting in decency and decorum did she appear at this particular epoch of her existence, that the heart of her only aunt—her father's sister—was stirred to depths. So much so that, after mature deliberation (for old people as well as great ones move slowly), she finally packed up the venerable hair-trunk that had seen the rise and fall of several monarchs, and marched all the way from Edinburgh to this Midland English shire, to try what firm exhorta-tion could do in the matter of bringing her niece to see the error of her ways.

For a whole week it did very little. Lillian was independent in more ways than one. She had considerable spirit and five hundred pounds a year in her own right. Not only did she object to leave the Park, but she regarded with horror the prospect of going to reside with the guardians appointed to receive her by her father. Not that this idea need have filled her with dismay. Sir Guy Chesney, the actual guardian, was a young man not likely to trouble him-self overmuch about any ward; while his mother, Lady Chesney, was that most gracious of all things, a beautiful and lovable old lady.

Why Mr. Chesney had chosen so young a man to look after his daughter's interests must forever remain a mystery—perhaps because he happened to be the oldest son of his oldest friend, long since dead. Sir Guy accepted the charge because he thought it unwell to refuse, and chiefly because he believed it likely Miss Chesney would marry before her father's death. But events proved the fallacy of human thought. When Archibald Chesney's demise appeared in the Times, Sir Guy made a little face and took meekly a good deal of "chaffing" at his brother's hands, while Lady Chesney sat down and, with a faint sinking at her heart, wrote a kind letter to the orphan, offering her a home at Chetwood. To this letter Lillian had sent a polite reply, thanking "dear Lady Chesney" for her kind-ness, and telling her she had no intention of quitting the Park just at present. Later on she would be only too happy to accept it, etc., etc.

Now, however, standing in her own drawing-room, Lillian feels, with a pang, the game is almost played out; she must leave. Aunt Priscilla's arguments are detestable though they be, are unparal-ly quite unanswerable. To her own heart she confesses this much, and the little girl French song dies on her lips, and the smile fades from her eyes, and her head down to her little arched instep.

It is more than pretty, it is lovely—the fair, sweet childish face, framed in by its yellow hair; her green velvet dress, now like a rain loquacious, are blue as the skies above her; her nose is pure Greek; her forehead low, but broad, is partly shrouded by little wandering threads of gold that come about her eyes and her hair, and her hair, long and dark, curl upward from her eyes, as though hating to conceal the beauty of the exquisite azure within. She is not tall, and she is very slender, but not lean. She is willful, quick-tempered, and impetuous, but large-hearted and lovable. There is a certain haughti-ness about her that contrasts curiously but pleasantly with her youthful expres-sion and laughable kissing mouth. She is straight and limber as a young ash-tree; her hands and feet are small and well shaped; in a word, she is *cute* from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes.

"You strengthen my desire to stay," says Lillian, somewhat frivolously. "I should like to say 'No' to him!"

"Lillian, you make me shudder," says Miss Priscilla, earnestly. "When I was your age, even younger, I had a full sense of the horror of allowing any man to mention my name lightly. I kept all men at arm's length. I suffered no jest-ing or foolish talk from them. And mark the result," says Miss Chesney, with pride: "I defy any one to say a word of me but what is admirable and replete with modesty."

"Did any one ever propose to you, auntie?" asks Miss Lillian, with a naugh-ty laugh.

"Certainly. I had many offers," replies Miss Priscilla, promptly, which is one of the few lies she allows herself. "I was persecuted by suitors in my younger days, but I refused them all. And if you will take my advice, Lillian, say this virgin, with much solemnity, 'you will never, never put yourself into the clutches of a man.' She utters this last word as though she would have said a tiger, or a serpent, or anything else ruthless and bloodthirsty. "But all this is beside the question."

"It is rather," says Lillian, demurely. But, suddenly brightening: "Between my dismal dreaming last night I thought of another plan."

"Another!" with open dismay.

"Yes"—triumphantly—"It occurred to me that this bugbear, my cousin, might go abroad again. Like the Wan-dering Jew, he is always traveling; and who knows but he may take a fancy to visit the South Pole, or discover the

Northwestern passage, or go with Jules Verne to the centre of the earth? If so, why should not I remain here and keep house for him? What can be simpler?"

"Nothing?"—truly—"but unfortu-nately he is not going abroad again."

"No! How do you know that?"

"Through Mr. Shude, the solicitor."

"Ah!" says Lillian, in a despairing tone, "how unhappy I am! Though I might have known that wretched young man would be the last to do what is his pal-pable duty." There is a pause. Lillian's head sinks upon her hand; dejection shows itself in every feature. She sighs so heavily that Miss Priscilla's spirits rise, and she assures herself the game is won. Rash hope.

Suddenly Lillian's countenance clears; she raises her head, and a faint smile appears within her eyes.

"Aunt Priscilla, I have yet another plan," she says, cheerfully.

"Oh, my dear, I do hope not," says poor Miss Chesney, almost on the verge of tears.

"Yes, and it emanated from you. Supposing I were to remain here, and he did fall in love with me, and married me, what then? Would not that solve the difficulty? Once the ceremony was performed, he might go prying about all over the known globe for all I should care. I should have my dear Park. I declare," says Lillian, waxing valiant, "had he but one eye, or did he appear before me with a wooden leg (which I hold to be the most contemptible of all things), nothing should induce me to refuse him under the circumstances."

"And are you going to throw yourself upon your cousin's generosity, and actually ask him to take pity on you and make you his wife?" Lillian, I fancied you had some pride," says Miss Chesney, gravely.

"So I have," says Lillian, with a repent-ant sigh. "How I wish I hadn't! No, I suppose it wouldn't do to marry him in that way, no matter how badly I treated him afterwards to make up for it. Well, my last hope is dead."

"And a good thing, too. Now, had you not better sit down and write to Lady Chetwood—or your guardian, naming an early day for going to them? Though what your father could have meant by selecting so young a man as guardian is more than I can imagine."

"Because he wished me to live with Lady Chetwood, who was evidently an old flame; and because Sir Guy, from all I hear, is a sort of Admirable Crichton—just as well let me have a room here, I'm sure the place is large enough. He need not grudge me one or two apartments. The left wing, for instance."

"Lillian," says Miss Chesney, rising from her chair, "how old are you?"

"I am eighteen years of age."

"You must be lost to all sense of decorum even to imagine such a thing. You and he in one house, how should you avoid meeting?"

"Well, even if we did meet," says Lillian, with a small rippling laugh im-possible to quell, "I dare say he wouldn't bite me."

"No"—sternly—"he would probably do worse. He would make me his you-son and laughable kissing mouth. She is straight and limber as a young ash-tree; her hands and feet are small and well shaped; in a word, she is *cute* from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes."

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"Lillian," says Miss Chesney, rising from her chair, "how old are you?"

"I am eighteen years of age."

"You must be lost to all sense of decorum even to imagine such a thing. You and he in one house, how should you avoid meeting?"

"Well, even if we did meet," says Lillian, with a small rippling laugh im-possible to quell, "I dare say he wouldn't bite me."

"No"—sternly—"he would probably do worse. He would make me his you-son and laughable kissing mouth. She is straight and limber as a young ash-tree; her hands and feet are small and well shaped; in a word, she is *cute* from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes."

"You strengthen my desire to stay," says Lillian, somewhat frivolously. "I should like to say 'No' to him!"

"Lillian, you make me shudder," says Miss Priscilla, earnestly. "When I was your age, even younger, I had a full sense of the horror of allowing any man to mention my name lightly. I kept all men at arm's length. I suffered no jest-ing or foolish talk from them. And mark the result," says Miss Chesney, with pride: "I defy any one to say a word of me but what is admirable and replete with modesty."

"Did any one ever propose to you, auntie?" asks Miss Lillian, with a naugh-ty laugh.

"Certainly. I had many offers," replies Miss Priscilla, promptly, which is one of the few lies she allows herself. "I was persecuted by suitors in my younger days, but I refused them all. And if you will take my advice, Lillian, say this virgin, with much solemnity, 'you will never, never put yourself into the clutches of a man.' She utters this last word as though she would have said a tiger, or a serpent, or anything else ruthless and bloodthirsty. "But all this is beside the question."

"It is rather," says Lillian, demurely. But, suddenly brightening: "Between my dismal dreaming last night I thought of another plan."

"Another!" with open dismay.

"Yes"—triumphantly—"It occurred to me that this bugbear, my cousin, might go abroad again. Like the Wan-dering Jew, he is always traveling; and who knows but he may take a fancy to visit the South Pole, or discover the

She walks with a slow, father stately step, and in spite of her years carries her head high. Upon this head rests the daintiest of morning caps, all white lace and delicate ribbon-bows, that match in color her trailing gown. Her hands, small and tapering, are covered with rings; otherwise she wears no adornment of any kind. There is a benignity about her that goes straight to all hearts. Children adore her, dogs fawn upon her, young men bring to her all their troubles—the evil behavior of their tailors and their mistresses are alike laid before her.

To be Continued

1886. -x- ANNUAL -x- 1886.
Remnant SALE!
JOHN J. WEDDALL
Is offering during this month the Season's Accumulation of REMNANTS AT HALF PRICE!

Home Light Oil.
125 bbls. of HOME LIGHT OIL.
The best burning Oil in the Market
Wholesale & Retail, at
G. T. WHELPLEY'S.
N. B.—I bought this oil before the advance and can sell lower than the lowest. G. T. W. Fredericton, Dec. 8, 1885.

A. LIMERICK & CO.
Temperance Hall Building,
York St., Fredericton, N. B.
Glass Fitters and Plumbers.
Just Received: A Large Lot of,
AMERICAN
HOT AIR REGISTERS
In Different Sizes which will be sold at Bottom Prices for Cash. Also, Sole Agent for
THOMAS EDWARDS' Patent

Chimney Cowl,
Which is Guaranteed to make any chimney draw under any circumstances. Warranted to give satisfaction or no pay. Always in stock.
A. LIMERICK & Co.
Fredericton, September 8th, 1885.

HACVARD'S
PEPPERMINT
BALSAM
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

RELIABLE
Fire Insurance.

The LANCASHIRE Fire Insurance Company

CAPITAL : £10,000,000
RESERVE FUND : £10,000,000
INVESTED FUND : £10,000,000
ASSETS IN CANADA : £10,000,000

THE SCOTTISH UNION

NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., OF
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1824

CAPITAL : £10,000,000
RESERVE FUND : £10,000,000
INVESTED FUND : £10,000,000
ASSETS IN CANADA : £10,000,000

AGENTS:

Gregory & Gregory,
OFFICES,
Carlton Street, Fredericton, N. B.,
May 7, 1885.

LOOK! LOOK!

W. H. Vanwart

has in stock, 75 tons
different grades, FLOUR in whole and half barrels,
50 bags SPIGGS, the best, 50 bags Oatmeal and
Half Chest F.L.A.

100 bbls. Apples,
Bishop Pigeons and American Rabbits, 300 lbs.
White's Choice CORNED MEAT, 100 LBS.
in Barrels, Turners and Raisins, together with a full
stock of choice Steaks and Poultry (GEO. HARRIS
for the meat trade, all of which will be sold at the
lowest possible prices. Extra inducements for cash.

W. H. Vanwart's.

Fredericton, Dec. 18, 1885.

WINTER

Christmas Goods!

Sleds, Sleighs; GREAT VARIETY
for Children.
Moccasins, Snowshoes, ALL SIZES.
DOLLS, SPINNING WHEELS,
A Beautiful Collection of
Fancy Goods.
LAMP, CHANDELIER, a Full Line. A rare
lot of
**FANCY CHINA, SINGLE CUPS
and SAUCERS**
10 Various **CABINET ORGANS,**
5 to 12 Stops. Cheapest in the City.
3 Pianos 2, Organs and Pianos for hire.

SILVER PLATED WARE

In Great Variety.

THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES too num-
berous to mention; but we have a larger stock and
better assortment and lower prices than any other
dealer for the same class of goods. A lot of
Bed Comforters, Apple Peelers.

FURNITURE In Many Styles

Wholesale & Retail. Prices Low.
CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASSWARE.

LEMONT & SONS.

Fredericton, Nov. 24, 1885.
220 Mail orders promptly attended to.

"WHEN YOU BUY A CHRISTMAS
PRESENT BUY SOMETHING
SERVICABLE."

Your Wife

Would have no objection to some of our Fashionable
and Stylish
PARLOR SUITS,
With—Platform Rocker, Corner Chair, Easy
Window Chair, Sofa, &c.— upholstered in Fig-
ured Plush, Rose Silk and Hair Cloth
Coverings. We are selling
them very low!

Or Your Husband

To one of our
**Easy, Reclining and Study
CHAIRS,**
Of which we have a fine line, at all prices

And the Children

Will be sure to be pleased with our
**Small Bureaus, Sofas, Bed-
steads, Chairs, Tables, Rock-
ing Chairs, Sleds, &c.**

We have also,
Drapery Tables, Music Stands,
Slipper Boxes, Wall Pockets,
Cabinets, Foot Benches,
Towel Racks, Corner Stands,
Brackets, etc., etc., etc.

ADAMS'

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

County Court House Square.
Fredericton Dec. 8th.

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