MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

SPECIAL MONTREAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

RODGERS'

NONE GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE ✠ REGISTERED TRADE MARK GRANTED 1764.

CUTLERY

JAMES HUTTON & CO., AGENTS FOR CANADA, MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

OAK TANNED "EXTRA" BRAND.

BELTING

ESTABLISHED 1866.

MONTREAL & TORONTO.

THE J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO.

A. ROBB & SONS.

SHOPS IN FULL OPERATION AGAIN

In Salesroom we carry Heavier stock than ever.

HEAVY STOCK OF

Iron Pipe, Steam Fittings, Hose, Belting, Packing, Oils, etc.

ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY FOR

Engines, Boilers, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines Lath Machines, Turbine Wheels, Saw-filers, School Desks, Fence Railings, Crestings, Church and Fire Bells, Bone Mills, Steam Pumps, Emery Wheels, Governors, Copperine, Portable Forges, etc.

Boiler Shop and Foundry Burned March 27th, But both shops in operation again.

Loss Heavy but Health and Pluck Left Yet!

Send Along Your Orders and Remittances and Thus Help Us Out and Up.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike say others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 40 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. L. S. Johnson & Co., 52 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER

FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c. A BOTTLE.

PROFESSIONAL.

CARD!

WILLIAM PUGSLEY,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

OFFICE:—Pugsley Building. Entrance from Canterbury street.

DR. CANBY HATHEWAY

DENTIST,

158 GERMAIN STREET.

DR. CRAWFORD,

L. R. C. P., London, Eng.

Late Clinical Assistant Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, London, Eng.

OCULIST,

may be consulted only on diseases of

EYE, EAR and THROAT.

62 Coburg St., St. John, N. B.

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DENTIST.

OFFICE,

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(LL. B. Harvard, 1889.)

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Meals Served at All Hours.

Dinner a Specialty.

WILLIAM CLARK.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists; or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

THE NEW Grip or Anti-Slip RUBBERS

Are the Delight of Every Wearer.

NO DANGER OF FALLING.

JAS. LEGGAT, Patentee, Montreal

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

WILKINS & SANDS,

266 UNION ST.,

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

MR. E. LAWTON announces his removal from the "BEN LOMOND HOUSE" to "HAWTHORNE HOUSE," where he hopes for the continued patronage of his old Customers. He also can fairly expect many additional patrons, because the present premises are only seven miles from St. John and afford increased facilities for the accommodation of his guests.

Address, E. LAWTON, HAWTHORNE HOUSE, Loch Lomond Road, Simonds, N. B.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street.

D. R. JACK. - - Agent.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

For all purposes for which Soap is used CHEAPER BETTER EASIER than any known article for Washing & Cleaning.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

A Fair Blockade-Breaker.

By T. C. DE LEON,

Author of "Creole and Puritan," "The Puritan's Daughter," etc.

I DARE DO ALL THAT MAY BECOME A MAN;
WHO DARES DO MORE, IS NONE.—MACBETH.

But its most singular and most romantic aspect was the well-known fact that many women essayed the breaking of the border-blockade. Most of them were successful,—more than one well-nigh invaluable, for the information she brought, sewed in her riding-habit, or coiled in her hair. Nor were these coarse camp-women or reckless adventurers. . . . Others are recalled,—petted belles of Baltimore, Washington, and Virginia summer resorts of yore,—who rode through night and peril alike, to carry tidings of cheer home and bring back information woman may best acquire. New York, Washington, and Baltimore today boast three beautiful and gifted women, high in their social ranks, who could—if they would—recite tales of lonely race and perilous adventure, to raise the hair of the budding beauxs about them.—Four years in Rebel Capitals.

SYNOPSIS.

For it was mid winter of 1863 that—clime-imposed rest in the grapple for life, or death, of the blue or gray Granite, still watching in fair, cross on either side of that world-noted river, the Potomac. Carolyn Clay was one of those women, developed only "by storm and stress," who could, at needs, rise to heights of heroism, and even do deeds to shame a soldier. She had stood the social vampires of two seasons, and now was crossing the river, with much needed medicines, between these warring sections, with her companion, Evan Fauntleroy, who had cast his lot as a private soldier under the guidon of the "Black Horse." They meet Lieutenant Greer,—th—North Carolina, "You had best be very watchful as you near the ferry."

[CONTINUED.]

And in answer, clear and shrill and loud from the road beyond echoed the neigh of a horse; and ere Evan's quick hand could clinch his reared muzzle the roan had answered full and strong.

No time to lose now! One chance, and only one!

"Quick! the woods road! Remember: south,—the stone fence,—old Isham! Quick! for yourself!—for little Fairfax!"

And in echo came from the road,—

"Halt! Right about! Forward:—Trot; March!"

Instantly the girl wheeled her horse, trotting rapidly between trees for the narrow road—the reversed scouting-party moving fast towards them, guided by the neigh. Once she turned, crying,—

"Come Evan, you promised!"

And the boy answered, cheerily,—

"Go on! Faster—for Fairfax's sake! I'm coming,"—adding through his clinched teeth, "when I've held them back long enough to save you!"

The thunder of close hoofs was opposite the scout; the Federals, now at a charge, struck out as skirmishers along the road, to bang in their unseen foe. Without even a glance he knew that their carbines were unslung, and the least sound would bring a volley to drop him out of his saddle From the vantage darkness of his covert, he saw the first four dash by, straight for the little trail, for which the girl was making, too.

Then came the officer, in full career; and Evan, quickly wheeling his horse, turned in the saddle and fired at the flying shadows without, —one, twice,—as they came into view. Then came a halt, a rush of quick-changed hoofs, and the crisp twigs of the trees about him hurtled around his ears, as six carbines simultaneously spoke that their covey was flushed. Through the snow-climmed woods he saw them crash, he sitting motionless, half turned in saddle, his left hand firmly feeling the bit.

His ruse had told. He had drawn off pursuit from the girl; and even then his trained ear caught the beat of Blazer's hoofs upon the hard road behind. She had gained the trail and a quarter-mile start! Now for himself; for the foremost Federal was within twenty yards of his still unseen foe.

A flash of the heavy pistol, a sound betwixt a groan and a roar, and the Yankee's horse plunged forward to his knees, rolling his rider in the snow. A touch of the spur, a shake of the bit, and Evan's black—well trained to that kind of work—was dashing southward at half-speed, skimming tree-trunks desperately close, but choosing safest way wholly unguided, while urged ever by spur and voice.

On came the pursuers, strung out through the dim woods, handicapped by heavier mounts and ignorance of the way, yet gallantly pressing after the flying enemy,—not knowing if he were one or a dozen.

Now and again the carbines rang, more than one chip of bark flying near the scout's head; and one bullet whistling close by his ear. But it was racing aim, and the wood was darker than without; so Evan stuck to the shelter as long as he might, before striking out into the woods trail. He was gaining on the Federals, too; and fainter beat of hoofs in front, and fainter still, told him that Carolyn Clay was past pursuit,—was safe at last!

Into the road he dashed; into the road soon strung the pursuit; and with a yell and touch of both spurs the scout gave the black his head and raced for freedom.

Then, straight ahead rang our a distant shot,—a pistol, his trained ear told Evan; and his heart grew as lead, for he knew the Federal had used the carbine. The girl had met some check,—was fighting her way through!

Clinching her teeth and bending far over the neck of his foaming steed, Fauntleroy drove both spurs cruelly home, racing ahead heedless of bullets whistling by, every fibre of his brain strained to listen. No more shots,—no sound of hoofs; only death's stillness ahead. But from behind the thud of hoofs drew nearer, spite of his increased speed,—nearer still! Then, wrenching himself round, the flying Rebel saw a single horseman, far in lead, charging down on him; and the great stride of the horse warned him that his own undefeed beast must lose in that overmatch, More carefully than before, he braced himself by his knees, taking steady aim at the on-rushing shadow behind,—just as a red flash gleamed out from it.

His turning had saved the scout, for he felt the wind of the bullet whizzing by; but he heard, too, thot rasping, indescribable sound of lead crashing into flesh! One lurch, and the black was on his knees, rolling over so quickly as to pin his rider's leg beneath him. On sped the pursuer, followed close by others; and the Reb—with teeth set from pain and rage—rested his pistol on his bridle arm and waited to make his last shot sure-telling.

"Cease firing" rang out in clear command; and the trained troopers fell into twos, as they rode up behind their officer.

Covered by Evan's pistol, the latter rode on alone to certain death, his own revolver silent in his hand. For, with the brutal fire of battle hot in his blood, the scout steadied his aim, and pressed his finger slowly on the trigger,—when suddenly he grew dizzy from pain, and fell back helpless. The next instant the pursuit was on him and he was covered by the officer's pistol.

"Dismount and secure him, sergeant," the Federal ordered, quietly.—"Do you surrender?"

"I can do nothing else," Evan answered, sullenly, quickly adding, in his own vein, "And if you want a live capture, let some of your blue-coated gentlemen lift this good friend of mine off my leg."

The sergeant and another were already beside him, the former deftly wrenching the pistol from his grasp. Brief time it took to raise the quivering horse from his rider's leg and lift the boy, pale with pain, to his feet.

"Easy, boys! Wait a bit! I think that left leg's gone!" he said, with a catch in his breath. "U-ugh! Ah-h! That's better, Mister Yank." And he put his foot gingerly on the ground, tried to rest upon it, then leaned heavily on the stalwart sergeant.

"Who are you?" the officer asked.

"A Confederate soldier," Evan replied.

"Scouting?"

"No; on leave," the other answered, quickly, his shrewdness returning as pain decreased.

"What command?"

"Private, B Troop,—th Virginia Cavalry," was the answer. "I was riding to a farm below, with a lady,—had no notion any Yanks were across the river."

"You fired on us" the officer said sternly.

"But I didn't—hit you!" the boy retorted, with a grin half of pain and half of fun, trying to gain time for Carolyn Clay and listening eagerly for any sound southward.

"Dismounted Corporal Riley, sir," the sergeant reported to his officer, hand to cap.

"That's even, major," Evan retorted, quickly. "You dismounted me. May I ask one favor, sir? My horse and I are old comrades," he added, with a little tremor in the voice. "Will you let the sergeant put him out of pain?—No! not that!" He quickly threw up the cabine the sergeant levelled at signal from the major. "There's one ball left in my pistol; and I think poor old Jeb would rather go that way."

The stout-hearted scout turned his face aside, and the rough sleeve passed swiftly across his eyelids, as the Federal trooper sent the last Confederate bullet into the black's brain.

"Are you badly hurt?" the officer asked.

"Past walking," Evan replied, with quick-repressed grunt of pain as he again tried to bear weight on his left foot. "No bones broken, I guess; but a pretty bad wrench."

"Take him behind you Dowd," the major ordered. "We're wasting time." And two stout pairs of arms raised the captive, not urgently, and placed him on the crup of the Irishman's horse.

"Sergeant, send him back to headquarters. Detail Riley to guard him," the major ordered, wheeling his horse.

"An infantry support, Paddy," whispered Evan, as he gripped the Irishman's waist.

"Hark! what's that?" muttered the Federal officer, suddenly checking his horse and turning in saddle to listen.—"Platoon!—By right and left— as skirmishers—MARCH!"

An instant more, the road was clear, the skirting woods on either hand concealing the little force, and each man's carbine at a "ready."

For now, from southward, plainly sounded hoofs, at rapid trot; and soon the jingle of accoutrements told of cavalry advancing. In rear of the last trooper, Evan listened with bated breath.

Could they be Rebs? Were they Yanks? Had Carolyn evaded them, friends or foes? Maimed, disarmed, and closely watched by the surly man who owed him a dishonored debt, charging captive could only listen and conjecture. And nearer the horsemen trotted merrily through the snow,—now falling heavily, —and soon a dark shadow loomed up in distance.

"Challenge, sergeant," whispered the mayor; and the trooper's knees turned his horse into the road, facing the intruders, his carbine at dead aim.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friends! With the countersign," came the answer. "Is Mayor Conyers there, Sergeant Greer?"

"I am here, Captain Granger," the officer answered, riding out to his subaltern. "What brings your scout on this trail? You were to take the lower road," he added, in a lower voice.

"We heard firing hereaway, sir," the younger soldier replied, in the same tone. "And, besides, we had a chase after the best piece of horseflesh and pluckiest piece of womanhood I have struck in Rebeldom. She cut my shoulder-strap with a bullet, in reply to challenge, then took to cover and led us through the woods like a born fox-hunter."

And you let a woman escape you!" The old major's voice was very dry.

"Not finally, sir. Her horse pumped,—he must have been overridden,—so we hemmed her in at last.—Sergeant Flynn," he added, louder, "advance with your prisoner."

And Carolyn Clay's horse was led to the front, the girl sitting erect in saddle, quiet, but pale, and with an ugly gleam in her blue-gray eyes.

"Who are you, madam—or miss, I presume?" Major Conyers asked, saluting courteously.

"A Virginian,—a lady causelessly chased and arrested while riding quietly homeward," the girl answered, definitely.

"Virginian ladies seem to choose strange hours for quiet rides," the old major retorted, rather grimly. "Will you give me your name, occupation, and residence, upon honor, if I parole you?"

"I demand to be released unconditionally and permitted to proceed to my home," Miss Clay answered, haughtily. "Do you Yankee soldiers confess that you war upon Southern women?"

"Perhaps; when Southern women shoot at us in their jocular way," the veteran replied. "But we waste time, madam. Will you answer my question?"

"I deny your right to question. I demand to be released as a non-combatant," was the firm response.

"Non-combatants do not shoot in reply to challenge, on lonely roads," the major retorted, rather impatiently. "Will you answer or not? What is your name, and what are you doing hereabout with a cavalry soldier?"

"I told you, major! That's my cousin from the farm——" Evan began, only to be cut off by the sergeant's stern call,—

"Silence in ranks! Riley, guard your prisoner!"

But the quick woman's wit caught the fact of her cousin's capture, and his cue, at the same time; and she folded her arms quietly, remaining silent.

"Very well, madam," the major said. "I will send you to head-quarters: the fines with your 'cousin' there, and let you discuss military ethics with the general.—Captain Granger, detail one man of your squad to guard this lady.—Corporal Doyle, report with both prisoners to provost marshal at head-quarters: the fines will guide you to the river-bank.—Captain, a word——"

And soon Evan Fauntleroy and his cousin were again riding side by side, merrily, hopefully no longer, but he in greater mental distress for her, she with gold-crowned head drooped upon her breast, in one mass of mingled mortification and despair forcing their way between the long, curved lashes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gentlemen's XMAS SLIPPERS.

PRICE LIST

Velvet Opera Silk Worked	$1.00
Velvet Harvard Silk Worked	1.00
Velvet Everett Silk Worked	1.00
Imitation Alligator Slipper	1.25
Velvet Chenielle Worked	1.50
Velvet Harvard Tie, Chenielle Worked	1.50
Black Kid Opera	1.50
Colored Plush Opera	2.00
Colored Plush Harvard Tie	2.00
Wine Everett	2.00
Wine Opera	2.00
Velvet Everett	2.00
Velvet Opera	2.00
Velvet Harvard Tie	2.00
Plush Everett	2.50
Plush Brighton	2.50
Plush Harvard Tie	2.50
Black Kid Opera	2.50
Red Goat Opera	3.00
Genuine Alligator Opera	3.50
Tan Goat Creole	3.50

The above contain the leading styles of Gent's Slippers, personally selected and suitable for Xmas Gifts. An inspection of our stock, we think, would please any lady having such a present in mind.

WATERBURY & RISING.

Changed Her Mind.

A strange man rang the bell of a house on Cass avenue, and, when a sharp-visaged female opened the door, he asked politely:

"Do you keep boarders here?"

"No, sir, we don't. This ain't no boarding house, nor won't be while I'm in it!"

"Excuse me, madam. I must have been misinformed; perhaps you rent rooms?"

"No, I don't rent rooms, either, and I think you have a great deal of impudence to come here and ring our bell on any such errand. I dare say you want a chance to rob the house. You look like that sort of gentry."

"Strange," mused the man, "but your description agrees exactly with one furnished me of a lady in this neighborhood who has just opened a boarding house: 'Fair complexion, fine color, golden hair, beautiful figure, sweet voice, sparkling eyes——'"

"Oh, I don't mind renting a few rooms to genteel people. I will show you what we have, sir. It must be some one who knows me sent you here. Come right in. Your appearance is reference enough. I know a gentleman when I see one."

He got the best room in the house.

Prevention is Better

Than Cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

Everything the Czar does seems to make him unpopular. His recent wheat ukase goes against the grain.

Robt. Adlington, M. D., Edin. M. R. C. M. R. C. S., England, M. C. physician and surgeon, says of Malto Peptonized Porter, "a most valuable adjunct to our remedies in cases of Dyspepsia, debility and wasting diseases." Ask your druggist for it.

There is a steam drill in operation at the Britton Mine now; the shaft has reached a depth of 154 feet, and it is said that richer finds than ever are being reached.

G. H. DeWolfe, M. B. C. M. & M. B. M. D., Edinburgh, himself a dyspeptic, says: "I cannot but admit that I have found Malto Peptonized Porter of the very greatest benefit in my case, (atonic dyspepsia). Of course I am not well but it has done me more good than anything yet." Can be obtained of all druggists.

An Autumn Flitting.

My roof is hardly picturesque—
It lacks the pleasant reddish brown
Of the tiled housetops out of town,
And cannot even hope to match
The modest beauty of the thatch:
Nor is it Gothic or grotesque—
Nor gable breaks with quaint design,
Its hard monotony of line;
And not a gargoyle on the spout
Brings any latent beauty out;
Its only charm—I hold it high—
Is just its nearness to the sky.

But yet it looks o'er field and tree,
And in the air
One breathes up there
A faint, fresh whiff suggests the sea,
And that is why, this afternoon,
The topmost slates above the leads
Were thick with little bobbing heads,
And frisking tails, and wings that soon
Shall spread, ah, me!
For lands where summer lingers fair,
Far otherwhere,
I heard a something
Saw a fluttering,
Pointed wings went skimming past,
White breasts shimmered by as fast:
Wheel, and circle, and swift upward spring—
All the air seemed all on wings,
Then like dropping clouds of leaves,
Down they settled on the eaves—
All the swallows of the region.
In a number almost legion,
Frisked about, but did not stop
Till they reached the ridge atop.

Then what chirping, what commotion;
What they will have to notice,
But one cannot err in stating
There was very much debating.
First, a small loquacious twaddler
Seemed to move a resolution:
And another seemed to follow,
Seconding the subject matter
With a trick of elocution.
After that the babble of chatter
Boded some more serious end, meant
For a quarrelsome amendment;
Bobbing heads and flapping wings,
Eloquent of many things.
Gathered into lively rows,
"Pros" and "cons," "ayes" and "noes,"
As the clatter reached my ears,
Now it sounded like "hear, hears;"
But again a note of faction,
With a clash of beaks in action,
Give an argot to the scene
Not exactly quite serene.
Fretful clusters flew away,
All too much incensed to stay;
Wheeled about and then took a track,
Halted and came darting back.
Others, eager to be heard,
Perched upon the chimney top,
Chirped, as they would never stop,
Loud and fluent every bird.

But the turmoil passed away;
How it happened I can't say,
All I know is, there was peace.
Whether some more thoughtful bird
Said the twittering was absurd,
And implored that it should cease;
Whether what appeared contention
Was a difference not worth mention,
Just some mere exchange of words
Not uncommon among birds,
I have only my own notion,
You may make a nearer guess;
All at once the noise was over,
Not a bird was now a rover,
Some one seemed to put the motion,
And the little heads bobbed "yes."

Oh that sudden resolution,
So unanimously reached!
Would they'd longer talked and tarried,
With their fiery eloquent!
What it bodes I cannot doubt;
They were planning when to go,
And they settled it, I know,
Some chill morning, when the sun
Does not venture to shine out,
I shall miss them—overnight
They will all have taken flight,
And the summer will be gone.

—George Cotterell.

To dream of eggs means happiness, but to see many broken eggs is a sign of quarreling and lawsuits. Good news comes after visions of fresh eggs.

THE MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER is recommended by hundreds of medical men, as being the best preparation in the market for invalids, consumptives and dyspeptics. See testimonials from medical men and be convinced. Ask your druggist for it.

A paper-hotel has been erected at Hamburg. It is made of paper boards, which have the hardness of wood and are fireproof.

G. F. Johnson, M. D. University of N. Y., of Sussex, N. B. says of Malto Peptonized Porter:—"An important feature in its merit is that it can be taken by those who cannot take porter in its plain state on account of its causing indigestion. Can be obtained of all druggists.

The excessive amount of vibration caused by the propellers of some of the high speed cruisers causes old sailors to become seasick.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Because one can play first base in a ball game it does not follow that he can successfully fill the position of first base in a church choir. The pitch is somewhat different.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough, we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c., and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Vitalizer, Shiloh's Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

"Pretty fatiguing times," said the pedestrian to the policeman. "Yes, a great many people need arrest nowaday."

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people go to see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them? Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

James A. McNeill of New Perth, P. E. I., has lost two very fine horses valued at $250. They died of some disease which is very prevalent in that vicinity at present.

Nature provides a remedy for all ills, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is nature's remedy for the ills peculiar to the female system. Suppressions, weakness, nervousness and all diseases resulting from impoverished blood, speedily yield to their treatment. Sold by dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—address The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gilded youth in India make it their fad to mix powdered pearls instead of lime with the betel nut they chew.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints, without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The recent progress in railroading shows that the wooden ties must soon give way to those made of steel.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.

Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

That ringing on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

Charming people, these exceptional people! Here's a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknown, and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception. And you may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you.

Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

"I can understand my clients," says an old attorney, "until they get into prison—then I can rarely make them out."

The Reason Why.

The reason why Burdock Blood Bitters lends all other medicines in the race for popularity is because it is absolutely pure, cannot harm the most delicate invalid, and never fails to cure biliousness, dyspepsia, bad blood, constipation, etc.

Enjoying a Blessing.

DEAR SIRS,—Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Fortunately we applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health.

ANNIE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B.

Cold Weather Trials.

DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail, I at last thought of trying B. B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. DROWN, Heaslip, Man.

Now Free from Pain.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which proved to be, Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yellow Oil very highly.

FRANK PALMER, Winona, Ont.

A Good Verdict.

SIRS,—I have great reason to speak well of your B. B. Bitters. I have taken 6 bottles for myself and family and find that for loss of appetite and weakness it has no equal. It cures sick headache, purifies the blood and will not fail when used. I heartily recommend it to all wanting a pure medicine.

MRS. HUGH MCNUTT, Truro, N. S.

The Best Yet.

DEAR SIRS,—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and confined her from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.

MRS. KENNEDY, 50 Smith AV., Hamilton, Ont.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William Mahoney, of County Norton, in the county of Kings, and Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Catherine Mahoney, his wife, Christopher Albert Yorke, the representatives of Francis X. Yorke, and all others whom it may concern.

Take notice that there will be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on Saturday the fifth day of December, A. D. 1891, at twelve o'clock, noon:—

ALL that lot, piece or parcel of land or interest therein conveyed by way of mortgage by one Francis X. Yorke to one Isaac G. Oulton by indenture, bearing date the eighth day of June, A. D. 1870, and therein described as:

All his right, title and interest in a certain lot of land and premises, situate in the Town of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, granted to the said Francis X. York by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, registered in Book F, number 5 of Records, pages 95 and 96, dated the twenty-eight day of December, A. D. 1874, as by reference to the said deed, will more fully and at large appear," together with all buildings and improvements thereon.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in said Indenture of Mortgage, which is recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book Y, number 6 of Records, pages 612 and 613, which was duly assigned to the undersigned Sarah Elizabeth Hazen, formerly of said City of Saint John, but at present residing in Italy, spinster, by assignment, bearing date the fourth day of August, A. D. 1891, and recorded in the office of said Registrar of Deeds in Liber 60 of Records, pages 48 and 49, default having been made in the payment of moneys secured by said Indenture of Mortgage.

Dated this twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1891.

SARAH ELIZABETH HAZEN.

By G. C. COSTER, her Attorney.

Notice of Sale.

To Martin Tiernan, of Portland, now the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick Dealer in Junk, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, made between Martin Tiernan, of Portland, in the County of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, Junk Dealer, of the one part, and Thomas Harrison, of the same place, Tailor, of the other part, and registered in Book R, No. 7, pages 90, 91, 92 and 93 of Records for the City and County of Saint John, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) on Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John aforesaid, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next at twelve o'clock noon:—

"The Leasehold, the Lease from William Wright to one Duncan Urquhart, who assigned the same to said Martin Tiernan, and the lot of land in the said Lease and Mortgage described as follows, viz: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the said parish of Portland, belonging to the said William Wright, and bounded or described as follows: That is to say, beginning at the northeastern corner of the lot now under lease to George Lanergan, fronting on the lane or passage way commonly called Brook Street, thence south twenty-five hundred feet along the eastern line of the said Lanergan lot, thence at right angles along the rear of the lots fronting on the City Road, easterly thirty feet, thence northwardly on a course parallel with the first mentioned line one hundred feet to Brook Street aforesaid, and thence westwardly along the line of Brook Street thirty feet to the place of beginning. Together with the buildings thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the term of years in the said lease mentioned."

Dated this thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1891.

MICHAEL A. FINN, Administrator of Thomas Harrison's Estate.

Notice of Sale.

To James Tyrick of the City of Saint John in the Province of New Brunswick, Machinist, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE, is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, made between James Tyrick, of the city of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, machinist, of the one part, and Thomas Harrison of the same place, tailor, of the other part, registered in book D, No. 6, of records of the City and County of Saint John, pages 502, 503, 504, 505, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's corner, so called, on Prince William street, in the City of Saint John aforesaid, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:—

"All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said City of Saint John, and bounded and described as follows:—that is to say, to commence at a distance of sixty-five feet two inches from the north east corner of David Fisher's dwelling house, thence that is to say from the said place of beginning westerly by the line of North street aforesaid twenty-seven feet eight inches to a division line or fence separating this lot from a lot of land now or formerly owned by Jeremiah Gove; thence south one degree west fifty-one feet two inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east sixteen feet six inches; thence south one degree west eighteen feet four inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east seven feet seven inches; thence south one degree west five feet four inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east thirteen feet eight inches; thence one degree east thirty-two feet four inches; thence north eighty-eight degrees west ten feet two inches; thence north one degree east forty-two feet nine inches or to the place of beginning, together with the buildings, erections and improvements thereon being, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging."

Dated this thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1891.

MICHAEL A. FINN, Administrator of Thomas Harrison's estate

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LABRADOR,	6,000	Dec. 10	" 26
OREGON,	3,872	" 24	Jan. 12
SARNIA,	3,694	Jan. 7	" 26
LABRADOR,	6,000	" 21	Feb. 9
OREGON,	3,872	Feb. 4	" 23
SARNIA,	3,694	" 18	Mar. 8
LABRADOR,	6,000	Mar. 3	" 22
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