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AUCTION SALES.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and fronting on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence North-erly along the West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiler to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HAVINGTON,
Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who may be found not having their property stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL,
Commissioner.

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Paper Hanger etc,
22 North Market street.
All orders promptly attended to.

DESERTER

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

Author of "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FAITH," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

PRELUDE.—During an Indian fight in the west Capt. Hull of the United States Regular army is killed. Before his death a large sum of money—about $3,000, the pay of soldiers who, while in field duty, missed the paymaster—was placed in his charge. While dying he hands the package to Lawrence Hayne, a young officer whose father had been a dear friend of Capt. Hull's. Hayne has, by boyish irreverence for superior officers, made an enemy of Capt. Rayner, another officer engaged in the campaign. He also develops that Sergt. Clancy and Trower have lost considerable money by gambling, part of the missing cash belonging to others. They are in bad odor accordingly.

CHAPTER I.—The scene is a Pullman car on its way to Warrener, near which village is situated Fort Warrener. Among the passengers on the car are Mrs. Raynor, wife of Capt. Raynor: Miss Travers, her sister (who is engaged to marry Stephen Van Antwerp, a rich New Yorker, who has shown a queer aversion to travel in the west), and a young man whose evident desire to avoid conversation or acquaintance has piqued the curiosity of the women. Before the train reaches Warrener it takes aboard a number of badly frozen cavalry men who are on their way to the fort. The mysterious young man does much to alleviate their sufferings on the way to Warrener.

CHAPTER 2.—The ladies are greeted at Warrener by Capt. Rayner and other officers. It develops that the mysterious man is Mr. Hayne, who has been promoted to a first lieutenancy in Capt. Rayner's company. Capt Rayner shows that he still feels a decided dislike for the young officer.

CHAPTER 3.—Lieut. Hayne proves a disturbing element among the officers at Fort Warrener. A scandal has been attached to his name in the east, and those who side with him are forced by the peculiarities of the case to side against Capt. Rayner. The two men have been sworn enemies for five years. The commandant of the post receives Lieut. Hayne kindly and decides to give a dinner in his honor.

It transpires that the trouble connected with Hayne's name was a courtmartial, which had convicted him of a serious offence principally on Capt. Rayner's evidence. This ruling was reversed by higher authorities. Some of Hayne's old comrades make advances, which are repelled. Hayne takes up his quarters in a house at some distance from the other officers' quarters.

CHAPTER 4.—Capt. Rayner's wife gets angry because of the colonel's courtesy to Hayne, and the camp is divided into Hayne and anti-Hayne factions.

[CONTINUED.]

Now they had a house to themselves, and more rooms than they knew what to do with. The quartermaster had sent a detail of men to put up the stoves and move out the rubbish left by the tailors; "Sam" had worked vigorously with soft soap, hot water and a big mop in sprucing up the rooms; the adjutant had sent a little note during the morning, saying that the colonel would be glad to order him any men he needed to put the quarters in proper shape, and that Capt. Rayner had expressed his readiness to send a detail from the company to unload and unpack his boxes, etc., to which Mr. Hayne replied in person that he thanked the commanding officer for his thoughtfulness, but that he had very little to unpack, and needed no assistance beyond that already afforded by the quartermaster's men. Mr. Billings could not help noting that he made no allusion to that part of the letter which spoke of Capt. Rayner's offer. It increased his respect for Mr. Hayne's perceptive powers.

While every officer of the infantry battalion was ready to admit that Mr. Hayne had rendered valuable service to the men of the cavalry regiment, they were not so unanimous in their opinion as to how it should be acknowledged and required by the officers. No one was prepared for the announcement that the colonel had asked him to dinner and that Blake and Billings were to meet him. Some few of their number thought it going too far, but no one quite coincided with the vehement declaration of Mrs. Rayner that it was an outrage and an affront aimed at the regiment in general and at Capt. Rayner in particular. She was an energetic woman when aroused, and there was no doubt of her being very much aroused as she sped from house to house to see what the other ladies thought of it. Rayner's wealth and Mrs. Rayner's qualities had made her an undoubted though not always popular leader in all social matters in the Riflers. She was an authority, so to speak, and one who knew it. Already there had been some points on which she had differed with the colonel's wife, and it was plain to all that it was a difficult thing for her to come down from being the authority—the leader of the social element of a garrison—and from the position of second or third importance which she had been accorded when first assigned to the station.

There were many, indeed, who asserted that it was because she found her new position unbearable that she decided on her long visit to the east, and departed thither before the Riflers had been at Warrener a month. The colonel's wife had greeted her and her lovely sister with charming grace on their arrival two days previous to the stirring event of the dinner, and every one was looking forward to a probable series of pleasant entertainments by the two households, even while wondering how long the entente cordiale would last—when the colonel's invitation to Mr. Hayne brought on an immediate crisis. It is safe to say that Mrs. Rayner was madder than the captain her husband, who hardly knew how to take it. He was by no means the best liked officer in his regiment, nor the "deepest" and best informed, but he had a native shrewdness which helped him. He noted even before his wife would speak of it to him the gradual dying out of the bitter feeling that had once existed at Hayne's expense. He felt, though it hurt him seriously to make inquiries, that the man whom he had practically crushed and ruined in the long ago was slowly but surely gaining strength, even where he would not make friends.

Worse than all, he was beginning to doubt the evidence of his own senses as the years receded, and unknown to any soul on earth, even his wife, there was growing up deep down in his heart a gnawing, insidious, ever festering fear that after all, after all, he might have been mistaken. And yet on the sacred oath of a soldier and a gentleman, against the most searching cross-examination, again and again had he most confidently and positively declared that he had both seen and heard the fatal interview on which the whole case hinged. And as to the exact language employed, he alone of those within earshot had lived to testify for or against the accused; of the five soldiers who stood in that now celebrated group, three were shot to death within the hour. He was growing nervous, irritable, haggard; he was getting to hate the mere mention of the case. The promotion of Hayne to his own company thrilled him with an almost superstitious dismay. Were his words coming true? Was it the judgment of an offended God that his hideous pride, obstinacy and old time hatred of this officer were now to be revenged by daily, hourly contact with the victim of his criminal persecution? He had grown morbidly sensitive to any remarks as to Hayne's having "lived down" the toils in which he had been encircled. Might he not "live down" the ensnarer? He dreaded to see him—though Rayner was no coward—and he feared day by day to hear of his restoration to fellowship in the regiment, and yet would have given half his wealth to bring it about, could it but have been accomplished without the dreadful admission, "I was wrong. I was utterly wrong."

He had grown lavish in hospitality; he had become almost aggressively open handed to his comrades, and had sought to press money upon men who in no wise needed it. He was as eager to lend as some are to borrow, and his brother officers dubbed him "Midas," not because everything he touched would turn to gold, but because he would intrude his gold upon them at every turn. There were some who borrowed; and these he struggled not to let repay. He seemed to have an insane idea that if he could but get his regimental friends bound to him pecuniarily he could control their opinions and actions. It was making him sick at heart, and it made him in secret doubly vindictive and bitter against the man he had doomed to years of suffering. This showed out that very morning. Mrs. Rayner had begun to talk, and he turned fiercely upon her:

"Not a word on that subject, Kate, if you love me!—not even the mention of his name! I must have peace in my own house. It is enough to have to talk of it elsewhere."

Talk of it he had to. The major early that morning asked him, as they were going to the matinee:

"Have you seen Hayne yet?"

"Not since he reported on the parade yesterday," was the curt reply.

"Well, I suppose you will send men to help him get those quarters into habitable shape?"

"I will, of course, major, if he ask it. I don't propose sending men to do such work for an officer unless the request come."

"He is entitled to that consideration, Rayner, and I think the men should be sent to him. He is hardly likely to ask."

"Then he is less likely to get them," said the captain, shortly, for, except the post commander, he well knew that no officer could order it to be done. He was angry at the major for interfering. They were old associates and had entered service almost at the same time, but his friend had the better luck in promotion and was now his battalion commander. Rayner made an excuse of stopping to speak with the officer of the day, and the major went on without him. He was a quiet old soldier; he wanted no disturbance with his troubled friend, and, like a sensible man, he turned the matter over to their common superior, in a very few words, before the arrival of the general audience. It was this that had caused the colonel to turn quietly to Rayner and say, in the most matter of fact way:

"Oh, Capt. Rayner, I presume Mr. Hayne will need three or four men to help him get his quarters in shape. I suppose you have already thought to send them?"

And Rayner flushed, and stammered, "They have not gone yet, sir; but I had—thought of it."

Later, when the sergeant sent the required detail he reported to the captain in the company office in five minutes: "The lieutenant's compliments and thanks, but he does not need the men."

The dinner at the colonel's, quiet as it was and with only eight at table, was an affair of almost momentous importance to Mr. Hayne. It was the first thing of the kind he had attended in five years, and though he well knew that it was intended by the cavalry commander more especially as a recognition of the services rendered their suffering men, he could not but rejoice in the courtesy and tact with which he was received and entertained. The colonel's wife, the adjutant's, and those of two captains away with the field battalion were the four ladies who were there to greet him when escorted by Mr. Blake, he made his appearance. How long—how very long—it seemed to him since he had sat in the presence of refined and attractive women and listened to their gay and animated chat! They seemed all such good friends, they made him so thoroughly at home, and they showed so much tact and ease that never once did it seem apparent that they knew of his trouble in his own regiment; and yet there was no actual avoidance of matters in which the Riflers were generally interested.

It was mainly of his brief visit to the east, however, that they made him talk—of the operas and theatres he had attended, the pictures he had seen, the music that was most popular; and when dinner was over their hostess led him to her piano and he played and sang for them again and again. His voice was soft and sweet and, though it was uncultivated, he sang with expression and grace, playing with more skill but less feeling and effect than he sang. Music and books had been the solace of lonely years, and he could easily see that he had pleased them with his songs. He went home to the dreary rookery out on Prairie avenue and laughed at the howling wind. The bare grimy walls and the dim kerosene lamp, even Sam's unmelodious snore in the back room, sent no gloom to his soul. It had been a happy evening. It had cost him a hard struggle to restrain the emotion which he had felt at times; and when he withdrew, soon after the trumpets sounded tattoo, and the ladies fell to discussing him, as women will, there was but one verdict—his manner were perfect.

But the colonel said more than this. He had found him far better read than any other officer of his age he had ever met; and one and all they expressed the hope that they might see him frequently. No wonder it was of momentous importance to him. It was the opening to a new life. It meant that here at least he had met soldiers and gentlemen and their fair and gracious wives who had welcomed him to their homes, and, though they must have known that a pall of suspicion and crime had overshadowed his past, they believed either that he was innocent of the grievous charge or that his years of exile and suffering had amply atoned. It was a happy evening indeed to him; but there was gloom at Capt. Rayner's.

The captain himself had gone out soon after tattoo. He found that the parlor was filled with young visitors of both sexes, and he was in no mood for merriment. Miss Travers was being welcomed to the post in genuine army style, and was evidently enjoying it. Mrs. Rayner was flitting nervously in and out of the parlor with a cloud upon her brow, and for once in her life compelled to present temporary silence upon the subject uppermost in her thoughts. She had been forbidden to speak of it to her husband, yet she knew he had gone out again with every probability of needing some one to talk to about the matter. She could not well broach the topic in the parlor because she was not at all sure how Capt. and Mrs. Gregg of the cavalry would take it; and they were still there. She was a loyal wife; her husband's quarrel was hers and more, too; and she was a woman of intuition even keener than that which we so readily accord the sex. She knew, and knew well, that the hideous doubt had been preying for a long time in her husband's heart of hearts, and she knew still better that it would crush him to believe it was ever suspected by any one else. Right and wrong, the one thing for her to do, she doubted not, was to maintain the original guilt against all comers, and to look no opportunity of feeding the flame that consumed Mr. Hayne's record and reputation. He was guilty—he must be guilty; and though she was a Christian according to her view of the case—a pillar of the church in matters of public charity and picturesque conformity with all the rubric called for in the service, and much that it did not—she was unrelenting in her condemnation of Mr. Hayne.

To those who pointed out that he had made every atonement man could make she responded with the severity of conscious virtue that there could be no atonement without repentance and no repentance without humility. Mr. Hayne's whole attitude was that of stubborn pride and resentment. His atonement was that enforced by the unanimous verdict of his comrades, and even if it were that he had more than made amends for his crime the rules that held good for ordinary sinners were not applicable to an officer of the army. He must be a man above suspicion, incapable of wrong or fraud, and once stained he was forever ineligible as a gentleman. It was a subject on which she waxed declamatory rather too often, and the youngsters of her own regiment wearied of it. As Mr. Foster once expressed it in speaking of this very case, "Mrs. Rayner can talk more charity and show less than any woman I know." So long as her talk was aimed against any lurking tendency of their own to look upon Hayne as a possible martyr, it fell at times on unappreciative ears, and she was quick to see it and to choose her hearers; but here was a new phase—one that might rouse the latent esprit de corps of the Riflers—and she was bent on striking while the iron was hot. If anything would provoke unanimity of action among those who made a regiment, this public recognition by the cavalry, in their very presence, of the man they cut as a criminal was the thing of all others to do it, and she meant to head the revolt.

Possibly Gregg and his modest helpmeet discovered that there was something she desired to "spring" upon the meeting. The others present were of the infantry; and when Capt. Rayner simply glanced in, spoke hurried good evenings, and went as hurriedly out again, Gregg was sure of it, and marched his wife away. Then came Mrs. Rayner's opportunity:

"If it were not Capt. Rayner's house, I could not have been even civil to Capt. Gregg. You heard what he said at the club this morning, I suppose?"

In one form or another, indeed, almost everybody had heard. The officers present maintained an embarrassed silence. Miss Travers looked reproachfully at her flushed sister, but to no purpose. At last one of the ladies remarked:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PARABLE.

The things that just about us lie
Are all that we can mark,
When light is lessening in the sky
And twilight turns to dark.

But when from sight close darkness bars
The faces next our own,
O heaven, with thy million stars,
Our eyes see thee alone!
—Charlotte Fiske Bates in Congregationalist.

A Relic of the War.

Capt. Tip Harrison had an interesting war relic at the capitol Friday. It was an old battle flag worn thin and pierced by many holes. The story of the flag was told by Capt. Harrison: "When the war first broke out," he said, "I was a boy of 17 and was living in Bartow county. There were a number of boys of my own age who were anxious to join the army. These boys organized into a company, and we called ourselves the Bartow cadets. When, however, the time came for us to go to the front, many of the boys' parents would not let them go because they were so young. I had thirty-five left, however, and with these I meant to report for duty.

"In Bartow at that time a company of older men had been formed, under the command of Capt. Redding. They were called the Stewart Guards. I consolidated my company with the older one, and we took the name of the Bartow Guards. I was first lieutenant of the joint company. Just before marching away Miss Florida Fort, who is now Mrs. William A. Rawson, made the flag and presented it to us. Gen. Clement A. Evans was offered the position of major of the Thirty-first Georgia regiment if he could bring two companies into the service. He took our company for one and raised another, but we were still known as the Bartow guards, and carried this flag, which had been presented to me as our company colors, until the Confederate battle flag was adopted, then sent it home to my mother, and she has kept it as a memento ever since."—Atlanta Constitution.

End of the Famous War Ship Brooklyn.

The decision to sell the Brooklyn, under the regulation prohibiting the repair of vessels that will cost more than a fixed percentage of the expense of constructing new ones, will strike from the naval register a historic craft. Built a little over thirty years ago in the city from which she took her name, the Brooklyn began her career under Farragut as her captain. She made a fine record in the civil war, including not only plenty of blockading, but participation in many of the great naval battles, among them the engagement with Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the fight in Mobile bay and the bombardment of Fort Fisher.

In these battles she was conspicuous for close work with the enemy. At the great Mississippi river fight she was rammed by the Confederate armorclad Manassas, but escaped without injury, and immediately drove the barbette gunners from Fort St. Philip by her tremendous fire. She was the flagship of the squadron that went further up the river and received the surrender of Baton Rouge and Natchez. At Fort Fisher she led the first line of vessels in the second and successful attack, and in the earlier operations had set a good example to some smaller vessels. Now she meets the fate of many another relic of the war, but fortunately the still more renowned Hartford and Kearsarge remain.—New York Times.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

The Ritchie Bros. have their steam saw mill at Newcastle ready for the season's work. All the repairing being done they will start sawing as soon as the ice leaves the river.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure,

The court investigating the Charlottetown poisoning case met at Mrs. Sutherland's residence today when Mrs. Sutherland was examined. Mrs. Weeks was present.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

Wm. Gibson recently purchased from the Benton Tannery the entire stock of sole leather on hand, also that which is in course of manufacturing, amounting in value to about $26,000.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

Constipation and Headache.

Dear Sirs,—I suffered with constipation and Headache, and got a bottle of B. B. B. on trial, and found it did me so much good that I got several bottles, and it proved a sure cure. MRS. ROBERT TAYLOR, Shipka, P. Q., Ont.

Cured by a Cow.

A fine colt belonging to Mr. Peter Lindsay, of Nixon, Ont., was badly hooked by a cow. Two bottles of Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured it. This invaluable remedy should be in every house. It cures cuts, sprains, bruises, burns and all pains and aches in man and beast.

Forcible Facts.

The testimony as to the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters is overwhelming and admits of no dispute. It is the best blood purifier extant. Its action on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels is perfect. It cures dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness, sick headache, and all skin diseases.

Scotland Yet.

"I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with ever since she was little. She is now 12 years old." MRS. M. FAIRCHILD, Scotland, Ont.

Six Years' Suffering.

I was troubled with dyspepsia for six years. Four years ago I got a bottle of B. B. B. from your agent, Mr. John Pearce, of Parry Harbor, which I considered completely cured me. A return of the symptoms about five weeks ago, however, was promptly removed by using only part of another bottle, and I feel as well as I ever did in my life. MARY E. DOWLING, Parry Harbor, Ont.

A Pleasing Discovery.

I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until advised to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have found it to be an admirable remedy also for burns, sore throat and rheumatism. MRS. F. CAMERON, 137 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

GROCERS, ETC.

White Olive Oil Soap.
Same as used in the Hospitals and Public Institutions in Europe.
For Bath Toilet or Shaving Has no Equal.
It is finer than the finest Castile. Once used you will use no other. Ask your Grocer for it, or your Druggist. The Genuine bears the Impression of the VIRGIN on one side, and the name of FELIX EYDOUX, Marseilles on the other. The other Brand bears the name of "AS DE PIQUE," on one side, FELIX EYDOUX on the other. These two Brands are the only Genuine. FOR CHILDREN IT IS INVALUABLE; ALSO, FOR PERSONS SUFFERING FROM SKIN DISEASES. Hundreds of Testimonials from the public can be seen at our Stores.

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Fills a Long-Felt Want
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Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.
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STEAM PRESSED CODFISH,
Just the thing for fish cakes.
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J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

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ANTHRACITE COAL,
in Broken, Stove, Egg, and Chestnut sizes, and of the best quality.
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in Old Mines Sydney, Caledonia, Gowrie, Acadia Pictou, and Glace Bay, thoroughly screened.
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In Yards, and for Sale Low.
ACADIA PICTOU, for Cooking or Close Stoves.
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GLACE BAY, PENNLYN, for Register Grates and Cooking Purposes.
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For the relief and cure of
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And affections of the
THROAT AND LUNGS.
PRICE 10c. PER BOX.
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Great Reduction of Prices
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SPECIAL.—Dress Materials, Ulsterings, Tweeds, Coatings, Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs &c., &c.,
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International Steamship Co.,
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Two Trips a Week.
FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, November 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5 p.m for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Charles Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
C. E. LAECHLER,
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THE CANADIAN WEST INDIAN and SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP CO. has placed the steamer "Portia" on the route from Saint John to Demerara, touching at Yarmouth, Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad.

The "Portia" has elegant accommodations for 40 first-class passengers and 30 second do., with an experienced staff of officers and crew.

A first-class service guaranteed and ample freight spaces for 9000 barrels provided.

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