NORTHUMBERLAND

MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

[Continued from 1st page.]

Referred back to Justice Nevin to be properly certified.

Witness fees in Queen vs Alex. DeGrace and Wm. G. Tait, $20.40.

Wm. Stothart, fees attending inquest, $3. Reduced to $1.50.

Hiram Drillen, fees attending inquest, $2. Reduced to $1.

Peter Loggie, fees attending inquest, $3.80. Reduced to $1.50.

Wm. Irving, expenses and services looking for Jos. Doherty and Chas. Morris, $31.

Coun. Cunningham said such a bill should be accompanied by vouchers. He moved that it lie over till vouchers were furnished.

Coun. J. Sullivan thought it should lie over till July, so that vouchers might be procured.

Coun. Lyons said one of the items in the account was $3 for taking Doherty to Chatham by rail, though as a matter of fact Doherty had been arrested in Chatham, not in Richibucto.

Coun. Cunningham said that was the item that he did not think correct.

Coun. Sullivan called attention to the item of $12 for five days' searching for Doherty. Five days did not elapse between the crime and the arrest. He had seen nothing in the public prints about the Deputy Sherriff going to Richibucto to look for him.

Coun. Kerr said it simply came down to this: did Irvine devote his time to searching for the person, and incur expenses for horse hire, railway fares, etc., as charged for? If so, he must be paid. He had been informed that Mr. Irvine went to Richibucto and Black River in search of Doherty. Was the Council satisfied that the work was done? If constables were not paid for their services, even though they did not find the men they looked for, they would not act. It would be a great mistake not to pay the bill if the work was performed.

Coun. J. Sullivan said nobody wanted the constables to work for nothing. They simply wanted to find out if the services were performed and the expenses incurred.

Coun. Cunningham said he only objected to payment because of the charge for bringing Doherty to Chatham by rail. If that was a clerical error, and meant bringing him from Chatham to Newcastle by rail, as several members suggested, he would withdraw his objection. The only vouchers that could be got would be for the horse hire. He moved that the bill pass.

Coun. Ryan said the endorsation on this account by Police Magistrate McCulley, that he believed it to be correct, was all the Council had to rely on. Mr. McCulley couldn't tell of his own knowledge, but relied on Mr. Irvine's word. The account passed.

Newcastle Public Wharf Fund, $359.95.

Contingent Fund on hand $689.50.

Board of Health, $57.62.

The report of the Board calls attention to the fact that nothing has been done in reference to the open sewer in Chatham and suggested that at this meeting steps be taken to do whatever the wisdom of the Council should consider best for its rectification.

The items of the account are as follows:

R. Nicholson, salary,	$50 00
Telegrams, expressage and postage,	62
W. C. Anslow, 50 placards,	4 00
Jos. Steele, burying 1 dog and 1 pig,	3.00

Coun. Flett wanted to know if this Council was to bury dogs and pigs in Chatham every year. It seemed to be chronic down there! Was Chatham the dumping ground for dead animals? No other parish seemed to be afflicted with more carcasses than it could bury at its own expense. Let Chatham pay the bill.

Coun. Cunningham said he couldn't agree altogether with the remarks of Mr. Flett. The animals that this gentleman had buried did not belong to Chatham, but had floated down river. No one but the authorities had the right to bury them, and the work should be paid for. No one should throw dead animals into the river, it was an abominable thing to do.

Coun. J. Sullivan said if every man put in a bill for it when he burned a dead animal the county would have a big bill to pay. Old horses were sometimes put out of the way when hay was scarce, and those who killed them might come now and ask to be paid for putting them under ground. Were there no dead dogs in Newcastle or elsewhere for the burial of which bills could be brought here? Did any one ever hear of anything so contemptible and small as asking the county to pay for such a thing? If a carcass floated ashore in Hardwick the people had to bury it for the good of the public health, and never thought of charging the county for it. The carcass of a large fish had come ashore near his place, and he had covered it with sand time after time and said nothing about it. If he had sent a bill here for it they would have laughed at him.

Coun. Ryan—You're not the Board of Health.

Coun. Sullivan said when dead animals came ashore next summer he would telegraph for the Board of Health to come and bury them. Vessels sometimes threw over bodies of cattle that died on board. If the Board didn't act in reply to his telegram he would bury the bodies and send bills to the county for it. What would the Council say, who laughed now, when he brought up a six or seven dollar bill from Hardwick next year?

Coun. Cunningham thought Mr. Sullivan had overstepped the thing altogether. Chatham had never asked anything unreasonable. There had never been but one charge of this kind before. The animals had come down river, and there was no beach there as at Hardwick in which to cover them up with sand. They had to be carted back into the country and buried.

Coun. Sullivan—Then let them charge it to Chatham. We trust to God and our own energies for health and not to this Board.

Coun. Ryan asked if there was not a law governing the Board of Health. If it was the law that a parish must pay for abating such nuisances, then let Chatham pay this bill. If it was the law that the county should be responsible, then let the county pay it. What was the use of discussing it?

Coun. Kerr would say, in the first place, that it would be well for the Council to leave the open sewer for the town Council to deal with, as Chatham was about to be incorporated. Any recommendation of the Board of Health should receive serious consideration as the Board was acting for the welfare of both town and country. If Dr. Baxter, as chairman of that Board, had the power to employ a man to bury a dead pig, and if it was the law that the county should pay for such work, the bill should be paid.

Sec. Treasurer—the county has to pay.

The account passed.

On motion of Coun. Betts, Council adjourned till 10 a. m. Friday.

[The remainder of this report will appear next week.]

THE PRETTY GIRL.

It is sunset at the HT ranch.

Four or five cowboys sit gloomily about outside the ranch house, awaiting supper.

The Mexican cook has just begun his favorite task so a half hour must elapse before these Arabs are fed.

Their ponies are turned into the wire pasture, their big Colorado saddles repose astride the low pale fence which surrounds the house, and it is evident that their riding is over for the day.

Why are they gloomy? Not a boy of them can tell. One is from Princeton, too. They have been partners and companions and "worked" the HT cattle together for months, and nothing ever caused a misunderstanding of cloud. The ranch house is their house and theirs has been the unity of brothers.

A week ago a pretty girl, the daughter of one of the owners, came to the ranch from the East. She was protected in this venture by an old and guarded aunt, watchful as a ferret, sour as a lime. Not that the pretty girl needs watching; she is indeed in every move propriety's climax. No soft or dulcet reason woos her to the West; she comes on no love errand. She is elegantly and profoundly tired of the East, that is all, and longs for Western air and Western sights. She has been at the HT ranch for a week and the boys have met her, every one. The meeting or meetings were marked by awkwardness as to the boys, utter indifference as to the pretty girl. She met them as she met the ponies, cows, horned toads and other animals, domestic and indigenous to Eastern New Mexico. While every cowboy was blushingly conscious of her, she was purely and serenly guiltless of giving him a thought.

Before this pretty girl came the boys were friends and the calm tenor of their relations with each other had never a ripple. She was not there a day before each drew himself insensibly from the others, and a vague hostility shone dimly in their eyes. It was the instinct of the fighting male animal, aroused by the presence of the pretty girl. She, however, proceeded in her daily way, sweetly unconscious of the sentiments she awakened.

Men are mere animals; women are too, for that matter, but they are very different animals from men. The effort the race makes to be other, better or different, than beasts fail. It always failed; it always will fail. Civilization—culture—is the veriest veneer and infamously thin. A year on the plains cracks this veneer—this shell—and leaves the animal exposed. This is by the expanding growth of all that is animal in man; these attributes of the physical being fed and pampered by a plains existence.

The dark, vague, impalpable differences which cut off each of these creatures from his fellows and inspired him with an unreasoning and immeasurable hate had grown with the brief week of their existence. A philosopher would look for trouble soon on the HT.

"What did you take my saddle for yesterday, Bill?" said Jack Moore to a boy by the name of Bill Watkins.

"'Cause I allows I'll ride it some," said Watkins, "Thought it might like to, carry a high-grade cow-puncher once."

"Well, don't take it no more," said Moore, moodily, ignoring the gay insolence of the reply. "Leastwise, don't come atakin' it an' sayin' nothin'. You can palaver Americano, can't you? When you aims to ride my saddle again, ask for it; if you can't talk, make signs, an' if you can't make signs, shake a bush but don't go to Injunin' off no saddle of mine no more."

"Whatever do you allow is liable to happen if I take it again tomorrow?" inquired Bill in high scorn.

Bill was of a more vicious temper than Moore.

"You take it again, an' I mingles with you a whole lot, mighty prompt," replied Moore in a tone of obstinate injury.

These boys were brothers in affection before that pretty girl came. Either would have gone afoot all day to lend his saddle to the other. Going afoot, too, is the last thing, let me assure you, a cowboy will do.

"Well, don't you fail to mingle none," said Bill, with cheerful ferocity, "on account of its being me. I crossed the trail of a short-horn like you over on the Panhandle onct, an' puts him in the fire an' has plenty of fun with him."

"Stop that play, now, right here," said Tom Rawlings, the HT range boss, who was sitting close at hand. "You'll all spring trouble 'round here an' I'll be in it. Whatever's the matter with all you people, anywhow? You're like a passel of sore-headed dogs for mor'n a week now. You're shorly too many for to sabe, an' I cl're gives you up."

The boys started some grumbling reply, but the cook called them to supper just then, and one animalism becoming overshadowed by another, they forgot their rancor and vague animosities in thoughts of supplying their hunger. Towards the last of the repast Rawlins arose, and, going to another room, began overlooking some entries in the ranch books.

The pretty girl did not eat at the ranch table. She had little banquets in her own room. Just then she was in her own room and began singing a little love song that seemed born of a sigh and a tear. The boys at supper heard her, and their resentment of each other's existence began to burn in their eyes. None of these savages was in the least degree in love with the little girl, either. They might have become so, all or any of them.

The singing went on in a cooing soft way that did not bring you the words—only the music.

"What I says about my saddle awhile back I means," said Moore, finally turning a dark look on Watkins.

"See yere!" said Watkin, in an exasperated tone—he was now as vicious as Moore—"if you're p'intin' out for a war jig with me don't fool 'round none for the reasons, but just let 'er roll. Come a running, an' don't bother none with cermony."

"A man don't have to have no reasons for crawlin' you none," said Moore. "You're fair game you are. Any one's licensed to chase you 'round jest for fun and exercise."

"You can gamble," said Watkins, confidentally, "any man as chases me 'round much will regard it as a thrilling pastime. He won't get fat, none whatever."

"As you seems to feel that away," said Moore. "I'll step out shoot with you right now."

"Well, I'll shore go with you," said Watkins.

They rose and stepped out at the door. It was gathering dark, but it was light enough to shoot by.

The other cowboys followed in silence. Not one word was said in comment or interference. They were grave and serious, but passive. It was not good form to interfere with other people's duels in the Southwest. The pretty girl was still singing and the strains fell softly on the ears of the cowboys. Every one, whether onlooker or principal, felt inspired with a licking, pleased anticipation of the blood to be soon flowing. Nothing was said of distance. They separated to about 40 paces and turned and faced each other. Each wore his "Colt's 45," the loosely buckled belt letting it rest low down on the right hip. Each threw down his big hat and stood at apparant ease, with his thumbs caught in his pistol belt.

"Shall you give the word, or me," said Moore.

"You give it," said Watkins. It'll be a funny passage in American history if you get your artillery to front any sooner than I do, then."

"Be you ready?" asked Jack.

"Shore."

"Then go."

Bang! bang! bang! bang! went both pistols together, and with a rapidity not to be counted. Moore got a crease in his left shoulder—a mere wound of the flesh—and Watkins fell with a bullet in his side. Rawlins, the range boss, came running out. He understood all at a look. Hastily examing Moore, he discovered that his hurt was nothing serious. The others carried Watkins into the house.

"Take my pony, saddled at the fence, Jack," said Rawlins, "and pull your freight. This yere man's goin' to die."

"Which I shortly hope he does said Jack bitterly. "I'll go, though I ain't got no use for none of these yere he-short-horns around the HT.

So he took Rawlins' pony, and when he stopped riding in the morning it was no marvel that the pony hung its head dejectedly, while its flanks steamed and quivered. He was almost 100 miles from his last feed of corn, and cooled his nervous muzzle as he took his morning drink in the Rio Pecos, a stream far to the west of the HT.

"Some shooting scrape about their saddles, Miss; that's all." So reported Rawlins to the pretty girl.

"Isn't it horrible?" shuddered he pretty girl in reply.

The next morning the pretty girl and her gnarled and twisted aunt paid the injured Watkins a visit. This sight so affected the other three cowboys that they at once saddled and rode away to the northwest to work some cattle over on the Ocate Mesa. They intended to be gone three months. They looked back and forward as they galloped away.

"It's a pitty Jack Moore ain't no better pistol shot," said one, as the picture of the pretty girl visiting the wounded Watkins rose in his mind.

"That'h whatever," assented the others.

The pretty girl was full of sympathy for the stricken Watkins. It occured to her, too, that his profile was clear and handsome. He was certainlly very pale, and this stirred the depths of her feminine nature. She and her aunt came to see the invalid every day. Once the pretty girl said she would bring him a book to read and while away the hours, which seemed shod with lead.

"I can't read," said Watkins in a tone of deepest shame. "I never learned. I should like to read, too, but there's no one to teach me," and the rascal expressed a deep sigh.

Watkins lied. It was he who was the Princeton man. He said afterwards that that lie was the only real good work he ever did in his life.

So the pretty girl came every day and gave Watkins a reading lesson while the gnarled aunt read a book and watched them through the open door.

"By the way," said Watkins one day, "where's Moore?"

"Why?" asked the range boss, to whom the question was put.

"You tell him," said Watkins, his eyes beginning to gather rage, "that when I get out I'll be looking for him with something besides a field glass."

"Oh, no," said the pretty girl rising and coming towards his couch. Her tone showed great disturbance and fear at the thought.

As he gazed at her the look changed in his eyes. Hate for Moore gave place to something else.

"No," he said at last. "Tell him it's all right, Rawlins."

The pretty girl thought him very noble.

Watkins was out in five weeks and could go about the ranch. One night Rawlins thought he heard a pony in the yard and arose to remedy the matter. As he stepped out a couple passed him in the moonlight. It was Watkins and the pretty girl. The caitiff's arm was around her.—Boston Post.

A TRUE BENEFACTOR.

Thousands bless the Memory of Professor Edward E Phelps, M. D., L.L. D.

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Dr. Phelps' wonderful prescription, Paine's Celery Compound is a boon to suffering humanity. This remarkable medicine has cured and saved more victims of kidney trouble than have all other combined agencies in the world. It has rescued thousands who were thought to be hopelessly lost—made them well after medical men had pronounced them incurable.

The case of Mr. C. F. Kevill, of Dansford, Ont., is one of the strongest proofs ever put on record, that Paine's Celery Compound cures kidney disease, and all the terrible evils that follow this dangerous malady. Mr. Kevill has written for the benefit of other sufferers; he says:—

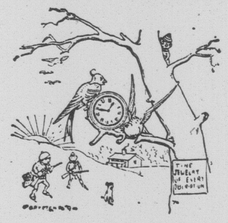
"I wish to testify in favor of the wonderful curative powers of Paine's Celery Compound for two reasons: first, in justice to the proprietor; and secondly, for the benefit of suffering humanity.

"For the past fifteen years I have been troubled with diseased kidneys. I am engaged in the manufacture of cheese, and am obliged to work more or less in a stooping posture. At times I found it almost impossible to work owing to severe pains across my kidneys. Often after working in a stooping position for a time, I would find it very difficult to straighten up at once, and could only do so after repeated efforts.

"Of late years, while laboring under these severe attacks, I became very nervous, and continually had tired, worn out feelings. My rest at night seemed to do me no good, and I always feel tired out in the morning.

"I had been taking various medicines and was getting worse all the time. At last I decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. I procured a bottle, and took it according to directions, and found its effect wonderful. Before I had used the first bottle I began to improve; after I had used the second bottle I felt as well as I ever did in my life. It had banished all aches and pains, my nervousness was all gone, and the tired and worn out feelings were banished. I can go to bed now and sleep well, and rise in the morning rested and refreshed.

"I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to my friends who were suffering from the same troubles as I had, and all have been greatly benefitted. Knowing what it has done, I can cheerfully recommend it to any person suffering from kidney disease."



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W. R. GOULD.

Chatham Oct., 3.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 12 JULY, 1894.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows;—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited."

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

L J TWEEDIE,
Surveyor General

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

But One Sure Remedy—Obtain It for 25 Cents, Blower Included, and be Cured.

Catarrh is a disagreeable and offensive disease. It usually results from a cold and often ends in consumption and death. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Physicians failed to cure Geo. Belfrey, toll-gate keeper, Holland Landing road. Chase's Catarrh Cure did it.

One box cured William Kneeshaw and two boxes James T. Stoddard, both of West Gwillimbury.

Division Court Clerk Joel Rogers, Robert J. Hoover and Geo. Taylor, all of Reeton, voluntarily certify to the efficacy of Chase's Catarrh Cure.

J. W. Jennison, of Gilford, spent nearly $300 on doctors, but found no permanent relief until he tried a 25-cent box of Chase's.

Miss Dwyer, of Allieton, got rid of a cold in the head in 12 hours.

Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, London, tried a box with excellent effect.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is for sale by any dealer, or by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Price 25 cents including blower.

Coughs, colds and bronchial troubles readily cured by the latest discovery, Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. Pleasant and easy to take. 25 cents.

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INSURANCE.

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FRANCES A. GILLESPIE

Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

150 MEN AND 50 WOMEN WANTED!

TO BUY BOOTS SHOES & RUBBERS AND FEET WEAR,

ROCKERYWARE, HARDWARE AND GLASSWARE

BEEF, PORK, LAMB, MUTTON, TURKEYS, GEESE DUCKS, AND CHICKENS AND A CHOICE LINE OF GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONARIES, TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

Also Horses to Hire and two Horses to sell

Please call and examine for yourselves.

All the above goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices as I have determined to sell to cash customers at Cash Prices.

THOS BUCKLEY, PROP

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Stenographers Wanted

Five applications for our students have been made within the last few days. Three of these have been for YOUNG MEN who could write Short Hand.

This is an indication of the demand of the times. Bookkeeping alone is good; Short Hand alone is good; the COMBINATION is much better.

Our Revised Terms give just the opportunity required by those who wish to take the combined course.

Send for catalogue giving terms, etc.

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LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS OF RATES ETC.

OFFICE OF SECY. TREASURER,
Newcastle, 9th. Dec.

COLLECTORS OF RATES and other Officers, required to make returns to the County Council, and all persons having claims against the County, are hereby requested to render the same duly sworn to, forthwith, to this office, preparatory to audit.

SAML. THOMSON.
SECTY. TREAS.
Co. North

FOR SALE.

One foot power scroll saw, with lathe and drill attached. All in perfect order, can be had for $17.00 cash. For particulars apply to Box 123 Chatham.

IMPROVED PREMISES

Just arrived and on Sale at

Roger Flanagan's

Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made, Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c.

Also a choice lot of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

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THE BOUQUET.

Sweeping reductions in Millinery and Fancy Goods at the Bouquet.

Having to make room for midsummer and fall importations I have decided to dispose of the balance of my spring and summer stock at greatly reduced prices—in fact, wholesale prices thus giving my patrons the advantage of a cheap sale. The stock consists of the latest styles of Millinery, hats, flowers, feathers, ladies' wrappers, sunshades, gloves hosiery, underwear and fancy goods. Sables' robes and headwear a specialty.

All the above are stylish and fashionable, being the latest importations from London, Paris and New York. Mail orders promptly and carefully attend to.

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—FOR—

BOSTON.

Commencing Nov. 18th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY mornings at 7.00 a. m. (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and St. John.

Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

All Agents in the East sell Through Tickets and Check Baggage Through. Call on or address your nearest Ticket Agent.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.

Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.

Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.

Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No 53.

In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. KERR'S Barber shop, Telephone No 6.

WANTED—CANVASSERS, MALE AND FEMALE, in every township in Canada, to canvass for the greatest weekly newspaper in the world, *The Family Herald and Weekly Star* of Montreal. *The Family Herald and Weekly Star* has been enlarged to one hundred and twenty eight columns per week, equal to one hundred large volumes per annum. It is improved in every department so conspicuously as to be talked about all over the world. A splendid premium picture free with the *Family Herald*. A good opportunity for canvassers to establish a yearly income. No experience needed. Only natural capacity for knowing a good thing at sight. Sample copies, etc., etc., free. Address immediately to secure position. *Family Herald* Publishing Co., Subscription Department, Montreal, Canada.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, on Friday the 6th day of March next between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p. m:

All the estate, share, right, title and interest of James O Fish of, in, to or out of all the following described pieces, or parcels of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland, and Province of New Brunswick viz:

All that piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Town of Newcastle in the said County of Northumberland, and bounded southerly or in front by Water street, on the lower or easterly side by lands formerly owned and occupied by the late Moses M. Sargeant and by lands presently owned by Mrs. Mary Vondy Northerly or in rear by Mary Street, and on the upper or westerly side by the Masonic Hall property

Also, all that other piece of land situate in the said Town of Newcastle and County aforesaid, and bounded southerly or in front by Mitchell street, on the lower or easterly side by lands formerly owned and occupied by the late John Williamson northerly or in rear by land occupied by Mrs. Quinlivy, and on the upper or westerly side by a lane, being the land and premises formerly occupied by John Watters.

Also—All that piece of land situate in the Parish of Newcastle, in the county aforesaid, bounded southerly or in front by the Great Road, on the lower or easterly side by land formerly owned by the late John Atchison, on the upper or westerly side by lands owned and occupied by James Nevin, and extending northerly or in rear to the full extent of the original grant,—being the land known and distinguished as "The Fish Farm" Which several pieces of land were conveyed to the said James O Fish by James Fish by deed dated the eleventh day of April A. D 1869.

Also, all other the lands tenements, hereditaments and premises of the said James O Fish, whatsoever and wheresoever situate in the said County of Northumberland,

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of William A. Hickson against the said James O. Fish,

JOHN SHIRRETT,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle this 26th day of November, A. D. 1895.

FURNACES FURNACES, WOOD OR COAL,

WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

STOVES

COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES

AT LOW PRICES!

PUMPS, PUMPS,

Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash

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MERCHANT TAILORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
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This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince, you that he prices are right.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERY COMPLETE.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Chickens.
Raisins, Currants, Candied Peels.
Essences, Spices, Apples, Grapes
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