POOR COPY

A PILOT'S WIFE.

Concluded.

But Bert had married me for better or worse, and, though it was pretty much all worse, he was determined to make the best of it; and so he believed that this was all due to my weak nerves and ill health—which it wasn't, but only to a life of indulgence, and selfishness, and waywardness bearing fruit—and he humored me, and waited on me, and was gentler with me than ever mother was in all her life. For mother came in one day, and found the plates not washed, and the fire gone out, and me sitting down at heel, sulking and wretched, with my hair uncombed and no collar on; and she declared on the spot that patience had had its perfect work with me, that all I needed was a good sound shaking, and if I wasn't too old to behave in that way I wasn't too old to have it, and she had half the mind to give it to me; and such conduct, she said, had driven better men than Bert to drink. She was ashamed to own me for a child of hers, and I'd only have myself to thank if he went to the bad altogether. And up I flared, and said if it wasn't gone to the bad already to have been chasing across the Atlantic after Kate Davenant, I should like to know what it was. I suppose the fact is I was a little crazy. And just as mother turned around with the dishcloth suspended and her mouth wipe open, Bert, who had come in unnoticed in the high words and had heard those high words, pushed open the door and stood before me.

I shall never forget how Bert looked that moment. His face was as white and set as a dead man's. It would have looked like a dead man's if the awful living eyes hadn't been blazing out of it like two fires—so dark and terrible that I cowered.

"Say that again, Sady," said he.

And, my heart bubbling up with anger at the tone, I said it again, and more of it too.

"I swear to you that this is the first I ever knew of her being on the steamer," said Bert then, in a great, grand voice that of itself seemed to wake me from my evil mood as if it had been a nightmare, though doubtless it was fear, calling the blood away from my brain, that waked me. He turned to my mother. "Take care of her," he said; "take good care of her. I must go down the harbor before the weather thickens. Maybe I shall never come up again. I hope I never shall!"

With that he paused and hesitated, and took a step forward and towards me; but heaven only knows what imp of perversity caught my shoulder and twisted me around and away, and in a moment the door was closed gently, as Bert did everything in the house, and he was gone. And then you may imagine that chaos reigned in that room for an hour, with penitence and self-reproach and fear, and cries and sobs and hysterics; and mother left off scolding and hushed me, and bathed my face, and combed my hair, afraid lest I'd do myself a mischief; and finally, as she couldn't stay, she tied on my clock and furs, and took a basket of things out of the bureau drawer, and locked up the doors, and slipped the key under the stone, and hailed a car at the head of the street, and shoved me in, and carried me off to her own house—all in a vague, wild, cloudy state of mind, where nothing seemed to be real but a dull and universal ache, which, whether it belonged to my body or my soul, I had not wit enough to know. "I am sure I am going to die," I said, and the last I knew I was tucked up warm in bed, and falling off into strange, wild dreams.

And that night my baby was born. It was a furious storm outside as midnight drew on; hardly less furious within, as, in pauses of pain, I thought of Bert—his boat lying too far out in the bay, with the gale and the sleet fierce enough to cut the eyes out of his head if he looked to windward, or maybe run down, without the hearing of a cry, by some great steamer in that weather, too thick with the driving snow to see a light or your own length ahead. I thought, in swift succession, of all the horrid chances of those dark winter seas, till my brain was raging with heat, and all my words were delirious. It was of no use their putting the little flannel bundle up on the pillow beside me and bidding me look at it. There were millions of babies in the world, but only one Bert, and I had driven him out into the whirling white tempest of that pitiless night; and every screaming blast, every push of the great shoulder of the gale against the house, made me start up and cry out.

But all at once I heard mother saying in an undertone, as if she had not said it half a dozen times before, that there was Bert's chin with all the pluck of it, if ever anything was, and she shouldn't wonder if the eyes—and, without waiting to hear her finish, it came over me like a fresh tide of feeling and thought that this was Bert's child after all; and if I never saw Bert again, yet, perhaps, the boy might grow up to be like his father; and I don't know what there was comforting in the idea, but I turned and laid my cheek down against his, and began to sink away quietly to sleep. And they darkened the room and set the lamp outside in the next one, where mother went to busy herself about something or other; and presently the nurse was nodding, as I found when suddenly starting wide awake, not having really lost myself at all. What made me start wide awake then, with all my senses about me, as alert as ever I was in my life? I will tell you.

The landing of the front stairs opened directly into the room where I lay; and, as if he had just come in the door from off the sea, there, in his great storm-clothes, stood Bert.

What a white, fixed face it was he wore! Not the face which I had seen in the afternoon, but a deathly, ghastly face, that it chilled one's marrow to look at; and the hair was hanging wet about it, and about the eyes, that had an appalling, absent, vacant gaze, such as I had never seen in Bert's shining, splendid ones. "Oh, what is it, Bert?" I cried. "Don't be frightened, dear! It's all over, and I'm very well, and it's—its a boy." Then I remembered how we had parted, and I whispered, half choked, imploring him to forgive me.

"I went home to find you, Sady," murmured he "and I've been looking for you since, my darling. And so it's a boy, is it?" And he came and laid his cold, wet, rough face down on mine, and on that little velvet cheek beside mine, and stood erect, and shuddered, and was gone—gone like the breaking of a bubble.

And with the outcry that I made the nurse sprang to her feet, and mother came running in; and they both declared what a pity I had waked, and what a sweet sleep I must have been having; and, of course, I had been dreaming; for nobody else had seen Bert, as, indeed, where could he have come from in such a storm! And I just as stoutly maintained that they needn't try to deceive me for he was in the house; I had seen him. When I saw that they wore in earnest, cold shivers began to rush over me, till they shook me as I lay. "He is drowned! he is drowned!" I sang out between my chattering teeth. "And I have done it. I have destroyed my husband!" And, directly, their voices sounded miles away; and, thoroughly worn out, I went to sleep, and never waked till morning, when the storm had all blown up the coast, and the sun was shining brightly.

But I did not wake to suit the day I opened my eyes with such wonder to see it so bright and careless, with such a load of heaviness, such vague regret that I had waked at all; and, of course, my first thought was Bert.

The storm had been a brief one, it seemed, sweeping swift and furious; possibly Bert's boat might have been beyond its belt, and have known but little of it. Yet that was hardly likely, and I tried to brace myself for the worst, and prayed for strength to receive the blow I feared, and which would be a blow, come how it might, as only fit punishment for my wickedness.

And so all that morning I lay there, not saying a word, never dropping into a doze, but listening, listening at every pore for a step that did not come. And though I lay like a log in my listening, inwardly I fretted and fumed and fidgeted, and my head burned and my heart beat like a leaf in the wind. And when the doctor ran up-stairs he said it would never do in the world. I was getting into a high fever; I must take a draught he mixed and go to sleep; and so I did, with my baby in my arms. And when I woke up, there sat Bert beside me, with one cool hand grasping both my hot ones.

"Oh, Bert," I said, feebly, closing my eyes again, "is it really you this time? If you are going to go—again—go before I open my eyes, and it won't be so hard."

"Ay, my darling!" he cried, with his great, hearty voice. "Why else should it be? But it came precious near never being——"

"Oh, Bert, weren't you really here last night, then?"

"Here last night? Sady, that's just what I've been asking myself. But no—neither here nor anywhere else."

"Dear Bert, you must have had such a dreadful night!"

He didn't speak then, but he lifted my hands and kissed them—my little hard hands.

Just then mother came in with some decoction; she had seen Bert before. "I suppose you've been home and found all safe, Bert?" she said.

"No, I haven't," replied he. "I knew Sady was over here—I don't know how I knew it, but I did—and I just made sail in this direction."

"Weren't you surprised when you saw that little head on the pillow?"

"Not at all," said Bert, crossing over to inspect for the hundredth time or so the rosy collection of fists and feet on her lap. "I knew it was there, and I knew it was a boy. I was saying it was a boy when I came to."

"Came to?" repeated mother and I together.

"Oh, yes. You haven't heard, of course. Why, I came as near laying my bones where the old anchors lie last night—"

"Bert!"

"Yes, really. Now I'm safe,' said he, "and if you wont't flush up and worry, I'll tell you about it.'

"I'll worry a great deal more if you don't tell me,' murmured I.

"Well, this is all, and it isn't much There was a schooner wabbling round out there in the bay, as clearly as we could make out in the scud and snow, as if every soul on board had lost their heads; and we came to the conclusion that, whether she wanted a pilot or not, she needed one, or she'd be splinters and sawdust on the channel islands before morning. And after a little, feeling desperate and wicked, and hardly caring what happened, I set out for her. And I think I'd have made her, for I've ridden rougher water than that in my canoe, only just at the last minute I remembered a paper in the cabin with the list of the *Assyria's* passengers in it, and my heart melted, and I thought I'd be in town in a couple of hours, and I thought that if I showed that to you, Sady, and showed you that there was no such name as Kate Davenant's—'

'Why, of course there wasn't, Bert!' I interrupted. "It would have been her husband's!'

"Her husband's?" asked Bert, turning on me his great brown eyes in a wondering way. "Kate married, Sady, and yet you could—'

"Oh, don't, dear Bert!' Don't say anything more about it!' I exclaimed in a tremor. "I was out of my head—I must have been! And you forgave me for it all last night—'

'That is it exactly,' said Bert, solemnly, while mother's eyes grew round and rounder; "I did. And you, Sady, did you forgive me then for having flashed off yesterday afternoon in that rage.'

"Yesterday? It seems a year ago. Oh, I never can forgive myself, Bert!"

'There, there, children, said mother.

'Well, as I was saying,' continued Bert, in a moment, I made for the paper, and found it, and sprang along up with it, and jumped into the canoe. And just then there came a great wave, and before I could lift an oar it had reared and fallen, and the boat had swamped under me, and I had gone down in the icy water, the whole tempest booming in my ears, and the weight of the whole ocean on my head; and when I came to the top again I could see the row of wild faces just above the lights which the men were swinging over the side, and I shouted for a line and a lantern on it, and out it flew, and I caught it just as I was washing by, and contrived to get it fast under my arms, and give the word to haul me in. Once or twice I went under again, and when, at last, they laid me on the deck there was no more life in me than in a log.'

"Oh, Bert!' I cried, starting up, and quite forgetting for the instant that it was all over now at any rate.

"There! lie right down again and keep still, or I'll let you guess the rest. Don't you see I'm alive?' said he, laughing. "For they lugged me down below, and worked away on me with hot blankets and rum and hartshorn and the like, and still I lay as dead as a pelt, to all appearance, and they were just giving me up when one of them dropped the hartshorn and spilled it up my nostrils; and suddenly, wth a start and shudder, and saying over and over, 'It's a boy, it's a boy,' opened my eyes, and presently was all right, and brought that schooner up to town after all, though I can't rightly say that I have got over the tingle of that hartshorn yet. And I was just as well aware, Sady, of having been in your mother's house—that time while they were working over my body—of having hunted for you at home, of having found you here, of having seen my child, as I am of the same at this moment. And I swear I don't understand it!' said Bert, getting up and setting down the gruel I hadn't touched, and coming back again. 'It's been buzzing about my brain, the puzzle of it, all the morning. When my soul had left my body, how did hartshorn, even that who'e battery of it that Ben opened at once, call it back again?'

'Oh, Bert, I'm so glad,' I said, without waiting for the rest, 'to think that when your soul was free it travelled straight to me! And I'll promise, oh, I'll promise to try and be a good wife after this—'

'You are now, said he, "the best of wives.'

'Oh, I will be, Bert, as long as I live!'

'And afterwards,' whispered Bert, over my head, 'when we're ghosts together?'

'Always, Bert. Forever and ever.'

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making *more money* at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

TIN SHOP.

have now opened the well known establishment formerly occupied by the late James Gray, and with the kind patronage of former friends, am repared to execute all work in

TIN, SHEET-IRON, GAS-FITTING.

Granite Ware, Japaned Stamped and Plain.

TIN WARE

I ways on hand, which I will sell low for cash.

PLOUGHS,

Also, a nice assortment of

Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

fitted with PATENT OVENS the inner shells of which draw out for cleaning purposes.

Those wishing to buy cheap would do well to ve us a call.

☞*Shop in rear of Custom House.*☜

A. C. M'LEAN.

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to purchasers of last year without ordering. It contains about 180 pages, and delineates, prices, and gives descriptions and valuable directions for planting all varieties of **VEGETABLE** and **FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS,** etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Detroit, Michigan.

THE STAR SAFETY RAZOR.

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MEDAL OF SUPERORITY AWARDED

—BY—

AMERICAN INSTITUTE 1884.

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RAZOR in USE

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

G. STOTHART.
Chatham, N. B.

NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.

BARGAINS IN

GLASS AND CROCKERYWARE, CUTLERY HANGING LAMPS, TABLE LAMPS, HAND LAMPS,

Groceries, Winter Apples, etc.

A. H. & H. MARQUIS.
Upper Water Street, Chatham.

Nelson Cooperage.

I have fitted up the above in first-class order and having employed a competent man to take charge. I am prepared to furnish to the trade at short notice, Mackerel, Pork, and Herring Barrels, Lime casks and Dry Barrels of all kinds.

Always on hand Barrel staves and heading, Lobster and Smelt Shooks, Cedar Shingles.

JOHN FLETT.

Required 10,000 Sucker Barrel Hoops.

EDGER for SALE.

A NEW and IMPROVED GANG or DOUBLE EDGER suitable for a one

GANG OR ROTARY SAW MILL

It will Edge from 80,000 to 90,000 S. F. lumber per day of ten hours—gauge from one to six inches—cheap.

THOS. F. GILLESPIE.
Chatham, Miramichi.

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR THE "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE."

General Business.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Friday the 2nd day of April next, in front of the Registry Office in Newcastle between the hours of twelve noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.

All the right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand of Frank Burk and Oliver Burk, in and to all and singular those several pieces, parcels or Lots of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Rogersville in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, as follows, viz:—

All and singular that certain Lot or parcel of land and premises lying and being in the Parish of Rogersville in the County and Province aforesaid, and described as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the side of a reserved road thence running in a northern direction fifty-two chains to a stake standing on the rear line in the middle of the Lot number sixty-three, thence north sixty degrees east twenty chains and twenty-five links, thence south one degree east fifty-eight chains to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres more or less, and distinguished as half of Lot number sixty-three in Pleasant Ridge Settlement.

Also, All and singular that certain other Lot or parcel of Land and premises lying and being in the Parish of Rogersville, in the County of Northumberland and Province aforesaid, and described as follows:—Beginning at the corner of Lot number sixty-four granted to——Herbert in Pleasant Ridge Settlement, thence running by the magnet north forty-five degrees west fifty-two chains, thence north sixty degrees east twenty chains and twenty-five links, thence south fifty-eight chains to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres, and distinguished as the west half of Lot number sixty-three Jeib Lot, in the Pleasant Ridge Settlement.

Also, All and singular that certain other lot or parcel of land and premises lying and being in the Parish of Rogersville, in the County of Northumberland and Province aforesaid, and described as follows;—Beginning at a stake standing on the Eastern side of the reserved road at the corner of Lot, No. eighty-eight granted Luck Brow, thence running by the magnet south forty-five degrees east fifty-five chains and sixty links, thence south eighteen degrees west twenty chains, thence north forty-five degrees west fifty-five chains and sixty links to the easterside of the aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north eighteen degrees east twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres more or less, and distinguished as Lot Number eighty-nine in Pleasant Ridge.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court by Michael O'Brien against the said Frank Burk and Oliver Burk.

JOHN SHIRREFF
Sheriff of Northumberland County,

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 14th Decembe 1885. A. D.

300 CASES CANNED GOODS.

Sugar Corn,	Tomatoes,
Green Peas,	String Beans,
Pine Apple,	Baked Beans,
Strawberries,	Peaches.
Windsor Salmon,	Lobsters.
Oysters,	Corn Beef,

DeFOREST, HARRISON & Co.,
7 and 8, North Wharf
St. John, N. B

STAPLE GOODS.

1 Car Granulated Sugar.
1 " Bright Refined do
1 " Mess Pork,
240 Barrels Beans,
200 " Corn Meal,
200 " Diadem Flour,
200 " Star do.,
100 " Simon pure do.

For sale by

DeFOREST, HARRISON & Co.,
7 and 8 North Wharf,
Saint John, N. B.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between Jas. Johnston and John Pirie, Chatham, N. B., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All parties having any just claims against the firm formerly known as Johnston & Pirie will please render their accounts, and all persons indebted to them are requested to have their accounts settled at once. Debts will be paid and accounts collected by Jas. Johnston.

JAS. JOHNSTON,
JOHN PIRIE.

Chatham, N. B., Oct. 31, 1885.

The subscriber, who will continue the above business at the old stand, thanks the late firm's numerous customers for their patronage in the past, and respectfully solicits a continuation thereof.

JAMES JOHNSTON.

SHINGLE WOOD.

Wanted at the Factory, Chatham. 300 Cords CEDAR SHINGLE WOOD for which Cash will be paid.

GEORGE CASSADY

JOHN McDONALD,

UNDERTAKER.

CASKETS & COFFINS

of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.

Metallic and Patent Coffins,

furnished when required

Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.

Burial Robes also Supplied.

☞Prompt attention given to all Orders day or night.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To George Arnold, formerly of the Parish of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, at present of the United States of America, Cabinet Maker, and Annie Maria Arnold, his wife, and to all other persons whom it doth, shall, or may concern—

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the second day of May, A. D. 1877, between the said George Arnold and Annie Maria Arnold, of the one part, and John Haviland, of the Parish of Chatham, aforesaid, Sadler, of the other part, duly recorded on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1877, in Volume 58 of the Records for the said County of Northumberland, pages 64, 65, 66, and 67, and numbered 47 in said volume.

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, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, aforesaid, on MONDAY, the THIRD DAY of MAY next, at 12 o'clock noon All that piece or lot of land situate in Chatham, aforesaid, and bounded as follows,—Commencing on the easterly side of King street at the point where the same crosses Duke Street; thence running easterly along the south side of Duke street, fifty feet to the westerly line of lot two; thence southerly and along that line at right angles to Duke Street, one hundred and three feet to the northerly line of lot six; thence westerly at right angles to the easterly side of King street, fifty feet; thence northerly, along the easterly side of King street, one hundred and three feet to the place of beginning, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or in any manner appertaining. And all the estate, right, title, dower and thirds, property claim and demand whatever, both at law and in equity, of them, the said George Arnold and Annie Maria Arnold, of, in, to, out of, or upon the said lands and premises, or any part thereof.

Dated this 25th day of January, A D, 1886.

JOHN HAVILAND,
Mortgagee.

ROBERT MURRAY,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

MOSS & SON

have completed their Fall Stock of goods suitable for presents, consisting of,—

Cake Baskets,	Casters,
Butter Coolers,	Card Stands,
Pickle Jars,	Fruit Stands
Napkin Rings,	Ice Pitchers,
Jewel Caskets,	Peppers and Salts
Syrups,	Cups and Mugs,
Silver Lamps,	Children's K. S. & F.,
Sugar Bowls,	Spoon Holders,
Pie and Tart servers,	Fish Carvers,
Gravy Ladles,	Gent's Gold Watches,
Ladies' Gold Watches,	Gold Chains,
Roll Plate Rings,	Gem Rings,
Wedding do.,	Silver Lockets and Necklets,
Sets Silver Jewelry,	Fine Gold Sets,
Bracelets,	Brooches and Earrings,
Albums,	Bibles,
Prayer Books,	Hymns, all kinds,
The Poets,	Toy Books,
Games,	Vases,
Figures,	Christmas Cards,
Dolls,	Plaques, &c.

☞We ask the favour of an inspection of our large and varied stock of goods and a comparison of prices, in either of our shops in Chatham or Newcastle. Bargains in Ladies' and Gents' gold and silver Watches.

ALL PURCHASES ENGRAVED FREE.

MOSS & SON.

HORSE FOR SALE.

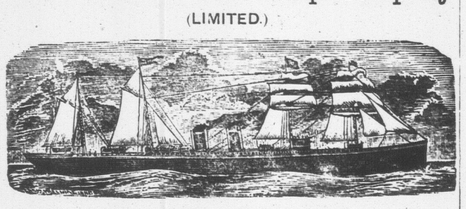
A large 12 year old mare, very suitable for a thrashing mill, will be sold cheap. Apply at

STATION FARM.
Chatham, October 1st, 1885.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

North Atlantic Steamship Company

(LIMITED.)



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LONDON and LIVERPOOL to CHARLOTTETOWN, BATHURST and MIRAMICHI.

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S. S. "CLIFTON" about 3000 tons, will leave LONDON

ABOUT 20TH APRIL, 1886.

S. S. "NELLIE WISE" about 1500 tons,

WILL LEAVE LIVERPOOL about 20th APRIL, 1886.

Carrying goods on through Bills of Lading to the principal points in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick at lowest rates. Apply to

R. A. & STEWART, Chatham, Bathurst and St. John, N.B.
FENTON T. NEWBURY, Charlottetown.
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Pending the settlement of an efficient pilotage arrangement for the Miramichi these steamers will load and discharge their cargoes at Chatham, N. B., taking goods both ways to and from Chatham and Newcastle, N. B., at lowest current direct rates.

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LOWER Water St.

Chatham, MIRAMICHI.

Having completed the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the building next Messrs. Guy Bevan & Co's. office, Lower Water Street, we are now prepared to execute all kinds of

BOOK AND JOB - PRINTING

in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city offices at the

Dominion Centennial Exhibition

at St. John, where it received a

—MEDAL AND DIPLOMA—

for "Book and Job Printing" and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work.

We have, also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms, such as:—

RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS.
FISH INVOICES, (newest form.)
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.
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ETC.; ETC., ETC.

☞Send along your orders.

D. G. SMITH.

Chatham, N. B.

TEAS!

Choice Congou and Oolong Teas.
760 PACKAGES IN STORE.
76 " Ex S. S. "Calodonia"
169 " " "British Queen"
185 " Bought and on the way
1190 On which we offer special values.

FOR SALE BY

DeForest Harrison & Co.
7 and 8 North wharf

IMMENSE REDUCTION

In prices of the balance of our WINTER STOCK, viz., LADIES' MANTLES, MANTLE CLOTHS, all the latest Styles and Patterns

ULSTER CLOTHS in Nigger Head, Fancy Checks, Twills and Printed Pilots &c.

DRESS MATERIALS, ALL KINDS, at 10% ADVANCE ON COST.

LADIES', MISSES' & CHILD'S CASHMERE & KNIT JERSEYS and PROMENADE SHAWLS, ALL AT NET COST.

2 CHOICE SETTS S. S. SEAL

Muff and Boa Price $40.00 reduced to $32.50.

2 MINK SETTS, choice, price Muff Boa & Cap $37.00, reduced to $30.00, Men's Persian Lamb & Seal Caps at cost. 2 pieces, Sealette, prices $12.00 & $7.00 reduced to $9.75 & $5.75 per yard. Men's Underclothing and Overcoats.

None of above goods will be booked at reduced prices. STRICTLY CASH.

LOGGIE & BURR,
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DRY GOODS.

I will sell my stock of

DRY GOODS, FURNITURE, &C.,

at very low figures. All goods have been reduced in price to make a good clearance before Stock Taking.

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MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MILLINERY!
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DRESS MAKING! DRESS MAKING
—AT—
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MANTLE MAKING! MANTLE MAKING
—AT—
B. FAIREY'S.
Newcastle, N B

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VAUGHAN & BROS.,

—IRON MERCHANTS.—

SMYTHE STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B

IRON—Common, Refined, and Horse Shoe,
STEEL—Tired Sleigh Shoe and Toe Calk.
YELLOW METAL—Bolts and Sheathing

CHAINS—Rigging, Mill and Cables.
Anchors, Oakum, Pitch, Tar, Spikes, Hemp and Manilla Cordage all of best quality and

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES

NEW GOODS

—LANDING TO-DAY—

20 Cases and Bales assorted DRY GOODS, 70 HALF CHESTS TEA, (best value yet) 30 BBLS. SUGAR, 125 BBLS. FLOUR, 10 TONS PRESSED HAY, A lot of SEASONED PRIME LUMBER.

WILLIAM MURRAY.

Miramichi Foundry

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MACHINE WORKS,

CHATHAM N. B.

General Iron and Brass Founders

Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.

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