For Sale and To Let.

Lots for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale Forty Building Lots, fronting on Union and Academy Streets, situated about midway between the Academies and the Stations of the Intercolonial and Cape Tormentine Railways. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in the Town, and only a few minutes walk from either the Station or Academies. Price moderate. Terms accommodating. Title undoubted. Apply to

W. H. HARRISON.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his MILL in Cookville; also, about 4,000 acres of Log Land, which is heavily timbered. Also there is about 3,000 Logs at mill. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to

GEORGE W. TOWSE.

Aboushagan Road, July 14th.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF APRIL next, A. D. 1886, at the Court House in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of Charles C. Allen, his possessory right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in and to the LANDS and PREMISES situate in the Parish of Botsford, in the County of Westmorland, described in an Indenture of Mortgage from the said Charles C. Allen to William Crane, Charles F. Allison and Joseph F. Allison, dated the 14th day of December, A. D. 1878, and registered in the Westmorland Records on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1879, in Libro 2, Folio 235, No. 8073, containing two hundred acres, more or less, as by reference thereto will more fully appear; together with all Buildings and Appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining. Also all other Real Estate of the said Charles C. Allen, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been seized under and to be sold by Virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Eliza Cotton vs. the said Charles C. Allen.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN,
Sheriff.

Dorchester, N. B., January 5th, 1886

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF MAY next, A. D. 1886, at the Court House in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of William Morrice, his possessory right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in and to all and singular the several pieces lots and parcels of Upland, Marshland and Woodland, situate in the Parish of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, and described at follows, viz: In an indenture of mortgage from the said William Morrice and John Morrice to Eliza Crane, dated the 26th day of January, A. D. 1867, and registered in the Westmorland Records on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1867, in Libro X X, Folio 230, No. 26,003. An indenture of mortgage from the said William Morrice to Eliza Cotton, dated the 21st day of December, A. D. 1872, and registered in the Westmorland Records on the 30th day of December, A. D. 1872, in Libro H 3, Folio 278, No. 31,259. An indenture of mortgage from the said William Morrice to William Henry Crane, dated the 19th day of January, A. D. 1876, and registered in the Westmorland Records the following day, January the 20th, A. D. 1876, in Libro P 3, Folio 202, No. 34,562. An indenture of mortgage from the said William Morrice to Josiah Wood, dated the 27th day of September, A. D. 1879, and registered in the Westmorland Records on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1879, in Libro B 4, Folio 331, No. 39,767. A Deed from Frank H. Morrice to the said William Morrice, dated the 4th day of October, A. D. 1881, and registered in the Westmorland Records on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1881, in Libro F 4, Folio 313, No. 42,509. And a Deed from John Ford and wife to the said William Morrice, dated the 19th day of October A. D. 1881, and registered in the Westmorland Records on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 1881, in Libro H 4, Folio 590, No. 42,847, as by reference to the aforesaid Indentures of Mortgage and Deeds severally will more fully appear, also all the interest of the said William Morrice of every kind and nature, of, in and to about twelve acres of Woodland on the southerly side of the Aiken road (so called) in Letter B Division, in the said Parish of Sackville, having been obtained by Deed from Richard Wilson, one hundred acres, more or less, on the northerly side of the said Walker Road, in Letter B Division aforesaid, in the Parish of Sackville, having been obtained by Deed from Thomas Ayer and others, and a lot of Lands at the North Joggins, in the Parish of Sackville aforesaid, together with all the interest, right and title of the said William Morrice, either by heirship or otherwise, of, in and to all the Woodlands known as the Sackville rights, and of, in and to all Marshlands, Boglands and other lands of every kind and nature in the Sackville or Tantramar Marshes, or elsewhere in the said Parish of Sackville, including all buildings and appurtenances to all the above described Lands and Premises belonging or in anywise appertaining, and all Mineral Rights in certain lands in Beech Hill (so called), in the said Parish of Sackville, obtained by lease from Jessie Ayer and Albert Ayer, also all other Real Estate of the said William Morrice, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been held by several Memorials of Judgement registered in the Westmorland Records, and several Executions issued out of the Supreme Court and out of the County Court of Westmorland against the said William Morrice, and to be sold under and by virtue of said several executions.

Dorchester, N. B., January 23rd, 1886.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN,
Sheriff.

For Sale! For Sale!

BESIDES A FULL STOCK OF

Stationery and Fancy Goods

The subscriber calls attention to his large assortment of

WALL PAPER,

Which he has imported direct from England and the United States.

Orders for Books and Music sent out every Saturday.

Dougherty Organs kept in Stock.

One first-class Instrument, by the above celebrated maker, can now be examined and tested at the Agency, Sackville Book Store. Satisfaction in quality and prices guaranteed.

CHAS. MOORE.

Sackville, Feb. 17, 1886.

C. WARMUNDE,

Practical Watchmaker,

Music Hall, Sackville, N. B.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.

feb4'85

NOTICE OF SALE.

To JOHN COCHRANE, formerly of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, but now in the United States of America, JOHN McNEIL, of Wellington, in the County of Kent, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1872, and made between Cyrile Thibideau, of the Parish of Wellington aforesaid, farmer, of the one part, and Martin Haragan, Senior, of Carleton, in the said County, of the other part, which said indenture of mortgage was duly recorded in the Records in the County of Kent on the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1872, as number 9905, Libro V, pages 57, 58 and 59, which said mortgage was subsequently assigned to one Anthony Grattan, and by him to the undersigned. There will, in pursuance of the said power of sale, and for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said indenture of mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction or Private Contract on the 29TH DAY OF MAY NEXT, on the premises, at twelve o'clock noon, all the LANDS and PREMISES described in said indenture, namely:—All that certain piece, parcel or tract of Land situate in the Parish of Wellington, in the County of Kent, containing one hundred and fifty acres, distinguished as lot No. 63, granted by the Crown to the said Cyrile Thibideau on the 27th November, 1848, as by reference thereto will appear. Also all that piece or parcel of Land in said Parish of Wellington, supposed to contain about fifty acres, conveyed by Alexander McLean and another to the said Cyrile Thibideau by deed dated 24th April, 1848, and registered in the said County the 18th day of April, 1872, as by reference thereto will appear. Also, all that other piece of Land conveyed by one Collet to the said Cyrile Thibideau by deed dated the 27th October, A. D. 1863, and registered the 18th day of April, 1872. And also, all that certain other lot or piece of Land conveyed by Lewis Babcock and wife to the said Cyrile Thibideau, situate in said Parish of Wellington, containing 37 acres and three quarters, and another piece containing thirty-seven acres and three-quarters, the whole containing seventy-five acres and a half, as will appear by reference to the deed registered in the Records of the County of Kent, on the fourth day of August, A. D. 1869, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and all the estate, right and title of any and all parties therein.

Dated the 18th day of March, A. D. 1886.

ANGUS McNEIL,
Assignee of the Mortgage.

Cottons. Cottons.

Received for Early Spring Trade:

293 Pkgs. of White and Grey Cottons;
White Cottons, all grades;
Pillow Cottons and Sheetings;
Grey Cottons, all prices and widths, from the best mills in the Dominion, but chiefly Gibson's;
1500 Pieces Checked Shirtings, from Parks' and other mills,
150 Pieces Shaker Cotton Flannels, White and Colored;
200 Pieces Cotton Flannels;
100 Pieces Col'd Canton Flannels;
750 Pieces Checked Ginghams;
200 Pieces Bed Tickings.

Ducks, Silesias, Jeans, Linings, Pocketing, in fact all and every class of Cotton Goods, suitable to the trade.

☞ Cotton quotations were never known as low as at the present time.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse,
94 and 96 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Why Pay Higher When?

WOODILL'S

2 oz. Tins retail 7 cts.

GERMAN

4 oz. Tins retail 12 cts.

BAKING

8 oz. Tins retail 22 cts.

POWDER.

QUALITY EQUAL TO ANY!!

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

IN STORE AND RECEIVING TO-DAY:

125 Bbls. GOLDIE'S STAR,
155 " EAGLE, CHOICE PATENT.
75 " WHITE FROST, " "
250 " ANCHOR, " "
250 " DAILY BREAD, " SUPERIOR.

ALL FOR SALE LOW.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

A Birthday.

Oh birthday of the long ago,
The joy that filled my bosom then
But makes the darker seem the woe
With which the days now overflow.

Like bird in safely sheltered nest,
A child within my arms was pressed,
And sipped life's blossoms at my breast.

The bird to safer shelter flown,
The nest is empty, and alone
I make my broken-heart moan.

—JENNY POULTNEY BIGELOW, in *Harper's Magazine for April.*

ROSEBUD.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"A yarn?" said the captain. "Well, I'm always willing to oblige the ladies; but the question is, do I know one? Queer enough if I didn't, you'll say; but what I mean is this: do I know a story that'll please the ladies? Plenty of fo'castle yarns, plenty of adventures that would make your hair stand on end more than the crimping pins do, but a nice, pleasant sort of thing, fit for womenkind—Well, now, do I—a bit of love in it, and a bit of adventure, and no fighting, and no cabinboy tricks, and no lies—do I? Jest one, perhaps, and whether you'll call it a story or not, I can't tell. It's all true, and its about myself; and, perhaps, it won't be interesting to anyone else, but here goes:

"Grandfather was a sailor. Went down with the "White Warp," off Nantucket—all hands and her cargo.

"Father was a sailor. The last voyage he made was as first mate, in the "Polly Partington." Says mother to him as she kissed him good-by on the wharf:

"I shall never see you again, Jack. I know I never shall."

"Lord love you, Kitty," says he, 'you'll see me until you are tired of me. I don't mean to go down this voyage. It's a short one, and a good season. What makes you so blue?"

"'I don't know, Jack," says she, and falls a-crying.

"And he put her into her mother's arms and went. He had to go, you know. Time, tide and the captain wait for no man.

Well, he wasn't drowned. He hadn't even a storm—fair weather the whole voyage through; and he came back six months from that day with a pocket full of money, and a new silk dress, and a lot of shells and gimcracks and a parrot and what-not for his wife.

"He lived at Fairweather, and the sea breeze followed him to his door. It was a little cottage painted white, with green shutters; and it was getting dusk, and a candle burnt inside, and the red light fell through the white curtains; and he heard a woman's voice singing that low, sleepy kind of song they sing to babies, and the regular 'creak, creak' of a rocking chair keeping time to it.

"'Kitty!' cried he, bursting in.

"But no Kitty was there; only her old mother, dressed in black, sat before the fire, rocking a little baby.

"He stood still, with his blood turning to ice in his veins.

"'Mother,' said he.

"The old woman turned her head.

"'Oh, Jack!' she cried, and the great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Then without another word, father knew that his wife was dead.

"'Three months ago, honey,' the grandmother said, not waiting to be questioned, and her last words were—'I'd him to live baby for my sake.'

"Baby was me.

"He took no notice of me then, poor dada, but he just went away and ran still no where; but I reckon, in the middle of the night, grandmother found him asleep on the floor by my cradle. After that he took me out of his sight. Grandma died when I was five years old, and then I began to go to sea with him. He was captain by that time and could have his own way; and I suppose we should have gone down together with the *Penelope* if it hadn't been that I had the measels when he set sail. His going off without me nearly broke my heart, and when the news came, that is always coming to sailor's friend, I honestly wished, young as I was, that I had been with him. Without my daddy the world was simply empty.

"But grief don't kill people. I lived and got over it, as much as people ever get over anything. Every sorrow and every joy is twisted into your life, to my fancy, and stays there until the end, though you may think it's all over and done with. But at seventeen I had got through the school my guardian put me at, and when my choice of calling was put to me I said "The Sea.'

"It's a dangerous trade, lad," said the old man. "Your father's will left your choice free, but the sea has been fatal to those of your name."

"We must die some day,' said I, and give me the sea for a burial-place instead of the graveyard."

"I loved the sea. I'd been pining for it ever since I was cooped up in school. Love for the sea is born in some people, as love of liquor is in others. Sometimes they go together, I'm sorry to say, though I dont plead guilty of that sort of thing myself. I could take my glass of grog or leave it without trouble."

"You see me now, as brown as a berry. Tanned with wind and sun, hoarse-voiced and fat. Seafaring men always thicken up after forty. You wouldn't know me, if you could see me as I looked then. I had a waist like a girl's, and a white skin and red cheeks. Lord love you, I had long eye-lashes, and soft hands, and I know they called me pretty. I hated my own looks. I wanted to be more of a man—big and burly, as I remembered daddy—and I said to myself, as I looked in the glass, "Books and slate-pencils have made a lass of me." All that has rubbed off, haven't it! I need not have fretted.

"Well, Captain Petrel's name was well known along the coast, and Captain Petrel had been too much of a friend to others not to have made them for his son. So they found me a better berth than most youngsters could have got, and I stood with my things all packed in my new chest, ready to skake hands and say good by to my guardian and his wife, and their little grand-daughter.

"The old lady cried, and the old gentleman blessed me, and little Rosebud, as they called her, held up her arms to me. I lifted her to my shoulder, She was just six years old and as pretty as a fairy.

"Don't go away, Paul," said she.

"No help for it now, Rosebud," says I; "but just wait till I come back, and you shall be my little wife."

"Don't talk such nonesense to the child," said her grandmother.

"It's a promise, isn't it?" says I.

"Yeth," says she. "I'll be your little wife, Paul, when you come back."

"Then I kissed her again, and set her down. Dear little girl, I didn't know how much I thought of her before, and then I was off, and in an hour or two more, I had left land behind me, and had my heart's content, for I was a sailor.

"I came back to see the old folks whenever I could; but I did not see Rosebud. Her mother and father had taken her to England, and so I forgot my little wife for a while.

"Then the old people died, and I never knew whether she grew up to be a handsome woman or went to Heaven the pretty babe that she was; but I had a way of saying, "I'm engaged," when anybody bantered me about being a bachelor.

"For time went on and I did not marry. I saw no woman who seemed better to me than my ship was. I liked them all, but not as you may say in particular, and I was thirty years old when I made my first voyage in my own ship, the "Water Witch."

"Ah, but she was a beauty! I'll own I felt proud of her. No father ever loved a daughter more. She was a passenger ship; and as I sat at the head of the table looking down it, I felt that I had something to take airs about, if that sort of thing wasn't contemptible.

"Down on my right hand sat an old gentleman with white hair, his wife and his son; on the other sat a young lady who was taking the voyage alone. I noticed these more than I did the rest of the folk, somehow, and they seemed to take a good deal of notice of me and of each other. After dinner, as I was walking on the deck, the young man came and asked me for an introduction to the young lady. I got her permission first, and then obliged him. He seemed to me to be particularly struck with her; indeed, after a while I knew he was deep seas in love. At first it seemed all very well—two young people, both handsome, both in a good position in society—a most suitable thing, indeed; but after a little while, after some talk with the girl myself, and some bright glances and sweet smiles from her, I didn't like the idea half so well. Why I didn't I hardly knew at first, but pretty soon I made a discovery. "You ninny-hammer," says I, "you lubber, you! You've fallen in love with her yourself." And so I had; there was no denying it.

"Then," says I, "avast there! Look to your lines. You're in the shallow water! You'll be on the shoals yet, and all for a pretty face and a girl's voice?" But preaching never does much good. I couldn't couch the fever out of my heart, and I saw too much of her for my peace of mind.

"Who can give up happy moments because they must end in bitter ones? I couldn't. I tried, but I couldn't. I haunted the places she walked in as much as I could without neglecting my duty. And I kept thinking if it wasn't for that young shaver, perhaps she'd like me. But there was that young shaver, you see, and he made the most of himself. Miss Rathburn—that was her name, and how often I heard it—it was "Miss Rathburn, come and look at the sky," and Miss Rathburn, come and breathe the fresh breeze; and Miss Rathburn this, and Miss Rathburn that, from his lips all the while, and to me she was getting to be my little pet and little love, and all without a word of anything but mere politeness passing between us. Sometimes when I saw how slim my chances were, and how good his were, I felt like heaving myself over the ship's side. I did, indeed.

"We were nearing port. Next day we should see land. It was a bright moonlight night, and I'd been thinking how delightful it would be to sit with her a little while; but I had a thousand things to do, and my gentleman passenger hadn't. So there he was when eight bells struck, looking down into the water with his head close to hers. The air was very clear, and though I was no eavesdropper, I could hear every word they said, standing where I'd taken my place just to look at her. Not to listen, as I'm a gentleman. But when I'd heard the first word I could not help listening to the rest.

"Oh, I'm engaged," said she.

"That was the first word—'I'm engaged'"

"I wonder whether you could jest with a fellow at such a time?" said he.

"No, I hope not," said Miss Rathburn, "but I hope you are not in earnest. We have known each other such a little while. It's an old joke that slipped from my lips. When I was a little child almost a baby, I knew a pretty young sailor who went away to sea. All I remember of him is that he had beautiful eyes, and that his name was Paul. He made me promise to be his little wife, and I promised, so they say at home, that I'm waiting for him yet—because I never like anyone more than as a friend."

"But you might," said he.

"But I don't," said she. "And I always hope no friend will ever ask me to be any more to him, for I should say "No."

"Are you sure?" said he.

"Very, very sure," said she—"positive, Mr. Warburton."

"And then he walked away, and I felt sorry for the fellow—sorrier than I ever thought I should feel for him. And I felt glad too—glad for myself—for I knew now that this was little Rosebud, who had promised to be my wife when I came back, and who, being my old guardian's *daughter's* child, had not the same name as her grandfather.

"I waited just a little while and then crossed the deck to where she was still leaning over the side.

"Miss Rathburn," said I, "I've just remember'd you. Do you remember me, when you were saying at your graddfather's house years ago, only a baby of six, and rather liked a good-for-nothing sailor boy named Paul? I am Paul—Paul Petrel."

"She turned toward me with such a smile and gave me both her hands."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said she.

"Take care," said I. "You promised to marry me when I came back, and I'm going to claim the promise."

"That made her rosier, but not a bit sorrier, so far as I could see; and as for what else I said, and what she answered, you can guess, when I tell you that she married me before a twelvemonth was over."

The Importance of Salvation.

MR. JONES SAYS CHRISTIANS SHOULD AVOID CLUBS AND SALOONS.

The conditions of Christianity requires you to present your bodies a living sacrifice. How many members of the church drink, even of the ladies? Some people say they drink beer for their health, and yet never make hogs of themselves by drink. They could not make a hog drink beer enough to become drunk. To the man who drinks I will say if there is a future written in blood, suffering, death, and hell it is yours. I am not fighting against saloonists, against the men, but against the demijohns, barrels, and bottles. They are the curse of our race. We give the men notice that we are going to put legs to every demijohn, barrel and bottle in this country and walk them out of America forever. The only thing necessary to become a Christian is to throw away these things and give your souls to Christ. Take Sam Small, six months ago, with his wife and his children running and hiding away from him, and now by the salvation of Christ they see how he is to-day. The result of becoming a Christian will be to give character alike to the merchant and artisan, and even the saloon-keeper.

"What must a man do to be saved? Is a man living a rebel in the ranks of the wicked? Then he must throw away the musket and salute the stars and stripes. So should you make an unconditional surrender to God; you should run up the white flag, and then nothing can prevent salvation coming to you."

—Curiously enough, while every living soul on the "Oregon" was rescued without injury to life or limb, the wreck of the "Oregon" was the indirect cause of a death in the steamer "Fulda." Among the German immigrant passengers in the "Fulda's" steerage was Betzka Mayer, sixteen years of age. She was severely ill of nervous, and her nerves were much tired of the sea during the whole voyage. She was with her son, who was coming to settle in the West. When the cry was raised one night he "Fulda" (for a steam[illegible] was sinking) Miss Mayer thought it was the "Fulda" that was meant. She was seized with a paroxysm of fright, and died in a convulsion before she could be reassured that there was no danger.

—The Japanese have acquired such a passion for being tattooed that a law has been passed forbidding the marking of natives. The law does not apply to foreigners. It is quite the thing now to be tattooed, and elaborate designs are traced on many travelers as an indelible reminiscence of their sojourn in the East. The sons of the Prince of Wales, when there a few years ago, were tattooed, and several Russian Dukes and sprigs of nobility have undergone the process.

—Persons who have a superstitious dread of Friday, will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on Friday, will go out on Friday, and will have fifty three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on a Friday.

—A farmer near Blakely, Ga., says that his granaries are free from rats because of a "rat snake," a great pet on the plantation, who daily visits the corncribs, and catches any stray and indiscreet rat that may be lodging among the corn. When the snake becomes too familiar the farmer whips him soundly with a light switch.

—The latest travellers yarn is of a tree in the north eastern part of New Guinea, which is said to consist almost wholly of amorphous carbon, and to possess the properties of an electric battery to such an extent that when the discoverer touched it he was knocked to the ground.

—In the Peshawur Cemetery, in India, is the following amusing epitaph:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev.———, Missionary, aged ——, murdered by his chowkidar. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

January, 1886.

J. W. BARNES & CO.

FOR THE LADIES.

We shall offer during the present month, at our establishment on

CHARLOTTE & UNION STREETS,

A Large Assortment of

Ladies' Underclothing

—AND—

BABY LINEN.

We shall offer special inducements on these Goods, and intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock without delay. The Department is under the charge of a competent and experienced Saleswoman, and our Lady patrons may depend on prompt and careful attention.

SPECIAL ORDERS for every description of

SEWED UNDER-GARMENTS

Will be attended to with GREAT CARE and the LEAST POSSIBLE DELAY.

In connection with the above, we would direct attention to our Large Stock of

CORSETS!

Which has lately been replenished with some NEW MAKES, among which we may mention the New

Skating Rink Corset,

Of Great Flexibility, and particularly adapted for those who follow the exercises of Riding, Skating, etc.

ALSO, OUR NEW

HEALTH CORSET,

A make resembling the 'Warner' Corset, but which we strongly recommend in preference to the last named as being of improved shape and of the moderate price of

$1.00 PER PAIR.

London House

RETAIL,

Market Square & Cor. Union and Charlotte Streets.

LOOK! LOOK!

Clearance Sale

I am selling off at COST,

For One Week Only,

—MY—

ENTIRE STOCK

—OF—

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Silverware,

AS I AM

Bound to Clear Out

My whole Stock at Once.

C. WARMUNDE,

Music Hall Block,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

LOOK AT THIS!

Prices Way Down AT T. H. GRIFFIN'S.

An Immense Stock of New Goods

JUST OPENING, IN

Watches, Jewellery and Silverware.

Fine Watch and Jewellery Repairing by skilled workmen a Specialty

We guarantee all our Goods to be as represented.

T. H. GRIFFIN,
feb24 AMHERST, N.S.

NOTICE.

WE are making a complete change in our Books and Book-keeping. All accounts due us on Jan. 1, 1886, must be settled at once. Any accounts remaining unsettled on the first day of April next will be placed out of our hands for collection.

RHODES, CURRY & CO.
Amherst, Feb. 24, 1886. 7i

SHINGLES.

500,000 Spruce Shingles.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

MONCTON, N. B.

Tallow Wanted.

I WILL pay highest price in cash for good Beef Tallow.

JAMES R. AYER.

June 11, 1885.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 981 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known. Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

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