A GHOST'S STORY.

I had always been something of a dreamer, and when the fancy took me to rent for the summer an old mansion by the sea, whose owner was abroad, and occupy it alone, with the exception of two servants, my friends said it was just like me, and expressed no surprise. It was June when I took up my quarters by the sea, and I spent nearly all that month in becoming acquainted with the house and its history, and in exploring the surrounding country.

In July the heat was extreme, and I passed my days lying in some sheltered nook on the shore where I could hear the lazy murmur of the waves, and with half-shut eyes give myself up to revery. The evenings, and, indeed the nights, if it were very warm, I spent in a hammock on the long piazza, where the moonlight flitted through the vines and fell upon my face as I swung gently to and fro or lay asleep.

One day a storm arose that lasted far into the night. After a struggling sally to the beach, I came back with a broken umbrella and drenched clothes, and having no mind to battle farther with powers so evidently superior, I dressed in dry clothes and gave myself up to meditation and reading by a bright fire of driftwood. The day wore on and night fell, so that I could no longer see from the parlor windows the white caps as they tossed like signals of distress far out at sea. I could still, however, hear the swirl of the wind as it flung itself around the corners of the house, and the cracking of the old trees as their stiff, aged limbs tried to bend before it.

These sounds, with the occasional dash of rain upon the panes of the side windows, gave a feeling of additional comfort to my safe and comfortable retreat. The leaping flames in the fireplace shone on the polished andirons and lighted spectral fires in the wainscoting. The candles in their brass sconces remained unlighted, and only the fitful blaze of the driftwood gave me occasional glimpses of the tall straightbacked chairs and mahogany table and cabinet. On the wall hung two or three portraits, one of the young owner of the house, who was now in Europe on his wedding journey. I had often examined the face and thought it handsome—so-night in the dim light I seemed to see traits that were hidden by day. The lips looked self-indulgent, the eyes languid, the whole face appeared that of one who could not bear pain, who shrank weakly from suffering of any kind.

I fell into a train of thought so absorbing that I sat for hours motionless in my arm-chair, only aroused by the old clock in the hallway, which struck 12.

I arose with a start and went to the window. The rain and wind continued, though in a somewhat subdued fashion, like the sobbing of a child after a burst of tears.

As I stood there, a strange feeling came over me that caused me to look back over my shoulder, as if I expected to see some one behind me. I did see some one. The chair which I had just left, pushing it back as I did so, was again drawn up to the fire, and in it sat a woman. Wondering if by any possibility this could be an insane person confined in the house and waited on by stealth, I stood still looking at her and waiting to see what she would do. Her dress was apparently of some thin, white material and without decided lines of any kind, seeming simply to envelop her person and then to cease in some vague way, like the fleecy edges of a cloud. Her face—I could see it in profile only— was pale, painfully pale, and her dark hair looked as if it were heavily streaked with gray. Afterward, when I came to look at it more closely, I saw it was covered with the same thin mist that dulled the lines of her gown. I could scarcely see her eyes, for she was looking straight at the fire, but I knew from the expression of her mouth that they must show the deepest dejection. She put out her thin hands to the fire with a slow shiver, saying:

"It is so cold—so cold!"

On her left hand I noticed, gleamed a heavy wedding ring, almost too much of a weight for her fragile finger to bear. Coming to the conclusion that, whoever she might be, she was certainly a subject for hospitality on such a night, I approached her slowly and quietly, not to startle her, and said:

"You have surely not been out in the storm, madam?"

"[illegible]—I have not been in the storm," she said, "but it would not have hurt me if I had."

"Mad as Hamlet," thought I, as I leaned against the high mantel-shelf and looked down at her. She continued to gaze into the fire for awhile, then said simply, by way of explanation, not apology:

"I always come at twelve, because then every one is asleep, and the house is still. I suppose the storm kept you awake?"

As she spoke she raised her eyes and looked directly into my face, which she had not done before. Large, dark eyes they were, but perfectly lustreless—even the firelight was reflected in them dimly. There seemed to be a chill in the atmosphere about her, as about one who comes in from wintry weather with the frost in his clothes.

"Yes, it was the storm," I replied; but she seemed already to have forgotten what she had asked me, and was again deep in her musing.

Presently, as I was about to make further question, she said, softly:

"If you are not going, will you not have a chair? One tires so soon standing. You will find the old chair by the cabinet comfortable—if anything can be comfortable," she added drearily.

I certainly had no thought of going to bed and leaving the house and its inmates to the caprices of a mad woman, and I turned involuntarily to the corner she had indicated. An old chair stood there which, to my recollection, had not been out of its place since I first rented the house. She had not turned her head as she spoke, to look for it, but referred to its position with perfect confidence, as if she herself might have placed it there. I brought it nearer to the fire and sat down, finding it as she had said very comfortable.

As soon as I was seated she began in a low monotone and with many pauses to talk, but not more to me apparently than to herself and for her own relief. The quality of dreariness in her voice that I had already noticed did not prevent its having a sort of minor music which was far from disagreeable.

"I cannot help feeling that this is my house. It was once, not quite two years ago, before I—died."

I gave a start which she must have noticed, for she repeated: "Yes, before I died. I am a ghost. Does that frighten you? Do not let it—I never harm any one—I am only unhappy."

She lifted her hand, and, though it was held between me and the fire, I saw none of the rosy color which firelight makes as it shines through translucent human flesh and blood. She twisted the wedding ring slowly round and round—everything that she did was done slowly and lifelessly—and said: "Sometimes I wish to take my ring off, it reminds me so; but I died with it on, and I must wear it."

While she had been speaking I had called to mind the fact that the owner of the house was in reality on his second wedding journey, having lost his first wife within six months after their marriage. This must be the supplanted wife. Having come to this conclusion, starting with the hypothesis that ghosts exist, I was ready to understand when she said:

"He is very handsome, do you not think so?"

I glanced at the picture on the wall, toward the original of which I began to have a distinct sentiment of dislike, and I said "very handsome" to satisfy her.

"He had dark gray eyes," she went on, of all eyes in the world, the dark gray can say the most. "He was very lonely when I died; he travelled everywhere, I was lonely, too—I wanted to see him, and I used to come back sometimes. He never saw me, but when I was near him he could not help thinking of me. One day I found him in his room in a little hunting hotel in Switzerland. When I went into the room he was reading, but soon he began to feel my nearness. He threw down his book crying 'Shall I never be able to forget?' and left the room. He wished, then, to forget me. I had never thought of that. I had been happy, before, in a quiet way at the times when I was allowed to go to him, but that was all over. I never followed him again. After that it seemed as if I should die of my loneliness and my longing to see him."

I looked up quickly as she spoke this last sentence, a strange one for a person already dead to utter, but she had not noticed and went on.

'Since I could not be where he was, I came to the house where we had been so happy together. I wandered through the rooms at night and looked out of the windows where we had stood so often and watched the sea; but I never disturbed anything. I did not want the servants to know that I came. I thought I had suffered all there was to suffer. When we think that, there is always some new trouble on the way to us. One night I found an open letter on the table. It was in his hand, and I kissed it. Then—I read it. It was to the housekeeper, directing her to rent the house. He was to be married and to travel again."

There was a long silence. My heart rose in pity for the poor young thing who believed in vows of eternal love and remembrance, and it grew harder towards the original of the portrait. I could say nothing of my own, but the words of scripture fell involuntarily from my lips; "Like the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth, but a day." She paid no heed to this Job's comforting, but rested her chin upon her hand and, with her eyes still fixed upon the fire which was now indeed nothing but embers, went on:

"I cannot blame him—he was lonely and that was the only way to help it. But they will come back and I cannot bear it, and so I shall be driven from here. I wonder if she looks as I used to. If she did, ever so little, and I could know that was what drew him, how it would comfort me!

"I have met many wives since I died, wives that lived with their husbands nearly a lifetime, and yet within a year their places were filled. They tell me that it is to be expected and that I shall grow used to it.

"It cannot last forever, I know; but oh, I want to see him so!"

I bent my head to hide the tears that gathered as the monotonous voice ended in this plaintive cry. When I raised my eyes, I sat alone; the arm-chair was empty and there was nothing to remind me of my guest except a chill in the air as if the wind had swept through the room. I sat still, thinking, thinking, until I fell asleep. In the gray of the morning I awoke.

Was it a dream? I asked myself, but the two chairs stood there together to convince me that it was not.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Every Spring.

HOW AN AFFLICTING ANNUAL VISITOR WAS DRIVEN FROM A WEARY WOMAN.

Plain and simple mechanics are not liable to get out of order. Complicated watches, intended not only to keep the time of day, but to mark themovements of the moon and stars, are certain to need frequent repairs. Husbands and fathers often fail to see that their wives and daughters are more delicately organized than themselves, requiring corresponding care when they are well and assistance when they are ill. Yet much better for woman's fine system is a trustworthy medicine, ready at all times for use, than a deal of tinkering by semi-educated local practitioners.

"Every spring," said the wife a well known employee of the Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, "I have been for some years past troubled with nervous debility and weakness. It was the burden which so many women are called upon to bear, although none the lighter for that.

"Advice and dosing, to be sure, I had in plenty; still, on each returning spring my sickness came as regularly as the buds and blossoms.

"You seem better now."

"Oh yes; I consider myself almost or quite well, and it came about in thisway. A lady living on St. Catherine street this city, commended to my attention *Sulphur and Iron Bitters.* It gave me strength and life. My sister, living in Brockville, whose disease was nearly the same as mine, was equally benefitted by the same thing."

General Business.

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be Sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, the 9th day of AUGUST next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12. noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.:—

All the Right, Title, Interest and Share of John Loban, William D. Loban, Martha Pyne, Margory E. Loban, Kate Snow, Eliza B. Loban, Ellen Loban and Mary Loban in and to all and singular those several pieces, parcels or lots of Land, situate, lying and being in the Town and Parish of Chatham, and County of Northumberland, as follows, viz:—

All that piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, and County aforesaid, being a part of Lot Number Thirty-Nine, and is bounded as follows, viz:—On the North or front by the Queen's Highway; on the Westerly side by the Alms House Lands; on the Easterly side by lands owned or occupied respectively by Peter Dickens, Donald McLachlan, Samuel Haberly, Thomas Carter, and by the Estate of Patrick Conderan, deceased, and on the South or rear by the northerly line of the rear Lots, and was devised to the late William Loban, deceased, by his father, Thomas Loban, by his last Will and Testament, bearing date the Twelfth day of February, A. D., 1817, and now containing, by estimation, 130 acres, more or less, being the lot of land and premises at present occupied by the said John Loban, William D. Loban, Martha Pyne, Margory E. Loban, Kate Snow, Eliza B. Loban, Ellen Loban and Mary Loban.

ALSO: All and singular those several other pieces, parcels or lots of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish and County aforesaid, being part of Lot Number Thirty-Seven, granted to the late Thomas Loban, deceased, and lying to the South of the Queen's Highway, or Water Street, and to the Westerly side of the Road, or "Loban Avenue," lately laid out, forty-five feet wide, through the said Lot Number Thirty-Seven from the said Highway to the Rectory or Gordon Road, so-called, which said pieces, parcels or lots of land are described and bounded as follows, namely: Commencing at the Westerly side of the said Road or "Loban Avenue," at the Southerly side of the said Highway or Water Street, thence Southerly along the said "Avenue" four hundred and forty feet, or to the Northerly side of Lot Number Thirty-One; thence along the Northerly side of the said Lot 31 one hundred and fifty feet, or to the Easterly side of the lands now owned and occupied by Jane Gray Loban; thence Northerly following the courses of the said Jane Gray Loban's easterly side line to Water Street aforesaid; thence Easterly along the said Street to the place of beginning; comprising Lots Number Twenty-Four (24), Twenty-Five (25), Twenty-Six (26), Twenty-Seven (27), Twenty-Eight (28), Twenty-Nine (29) and Thirty (30), as laid down on a plan of the property of the Heirs of the late William Loban.

ALSO: All those several pieces, parcels or lots of land, situate, lying and being on the Westerly side of the said "Loban Avenue," and bounded as follows, namely: Westerly by the lands owned and occupied by Jane Gray Loban; Northerly by Lot Number Thirty-Four (34); Southerly by the said Rectory or Gordon Road, and Easterly by the said "Loban Avenue," comprising Lots Number Thirty-Five (35), Thirty-Six (36), Thirty-Seven (37), Thirty-Eight (38), Thirty-Nine (39), Forty (40), Forty-One (41), Forty-Two (42), Forty-Three (43), Forty Four (44), Forty-Five (45), Forty-six (46), Forty-Seven (47) and Forty-Eight (48), and Lots B and C, the said last mentioned two Lots containing two and one half acres each, a little more or less; the other fourteen Lots being each sixty feet in width by one hundred and fifty feet in depth, as laid down in the plan of the property herein mentioned.

ALSO: All those several pieces, parcels or lots of land, situate, lying and being on the Easterly side of the said "Loban Avenue," and bounded as follows, namely: Commencing at the Easterly side of the said "Loban Avenue," at the southerly side of the barn or building owned by John Johnston and lately occupied by Andrew Duncan, deceased, at the distance of ninety-six (96) feet from the southerly side of Water Street, aforesaid, thence along the easterly side of the said "Avenue" six hundred and thirty-two feet eight inches, or to the Northerly side of Lot Number Eleven (11); thence along the northerly side of the said Lot one hundred and fifty feet (150) or to the easterly side line of the lands belonging to the said John Loban, William D. Loban, Martha Pyne, Margory E. Loban, Kate Snow, Eliza B. Loban, Ellen Loban and Mary Loban; thence Northerly along the said easterly side line five hundred and forty feet (540 or to the land now occupied by Mrs. McAlpine; thence Westerly and Northerly along the said land, and Westerly along the said John Johnstone's land to the place of beginning at the said "Avenue," comprising Lots Number One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Four (4), Five (5), Six (6), Seven (7), Eight (8), Nine (9) and Ten (10) in the said Lot Number Thirty-Seven, all of which said several pieces, parcels, lots or tracts of land hereinbefore mentioned and described are laid down and numbered as is hereinbefore mentioned in the "Plan of the Property of the Heirs of the late William Loban," dated the 25th day of October, A. D., 1882, made by A. K. McDougall and David Sadler, Deputy Surveyors, as by reference thereto will more fully appear.

ALSO: All those several pieces, parcels or lots of land and premises, situate, lying and being on the northerly side of the Queen's Highway on Water Street aforesaid, leased to or in the occupation of Moses Connors, Martin Cranney, deceased, now occupied by Murdock Gillies, Catherine Crane, Charles Bennet (Tinsmith), Robert Whalen (Carpenter), Luke Fyhe, deceased, the easterly part now occupied by his daughter, Johnson Bernard, formerly leased to — Crimmen, now deceased, and Mrs. Vance, which said last mentioned several properties are bounded on the Northerly side by the lands of John Sadler, on the Easterly side by the lands of the late Caleb McCulley, now deceased, and Westerly by the land of the said Jane Gray Loban, and Southerly by the said Highway or Water Street: all of which said several pieces, parcels or lots of land and premises herein severally mentioned and described the said John Loban William D. Loban, Martha Pyne, Margory E. Loban, Kate Snow, Eliza B. Loban, Ellen Loban and Mary Loban are entitled to as heirs of the body of the late William Loban, described under the last Will and Testament of Jane Loban, deceased, bearing date the Fifteenth day of September, A. D., 1853, and recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Probates for the said County of Northumberland, as by reference thereto will more fully appear.

ALSO: All that other piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Chatham aforesaid, being part of Lot Number Thirty-Seven and abutted and bounded as follows, namely: Beginning on the southerly side of the Queen's Highway or Water Street, at the upper or westerly boundary line of that part of said Lot Number Thirty-Seven conveyed to Archibald Matthews, thence southerly along the said line one hundred feet, thence Westerly on a line at right angles with the said boundary line thirty-six feet, thence Northerly on a line parallel with the said boundary line one hundred feet, or to the said Highway; thence Easterly along the said Highway to the place of beginning, and now in the occupation of Mrs. McAlpine.

ALSO: All that other piece or parcel of land situate in Chatham aforesaid, being part of said Lot Number Thirty-Seven, granted to Thomas Loban, deceased, and bounded as follows, to wit: Commencing on the north side of the Queen's Highway or Water Street, at the southwest corner of the piece of land leased to Jas. Fitzpatrick and now occupied by Charles Bennet tinsmith, thence Northerly along the west side line of the land occupied by Charles Bennet thirty-two feet, thence Westerly parallel with the Highway thirty-six feet six inches, thence Southerly to the north side of the said Highway, thence Easterly forty-seven feet to the place of beginning, and now in the occupation of Robert Whalen, which said Lands were devised to the said John Loban, William D. Loban, Martha Pyne, Margory E. Loban, Kate Snow, Eliza B. Loban, Ellen Loban, and Mary Loban, as heirs of the late William Loban, by Jane Loban, by Will dated the 15th day of September, A. D., 1852.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court at the Suit of William A. Hickson against the said John Loban and William D. Loban, Executors, &c., of William Loban, late of Chatham, and against the said John Loban, William D. Loban, Martha Pine, Margory E. Loban, Kate Snow, Eliza B. Loban, Ellen Loban and Mary Loban; and at the suit of William Muirhead against all of the aforesaid parties.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'ld County.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
25th day of April, A. D., 1884.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be Sold at PUBLIC AUCTION on SATURDAY the 2nd. Day of AUGUST, Next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12. noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.

ALL the Right, Title, Interest and Share of the Alexander Forrest, of, in and to all and singular those several Pieces, Parcels, or Lots of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham and County of Northumberland and abutted and bounded as follows, viz:—

All that certain Lot of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish and County aforesaid, fronting on the Miramichi River and bounded on the upper or Westerly side by lands owned by John Forrest, in Rear, by granted Lands Fronting on Napan River, on the lower or Easterly side, by lands owned by the said John Forrest, and on the front or Northerly by the said River Miramichi, being known and distinguished as Lot Number 18, which lot was conveyed to Robert Forrest, deceased, by the late James Russell, Sr., by Deed dated the 23d. April, 1834, containing 100 acres more or less.

ALSO: All that other piece or parcel of Land, situate in the Parish and County aforesaid on the South side of the Queen's Highway on Wellington Road so called, commencing at the lower side of the John Forrest land or Lot, thence running Westerly along the South side of the said Road about 10 Rods or one equal half of the said John Forrest land, thence back on a line parallel with the lines of the said Lot such distance as will make TEN ACRES, embracing in the distance one halfof the width of the said John Forrest Lot of Land, being the piece or parcel of land bequeathed to the late Robert Forrest by his father the late John Forrest, deceased, by Will dated the 7th day of May, A. D., 1852.

ALSO: All that other piece or parcel of Land situate, lying, and being in the Parish and County aforesaid, known as part of Lot Number 17, fronting on the South side of Miramichi River, which part thereof is bounded as follows, viz:—

Commencing on the upper or Westerly side line of the said Lot at the South side of the Brook called and known as Black Brook, which runs across the said Lot, thence Easterly, or down stream following the said brook to the lower side line of the said Lot, thence Southerly along the Easterly side line of the said Lot to the rear thereof, thence Westerly along the said rear line 60 Rods or to the upper side line of the said Lot, thence Northerly along the upper side line of the said Lot to the South side of Black Brook aforesaid, being the place of beginning, containing 30 Acres more or less, and being that part of No. 17 conveyed by Alex. McFarlane deceased, to Robert Forrest deceased, by Deed dated the 6th. day of December, A. D., 1836.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Alexander Forrest at the suit of Thomas F. Gillespie, John Sadler, and Daniel Crimmen.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberland County.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 21st. April, A. D. '84.

Wanted Immediately

TWO SERVANTS,
FOR HOUSEWORK.
HIGH WAGES, Apply to
MISS HUTCHISON, Douglastown.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

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

TIN,
SHEET-IRON,
GAS-FITTING.

Granite Ware, Japaned Stamped and Plain.

TIN WARE

always 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 give us a call.

☞ *Shop in rear of Custom House.* ☜

A. C. M'LEAN.

Chatham July 22.

SAMPLE ROOMS.

For Commercial Men

THE demand for Sample Rooms to accommodate the commercial travellers being so great, and the supply being inadequate, causing the travellers in some instances to remain three or four days awaiting their urn, has induced the subscriber to build two samp rooms, well lighted, aired and warm. Commercial men can depend on obtaining just what they require, being situated in the central part of the business community, namely, corner Main and Wesley Streets, they will be found to be far more suitable, comfortable and convenient. Should a horse and sleigh be required it will be furnished without additional expense. Rooms secured either by letter or telegram

HENRY G. MARR,
Main Street Moncton, N B

G. A. BLAIR

has on hand, a superior assortment

READY - MADE CLOTHING,

—COMPRISING—

Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

Tonsorial Artist,

PHYSIOGNOMICAL HAIR DRESSER,

Facial Operator, Cranium Manipulator & Capilliary Abridger.

Shaves and Hair Cuts

WITH AMBIDEXTROUS FACILITY

GEORGE STAPLES.

NEAR COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

Chatham, September 8th., 1886

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Portland, Maine.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

NOW OPENED

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FELT AND FUR HATS,

for Men, Youths and Boys, in all the leading styles at unusually low prices.

R. BAIN.

OATS! OATS!!

2000 Bushels Oats.

E. A. Strang,
Chatham

Executor's Notice.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of Donald Buckley, Merchant, late of Rogersville, deceased, are hereby requested to present the same duly attested to the undersigned Executor at his office in the parish of Rogersville within Three Months. And All Persons indebted to the said estate, are hereby requested to make immediate payment to him

JAMES HARNETT,
Executor.

Rogersville, March 28th, 1884.

Trustee's Notice.

Take Notice that James McNutt of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, has made an Assignment of his Estate and Effects in trust to the undersigned Trustee, for the benefit of his Creditors. Creditors wishing to participate in the dividend must sign the Trust Deed within thirty days from date.

Trust Deed now lies at the office of Johnson & Murray, Barristers, Chatham, N. B., for Signatures.

ROBERT MURRAY, TRUSTEE.

Dated at Chatham, the 29th day of April A. D., 1884. 5, y, 14

Tea! T Tea!!

On Hand and to arrive from London

100 HALF CHESTS TEA.

E. A. STRANG, - Chatham.

IN STOCK

READY MIXED PAINTS,

OILS,

TURPENTINES,

VARNISHES,

ALABASTINE,

London & Paris Whiting,

White & Common Glue,

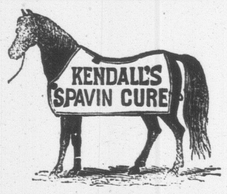
Scrub, Shoe, Stove, Whitewash, Window, Paint and Varnish

BRUSHES.

For Sale Low.

G. STOTHART.

General Business.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars!

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30. 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents: Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as was ever raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely of, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars.) I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. J was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well force that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings, lameness, and is just as safely applied to men, women and children as it is to horses. We know that there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Hutchinson's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col. Mar. 5th, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, & Co., Gents:—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, I has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you.

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.

P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success,
I am faithfully yours,
J. H. GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 13th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents: Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. York, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O. THURBAND.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for Illustrated Circular.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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NORTHESK, MIRAMICHI.
New Brunswick.

Joseph Goodfellow, - - - Proprietor.

GRINDSTONES, Spindle Stones and Building Stones supplied in any quantity desired at short notice.

The Grindstones from the above works were awarded one of the two Medals for that class of Manufactures at the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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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.

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Fresh Goods of Superior Quality

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New devices for convenience on Wash day—save labor and lighten the work left to be done.

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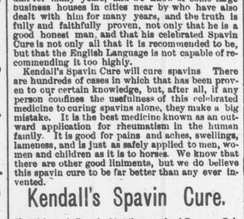

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THE excellence of character and exceptional purity of this GIN has been recognized at the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM, where

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This recognition of the superior quality of Kiderlen's Gin is particularly weighty, coming and satisfactory in face of the fact that at the Amsterdam Exhibition all the leading Gin houses were in competition.

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are the Best in the market, their increasing sale being the best proof of their superiority:—at

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Chatham, N. B., Dec. 12,'83

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Trial Lots of the above New Brands, from a new Mill, just received.

EMPIRE Horse and Cattle Food!

FOR HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, CALVES AND POULTRY.

☞ ALWAYS ON HAND. ☜

ALSO—THE USUAL STOCK OF

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AT LOWEST RATES FOR CASH.

JOHN McLAGGAN.
Public Wharf, Newcastle.

CODFISH AND HERRINGS.

150 Quintals Table Codfish,

100 Half Barrels Choice Herring.

WILLIAM MURRAY,
Argyle House.

CHATHAM, March 5th, 1884.

Removed to Our NEW STORE.

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN.

Have much pleasure in informing their Patrons that they have removed to their New Store fronting the Square, and are now showing the following New Goods:

50 Bales Grey COTTONS, 4 Cases Ready-made CLOTHING,
175 Pieces Oxford and Regatta SHIRTINGS, 175 Pieces English CAMBRICS & PRINTS,

Purchased and duly paid previous to the late advance in the Customs, thereby effecting a saving of 10 per cent to our Customers.

Mr. Creaghan is now visiting the British and Continental Markets purchasing Spring and Summer DRY GOODS.

Sutherland & Creaghan,

NEW STORE, - Wholesale & Retail Drapers.

NEWCASTLE, March 6th, 1884.

NEW GOOD