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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6·75 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangements made therefor with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche (New Brunswick), and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, (Quebec), among communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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Near Railway Station,
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Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
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GOOD STABLING on the premises.
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This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
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Every attention paid to
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Free Treatment FOR 1 YEAR,
remedies included, will be donated by Dr. Sweet the celebrated natural born setter and physician, to *one worthy person* in each town WITHOUT EXPENSE except $1.00 for drawing examination papers. Send no money until return of papers. Application must be endorsed by Minister or Postmaster. Send stamp for FREE EXAMINATION BLANKS and particulars to Dr. Sweet's Sanitarium for the Lame, 16 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass

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The Subscriber has on hand at his shop superior assortm of
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COFFIN FINDINGS
AND ROBES
which he will supply at reasonable rates.
BADGES FOR PALL BEARERS also supplie
WM. McLEAN, - Undertaker

HAY FOR SALE.
10 Tons choice Upland Hay. For price and terms apply to
F. W. RUSSELL,
Black Brook.

NOTICE.
Queen Insurance Company
CAPITAL $10,000,000.
Mr. Warren C. Winslow, Barrister, has been appointed agent at Chatham, N. B., for the above named Company and as such, is now authorized to accept premiums and
BIND FIRE RISKS
for said Company.
C. E. L. JARVIS,
General Agent, St. John, N. B

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GENERAL BUSINESS

ATTENTION!

The Sweeping Reductions made in all classes of
DRY GOODS
are appreciated by the buyer. Beautiful and useful DressGoods,
Choice Prints, Ginghams, Shirtings,
—and all classes of—
STAPLE GOODS
at Prices never before touched in the county.
READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, &c
Strictly cost. See small Bills. Don't delay. Take your benefit.
WILLIAM MURRAY,
Argyle House, - - Chatham.

BRANTFORD CARRIAGES.

Don't fail to call and see them and be convinced, as hundreds of others have already been, that they are the finest built, the most stylish and the cheapest carriages ever imported to New Brunswick. All we ask you to do is, give us a call and we are confident we can suit you.
Harness of all kinds a specialty at extremely low prices.
J. M. Harness, Collar and Hames, $15.00.
X. C. Harness, Collars and Hames, $17.00.
Silver Mounted Harness.
Nickel Mounted Harness.
Rubber Mounted Harness.
Double Harness and Harness Parts kept constantly on hand. We will also keep a full line of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Consisting of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Mowers, Reapers, Rakes, Binders, Threshing Machines, Hay Cutters, Churns, etc.
Also Organs and Sewing Machines at lowest prices.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUES TO
GEO. A. CUTTER,
Cunard St., Chatham, N. B., Opposite Strang's Grocery Store.

NEW! NOBBY! NICE!
WHAT IS?
The New Stock of Silverware Just opened at Albert Patterson's.
The finest patterns of SILVER GOODS ever shown in Chatham.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
Watches, clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Chinaware of all kinds.
Also the usual A-1 stock of CIGARS, PIPES and TOBACCONISTS GOODS at prices that defy competition.
ALBERT PATTERSON,
STONE BUILDING, — — — PALLEN'S CORNER.

HALIFAX!
MORRISON & MUSGRAVE.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES, SPECIALTIES.
AGENTS FOR WARREN & JONES TEA MERCHANTS, LONDON & CHINA.
" TOMKINS, HILDESHEIM & CO., LONDON.
" THE ARMOUR-CUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO.
BANKERS — — — — — Bank of Nova Scotia and Peoples Bank of Halifax

Furniture Rooms.
If you want to see a nice assortment of Furniture go to
B. FAIREY'S
Who has on hand the largest stock of Furniture ever shown on the North Shore, comprising,
Parlor, Bedroom, Dining Room, Kitchen and Hall Furniture,
BABY CARRIAGES.
Also, a large stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Curtains and Curtain Poles.
My Dry Goods stock is again filled up with a full line in every department.
Room Paper and Window Shades a speciality.
B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Established 1866
Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
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MERCHANT TAYLORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,
AMHERST,
N. S.
This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths, including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from this establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. - - - - - JULY 31 1890.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS

His honor Judge King is to leave England for home on August 13th.

Sixteen Ugly Sores.

INFLAMMATORY rheumatism through wrong treatment left me with stiff joints and ugly running sores on my limbs, and for seven years I could not walk. When I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I had sixteen sores, but they are all healed save one and I can now walk with crutches.

MARY CALDWELL, Upper Gaspereaux, N. S.

PORTLAND, Me. July 27:—The Leary raft, drawn by two tugs, left at day break this morning for New York.

Mrs. Alva Young.

of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used.

Russian papers are busily advocating a Russo-French alliance, which, in view of Emperor William's coming visit, is regarded as significant.

Mr. Jesse Johnson,

of Rockwood, Ont., writes:—"Last fall I had boils very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle totally cured me. A more rapid and effectual cure does not exist.

The French government refused to include the Newfoundland and Egyptian questions in the negotiations concerning French claims in Africa.

Mothers and Nurses.

ALL who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

"I acknowledge the corn," said the hen, "but it sticks in my crop."—[Binghampton Leader.

How to Live Well.

100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters.
Does your Head ache? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Costive? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burkock Blood Bitters.
1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose, Burdock Blood Bitters.

QUEBEC, July 26—Mr. Gisborn, superintendent of government telegraphs, and son, have left for the north shore of the Gulf to superintend the laying of a new cable to Anticosti, which is to be conveyed there by the steamer Newfield.

Vigilant Care.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaint. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safeguard.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26—The Norwegian barque Lloyd, which sailed from Guantanamo, Cuba, June 14 for this port, with a crew of 14 men and 4,500 bags of sugar has never since been heard from. She doubtless has gone down with all on board.

The phenomenal success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla started into existence a host of competitors. This, of course, was to be expected; but the effect has been to demonstrate the superior merits of Dr. Ayer's preparation by a constantly increasing demand for it.

Two brothers named McDonald, of Prince Edward Island, were drowned from an American fishing schooner in the Gulf a few days ago. They were reefing the mainsail in a squall, when the foot rope broke and precipitated them into the water.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recommended by the best physicians, because they are free from calomel and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients. While thorough in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowels and secretory organs.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. $1.00.

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.

Wrought Iron Pipe
—AND—
FITTINGS.
GLOBE AND CHECK VALVES.
BABBIT METAL.
RUBER PACKIG
Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc
J. M. RUDDOCK
Chatham, N. B.

[From Temple Bar.]

LET LOOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

[Concluded.]

"It is a long story, and haply to a stranger, it may appear but foolishness, but I will even tell it, for I perceive that unless I furnish a reason for withholding the keys you will not cease to entreat me for them.

"I told you at first when you inquired of me concerning the crypt, that it had been closed these thirty years, and so it was. Thirty years ago a certain Sir Roger Despard, even the lord of the manor of Wet Waste and Dyke Fens, the last of his family, which is now, thank the Lord, extinct, died. He was an evil man of a vile life, neither fearing God nor regarding man, and the Lord appeared to have given him over to the tormentors even in this world, for he suffered many things of his vices, more especially from drunkenness, in which seasons, and they were many, he was as one possessed by seven devils, being an abomination to his household, and a root of bitterness to all, both high and low.

"And at last the cup of his iniquity being full to the brim he came to die, and I went to exhort him on his deathbed, for I heard that terror had come upon him, and that evil imaginations encompassed him so thick on every side, that few of them that were with him could abide in his presence. But when I saw him I perceived that there was no place of repentance left for him, and he scoffed at me and my superstition, even as he lay dying, and swore that there was no God and no angel, and all were damned even as he was. And the next day towards evening the pains of death came upon him, and he raved the more exceedingly, inasmuch as he said he was being strangled by the evil one. Now on his table was his hunting-knife, and with his last strength he crept and laid hold upon it, no man withstanding him, and swore a great oath that if he went down to burn in hell, he would leave one of his hands behind on earth, and that it would never rest until it had drawn blood from the throat of another and strangled him, even as he himself was being strangled. And he cut off his own right hand at the wrist, and no man dared go near him to stop him, and the blood went through the floor, even down to the ceiling of the room below, and thereupon he died.

"And they called me in the night, and told me of his oath, and I counselled that no man should speak of it, and I took the dead hand which none had ventured to touch, and I laid it beside him in his coffin; for I thought it better he should take it with him, so that he might have it, if haply some day after much tribulation he should perchance be moved to stretch forth his hands towards God. But the story got spread about, and the people were affrighted, so when he came to be buried in the place of his fathers, he being the last of his family, and the crypt likewise full, I had it closed, and kept the keys myself, and suffered no man to enter therein any more; for truly he was a man of an evil life, and the devil is not yet wholly overcome, nor cast chained into the lake of fire. So in time the story died out, for in thirty years much is forgotten. And when you came and asked me for the keys I was at the first minded to withhold them, but I thought it was a vain superstition, and I perceived that you do but ask a second time for what is first refused; so I let you have them, seeing it was not an idle curiosity, but a desire to improve the talent committed to you, that led you to require them."

The old man stopped, and I remained silent, wondering what would be the best way to get them just once more.

"Surely, sir," I said at last, "one so cultivated and deeply read as yourself cannot be biassed by an idle superstition."

"I trust not," he replied, "and yet—it is a strange thing that since the crypt was opened two people have died, and the mark is plain upon the throat of the old man, and visible on the young child. No blood was drawn, but the second time the grip was stronger than the first. The third time, perchance——"

"Superstition such as that," I said with authority, "is an entire want of faith in God. You once said so yourself."

I took a high moral tone which is often efficacious with conscientious humble-minded people.

He agreed, and accused himself of not having faith as a grain of mustard-seed, but even when I had got him as far as that, I had a severe struggle for the keys. It was only when I finally explained to him that if any malign influence *had* been let loose the first day, at any rate, it was out now for good or evil, and no further going or coming of mine could make any difference, that I finally gained my point. I was young, and he was old; and, being somewhat shaken by what had occurred, he gave in at last, and I wreated the keys from him.

I will not deny that I went down the steps that day with a vague, undefinable repugnance, which was only accentuated by the closing of the two doors behind me. I remembered then, for the first time, the faint jangling of the key, and other sounds which I had noticed the first day, and how one of the skulls had fallen. I went to the place where it still lay. I have already said these walls of skulls were built up so high as to be within a few inches of the top of the low archways that led into more distant portions of the vault. The displacement of the skull in question had left a small hole, just large enough for me to put my hand through. I noticed for the first time, over the archway above it, a carved coat of arms, and the name, now almost obliterated, of Despard, This, no doubt, was the Despard vault. I could not resist moving a few more skulls and looking in, holding my candle as near the aperture as I could. The vault was full. Piled high, one upon another, were old coffins, and remnants of coffins, and strewn bones. I think when I come to die, I would rather go home to the earth, than try to keep up appearances in a vault. The coffin nearest the archway alone was intact, save for a crack across the lid. I could not get a ray from my candle to fall on the brass plates, but I felt no doubt this was the coffin of the wicked Sir Roger. I put back the skulls, including the one which had rolled down, and carefully finished my work. I was not there much more than an hour, but I was glad to get away.

If I could have left Wet Waste that day, I should have done so, for I had a totally unreasonable longing to leave the place; but I found that only one train stopped during the day at the station from which I had come, and that it would not be possible to be in time for it that day.

Accordingly I submitted to the inevitable, and wandered about with Brian for the remainder of the afternoon, and until late into the evening, sketching and smoking. The day was oppressively hot, and even after the sun had set across the burnt stretches of the wolds, it seemed to grow very little cooler. Not a breath stirred. In the evening, when I was tired of loitering in the lanes, I went up to my own room, and, after contemplating afresh my finished study of the fresco, I suddenly set to work to write the part of my paper bearing upon it. As a rule I write with difficulty, but that evening words came to me with winged speed, and with them a hovering impression that I must make haste, that I was much pressed for time. I wrote and wrote, until my candles guttered out, and left me trying to finish by the moonlight, which, until I endeavored to write by it, seemed as clear as day.

I had to put away my MS., and feeling it was too early to go to bed, for the church clock was just counting out ten, I sat down by the open window and leaned out to try to catch a breath of fresh air. It was a lovely night, and as I looked out my nervous haste and hurry of mind died down. The moon was sailing clear and tranquil over a fleckless sky; was touching the rugged village, the mist-dimmed trees, and ghostly wolds beyond, with a glory of her own.

The little stream below my window was not all that a stream should be. In the daytime, fleets of unseaworthy refuse constantly hurried down it; it owned to dead kittens in the shallow places; but tonight it looked innocent and clear, under the loving eye of the moon that saw it, not as it was, but as it ought to be.

I sat a long time leaning against the window-sill. The heat was still intense. I am not, as a rule, easily elated or readily cast down, but as I sat that night in the lonely village on the moors, with Brian's head against my knee, how or why I know not, a great depression gradually came upon me.

My mind went back to the crypt and the countless dead who had been laid there. The sight of the goal to which all human life and strength and beauty, travel in the end, had not affected me at the time, but now, the very air about me seemed heavy with death.

What was the good, I asked myself, of working and toiling, and grinding down my heart and youth in the mill of long and strenuous effort; seeing that in the grave folly and talent, idleness and labor lie together, and are alike forgotten. Labor seemed to stretch before me till my heart ached to think of it, to stretch before me even to the end of life, and then came, as the recompense of my labor—the grave. Even if I succeeded, if after wearing my life thread bare with toil, I succeeded, what remained to me in the end? The grave. A little sooner, while the hands and eyes were still strong to labor, or a little later when all power and vision had been taken from them; sooner or later only—*the grave.*

I roused myself at last, when the moon came to look in upon me where I sat, and, leaving the window open, I pulled myself together, and went to bed.

I fell asleep almost immediately, but I do not fancy I could have been asleep very long when I was wakened by Brian. He was growling in a low, muffled tone, as he sometimes did in his sleep, when his nose was buried in his rug. I called out to him to shut up, and as he did not do so, turned in bed to find my box or something to throw at him. The moonlight was still in the room, and as I looked at him, I saw him raise his head and evidently wake up. I admonished him, and was just on the point of falling asleep when he began to growl again in a low, savage manner that waked me most effectually. Presently he shook himself and got up, and began prowling about the room. I sat up in bed and called to him, but he paid no attention. Suddenly I saw him stop short in the moonlight; he showed his teeth, and crouched down, his eyes following something in the air. I looked at him in horror. Was he going mad? His eyes were glaring and his head moved slightly as if he were following the rapid movements of an enemy. Then with a furious snarl, he suddenly sprang from the ground, and rushed in great leaps across the room towards me, dashing himself against the furniture, his eyes rolling, snatching and tearing wildly in the air with his teeth. I saw he had gone mad. I leaped out of bed, and rushing at him caught him by the throat. The moon had gone behind a cloud, but in the darkness I felt him turn upon me, felt him rise up, and his teeth close in my throat. I was being strangled. With all the strength of despair I kept my grip of his neck, and dragging him across the room tried to crush in his head against the iron rail of my bedstead. It was my only chance. I felt the blood running down my neck. I was suffocating. After one moment of frightful struggle I beat his head against the bar, and heard his skull give way. I felt him give one strong shudder, a groan, and then I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was lying on the floor, surrounded by the people of the house, my reddened hands still clutching Brian's throat. Some one was holding a candle towards me, and the draught from the window made it flare and waver. I looked at Brian. He was stone dead. The blood from his battered head was trickling slowly over my hands. His great jaws were fixed in something that—in the uncertain light—I could not see.

They turned the light a little.

"Oh God!" I shrieked. "There! Look! look!"

"He's off his head," said some one, and I fainted again.

. . . . . .

I was ill for about a fortnight without regaining consciousness, a waste of time of which even now I cannot think without poignant regret. When I did recover consciousness I found I was being carefully nursed by the old clergyman and the people of the house. I have often heard the unkindness of the world in general inveighed against, but for my part I can honestly say that I have received many more kindness than I really have time to repay. Country people especially are remarkably attentive to strangers in illness.

I could not rest until I had seen the doctor who attended me, and had received his assurance that I should be equal to reading my paper on the appointed day. This pressing anxiety removed, I told him of what I had seen before I fainted the second time. He listened attentively, and then assured me, in a manner that was intended to be soothing, that I was suffering from an hallucination, due, no doubt, to the shock of my dog's sudden madness.

"Did you see the dog after it was dead?" I asked.

He said he did. The whole jaw was covered with blood and foam; the teeth certainly seemed convulsively fixed, but the case being evidently one of extraordinarily virulent hydrophobia, owing to the intense heat, he had had the body buried immediately.

My companion stopped speaking as we reached our lodgings, and went upstairs. Then lighting a candle, he slowly turned down his collar.

"You see I have the marks still," he said; "but I have no fear of dying of hydrophobia. I am told such peculiar scars could not have been made by the teeth of a dog. If you look closely you see the pressure of the five fingers. That is the reason why I wear high collars."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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Is prepared to receive pupils in OIL, WATER COLOR, LUSTRE and DECORATIVE PAINTING.
DRAWING FROM NATURE MODEL AND CAST.
PERSPECTIVE & SHADE COMPOSITION, ETC.
And takes orders in any of the above work also PORTRAITS in Crayon, Charcoal and Paint ing—all sizes.
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February 5th

5c. BREAD-MAKER'S YEAST 5
Never fails to give satisfaction.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT FOR
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REPRESENTING:
Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn
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Royal Canadian, of Montreal.
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company, of London, England and Montreal, Que.
OFFICE—CUNARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG'S
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F. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
(Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq.)
CHATHAM - - N. B.
All Kinds of Cloths,
Suits or single Garments.
Inspection of which is respectfully invited.
F. O. PETTERSON

Good News!
No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained
Freedom
from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.
"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.
"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

EARLE'S HOTEL
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NEAR BROADWAY,
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The best Hotel in the lower part of the City for Tourists, Professional and Business Men, Commercial Travellers, Agents, Etc., Substantial in appointments, centrally located and most economical in PRICES
This Hotel has been Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated, Contains a Grand Exchange, Passenger Elevator, Railroad and Steamboat Ticket, Telegraph Office and Billiard Room
The House can be reached by Horse Cars, Stages and Elevated Railroad, and is conveniently located and accessible to places of amusement and business, including Coney Island, Rockaway Manhattan and Brighton Beach, Central Park, High Bridge, Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn Bridge, Starin's Glen Island, Bartholdi Statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," etc. We have first-class accomodation for 400 guests, and our building being four stories high, and with numerous stairways, is considered the safest Hotel in the city in case of fire.
Branch Office, SEYMOUR, BAKER & CO., members N. Y. Stock and Produce Exchanges, and Chicago Board of Trade. Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum, bought and sold for Cash on margins. DIRECT WIRE TO CHICAGO.
Sanitary and Fire Arrangements Perfect, Location the Most Healthy in the City.
Ferdinand P. Earle,
Owner & Proprietor
EARLE'S NEW PALATIAL HOTEL
The Normandie,
BROADWAY & 38TH STREET.
European Plan; Restaurant Unsurpassed.
Esterbrook, Inspector of Buildings, says, "Every room is a place of security for its occupant, as the house is ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF" Steam heat, speaking tubes, electric bells, fire and burglar alarms attached to all rooms.
FERDINAND P. EARLE,
Resident Proprietor.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
DOES CURE
CONSUMPTION
In its First Stages.
Palatable as Milk.
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TINSHOP.
As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before comprising
Japanned, Stamped AND Plain Tinware
would invite those about to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am selling below former prices for cash.
The Peerless Creamer;
ROCHESTER LAMP,
The Success OIL STOVE
—Also a nice selection of—
Parlor and Cooking Stove
with PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN
the lining of which can be taken out for cleaning thereby doing away with the removing of pipe or even as is the trouble with other stoves.
A. C. McLean.

White Beans.
In Store—30 Barrels White Beans
For Sale by C. M. BOSTWICK, & Co.

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
HAS REMOVED
—HIS—
SHAVING PARLOR
to the Building adjoining the
N. B. Trading Co's Office, Water St.
He will also keep a first-class stock of
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' Goods generally.

WANTED.
Local agents for the
Manchester Fire Assurance Co'y.
OF ENGLAND
CAPITAL $5,000,000
Established 1825.
D. R. JACK, GEN'L. AGT.
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