RACHAEL.

A True Story of Western Farm Life.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

Concluded.

June came with her blue skies, her singing birds, her wealth of beauty. But there was no time at Stillman's to enjoy it. A larger crop than usual had been put in and extra hands employed. Not in the house. Why, there were five women, counting 10-year old Susy and the poor, delicate mother. What extra help could they need, although washing and cooking must be done for all the men? You see "hands" could be got for low wages if the farmer boarded them and had their washing done; and what else had the women to do? True, mother was not as strong as she used to be, but she did not complain. She was only more shadowy and quiet than ever; and Mr. Stillman told his daughters to "stir" around themselves, and not let mother do all the work.

"Oh, dear," said Margaret, one morning as she and Rachel were bending over the wash-tubs while mother, Elizabeth and Susy did the churning and baking and prepared dinner, "I wish we could go to the picnic on the fourth; everybody's going."

"Maybe we can," said Rachael hopefully. "I heard father say he would not cut the wheat until about the sixth, and also, Margaret, I heard him say your calf was worth $10. If he gives you the money you can get a new white dress and I might wear your old one It is so small for you."

Margaret laughed. "The calf is mine," she said, "it would have died if I had not taken care of it, and father gave it to me, so I will have a new dress and you shall have my old one."

Out in the barnyard, as the girls talked and worked, Mr. Stillman and Tom were putting the pretty calf in the waggon preparatory to taking it to the butcher.

When the girls went in to dinner the men had finished theirs and were lounging about in the shady yard enjoying their "nooning."

As they entered the dining room Mr. Stillman handed Margaret a package, saying: "There's your share of the calf, Margaret."

"My share!" she exclaimed, "why, the calf was all mine; at least, you said so."

As she spoke she opened the paper and unrolled a piece of cheap lawn, bright yellow, with blue flowers. With an angry gesture she threw it on the floor and left the room.

Mr. Stillman stood a moment amazed. Then turning to Rachael he said: "You can have the dress, Rachael. I'll teach Margaret a lesson."

"I don't want it," she said. "It was bought with Margaret's money. Why didn't you give her her money? When you sold Tom's pigs he had his money to do as he pleased with."

"Nice girls, these of yours, mother," said Mr. Stillman to his frightened wife. "They'll be turning us out of doors next. You pick up that goods, Miss."

Rachael obediently took up the lawn and began to fold it. "That calf was mine," he went on, "I only meant to pay Margaret for caring for it."

"You should have said so, then," answered his daughter, facing him with eyes as keen as his own, "but you told her if she could raise it she could have it; and, of course, she thought you meant what you said."

The father raised his hand as if to strike his child, then, as she did not drop her eyes, he turned and left the room.

July came, but the Stillman girls did not go to the picnic. Tom and the "hands" went, and Mrs. Lansing and her boys stopped at Stillman's on their way and offered the girls seats in their wagon, but the offer was not accepted. "The women folk," Mr. Stillman said, "had to get ready for the harvest hands," and there was more cooking and churning and washing as the days went on. No wonder Mrs. Stillman grew weaker until even Mr. Stillman noticed it and brought her a bottle of bitters and told the girls to keep "mother out of the kitchen," which they, indeed, tried hard to do. But the mother could not rest. There was so much to do. The girls could not get along, and Elizabeth was not well, she knew, for the patient elder daughter seemed drooping, and a hopeless look had settled on her face as if for life.

At last there came a morning, about the middle of July, when mother did not rise to breakfast.

"Hadn't we better send for Dr. Lewis, father," said Elizabeth.

"O, no, your mother did not sleep, t was so hot last night. She'll be up directly. Keep her out of the kitchen, and see you have a good dinner on time. We'll have to work to finish to day, an' I am expectin' a storm; the air feels like it."

Twelve o'clock came. Dinner for a dozen hungry men was on the table, and still Mrs. Stillman was in bed.

While the men were eating Rachael slipped in to her mother. She found her awake, but her flushed checks and bright eyes startled the girl.

"O, mother," she cried, "you must have the doctor, you are so sick."

"No, no, dear," the mother answered, "father is too busy now, he couldn't take time. You run over to Mrs. Lansing after dinner. I'm not much sick, but I would like to see her."

Rachael returned to the dining-room.

"Take that fly-brush, Rachael," said her father. "Susy's no account." Poor, tired little Susy crimsoned to the roots of her hair as she handed Rachael the brush.

When dinner was over Mr. Stillman glanced in his wife's room. She seemed sleeping and he did not go in. "Mother hasn't eaten a bite to-day, father," said Rachael. "I wish she'd have the doctor."

"Well," said Mr. Stillman, impatiently, "if she's no better by mornin' I'll send for him."

Not stopping to eat Rachael went half a mile through the July sun for Mrs. Lansing. The men had gone to their work when she returned. Margaret was doing up the work and Elizabeth and Susy trying to make the poor sick woman comfortable by bathing her head and fanning her, while they begged her vainly to drink the tea they had brought her.

"Rachael," said Mrs. Lansing, "I saw Dr. Lewis' buggy coming down the road as I came here, you run out and stop him when he gets here."

When about 4 o'clock the rain began to fall in torrents Mr. Stillman had the satisfaction of seeing the last load of grain just inside the great barn door, and taking off his hat he wiped the moisture off his face exclaiming, "Well, boys, we beat the rain; it can pour down now for all I care."

Replacing his hat on his head he turned towards the house, and to his surprise saw the well-known figure of Dr. Lewis on the porch. "Driven in by the rain," he thought; "guess I'll get him to see mother."

"Well, doctor," as he stepped up on the porch, "how are you? Just got my wheat in time; lucky, wasn't I?"

"Very," said the doctor, gravely, "but I just came from your wife's bedside, and she is, I find, very ill. I ought to have been called long ago."

Mr. Stillman was startled. "Why," he said, "doctor, you can't think her dangerous. It's the weather's weakened her so."

The doctor was silent a moment. Then he said slowly: "Mr. Stillman, it is my duty to tell you that your wife can live at the farthest but a few days."

For once in their lives the men at Stillman's ate a cold supper and did the milking. Mrs. Lansing took the superintendence of everything on herself. John and his wife were sent for and came, and before morning Jim Lansing, who had learned the state of affairs from one of the "hands", quietly hitched the horses to a wagon and went for Martha and her husband.

Poor Martha, who had not seen her mother for more than a year.

All night Mr. Stillman watched by his wife's bedside or walked restlessly up and down the long back porch. It could not be. His wife was not dying; she was only tired. Yes, that was it, Mr. Stillman; she was tired, and rest was coming.

When Martha came the mother who had so longed for her did not recognize her.

"Mother! mother!" cried the daughter in anguish. The mother looked at her with dim eyes that saw no more of earth, and muttered as she tossed upon her pillow: "Hurry! girls! oh, hurry, it's almost 12, and father will be in soon."

Then she grew quiet, only her restless hands, which her daughters vainly strove to hold, kept reaching out as if trying to grasp at the unknown land she was so soon to enter. Just as the sun rose in the morning Mrs. Stillman "entered her rest."

Her husband seemed stunned by the terrible shock. With haggard face and trembling limbs he bent over his dead wife. 'I loved her so," he said, "how could she leave me?"

Ah, Mr. Stillman, you are by no means the first person who has failed to care for their beloved ones until too late.

Life went on as usual at Stillman's after the mother had gone; for a little while the father had been kinder, but as time went on old habits were resumed. Elizabeth went listlessly about, evidently failing in health.

Margaret was growing every day more defiant toward her father, and constantly quarreled with Tom, who, now that his gentle mother's influence was no more felt, grew every day more meddlesome and overbearing toward his sisters.

The summer following Mrs. Stillman's death, Mrs. Lansing's eldest son Frank took unto himself a wife, and late in the fall the neighborhood was electrified with the entirely unlooked for marriage of Mr. Stillman to Mrs. Lansing. Her boys on learning of her intentions had remonstrated earnestly with her, but she said; "You boys do not need me now and those girls are going to destruction. Think of Rachel saying, 'God had nothing to do with her mother's death, and she didn't think He cared anything for women anyhow. He just created them for men's convenience,' and then look at little Susy, the child's face haunts me."

"Well," said Jim, "I know things are in a bad fix over there, but it isn't Susy's face that haunts me by any means."

His mother laughed. "I shall take good care of Margaret," she said, "the poor girl needs some one to look after her, she and Elizbeth are both being worked to death."

Time has slipped four years more over the heads of the Stillmans—years well improved by Rachael and Susy at the academy in the village near their father's farm, years which gave Margaret's happiness into Jim Lansing's keeping, brought Susy to the verge of womanhood, and made Tom a young man of whom his sisters were extremely proud. Even Elizbeth's wan face looks as if life might still hold a little happiness for her, for under the new wife's skilful management life at Stillman's has taken on a different color. The spare room is metamorphosed into a pretty sitting room for the young folks. "We don't want them always with us," says Mrs. Stillman, as she shows her husband the change she has made. That is one of her peculiarities.

She does what she thinks best without talk, taking it for granted that Mr. Stillman will view matters in the same light that she does.

As for Rachael, she enjoyed fully the change for the better; but now to the feeling of bitterness she cherished against her father was added a touch of contempt. "See," she thought, "how this wife can flatter and bend him to her will. If mother could have done that she might have been alive still."

Rachael was mistaken; the new wife did not manœuvre or flatter, but knowing her place she maintained it as mistress of the home, not as a sort of upper servant to be snubbed or praised according to the master's humor. And another summer had been added to Rachael's 19 years when Tom came home from town one evening and hurrying into the dining-room where she was arranging the supper table, said: "Rachael, do you remember old Grey, as I used to call him, that taught our school one winter about six years ago?"

"Yes,' she answered.

"Well, I met him in town to-day. He is one of the lawyers in the Sanders case, and he knew me right off; he's coming out this evening, so look your prettiest, for I tell you he's a smart one. I heard some of the lawyers talking about him.'

"Rachael," said Susy, as they arrayed themselves for the evening, "you are so hard to please this evening; what ails you? You look so excited."

Rachael smiled. "I was thinking of old days," she said; "that is all."

And she enters the little parlor where Mr. Stillman and the guest are seated in a perfectly self-possessed manner, saying as she extends her hand:

"Good evening, Teacher. How goes the battle with Apollyon?"

And the young lawyer springs to his feet, exclaiming: "Rachael! Is it possible?" And he holds her hand and looks into her eyes so long that Susy and Mrs. Stillman declare he fell in love then and there.

However that may be, it is certain Mr. Grey shows a wonderful interest in the Stillman district during his stay at Maywood. The trial is tedious, but his patience never gives out, and when some of the lawyers propose night sessions of court to hasten matters he opposes it earnestly. "Too hard on the old Judge," he says.

But all things must end, and the case was at last decided in favor of Mr. Grey's client. As Rachael congratulated him on his victory he said with a look that brought the color to her face:

"How long must I stay in Doubting Castle, Rachael?"

"Dear me," she answered, "I did not think a promising young lawyer, as father calls you, ever got into that dismal place."

Then Susy came in and the young man bade them good-bye, but he watched an opportunity to whisper in Rachael's ear a promise of speedy return, and as he traveled homeward, those wonderful eyes seemed to haunt him persistently. "Who would have thought," he said to himself, "she could have become such a woman! No wonder I never could find a girl to suit me when she has been my ideal."

You see he was trying to persuade himself that he had thought of her ever since that winter term of school; perhaps it was true. Maybe all unknown to him those eyes had held him. At any rate he says they did; and when time after time they drew him back to Stillmen's he at last succeeded in making Rachael believe it, and then with the little "key of promise" she delivered him from "Doubting Castle."

Let us take one more look two years later at the Stillman homestead.

There is a family gathering and all the girls are present—Martha and her two little ones, Margaret with her two boys and Rachel with her baby. Susy, a proud young aunt, flits to and fro, now teasing one and now another of the children. Elizabeth, with unwonted brightness in her eyes, looks on and even laughs a sweet, low laugh at some of the merry mischief. "Well," says Margaret, "it does seem odd to think of Lizzie's lover coming back after all these years."

"Yes," answered Rachel in the same low tone, "and how happy she seems. I suppose the wedding will be soon; they have been separated so long."

The husbands are all present in the evening, and the old house is full of light and gayety. Rachel steps off upstairs to put baby to bed. As she sits in the room where in her childhood she had spent so many unhappy hours, her tears fall thinking of them and the dear mother who had suffered and died, and the old bitterness rises in her heart. Baby drops asleep, and laying him gently in the cradle in which she herself had been rocked, she kisses two dainty lips and goes down stairs. Some impulse prompts her to enter the sitting room instead of going into the parlor, where she thinks all the family are gathered. As she opens the door she sees her father sitting by the table, where the lamp stands as of old, and half turns to go out again, but something in his attitude touches her. He is not reading his newspaper, he is looking at something he holds in his hand. She notices how gray he is getting, and how age is tracing lines in his stern face. Drawing near, she says: "Are you sick, father?"

"O, no," he answers. 'I was thinking of your mother, Rachael," and he handed her a faded daguerreotype of the fair young girl who had been his bride in the days of his youth.

'How like Susy, father,' she said with tears dropping on the lovely face.

'Yes, only she was prettier,' he answered.

'I have been thinking of her so much lately, Rachel,' he went on; 'I am going to do something I think will please her if she sees. I bought that pretty little farm of Perry's the other day and I am going to put Martha and her husband on it. Dick's an industrious fellow, but it's hard gettin' on on a rented place, and Martha is worried too much. You don't think any of the rest would object?' and he looked anxiously in her face.

'Object! Why father, they will all be glad,' and dropping her head on his shoulder she puts her arm around him for the first time in her life, and as she slips the little daguerreotype in his hand a sweet peace fills her heart as she thinks "the bitterness is gone and love takes its place.'

After a while she joins the group in the parlor. They are singing, while Susy plays accompaniments on the organ. 'Sing 'Consolation,' Susy," she says, as she sits down beside her husband.

"What is it?' he asks. 'You look unusually happy.'

'Ah!' she answers, 'I have had a vision of the land of Beulah, and Love is its king.'

As the voices joined in singing the old familiar hymn Mr. Stillman came quietly in and sat down to listen. So let us leave Rachel and her sisters, hoping that whatever may befall them in the journey of life, "love, for them, may always be king."

THE END.

Those who desire the news of the day in brief, concisely written and neatly printed, with stories, Illustrations and Family Reading, for 50c a year, should send that sum to the WEEKLY MESSENGER, MONTREAL.

HORSE FOR SALE.

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

STATION FARM.

Chatham, October 1st, 1885.

STAPLE GOODS.

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

For sale low by

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

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the subscribers are requested to come and settle their respective accounts on or before the 1st day of December, otherwise they will be sued without further notice.

J. R. GOGGIN.

Nov. 5th 1885.

LAMPS! CHINA!! GLASSWARE!!

We have just opened a fine assortment of

HANGING, BRACKET AND TABLE LAMPS.

China Tea Setts, (NEW PATTERNS.)

Combination Dinner and Tea Setts.

A Full Assortment of GLASSWARE.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER

G. STOTHART.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING a full line of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, and by strict attention to business and a well-assorted stock we hope to merit a share of public patronage.

LOGGIE & CO.

Note the stand, opposite Golden Ball, the store recently occupied by Patterson, Loggie & Co

"Little Giant" THRESHING MACHINES With Late Improvements.

Also the improved "Benjamin." Every machi warranted. Write for circular and prices to

SMALL & FISHER,
1OW WOODSTOCK,

Housemaid Wanted.

An experienced Housemaid wanted Apply at this Office

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS intend closing their accounts as usual at the end of the present season and requests all indebted to them to settle on or before the end of the present month, October, as all accounts not then paid will, without exception, be placed in the hands of their Attorney for collection

BUCKLEY & McKINNON.

Oct. 17th, 1885.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and arrange the same within the next three months, otherwise legal proceedings may be commenced; and all persons having claims will if required have the amounts paid, no claims after that time will be acknowledged.

RICHARD HUTCHISON.

Douglastown, August 26, 1885

The "Imperial Wringer,' AND Wash-tub Stand. Clothes Forks, etc.

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

H. P. MARQUIS,
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Pigs for Sale.

Young Pigs part and full bred Berkshire, at Station farm

Apply at J B. SNOWBALL'S OFFICE and a FARM.

Chatham, 3r October, 1885. 10.22.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

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

JAS. JOHNSTON,
JOHN PIRIE.

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

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

JAS JOHNSTON.

Tea Importations.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 22nd Oct., '85

To the Editor of the Sun.

SIR—In the advertisement in this mornings *Telegraph*, Mr John Mackay claims to have imported into this port from 1st January to 20th September, 1885, more than one fourth of all the Tea imported from Great Britain, China and United States.

This statement is not true, and to back my assertion I will deposit the sum of One Hundred Dollars in any bank in the city, Mr. Mackay to deposit a like amount, and the loser to pay his hundred dollars to any charitable object that may be agreed upon.

I may further state that during the time mentioned I have imported and sold more Tea than Mr. Mackay, and I claim to be the largest importer of Tea in the maritime provinces.

Yours respectfully,

J. J. McGAFFIGAN.

To the Trade: The average public Auction Sales daily in London is in the vicinity of Fifty Thousands Half-chests. My Teas are bought by brokers under the Credit of Bank of Montreal.

J. J. McGAFFIGAN

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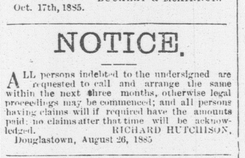
Auction of Apples every day opposite the old stand. Terms Cash

I will be found at office in Kerr's building.

W. WYSE, Auctioneer.



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

300 CASE CANNED GOODS.

Sugar Corn,	Tomatoes,
Green Peas,	String Beans,
Fine Apple,	Baked Beans,
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DeFOREST, HARRISON & Co.
7 and 8, North Wharf,
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WE SELL POTATOES, SPILING, BARK, R. R. Ties, Lumber, Laths, Canned Lobsters, Mackerel, Berries, Potatoes, Fish, Etc.

Best Prices for all Shipments.

Write fully for Quotations

Hatheway & Co.
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The Subscriber has on hand at his shop, superior assortment of

ROSEWOOD & WALNUT COFFINS,

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which he will supply at reasonable rates. RADDLES FOR PALL BEARERS also supp

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Firewood for Sale

AT CHATHAM STATION

Hardwood cut in four feet lengths and split by the cubical or cord, either delivered in town or on cars at the station CHEAP FOR CASH.

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GREAT BARGAINS —IN— Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Fancy Goods.

Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Shirts, Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Meerschaum and Briar Pipes and all Smoker's Goods.

As we intend leaving the Province next spring, the whole stock must be sold and will be sold, regardless of cost.

Call and see for Yourselves.

I. HARRIS & SON.

Chatham, July 15th, 1885.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscribers are requested to make immediate payment. All accounts not settled before the first of August will be placed in an Attorney's hands without further notice

Chatham, July 13, 1885 I HARRIS & SON

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Eureka double strength,	White	Wine	XXX
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For sale low by

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THE demand for Sample Rooms to accommodate for 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 turn has induced the subscriber to build two Sample 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 Water 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.

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NEW FALL GOODS! CHEAP FOR CASH!

—34— Bales and Cases Assorted

Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS.

—NEW—

COLORED DRESS GOODS, Black, French Merinoes, and Cashmeres;
NEW
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Ulster, Sacque, Mantle and Overcoat CLOTHS;
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NEW
GLOVES—Woolen, Kid in Black & Colored;
NEW
Flannels—Red, White, Grey and Fancy;
NEW
BLANKETS—White and Grey
NEW
YARNS—Canadian, Highland, Saxony, and Shetland Wools, all colors;
NEW
Shirts, Drawers Linders, Cardigans and Guernseys;
NEW
Overcoats, Jackets, Suits, Coats, Pants & Vests;
NEW
Waterproof Coats, Circulars and Dolmans, American make;
NEW
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NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS,

Too numerous to mention, but MY STOCK will be found the LARGEST, CHEAPEST and BEST ASSORTED IN MIRAMICHI.

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Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

WM. A. PARK, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

WILLIAM RAE has at his shop, UPPER WATER STREET, a large assortment of CEMETRY WORK, in TABLETS, GRAVE-MARKS, ETC Ranging at prices from $4 upwards. Chatham, July 21st, 1885

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At the Chatham Carriage and Sleigh Works, a Lot of DOUBLE and SINGLE

Truck Wagons. Also a few double and single second hand driving

WAGONS. To be sold Cheap.

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Oct. 3—1m.

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CASKETS & COFFINS of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.

Metallic and Patent Coffins, furnished when required

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Prompt attention given to all Orders day or night.

Pork, Fish, Etc.

100 Barrels Mess Pork,
75 do. Plate Beef,
20 Cases Lard in tins,
6 do. French Tongues,
250 Quintls. good Codfish,
60 Bbls. split Herring,
100 Half Bbls. split Herring,
85 p. kegs Morton's Pickles,
5 Casks Ass. Sauces,
100 kegs Carb. Soda,
50 Bbls. Onions,
150 boxes August Cheese,
100 " Layer Raisins,
50 Cases Hoeggs Corn, new.

Just received

Geo. S. DeForest.
13 South Wharf

St. John, N. B. Oct. 1885.

Corsets! Corsets!

WE have just received a splendid assortment of Corsets in the following lines.—

Crompton's Coraline Corset,
Ball's Health Preserving Corset
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Belle Corset Mary Corset,
Lily do. Everlasting do.
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—ALSO—

Misses' Corsets Child's Waists, and a full lin of Corset steels

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Opposite Golden Ball.

COAL. Anthracite Coal in broken, stove and chestnut sizes,

—ALSO:— —IN YARD— 200 tons old mines Sydney coal, best English house coal and Lingan coal. For sale cheap.

Thos. F. Gillespie,

F. W. RUSSELL is now offering PORK, FLOUR, MEAL, MOLASSES, TEA SUGAR and a full line of choice family Groceries, Crockery Glass and Earthenware, Boots and Shoes, Hats Ties and Scarfs, and ready made Clothing. At lowest cash prices. Black Brook July 7, 1885

STEAMER FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers the STEAM YACHT "ADA" for sale. Her dimensions are—
Length 34ft.
Depth 3ft. 6in
Width 6ft. 3in

She is one year old, has double engines, horizontal return tubular boiler, 33 in. propeller and is well fitted and sound in every respect.

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