POOR COP

New Advertisements

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS.

We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton, Oct. 6th 1887.

R. COLWELL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.

FACTORY:

KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, Oct 6th

LAURANCE'S Spectacles and Eye-Glasses

AT A BARGAIN.

I have a lot of LAURANCE'S BEST ENGLISH GLASSES, both in Glass and Pebbles, which I will sell at 20 per cent. LESS THAN COST. This is a rare chance to secure a first-class article at a LOW PRICE.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Cor. Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Money. Money.

If you want a Gold Mine, we can't give it to you, but if you want HOLIDAY GOODS, we have the Largest Line in the city at the lowest rates. See large advertisement for Prices.

NEW BRASS AND OXIDIZED SILVER GOODS.

PLUSH GOODS in great variety. Gents' and Ladies' Pocket Books, and Shopping Bags.

An immense stock of SILVER PLATED WARE just opened.

Late Novelties in JEWELRY—Solid Gold Sets, Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons, &c. &c.

☞ Remember the place.

SHUTE'S, 302 Officers' Square.

NO. 212.

NEW GOODS.

Just Arrived: Ladies Coats, Corsets, Dress Goods, Plushes and Cloths.

JOHN HASLIN.

Fredericton, October 4th, 1887

FALL, 1887.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

Jacket Cloths, Ulster Cloths, Wool Plaids, Dress Goods.

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

The Best Xmas. Card for a Friend is a Photo.

TAKEN BY HARVEY.

CALL AT ONCE AND ENGAGE YOUR SITTINGS, AND THE XMAS. RUSH AVOID.

STUDIO: 164 QUEEN ST., NEXT DOOR PEOPLE'S

Fredericton, Nov 24th, 1887

The Heiress.

Continued

CHAPTER XXXI.

They have wandered down once more by the river's side where first he told her how he loved her. To-night again the moon is shining brightly, again the stream runs rippling by, but, not as then with a joyous love-song; now it sounds sad as death, and "wild with all regret," as though mourning for the flowers—the sweet, fond forget-me not—that used to grace its banks.

Their hands are clasped, his arm is round her; her head drooping, dejected, (unlike the gay capricious Molly of a few months back), is leaning on his breast.

Large tears are falling silently, without a sob, down her white cheeks, because to-night they say their last farewell. It is one of those bitter partings, such as "press the life from out young hearts," and makes them doubt the good that this world conceals even in the very core of its disappointments.

"I feel as though I were losing all," says Molly, in a despairing tone. "First John, and now—you. Oh, how difficult a thing is life! how hard, how cruel!" Yet only a month before she was singing its praises with all the confidence of foolish, ignorant youth.

"While I am alive you do not lose me," he answers, pressing his lips to her soft hair and brow. "But I am unhappy about you, my own: at the risk of letting you think me importunate, I would ask you again to reconsider your decision, and let me know how it is you propose fighting this cold world."

Unable to refuse him audibly, and still determined to adhere to her resolution to let nothing interfere with her self-imposed task, she maintains a painful silence, merely turning her head from side to side upon his chest uneasily.

"You still refuse me? Do you not think, Molly"—reproachfully—"your conduct towards me is a little cold and unfeeling?"

"No, no. Do not misjudge me: Indeed I am acting for the best. See"—placing two bare white arms around his neck, that gleam snowy softness in the moonlight against the mournful draperies that fall away from them—"if I were cold or unfeeling would I do this?" pressing her tender lips to his. Would I? You know I would not. I am a coward too, and fear you would not look upon my plan as favorably as I do. Darling, forgive and trust me."

"Are you going on the stage?" asks he after a pause, and with evident hesitation.

"Why?" with a forlorn little smile. "If I were, would you renounce me?"

"Need I answer that? But you are so young, so pretty—I am afraid, my darling, it—it would be unpleasant for you."

"Be satisfied: I am not thinking of the stage. But do not question me, Teddy. I shall write to you, as I have promised, in six months—if I succeed."

"And if you fail?"

"I suppose then—I shall write to you too," she answers with a sigh and a faint smile. "But I shall not fail. After all, success will bring me no nearer to you: I shall always have the children to provide for," she says, despondingly.

"We can at least live and hope."

He draws her shawl, which has slipped to the ground, close around her, and mutely, gloomily, they stand listening to the murmuring of the sympathetic stream.

"I always think of this spot as the dearest on earth," he says, after a pause "Here I picture you to myself with your hands full of forget-me-nots. I have a large bunch of them yet, the same you gathered; faded, it is true, to others, but never so to me. They will always be as fresh in my eyes as on the evening I took them from you. 'My sweet love's flowers.' Darling, darling, darling," pressing her to his heart in a very agony of regret, "when shall we two stand here again together?"

"Never," she whispers back in a prophetic tone, with a trembling, sobbing sigh more sad than any tears.

"Give me something to remember you by—something to remind me of to-night."

"Shall you need it?" asks she, and then raising her hands she loosens all her pretty hair, letting it fall in a bright shower around her. "You shall have one little lock all to yourself," she says; "choose, and cut it where you will."

Tenderly he selects a shining tress—a very small one, so loth is he, even for his own benefit, to lessen the glory of her hair—and, severing it, consigns it to the back case of his watch.

"That is a good place to keep it," she says, with an upward glance that permits him to see the love that lives for him in her dewy eyes. "At least every night when you wind your watch you must think of me."

"I shall think of you morning, noon and night, for that matter."

"And I—when shall I think of you? And yet of what avail?" cries she, in despair; "all our thought will be of no use. It will not bring us together. We must be always separated—always apart. Not all our longing will bring us one day nearer to each other. Our lives are broken asunder."

"Do not let us waste our last moments talking folly," replies he, calmly; "nothing earthly shall separate us."

"Yet time, they say kills all things. It may perhaps—kill—even your love."

"You wrong me, Molly, in even supposing it. They sin, who tell us love can die," quotes he, softly, in a tender solemn tone. "My love for you is deathless. Beloved be assured of this, were we two to live until old age crept on us I should still carry to my grave my love for you."

He is so earnest that in spite of herself a little unacknowledged comfort comes to her heart. She feels it is not flimsy passion of an hour he is giving her, but a true affection that will endure forever.

"How changed you are!" he says presently; "you who used to be so self reliant have now lost all your courage. Try to be brave Molly, for both our sakes. And I shall soon go, tell me what is your parting injunction to me."

"The kindest thing I can say to you is—to forget me."

"Then say something unkind. Do not imagine I shall take two such hateful words as a farewell?"

"Then don't forget me; be sure you don't," cries she, bursting into tears.

The moments are flying; surely never have they flown with such cruel haste.

"Come, let us go in-doors," she says, when she has recovered herself "I suppose it is growing late."

"I shall not go in again; I have said good-bye to Mrs. Massereene. It only remains to part from you.

"Kiss each other tenderly.

walk as far as the gate with Molly; and, with a last linger-ing glance at their beloved nook, they go silently away.

When they reach the gate they pause and look at each other in speechless sorrow. Like all partings, it seems at the moment final, and plants within their hearts the germs of an unutterable regret.

"Good bye, my life, my darling," he whispers, brokenly, straining her to him as though he never means again to let her go; then, almost pushing her away, he turns and leaves her.

But she cannot part from him yet. When he has gone a hundred yards or more, she runs after him along the quiet moonlit road, and throws herself once more into his arms.

"Teddy, Teddy," she cries, "do not go yet," and falls to weeping as though her heart would break. "It is the bitterness of death," she says, "and it is death. I know we shall never meet again."

"Do not speak like that," he entreats, in deep agitation. "I know—I believe—we shall meet again, and under happier circumstances."

"Ah, you can find comfort!" Reproachfully. "You are not half sorry to part from me."

"Oh, Molly, be reasonable."

"If you can find any consolation at this moment, you are not. And—if you meet any one—anywhere—and—like her better than me—you will kill me: remember that."

"Now, where," argues he, in perfect sincerity, "could I meet any one to be compared with you?"

"But how shall I know it—not hearing from you for so many months?" She says this as though he, not she, had forbidden the correspondence.

"Then why not take something from those wretched six months?" he says, craftily.

"I don't know. Yes"—doubtfully—"it is too long a time. In four months, then, I shall write—yes, in four months. Now I do not feel quite so bad. Sixteen weeks will not be so long going by."

"One would be shorter still."

"No, no." Smiling. "Would you have me break through all my resolution? Be faithful to me, Teddy, and I will be faithful to you. Here"—lifting her hands to her neck—"I am not half satisfied with that stupid lock of hair; it may fall out, or you may lose it some way. Take this little chain"—loosening it from round her throat and giving it to him—"and wear it next your heart until we meet again—if indeed"—sighing—"we ever do meet again. Does not all this sound like the sentiment of a hundred years ago? But do not laugh at me: I mean it."

"I will do as you bid me," replies he, kissing the slender chain as though it were some sacred relic—and as such, indeed, he regards it—while ready tears spring to his eyes. "It and I shall never part."

"Well, good-bye really now," she says, with quivering lips. "I feel more cheerful and hopeful. I don't feel as if I was going to cry another—tear." With this she breaks into a perfect storm of tears, and tearing herself from his embrce, runs away from him down the avenue out of sight of his longing eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII

The fourth day before that fixed for leaving Brooklyn, Molly coming down to breakfast finds upon her plate a large envelope directed in her grandfather's own writing—a rather shaky writing it is true, but with all that remains of what must have been bold and determined calligraphy.

"Who can it be from?" says Molly, regarding the elaborate seal and crest with amazement—both so scarlet both so huge.

"Open it dear and you will see," replies Letitia, who is merely curious, and could not be accused of triteness for the world.

Breaking the alarming seal, Molly reads in silence; Letitia unable to bear suspense, rises and reads it also over her sister's shoulder.

It consists of a very few lines, and merely expresses a desire—that is plainly a command—that Molly will come the following day to Herst, as her grandfather has something of importance to say to her.

"What can it be?" says Molly, glancing over her shoulder at Mrs. Massereene, who has taken the letter to re-read it.

"Something good, perhaps," wistfully. "There may be some luck in store for you."

"Hardly. I have ceased to believe in my own good luck," says Molly, bitterly. "At all events, I suppose I had better go. Afterwards I might reproach myself for having been inattentive to his wishes."

"Go, by all means," says Letitia; and so it is arranged.

Feeling tired and nervous, she arrives the next day at Herst, and is met in the hall by her friend the housekeeper, in subdued spirits and the unfailing silk gown, who receives her in a good old motherly fashion and bestows upon her a warm though deferential kiss.

"You have come, my dear, and I am glad of it," she says, in a mysterious tone. "He has been asking for you incessant. Miss Amherest, she is away from home." This in a pleased, confidential tone; Miss Amherst being distinctly unpopular among the domestics, small and great. "Mr Amherst he sent her to the Latouches' for a week—against her will, I must say. And the captain he has gone abroad."

"Has he?" Surprised.

"Yes, quite sudden like and no one the wiser why. When last he come home, after being away a whole day, he seemed to me daft like—quite," says Mrs Nesbitt, raising her eyes and hands, whose cosy plumpness almost conceals the well-worn ring that for twenty years of her widowhood has rested there alone, "quite as though he had took leave of his senses."

"Yes?" says Molly, in a faltering tone, feeling decidedly guilty.

"Ay, indeed, Miss Massereene, and so 'twas. But you are tired, my dear, no doubt, and a'most faint for a glass of wine. Come and take off your things and rest yourself a bit, while I tell Mr Amherst of your arrival."

In half an hour, refreshed and feeling somewhat bolder, Molly descends, and, gaining the library door where her grandfather awaits her, she opens it and enters.

As, pale, slender, black-robed, she advances to his side, Mr Amherst looks up.

"You have come," he says, holding out his hand to her, but not rising. There is a most unusual nervousness and hesitancy about his manner.

"Yes. You wrote for me and I came," she answers, simply, stooping, as in duty bound, to press her lips to his cheek.

"Are you well?" he asks, scrutinizingly, struck by the difference in her appearance since last he saw her.

"Quite, thank you, quite well."

"I am sorry to see you in such trouble." There is a callousness about the way in which these words are uttered that jars upon Molly. She remembers on the instant all his narrow spleen towards the one now gone.

"I am—in sore trouble," she answers, coldly.

A pause. Mr. Amherst, although apparently full of purpose, clearly finds some difficulty about proceeding. Molly is waiting in impatient silence.

"You wished to speak to me, grandpapa?" she says, at length.

"Yes—yes. Only three days ago I heard you had been left—badly provided for. Is this so?"

"It is."

"And that"—speaking slowly—"you had made up your mind to earn your own living. Have I still heard correctly?"

"Quite correctly. Mr. Buscarlet would be sure to give you a true version of the case."

"The news has upset me." For the first time he turns his head and regards her with a steady gaze. "I particularly object to your doing anything of the kind. It would be a disgrace, a blot upon our name forever. None of our family has ever been forced to work for daily bread. And I would have you remember you are an Amherst."

"Pardon me, I am a Massereene."

"You are an Amherst." With some excitement and considerable irritation. "Your mother must count in some way, and you—you bear a strong resemblance to every second portrait of our ancestors in the gallery up-stairs. I wrote, therefore, to bring you here that I might personally desire you to give up your scheme of self support and come here to live at Herst as—its mistress."

To be Continued

HERE AND THERE.

Some Facts and a Few Other Good Things.

A carpenter's work generally goes against the grain.

BEAR IT IN MIND.—That pure blood is the life nourishment of the body, and means perfect health no one can deny. Cleanse the blood from all impurities with B. B. B, the best blood purifier known.

With the average boy shaving is not his first scrape.

A HIGH VALUATION.—"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Erant, of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

A first-class tailor you will always find good at figures.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR.—This injunction applies not only to the mental but the physical welfare. Salt rheum, erysipelas and all obstinate humors of the blood are perfectly curable by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Half the boys to-day would rather be drum majors than premiers.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.—For more than twenty-five years has Hagyard's Yellow Oil been sold by druggists, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction as a household remedy for pain, lameness and soreness of the flesh, for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

Cannibals, it is said, will not eat mince pie. They draw the line at missionary.

ON THE PLATFORM.—Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

Won by a mere scratch, as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.

A FREQUENT ANNOYANCE.—Who is there that is not frequently annoyed by distressing headaches? Sufferers from sick or nervous headache will find a perfect cure in Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

The author who wrote, 'There is beauty in extreme old age,' would have been delighted with Methuselah.

Eggs Fifty Cents a Dozen

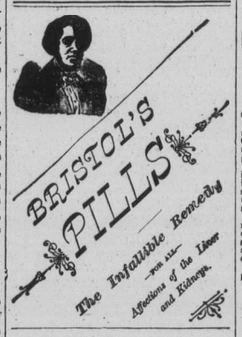
A gentleman who keeps a few hens for profit, recently carried some fresh laid eggs to a wholesale dealer at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and received for the same forty-three cents per dozen. The dealer said to him, "next week I will pay you forty-five cents, and before Christmas fifty cents a dozen for all you will bring me like these." What is true of Boston is in a measure true of every market for eggs. The next eight weeks will be the season of highest prices. Therefore work your hens now for all they can do. We have no doubt but that, for want of the proper ingredients in their food, more than one half of the hens in this country are now idle, when eggs will sell for fifty cents per dozen. It is pure folly to wonder, spend time and money or experiment to find out why your hens do not lay. You better by far profit by the experience of others, and make them lay during December and January. The following sworn statement shows that, the quickest and surest way to do this and increase the egg product during these months from one to six hundred per cent., is by the use of Sheridan's powder to make hens lay, once daily in the food. South Waldoboro, Maine,

"I commenced Dec. 6, 1886, to feed sixty hens the Sheridan's Powder according to directions, and continued until January 31st. The first week they laid only thirty eggs, the second 61, the third 138, the fourth 196, the fifth 262, sixth 315, seventh 389, and the eighth 409 eggs." Or, 150 dozen for the eight weeks.

Yours truly, G. N. Winchenbach.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this twenty-eighth day of April, 1887. George G. Benner, J. P."

I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., are the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, which is sold by nearly all druggists and general storekeepers. For 50 cents in stamps Johnson & Co. send post paid to any address, two packs of the powder, five packs for $1.00. Or for $1.20 they will send a large 2½ pound can of Powder, also one copy of the Farmers Poultry Raising Guide (price 25 cents), postage or express prepaid. Six cans sent for $5.00, express prepaid to any express office in the United States.



Still Coming.

TO ARRIVE:

1 Car Black Oats, 1 Carload Mashed Oats for Horses.

ALSO:

300 BUSHELS MEAL

For sale low.

ELY PERKINS.

Fredericton, Dec. 14th, 1887.

FOR SALE.

A CHOICE LOT OF LAND on the foot of Shore's Island. Apply to HAVELOCK COY, Barrister.

Fredericton, Nov. 16th, 1887. 3m w.

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 disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber having decided to go out of business, offers for sale that valuable property situated in Nashwaaksis, about one mile above St. Mary's village, a small store attached, all buildings in good condition. For terms and further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

D. J. CLAYTON.

St. Marys, Oct 19.

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

Change of Hours

NOTICE is hereby given that on and after the first day of January, 1888, the office hours of the NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA LAND COMPANY, (Limited), will be the same as the Bank Hours, viz: from 10 o'clock A. M., to 3 o'clock, P. M., daily, excepting on Saturdays, when the hour will be from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

HARRY BECKWITH, Commissioner.

Fredericton, Dec. 6th, 1887.

I CURE FITS!

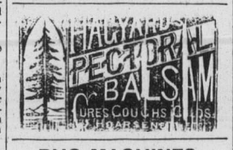
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now sending for a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address DR. H. G. ROOT, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Violin Instruction

MR. HARRY RAYNORDE will give Instruction on the Violin to a limited number of pupils. Address, Royal Hotel, Fredericton.

Fredericton, Dec. 6th, 1887.



RUG MACHINES.

JUST RECEIVED.

25 RUG MACHINES, First Class in every respect. Just what is required for making rugs, and rag mats.

For Sale Low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Fredericton, Dec. 14th, 1887.

CONSUMPTION.

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

DR. T. A. SLOCUM.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

JUST RECEIVED:

BATH SPONGES, Assorted Sizes.

CARRIAGE SPONGES, Assorted Sizes.

FINEST TURKEY SPONGES Assorted Sizes.

SLATE SPONGES, All Sizes.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.

DAVIS, STAPLES & Co.

DRUGGISTS,

Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton

Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

The North American

LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,

OF TORONTO.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.

Gaurantced Capital,	$500,000.00
Full Government Deposit.	
New business for 1886 over	$2,500,000.00

THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontene, Semi Tontene, and Commercial plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.

The Company's rates are according to their various plans so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontene the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.

All information given and applications received by

C. E. DUFFY, Agent, Fredericton.

Oct. 29, 1887—w fw—1 yr.

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Cutlery, Silverware.

FINE GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

Largest Variety of House Furnishing Goods of any House in the Dominion. Almost everything for housekeeping. Stock for Xmas trade. Satisfaction guaranteed to every customer. The Stock is too large and varied to enumerate. Please call and examine.

JAMES G. McNALLY,

122 & 124 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, Nov 28, 1887.

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

THE

CHEAP SALE.

—OF—

DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, COTTON, HAMBURGS, TWEEDS, HOMEPUNS, CRETONNES, FLANNELS,

Still Continues. Also, a Lot of

DRESS GOODS

For 8 and 10 Cents, former price, 25 and 30 cents.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

'87-8 FALL AND WINTER. '87-8

A Fine Assortment for Fall and Winter Wear.

OVERCOATINGS

IN NAPS, FRIEZES, MELTONS, PILOTS, DIAGONALS, TWEEDS, &c.

FANCY SUITINGS

—AND—

TROWSERINGS

In all the Latest Shades and Designs.

All goods made up at the shortest notice, and at the lowest possible prices.

Also Gents' Furnishings, &c., &c.

A Good Fit Guaranteed. Inspection Invited.

THOMAS STANGER,

"IMPERIAL HALL,"

280 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Fredericton, Nov. 15th, 1887

COAL.

Expected hourly:

150 tons Sydney Coal AND 100 TONS English Orrel.

—ALSO,—

HardCoal in stove and Chestnut sizes and Blacksmith Coal.

JAMES TIBBITS

CAMPBELL STREET,

Fredericton, Nov 3rd

AXES. AXES.

LUMBERMEN in want of the above will find a good assortment of Blenkhour, Broads, Campbell's, Fowler's, Bloomfields and Sharp's Axes at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

CHRISTMAS

GROCERIES.

Raisins, Currants, Walnuts, Filbert's, Confectionery, Pickles, Canned Corn, Canned Peas, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Beans, Canned Salmon, Canned Oysters, Canned Lobsters, Corn Starch, Cheese, Pepper, Ginger, Mustard, Allspice, Cassia, Ground Cloves, Cream Tartar, Pickling Spices, Nutmegs, Poultry Dressing, Royal Baking Powder, Pure Gold Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts.

I have a Large Stock of CIGARS ranging in Price from $2.00 to $6.50 per hundred.

JAS. HODGE.

Fredericton Dec. 13th, 1887.

THE CELEBRATED

HEINTZMAN Piano

BEST CANADIAN INSTRUMENT MADE.

We invite comparison in quality with the Steinway or Chickering, while our prices are fully ONE-THIRD LOWER. The manufacturers have just closed a contract with a Halifax house for 100 of these instruments.

We would respectfully ask an inspection of the Tone, Finish and Quality of the

HEINTZMAN

from intending purchasers. Our terms and prices can not fail to suit you.

THOMPSON & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS.

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Axe Steel

PER STEAMSHIP SARDINIAN FROM LIVERPOOL.

JUST to hand per above steamer, direct from Messrs. Thos. Firth & Sons, Sheffield,

4 BUNDLES

Extra Cast Steel

FOR AXES.

Z. R. EVERETT

F'ton, Dec. 7

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect July 11th, 1887.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A Passenger and Freight Train will leave Gibson every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE GIBSON

6:45 a m; Marysville, 7:10; Cross Creek, 8:30 Boiestown, 9:45; Doaktown, 10:45; Blackville, 12 Chatham Junction, 1:20; arrive at Chatham, 1:50:

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

7:45, a m; Chatham Junction, 8:25; Blackville, 9:30; Doaktown, 11:00; Boiestown, 12:00; Cross Creek, 1:20; Marysville, 2:50; arriving at Gibson at 3:00.

CONNECTIONS:—Close connection is made at Chatham Junction with I. C. R. Accommodation Train going North. Connections also made with trains on the Intercolonial Railway to all points East and West, and at Chatham with Steamers for Newcastle, at Gibson with N. B. Railway for all Western Points and St. John, and Union Line of Steamers for St. John, and with Stage at Cross Creek for Stanley.

THOMAS ALLEN, Superintendent.

Oct 6

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 24TH, 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

—:LEAVE FREDERICTON:—

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points.

9 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for McAdam Junction and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points north.

1 10 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and points East

—:ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:—

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

3 35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

6 40 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

—:LEAVE GIBSON:—

6 50 A. M.—Express for Woodstock, and points north.

—:ARRIVE AT GIBSON:—

4 45 P. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. | F. W. CRAM, General Manager.

J. P. LEAVITT, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., October 17th, 1887.

Intercolonial Railway.

1887 Summer Arrangement 1887

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 13th, 1887, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express	7 00
Accommodation	11 00
Express for Sussex	16 35
Express for Halifax and Quebec	17 15

A sleeping Car runs daily on the 17.15 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec	5.30
Express from Sussex	9.30
Accommodation	12.55
Day Express	18.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

RAILWAY OFFICE,

Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1887.

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE HANDLED 60,000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.

And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.

General Commission Merchants,

22 CENTRAL WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.

Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 1873

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

LANDING.

VIA N. B. RAILWAY.

90 CHALDRON OLD MINE SYDNEY

Coal

Fresh Mixed, Double Screened; Certificate to be seen at office.

TO ARRIVE AND DAILY EXPECTED.

Reserve Mine Sydney, Caledonia and Chestnut.

Best Qualities of Hard and Soft Coals always on hand at Coal Shed, Campbell Street. Place your orders before Coal arrives, and get it cheap from the cars.

E. H. ALLEN, 18 Regent Street.

F'ton, Dec 6

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

Furniture Repaired.

Jobbing in Carpentry

Attended to by

W. S. HIMELMAN,

192 GEORGE STREET

All work guaranteed so far as possible. All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.

Fredericton, Oct 10th, 1887.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to the undersigned, are requested to settle their accounts within ninety days from this date. Accounts remaining unpaid at the expiration of the time above mentioned will be handed to an attorney for collection and suit.

Parties having claims against us will please present them at once.

Dated at St. Mary's, York County, this first day of October, 1887.

EDGAR & HAYES.

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