1881-CHRISTMAS-1881

Knapp Bros.

WISH to announce to their friends and the public generally, that they are prepared to supply all who may come with any thing they may need in the shape of

Christmas Groceries!

THE STOCK IS LARGE AND COMPRISES:

SUGARS,	PICKLES,
MOLASSES,	BEANS,
TEAS,	BARLEY,
AMBER SYRUP,	ESSENCES, (all kinds)
SPICES (all kinds)	SAGO,
SOAPS,	TAPIOCA.
BISCUITS,	MACARONI,
RICE,	CITRON,
STARCH,	GELATINE, &c.
COFFEE,	

IN CANNED GOODS WE HAVE:

Lobsters, Tomatoes, Marmalade, Oysters, Peaches, Corn, Corned Beef, Pine Apples, Apricots, Cherries, Quinces, &c.

We have also added a line of Staple DRY GOODS to our Stock, which we have marked at BOTTOM PRICES.

In BOOTS and SHOES we can supply you at prices which defy Competition.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT WE HAVE:

Mens' Long, Congress, and Lace Boots.
Youths' do. do. do.
Childrens' do. do.
Womens' Lace and Button Boots, in Leather and Serge.
Misses' Lace and Button Boots, in Leather and Serge.
Children's Lace and Button Boots, in Leather only.
Mens' and Womens' OVERSHOES and RUBBERS.

This line is worthy of your inspection, and we cordially invite you to give us an early call.

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CROCKERYWARE AND GLASSWARE, OF ALL KINDS.

☞As it will be an impossibility for us to call on all our customers personally, before Christmas, we take the present opportunity of wishing you, one and all,

A Merry Christmas, & A Happy New Year.

dec1 KNAPP BROS.

NEW AND SEASONABLE

GOODS!

Fall and Winter!

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BAIRD & GEORGE.

nov23

THE PETERS COMBINATION

LOCK COMPANY,

MONCTON, N. B.

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—AND—

SHELF HARDWARE,

FROM

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INCLUDING

LOCKS, KNOBS, HINGES, LATCHES, SASH FASTENERS, CUPBOARD LATCHES & BOLTS, DOOR BELLS, DOOR SPRINGS, PLATES, &c., &c., &c.

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Old Forks, Spoons, Table Service, Harness Mounting, &c., replated. Particular attention given to special orders.

Moncton, Dec. 29, 1880. jan6

WE WANT

CONSIGNMENTS OF

SHIP KNEES, SPILING, R. R. TIES, CORDWOOD, TAN BARK, POTATOES.

WRITE TO

HATHEWAY & CO.,

22 Central Wharf, Boston.
dec1

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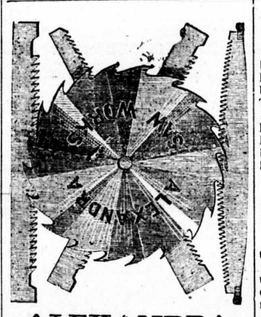
Bay Verte, Dec. 1st 1881. dec8



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1882.

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IN exchange for Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockeryware, Prtent Medecines, Larrakins, Boots and Shoes, Christmas Goods, Green and Dried Apples, Iron and Steel, Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Coarse Salt, Fine Salt, Dried Fish and Canso Herrings. Our Stock is good and new for price and quanly will compare with any in the trade.

HAMILTON & MILLS.

Port Elgin, Dec. 1881.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of the late Job D. Allen, of the Parish of Botsford, yeoman, deceased, will present the same duly attested within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET ALLEN,
Executrix.

Botsford, Dec. 6th, 1881. 4ins dec15

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

(From the French of M. M. Erckmann-Chatrian.)

III.

Schlussel pushed me into a very dark, high hall, furnished with benches in a circle. The aspect of this deserted hall, its two tall grated windows, its Christ of old brown oak, with arms extending, and head sadly inclined on the shoulder, inspired me with I know not what superstitious fear, in accord with my actual situation.

All my ideas of false accusation disappeared, and my lips moved, murmuring a prayer. For a long time I had not prayed; but misfortune always leads back to thoughts of submission.

Opposite me, on a raised bench, were seated two judges, turning their backs on the light, which left their faces in the shade. However, I recognized von Spreckdal by his aquiline profile, lighted by an oblique reflection from the glass window. The other judge was fat; he had full, plump cheeks, short hands, and wore the judge's robe, as did also von Spreckdal.

Beneath was seated the clerk, Conrad. He wrote on a low table, ticking the end of his ear with the feather of his pen. On my arrival, he stopped to look at me with a curious air. They made me sit down, and von Spreckdal, raising his voice, said to me:

"Christian Venius, where did you obtain this drawing?"

He was showing me the nocturnal sketch, then in his possession. They passed it to me. After having examined it, I answered:—

"I am the artist."

There was rather a long silence; the clerk, Conrad, was writing my answer. I heard his pen running over the paper, and I thought:—

"What is the meaning of the question they have just asked me? It has nothing to do with the kick to Rap's ribs."

"Are you the artist," pursued von Spreckdal. "What is the subject?"

"It is a fancy sketch."

"You have not copied these details anywhere?"

"No, sir, I imagined them all."

"Prisoner!" said the judge in a severe tone: "I ask you to reflect; do not lie!"

I flushed up as I cried out:

"I have told the truth!"

"Write, clerk," said von Spreckdal.

The pen ran on again.

"And this woman," pursued the judge: "this woman, whom some one assassinates on the the brink of a well—have you also imagined her?"

"Undoubtedly.

"You never saw her?"

"Never."

Von Spreckdal arose, as if indignant, then reseating himself he appeared to consult, in a low voice, with his colleague. Those two black profiles, cut out in the luminous background of the window, and the three men standing up behind me, the silence of the hall—everything made me shudder.

"What do they want with me? What have I done?" I murmured.

All of a sudden von Spreckdal said to my guardains:

"You will lead the prisoner to the carriage; we will leave for the Metzgerstrasse."

Then, addressing himself to me:

"Christian Venius," he exclaimed, "you are in a deplorable way. Draw back and remember that, if the justice of men is inflexible, there is still left for you the mercy of God. You can merit it by confessing your crime!"

These words stunned me like a blow from a hammmer. I threw myself backward, my arms extended, exclaiming:

"Oh, what a frightful dream!"

And I fainted.

When I came to myself the carriage was rolling slowly down the street; another preceded us. The two officers were still there. One of them on the way offered a pinch of snuff to his colleague; mechanically I extended my fingers towards the snuff-box; he with-drew it quickly.

The blush of shame mounted to my face, and I turned my head to hide my emotion.

"If you look out," said the man with the snuff box, "we shall be obliged to hand-cuff you."

"I hope that the devil may strangle you, you infernal scoundrel!" I thought to myself.

And, as the carriage had just stopped, one of them got down, while the other held me by the collar; then seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he rudely pushed me out.

These infinite precautions to assure themselves of my person did not portend any good to me; but I was far from forseeing all the gravity of the accusation which hung over my head, when a frightful circumstance at last opened my eyes.

They had just pushed me into a low alley with rough uneven pavement; along the length of the wall ran an oozy yellow fluid, exhaling a foetid odour. I walked in total darkness, two men behind me. Further on appeared the light and shade of the inner court.

As I advanced terror took possession of me more and more. It was not a natural feeling; it was poignant anxiety, unnatural like the nightmare. I instinctively drew back at every step.

Come on!" exclaimed one of the policemen, putting his hand on my shoulder, "forward!"

But what was my horror when, having come to the end of the corridor, I saw the yard that I had drawn the preceding night, with its walls ornamented with hooks, its heaps of old iron, its chicken-coop, and its rabbit-hutch. Not a garret window, large or small, high or low, not a broken pane, nor a detail had been omitted!

I was thunderstruck at this strange revelation.

By the well were two judges, von Spreckdal and Richter. At their feet lay the old woman, lying on her back, her long gray hair dishevelled, her face blue, her eyes wildly staring and her tongue caught between her teeth.

It was a horrible spectacle!

"Well!" said von Spreckdal to me with a solemn accent: "what have you to say?"

I did not answer.

"Do you admit having thrown this woman, Theresa Becker, in that well, after having strangled her, to steal her money?"

"No!" I cried; "no! I do not know this woman—I never saw her. God help me!"

"That is sufficient," he replied in a dry voice.

And without adding a word he went off rapidly with his colleague.

The police then thought they ought to handcuff me. They reconducted me to the raspelhouse in a state of profound stupidity. I did not know what to think; even my conscience was troubled. I asked myself if I had not assassinated the old woman!

In the eyes of my guardians I was condemned.

I will not tell my emotions that night at the raspel-house, when seated upon my bundle of straw, the window opposite to me, and the gibbet in prospective. I heard the watchman cry in the silence: "Sleep inhabitants of Nuremberg, the Lord watches! One o'clock! two o'clock! three o'clock!"

Every one can form an idea of such a night. One may say it is better to be hung innocent than guilty. For the soul, yes; but for the body it does not make any difference. On the contrary, it resists, it tries to escape, knowing well that its part finishes with the rope, and then it repents not having enjoyed life enough, and having listened to the soul, which preaches abstinence.

"Ah, if I had known!" it cries; "you would not have led me along with your big words, your beautiful phrases and your magnificent sentences! You would not have lured me by your fine promises. I should have had some good times which will never come back. It is ended! You said to me, 'Subdue your passions.' Well, I subdued them; much good it did me. They are going to hang me. And you, later, one will call you sublime soul, stoical soul, martyr to the errors of justice. I will not even be mentioned!"

Such were the reflections of my poor body.

Day broke, at first pale and undecided, it lighted with its vague glimmer the little window—the bars in crosses; then it began to spot the end of the wall. The street outside was animated; it was market day; it was a Friday. I heard the market wagons pass, and the good country people laden with their baskets. Some chicken in coops cackled in passing; and the dealers in butter were talking together. The market-hall, opposite, opened; they arranged the benches.

At last it was broad daylight, the increasing murmur of the crowd, their baskets under their arms, coming, going, disputing and bargaining, announced to me that it was eight o'clock in the morning.

With the light a little confidence returned to my heart. Some of my black ideas disappeared. I felt a desire to see what was going on outside.

Other prisoners before me had raised themselves to the little round window, they had dug holes in the wall to climb more easily. I climbed also, and when seated in the oval recess my body bent, my head bowed, I could see the crowd, the life, the movement. Then sudden tears rolled down my checks. I no longer thought of suicide. I felt a really extraordinary desire to live, to breathe.

"Ah!" said I, to myself: "to live is to be happy! if they make me draw a wheelbarrow, if they put a ball on my leg, what matters it, so long as I live?"

The old market, the roof in the form of an extinguisher, resting on heavy pillars, at that moment, presented to me a superb view.

The old women seated behind their baskets of vegetables, their coops of poultry, their baskets of eggs; behind them, the Jews, the dealers in old clothes, their faces the colour of old box-wood; the bare-armed butchers, chopping the meat in their stalls; the country people, with their large feats retiring on the nape of their necks, calm and grave, the hands grasping their sticks behind their backs, were tranquilly smoking their pipes. The chaos, the noise of the crowd; the words squesky, shrill, deep, high, short; the expressive gestures the unexpected attitudes which betray from afar the progress of the discussion, and paint so well the character of the individual—everything captivated my spirit, and, notwithstanding my sad position, I felt myself happy in being still in the world.

But whilst I thus looked a man, a butcher, passed, with bent back, carrying an enormous quarter of beef on his shoulders; his arms were bare, his elbows in the air, his head bent downward. His hair floating like that of Salvator Rosa's Sicantor, hid his face from me, and yet, at the first glance, I trembled.

"Is it he!" I said to myself.

All my blood flowed towards my heart. I descended into the cell shuddering to the tips of my nails, feeling my cheeks move, the pallor of my face, and, stuttering in a smothored voice:

"It is he! He is there—there! and I am going to die to expiate his crime! Oh, God! what shall I do?—what shall I do!

A sudden idea, an inspiration from heaven, passed through my brain. I put my hands in the pocket of my coat; my box of charcoal pencilles was there. Then rushing to the blank wall, I began to trace the scene of the murder with a new enthusiasm. No more uncertainty, no more groping! I knew the man. I saw him? He was sitting for me.

At ten o'clock the jailor entered my cell. His owl-like impassibility gave place to admiration.

"Is it possible!" cried he, standing on the threshold.

"Go fetch my judges," I said to him, pursuing my work with a growing exaltation.

Schlussel answered:

"They are waiting for you in the court-room."

"I wish to make some revelations!" I cried, putting the last touches to the mysterious man.

He lived; he was frightful to see! His face, is full, foreshortened on the wall, stood out from the white background with a pradigious vigour.

The jailor went out.

A few minutes after the two judges entered. They paused astonished.

I—my hand outstretched, and trembling in every limb—I said to them:—

"Here is the assasin!"

Von Spreckdal, after a few moments of silence, asked me:—

"His name?"

"I do not know it. But he is at this moment in the market. He is cutting some meat in the third stall to the left on entering on Traban-street.

"What do you think of it?" said he leaning towards his colleague.

"Let them bring this man," answered the other, in a grave tone.

Several guards, waiting in the corridor, obeyed this order. The judges remained standing, still looking at the sketch. I sank down on the straw, my head between my knees, as it annihilated.

Soon steps sesounded afar off, under the arch. Those who have never waited for the hour of deliverance and counted the minutes that are as long as centuries; those who have not experienced the poignant emotions of suspense, terror, hope, doubt—they will not be able to conceive of the internal tremblings which I experienced in that moment. I coule have distinguished the steps of the murderer, walking in the midst of his guards, among a thousand others. They approached. The judges themselves appeared affected. I—I had lifted my head; my heart was held as by a band of iron—I fastened a steady gaze on the closed door. It opened, the man entered. His cheeks were swollen with blood, his large, contracted jaws made the muscles project towards his ears, and his little eyes, restless and fawn-coloured, like those of a wolf, sparkled under heavy eye-brows of a reddish yellow.

Von Spreckdal silently showed him the sketch.

Then this sanguinary man with the large shoulders, having looked, paled; then, uttering a roar which froze us with terror, he spread out his enormous arms and made a bound backwards to throw down his guards. A frightful struggle took place in the corridor; we heard but the panting breath of the butcher, low imprecations, brief words, and the feet of the guards, lifted from the ground, falling on the flagstones.

That lasted but a minute.

At last the assassin re-entered, the head low, the eyes bloody, the hands tied to his back. He fastened his eyes again on the scene of murder, appeared to reflect, and, in a deep voice, as if talking to himself:—

"Who can have seen me?" said he, "at midnight?"

I was saved!!!

* * * * *

Many years have passed since that terrible adventure. Thanks be to God! I made no mare silhouettes, or even portraits of burgo-masters. By dint of work and perseverance I have conquered my place in the sight of mam, and I gain my living honourably making works of art, the only aim, in my opinion, to which all true artists ought to strive to attain. But the remembrance of the nocturnal sketch has always remained in my mind. Sometimes in the very midst of my work, my thoughts wander back there. Then I put down my palette and I dream for hours!

How a crime, accomplished by a man I did not know, in a house I had never seen, how could it possibly have been reproduced under my pencil, down to last details?

Was it a chance? No! And besides what is chance after all, if not the effect of a cause which escapes us?

Was Schiller right, when he said: "The immortal soul does not participate in the decay of matter; during the sleep of the body it unfolds it radient wings and ghes God knows where! What it then does no one can tell, but inspiration sometimes betrays the secrets of its nocturnal pergrinations."

Who knows? Nature is more audacious in her realities than the imagination of man in his wildest fancies.

A.—BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES—Magnificent holiday presents; square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's matchless iron frames, stool, book, cover, boxed, $222.75 to $297.50; catalogue prices, $800 to $1,000; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded after one year's use; upright pianofortes, $125 to $255; catalogue prices, $500 to $800; standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify; write for mammoth list of testimonials: Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $30 upward; visitors welcome; free carriage meets trains; illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) free. Address or call upon Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey. dec22

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Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

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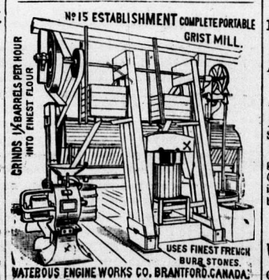

Read the Following.

Murdock McKenzie writes, Nov. 22, 1881, from Boulardarie, Backlands, Cape Breton, N. S.

"I am not a millwright, never was, nor ever inside a grist mill in my life before I put up the portable grist mill I purchased from you. I put up your portable mill myself, and am now turning out first class flour. I believe it to be the best flour mill on the Island of Cape Breton, and I feel that I can recommend it to any one in want of a first class flour mill, as it is simple, efficient, and easily managed by a novice.

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I HEREBY notify merchants and others not to give credit to any person or persons on my account without my written order, as I will not be responsible for the same.

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Jolicure, N. B.
Dated Dec. 21st, 1881. 3mos.

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FOR SALE.

A House nearly new, completely finished and painted, with Kitchen, Wood-house and Barn attached, all shingled and finished, with three acres of Land well fenced, on which is a Garden and Orchard of Fruit Trees inclosed with board fence. It is situated on the "Chapman Farm" and fronts on the Woodville Road. Good land adjoining sufficient for a small or large farm can be obtained at a low rate. For full particulars and terms of payment, apply to S. W. Palmer, Esq., Dorchester, or to the undersigned on the premises.

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Dorchester, March 2nd, 1881.

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The Premises in Jolicure known as Wry's Corner, consisting of two acres of land, dwelling house, store, outbuildings, &c.

Possession given immediately. Apply to

EDWARD COGSWELL.
Nov. 24th, 1880.

Valuable Building Lots

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale, in lots to suit purchasers, part of the homestead of Christopher Humphrey, late of Sackville, farmer, deceased. This property is situate on the main road, a short ditance from the Station and Wesleyan Academies, and forms an eligible property for investment. Terms liberal; good title given.

WILLIAM MORICE,
Executor and Devisee.
Sackville, Dec. 30, 1879. jan

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The subscriber offers for sale his new two-storey Dwelling HOUSE with half an acre of LAND. This valuable property is situated on the road leading to Memramcook in the vicinity of the railway station and all principal business, and commands a beautiful view of the penitentiary and surrounding country.

Terms made known on application to

DEMILL BUCK.
Dorchester, Feb. 14th, 1881.

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber will sell the FARM on Wood Point, containing 17 acres, with House and Barn on the same, formerly belonging to Wallace Campbell. Terms liberal. Possession given immediately.

WM. GILLESPIE.
Wood Point, Sept. 30th, 1879.

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14 ACRES of MARSH on the West Marsh; 7 acres of Broadleaf adjoining, known as the Humphrey Marsh.

WM. MORICE.
Sackville, Jan. 15th, 1881.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

Notice to Contractors.

Tenders for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st, day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 86 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminister, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals.
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

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