

# POETRY.

## THE BELLS.

How fair the Sabbath morning  
Dawns on the quiet town;  
On hands from labor resting,  
On week-day work laid down.  
And weary hearts turn heavenward,  
In gratitude and love;  
And earth-bound souls are upward,  
Into the light above.  
O bells, how sweet your voices  
Ring through the Sabbath air;  
How welcome your glad summons  
Unto the house of prayer.  
What music do bells and tender  
Voices wake, Sabbath bells;  
What wealth of heartfelt praises  
Your happy tones foretell.  
Ye soothe like sweetest music,  
Ye calm the restless soul;  
A selfish interest ceases,  
To learn in quietude,  
Taught by the Sabbath bells.  
AMIE S. SWAN.

## LITERATURE.

### Jack Browne's Mistake.

Jack Browne and a select few of his brother officers sat in solemn conclave in the mess-room one evening after their seniors had retired, discussing the desperate condition of their affairs. Jack was a foolish, extravagant young subaltern in a line regiment, who had contrived to get deeply in debt without the slightest chance of extricating himself from his difficulties. His only relative was a strong-minded aunt, who not only refused to assist him, but even threatened to withdraw the allowance she had made him since he entered the army. Jack considered he was very hardy treated, for the truth is he did not properly appreciate what his aunt had already done for him. There was no doubt, however, that he was in an awkward predicament, for on the one hand he could not possibly remain in the regiment unless his debts were paid, and on the other, his aunt declared that if he resigned his commission she would have nothing more to do with him. Jack did not at all relish the prospect of being compelled to earn his living, especially as he had no idea how to set about it. Moreover, he was extremely popular in his regiment, and was consequently loth to leave it. His brother officers, unfortunately, could only assist him by their sympathy, and by suggesting various expedients for raising money, none of which were practicable. "I should try the old lady again," urged one of his friends; "make a clean breast of everything and work upon her feelings." "She has none," returned Jack, ruefully. "Her venerable bosom is insensible to tender emotions." "I suppose you haven't concealed what a serious fix you are in?" suggested another. "No. At least I've put my position to her as plainly as I dare," said Jack, "but it's no go." "No Isaac do a post obit" suggested another. "My dear fellow, the only possible way I could raise a shilling would be by pawning my boots, and as they are not paid for I might get into difficulty over that," said Jack, as he plunged his hands deep, or into his pockets. "Besides, I've no evidence that I'm named in her will." "I've an idea," exclaimed his particular friend, Charlie Bashford. "Why don't you volunteer for service in Egypt?" "Volunteer to catch cholera! No, thanks," said Jack making a grimace. "Besides, there is no fighting going on now; so what would be the use?" "There is a devilish deal more danger now than there was during the war," remarked Charlie, sagely. "Yes, but no glory. If I wanted to exchange I would go to India; but the fact is I'm just that dodge. My creditors would be down on me directly if they heard I was off. They are down on me enough already," he added, despondently. "What I meant was that you might bamboozle the old lady. Hang it all, Jack! She must care for you, or she would have thrown you over long ago," said his friend with charming candor. "Perhaps if she heard you had determined, in desperation, to go to Egypt, at the risk of your life, she might relent." "Well, there's something in that," said Jack, brightening up; "at all events she might give me a cheque for an outfit. The worst of it is I don't want to go." "I know a namesake of yours in the —th, Jack, who is going out next month," interposed another. "If the worst came to the worst, you might go by proxy." "By Jove! I really think that might be managed," exclaimed Jack, excitedly. "It is just possible, as Charlie says, that the old girl would pay my debts to keep me in England. If she doesn't, seeing the other fellow's name in the papers she will imagine I have gone." "You can easily keep up the joke by getting your namesake over there to post some letters for you," chimed in Charlie Bashford. "If she doesn't beg to return after a week or two, you can pretend to be laid up with cholera. That will bring the old lady up to time, if anything will; but in case it doesn't, you can be ordered home—see?" "Meanwhile I shall have to keep quiet, and will go away on sick leave," added Jack, in a great state of excitement. "Here, give me a pen and paper. I'll fire off a letter to once." Impulsiveness was one of Jack's failings, and on the spur of the moment he sat down and wrote the following heart-rending epistle:—

My dear Aunt,—Your refusal to assist me further leaves me no alternative but to quit my native shores for ever. I have volunteered for service in Egypt, where, as you know, the cholera is raging. I start on the 2nd of next month per P. and C. steamer Capua, and proceed to join the —th, which is stationed in the centre of the most infected district. It would be useless to attempt to conceal the fact that I shall encounter terrible risks from the dire disease, but the desire to serve my country at a post of real danger is no less an inducement to me than the prospect of being released by the hand of death from my debts and embarrassments. I can hardly hope, from your recent cor-

respondence, that my departure will be a source of concern to you, but, at all events, I shall always gratefully remember your many kindnesses. My outfit means a matter of £200, but whether you care to assist me in getting it is a question which you alone can decide. Hoping your rheumatism is better,—Believe me, your affectionate nephew,  
J. L. BROWNE.

All the company had a hand in producing this masterpiece of composition, which was universally admired. The general opinion was that the old lady would be entirely overcome. Jack was easily persuaded to indulge in hopeless anticipations, though he had secret misgivings.

Unfortunately his forebodings turned out to be well founded, for his aunt did not attempt to dissuade him from going. Her reply was so cold and formal that Jack could not help suspecting that she doubted his good faith, the more especially as, in consenting to pay for his outfit, she stipulated that the bills should be sent in to her for settlement. Jack was somewhat unreasonably aggrieved at this precaution, which, however, reconciled him to the idea of carrying out his project of deception.

He had no difficulty in securing the cooperation of his namesake, and by arrangement with this fatally good-natured young gentleman he succeeded in securing the best part of the money which his aunt advanced for his outfit. The old lady little suspected that she was paying the bills and the passage-money of a perfect stranger, and that the latter handed to Jack the amount he had intended to devote to that purpose.

Jack suffered considerable qualms of conscience while hatching his conspiracy. His necessities, however, were so pressing that he could not resist the chance of getting a little ready money. Had he anticipated that his aunt would have manifested genuine emotion when he went to bid her farewell, he would probably have abandoned his scheme. But by that time it was too late, for he had paid away the £200 among his hungry creditors, and the date of his supposed departure was fixed for the next day.

Jack applied for three months' leave of absence from his regiment to obviate the risk of his presence in England coming to his aunt's ears. The Colonel, knowing nothing of his plans, but sympathizing with his pecuniary troubles, granted his request without asking in convenient questions. Jack's brother officers were pledged to secrecy, and one of them—the incorrigible Charlie Bashford—wrote the old lady a pathetic account of his friend's departure. Jack, on his part, retired to a remote village in North Wales, where he could console himself with trout-fishing, while awaiting the issue of his equivocal manoeuvres. He was not without hope that his aunt would speedily recall him from Egypt with a promise to pay his debts. He had authorised his namesake to open the old lady's letters, and to telegraph to him immediately in case his anticipations should be realized. Meanwhile, he had furnished his fellow-conspirator with a number of letters to be posted in Egypt from time to time, and these contained such harrowing details of the ravages of cholera that his aunt could hardly fail to become seriously alarmed and uneasy.

Jack remained a month or six weeks in Wales, during which his scheming went without a hitch. His aunt was completely deceived, and even forwarded his first letter from Egypt to his friend, Charlie Bashford, to read. The note in which she enclosed the letter plainly showed that her heart was softening towards him, and Jack began to feel a good deal ashamed of himself. During his solitary walks and rambles he had fits of penitence which considerably dampened his satisfaction at the success of his experiment. He even felt to a point at times to abandon to the deception he was practicing, but before he had arrived at any determination to do so he was surprised at receiving a visit from his friend Charlie Bashford.

"Hullo! What brings you here?" demanded Jack, apprehensively, as they shook hands.

"You've heard the news, haven't you?" said Charlie, mysteriously.

"What about?" said Jack.

"Haven't you seen the papers lately?" asked Charlie, opening his eyes.

"Not for a week or ten days. What is it?"

"Then you don't know poor Browne is dead?" said Charlie. "We all of us thought you knew of it, or I would have written. It was in all the papers a week ago. He died of cholera, poor fellow."

"What! you don't mean the man who went to Egypt the other day?" gasped Jack.

"Yes—your *alter ego*, or double, or whatever you like to call him," said Charlie, unable to repress a grin at his friend's dismay.

"Well, but this is devilish awkward for me! My unit must be under the impression that I am dead. What the deuce shall I do?" exclaimed Jack.

"I wrote the poor lady a letter of condolence to keep up the deception," said Charlie.

"What an infernal fool you were, then!" exclaimed Jack, vigorously. "What on earth did you want to do that for?"

"Well, I did it for a joke, but I was sorry for it afterwards. In fact, as far as the poor old lady was concerned, I've repented it ever since. However, there is no harm done as far as you are concerned," added Charlie, cheerfully.

"I'm not by any means sure of that," growled Jack. "I can't be *perdu* for ever, and the matter must come to my aunt's ears. If you had written and hinted that there might be a mistake, you would have done me a good turn. As it is, you've only made matters worse."

"We thought you would be in a devil of a stew when you heard the news, and wondered at your keeping so quiet," said Charlie. "I came down out of pure charity to ease your mind. You have had a lucky escape."

"An escape!" repeated Jack, vaguely. "Yes. The poor old lady is dead, so, as I said before, there is no harm done to your prospects. The announcement was in this morning's paper, and I thought I would be the first to congratulate you," said Charlie, seizing his hand.

Under the circumstances, it is perhaps excusable that Jack's first sensation was a feeling of intense relief. A moment ago he was fairly horrified at learning the awkward position in which he was placed by the death of his namesake. Considering that his future prospects depended entirely upon his aunt's goodwill, it seemed as though ruin stared him in the face. Exposure of the trick he had played upon her was apparently inevitable, and her forgiveness could hardly have been hoped for. Of course, he had known all along that he had run this risk, but he had never anticipated the sad event which had just happened.

The grief and remorse which lurked in Jack's bosom in consequence of his aunt's death were therefore, at the moment, overshadowed by mingled relief and excitement. The vital importance of the sad event as regarded his private affairs not unnaturally pre-occupied his mind. If, as he had not unreasonably believed, he was the old lady's heir, he would be able to pay off his debts and make a fresh start upon his favorable conditions.

He hurried up to town without a moment's delay, and went straight to the office of his aunt's legal adviser. He knew that this gentleman was her executor and had the management of her affairs, and he was anxious to put an end to the suspense and uncertainty regarding his future prospects. In his eagerness he forgot the surprise his sudden appearance was likely to cause, and consequently felt rather abashed when the lawyer started back on seeing him.

"What, Mr. Browne?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as he could speak. "Why, I—I—and everybody else, thought you had died in Egypt the other day," said Jack, in a shamefaced manner.

"Oh! Then I suppose you never went there at all," said the lawyer, after a short pause, during which he fixed his sharp eyes on the young man's face.

"No, I did not," said Jack, overcome with confusion, "I—I am very sorry."

"Well, so you ought to be, sir, for you killed your aunt. Al! you did, indeed? I mean what I say," he added sharply. "When the news of your supposed death appeared in the papers, she had a fit and never recovered the shock. But if she had not cared for you more than you did for her, she would be alive at this moment."

"She—did not suspect, then, that I had deceived her?" said Jack, who had sunk into a chair overcome with horror and remorse.

"No, poor lady on the contrary, she blamed herself for being the cause of your death, and that intensified the shock," said the lawyer, somewhat softened at Jack's evident distress. "Had she followed her own inclination she would have made any pecuniary sacrifice to keep you out of danger. But she thought, for your own sake, you had better do a little campaigning; and besides, she was inclined to suspect rightly—as it now appears—that you did not really intend to go."

"I'm glad, at all events, that she never found me out," said Jack, wiping away the beads of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead. "She did not suspect what a brute I was in return for all her kindness."

"No," said the lawyer, fixing his keen glance upon Jack's face again. "Unfortunately for you, she never doubted you were dead."

"Why unfortunate?" inquired Jack, absently.

"Because she sent for me at the last moment and made a fresh will, in which your name is not mentioned. Up till then you were her residuary legatee."

Truth.

Mr. James Guthrie on Temperance.

Mr. Jas. Guthrie, son of the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, who like his father is a strong temperance advocate, addressed a meeting in Dundee a few weeks ago. He said that it appeared that the end of temperance meetings was to reduce crime, to induce health, and to produce wealth. (Applause.) The end of these meetings was to teach them that the cure of illness was work, the cure of selfishness was sacrifice, the cure of sin was the Gospel, and the cure of drunkenness was total abstinence. Mr. Guthrie proceeded to say that whisky was like nothing else. People said they might take too much of anything. He supposed that was possible. But if they took too much food they were only full, and if they took more than enough they were fatter. But if they took too much whisky they were "four" and if they took more than enough they were foolish. (Laughter.) The Dundee Advertiser had lately said that because one man ruined himself with drink that was no reason why another should go without clothes; and that because a man spoiled his digestion with eating too much that was no reason why another man should have his breakfast. In answer to that he had to say that there was no analogy between the question of food and clothing and strong drink. People must dress, or, Provost Moncreuf would have them locked up. But they could do without whisky, and were far better without it. Whisky slackened the tongue, and it slackened the ankles; it weakened the understanding above and it weakened the understandings below; it was a perfect fool in good spirits because he had no dealings with his spirits. (Laughter.) The effect of drink depended on two things

# DOUGALD McCATHERIN

—HAS BEEN APPOINTED—

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For York and adjoining counties for the

# CELEBRATED BELL ORGAN.

This organ stands without a rival in the world.

We invite the attention of the public to our New and Beautiful Styles for this year. They will be found in Design and Musical Capabilities, to far exceed anything at present in the market. With an experience of 18 years, and starting measures to enable us to produce a Perfect Instrument, we can confidently promise them the Best and Purest Toned Organs made. That they are the best is admitted by the principal Professors, and confirmed by the fact of number one in use, and the highest award at the principal exhibitions at home and abroad. Intending purchasers should bear in mind that the Bell Organ is only made in Guelph, Ont., and every Organ is warranted to be first-class, and a consideration of same consequences from a responsible firm. We employ only the most skilled labor and our aim shall be in the future, as in the past, to keep the Bell Organ, for tone, appearance, and lasting quality.

## AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

### Beware of Imitations.

The Bell Organ having become so popular among musicians, some manufacturers in Canada have constructed an instrument which they call the "Bell Organ." That instrument, however, while it is, in fact, somewhat similar to the "Bell Organ," is a much inferior one, and possesses none of the three points of the celebrated organ. Relative to the "Bell Organ," here is the trade mark—Two BELLS—pointed upon it, and NONE ARE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS MARK.

Our Chapel, Sunday School, and Lodge Organs are without a rival. They are furnished in Walnut and light. A solid substantial case in every respect. All the Styles of these Organs contain Sermons' Patent Qualifying Tables.

STYLE E.—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Gander and Vox Humana, 9 Stops. Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Dulcet and Dulciana.

STYLE F.—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Gander and Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Dulcet and Dulciana.

STYLE G.—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Gander, Vox Humana, Grand Organ (Knee), 12 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Sub-Bass, Dulcet, Dulciana and Grand Organ (Knee).

STYLE H.—5 Octaves, 1 Set of Reeds, Gander, Sub-Bass, Vox Humana and Grand Organ (Knee) 14 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Sub-Bass, Dulcet, Dulciana, Grand Organ (Knee), and Grand Organ (Knee).

# THE UNIVERSAL,

is the Neatest, Cheapest and Most Popular Organ Manufactured. Solid Walnut Cases.

# LA BELLE.

A handsomely finished and Popular Organ, in six different styles.

# THE CABINET.

Finished with Beautiful Gold Transfers.

\* Substantial and Durable Organ in every particular. Beautifully finished with Ornate, Strong and Durable, altogether one of the Best Organs in the Market.



# LEE & LOGAN,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

Brandies, Gins, Whiskies,  
WINES, ALE, PORTER, JAMAICA  
RUM, SYRUP, ENGLISH TEAS,  
PICKLES, SAUCES, RAISINS,  
CURRANTS, &c.

45 & 47 DOCK STREET,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Just Receiving

39 CASES ROCK AND RYE, QUARTS & PINT  
25 " CHERRY WHISKY, "  
25 " CHERRY BRANDY, "  
25 " Old Crow Bourbon, "  
25 " 6 YEAR OLD RYE, "  
25 " CAMP BOTTLES, QUARTS, "  
100 " MILK PUNCH, "  
100 " SYRUP ALL KINDS, "  
25 " BUCKS . . . IRISH WHISKY "  
25 " SCOTCH WHISKY, Quarts & Pints "  
25 " JAMPAIGNE, "  
100 " G.D. ROE IRISH WHISKY "  
and

FOR SALE LOW  
St. John, Sept. 12, 1883.

Just Received:

Melodia,  
Viola,  
Violetta,  
Sub-Bass,  
Octave Coupler,  
Acolline,

Diapason,  
Dulcet,  
Vox Celeste,  
Saxophone,  
Vox Humana,  
Forte,

Flute,  
Dulciana,  
Piccolo,  
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The above Organs are for sale on the most reasonable terms. Each of them are warranted to be first-class.

# WM. BELL & CO.,

GUELPH, ONT.

# D. McCATHERIN, AGENT,

PHENIX SQUARE,  
Fredericton, N. B.

A LARGE STOCK OF STOOLS AT VERY LOW RATES.  
Pianos of all Kinds Furnished Upon Order.

# Register Grates, Nails &c.

4 REGISTER GRATES complete.  
12 Sets Water Pipes.  
100 Feet Double Tape Pipe.  
1000 Leather Axe Washers.  
Just received.  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

# SPRING 1883.

I have now on hand the largest and best assorted Stock of

# HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

Ever shown in my Warerooms.

A large proportion in the Furniture Department is finished the premises from first-class stocks, purchased at lowest figures in the best markets and I am prepared to quote prices which cannot be surpassed in this Country.

All kinds of Furniture for Parlour, Chamber, Hall, Dining Room or Kitchen; Clockwork and Glassware, Cutlery and Silverware, Woodware, &c.

J. G. McNALLY.

Fredericton, May 23d.

# D. BREEZE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

# GROCCER,

# Wine and Spirit Merchant,

No. 1 KING SQUARE,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Saint John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

# FEED! FEED!

—JUST RECEIVED—

12 Tons of Short and Heavy Seed.

—ALSO IN STOCK—

# WHEAT BRAN,

Lime! Plaster!

—AND—

General Groceries of the Finest Quality.

—ALSO—

# CROWN OF GOLD FLOUR.

—AT—

# W. E. MILLER & CO'S

Feed and Seed House.  
Fredericton, August 15, 1883.

# JUST OPENED,

—A—

# FINE LOT

—OF—

# Youth's

—AND—

# Boy's

# CLOTHING,

which will be sold very cheap.

—FOR CASH.

# THOS. W. SMITH,

Fisher's Building.  
Fredericton, August 1st, 1883.

# M. A. FINN,

IMPORTER OF

# Wines, Liqueurs

—AND—

# CIGARS,

Cor. Prince William and Princess Streets,  
Saint John, N. B.  
April 18, 1883.

# STOVES! STOVES!

WE HAVE NOW A GOOD LINE OF HOTEL Stoves, Cooking Stoves for small and ordinary families; Ranges double and single, with and without hot water tanks and warming closets; Parlor Stoves, something new and beautiful, high art suitable for rich or poor. Our very large Hotel Stove, probably the largest cooking stove in the Dominion of Canada, is 6 feet six inches long, and three feet six inches wide, with two immense, open burning chests and copper tank within, will hold thirty-six gallons of water, and will cook twelve holes for hot and kettle, and the fire box takes a thirty-eight inch stick of wood—JUST PLATED TRIMMING. When I mention this I can scarcely walk across the door. I had such a weakness across me, and now I can walk a mile at a time and attend to household duties, and feel only too glad to recommend this truly great treatment to any person or persons who may be afflicted as I was. You are at liberty to make any disposition of this note you may deem proper.

—MRS. R. HIBBARD.

Respectfully can be bought any time from GUNN & H. PARR, who is the agent at Fredericton, N. B., March, 1883.

# New Brunswick Railway Co.

(Operating 413 Miles.)

# WINTER TIME TABLE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 15, 1883. Trains will run as follows:

## St. John Division.

### DEPARTURES.

8:30 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Passenger and Mail Express (leaving West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North, south of Woodstock, also for Fredericton, connecting by Branch Line at Gilead to all points North).

9:15 A. M.—From Water Street, with all local and through freight.

4:00 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Accommodation for Fredericton.

9:00 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express, Woodstock, St. John, and all points North and West.

7:00 A. M.—From Fredericton—Accommodation for St. John.

9:30 A. M.—From Fredericton—Passenger and Mail Express (leaving West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, and all points North, south of Woodstock, also for Fredericton, connecting by Branch Line at Gilead to all points North).

2:00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

7:45 A. M.—From Gilead for Woodstock and points North.

### ARRIVALS.

7:00 A. M.—At St. John—Fast Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North of Woodstock.

10:30 A. M.—At St. John, Water Street—Through Accommodation from Fredericton and local stations.

3:00 P. M.—At Carleton, with through freight.

6:00 P. M.—At St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, and all points North, south of Woodstock, and all points North and West.

4:45 P. M.—At Fredericton, from St. John and points West.

7:30 P. M.—At Fredericton—Accommodation from St. John.

12:15 P. M.—At Fredericton—Passenger and Mail from St. John.

5:25 P. M.—At Gilead, from Woodstock and points North.

7:30 P. M.—Pullman Elevator Cars run on all Night Trains to and from stations. Berths reserved at ticket office. No extra charge.

No Train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

Arrivals from the West on Sunday morning and a Train leaves for the West on 1st Monday.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday morning.

Connections are made at Woodstock with trains of the Maine Central Railway, and at all main points West, at Fredericton a Train for Fredericton, and at Gilead, the branch line for all points north and with Union Line of Steamers.

Tickets for sale in St. John at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office, and at J. B. H. Ticket Agency, Corner Prince William and Church streets.

N. T. GREATHAM, E. R. BURPE,  
Genl. Pass and Ticket Agent.  
St. John, N. B., Oct. 15, 1883.

# New Brunswick Railway Co.

(Operating 420 Miles.)

# SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS.

GOODS to be sold by CONTINUOUS TRAINS (ONLY) will be sold at the undermentioned ticket stations at the following reduced rates:

ST. JOHN	TO	WOODSTOCK	\$3.00
CARLETON	TO	ST. ANDREWS	\$3.00
WOODSTOCK	TO	ST. JOHN	\$3.00
ST. ANDREWS	TO	CARLETON	\$3.00
ST. JOHN	TO	ST. STEPHEN	\$2.50
CARLETON	TO	ST. JOHN	\$2.50
ST. STEPHEN	TO	CARLETON	\$2.50

N. T. GREATHAM, E. R. BURPE,  
Genl. Pass and Ticket Agent.  
Woodstock, July 2nd, 1883.

# DE FOWLER'S

EXTRACT-WILD

# STRAWBERRY

—CURES—

# CHOLERA

# CHOLERA INFANTUM

DIARRHŒA,  
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

—SOLD EVERYWHERE—

# EVERY MAN

In York wants the cheapest and best Stove he can get. If you call at

# The New Foundry

WEST END QUEEN STREET,  
Opposite the Orange Hall, where you will find a new kind of cooking stove called the

# "FARMER"

The best of stoves, best draft and cheapest stove in the city. To further justify this we warrant to give perfect satisfaction. If not return it to our foundry and we will refund your money, and make you a present of five dollars. Constantly on hand a new and first-class assortment of Parlor Cook, Close and Cylinder Stoves. Fancy and ornamental castings of all kinds done, cheaper than the cheapest in this city. We pay cash for old iron or take it in exchange for our stoves. Our Motto is "Quick sales, small profits, and first-class workmanship."

O'Toole & McCaffrey  
West End, Opposite Orange Hall,  
Fredericton, Feb. 3, 1883.

# BLOOD BITTERS

ACTS UPON  
THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS  
AND THE BLOOD.

# LONDONDERRY IRON.

1 CAR LOAD LONDONDERRY IRON,  
25 Bars and 20 Bundles, well assorted.  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,  
Fredericton, Aug. 8th, 1883.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Oct. 15th, 1882.  
To Mrs. BENNET & HERBON, 43 HORSFIELD Street, St. John.

DEAR SIR:—I desire to express my feelings of profound gratitude to you who have helped me so much by the use and application of your wonderful BLOOD BITTERS. I was sick about two years and spent a large sum of money, but received very little benefit until I tried your BLOOD BITTERS. I had such a weakness across me, and now I can walk a mile at a time and attend to household duties, and feel only too glad to recommend this truly great treatment to any person or persons who may be afflicted as I was. You are at liberty to make any disposition of this note you may deem proper.

—MRS. R. HIBBARD.

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