A LEGEND OF THE THAMES.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

"Father," said Ned Moffat, "Charley and I have been having a day's fishing in the Thames, and the young fellow Banks, who took us out in the punt, was such a character! I'm sure you would have liked him. He told us all sorts of stories about the place, and the people, and the fish, and all about himself when a boy, and how he had been a teetotaler all his life, and that the spot near the weir where we fished for barbel was called Marcus' Deep—Why, father, are you ill?"

"I shall be well directly, Ned. Let Malcolm take away the dessert, and throw open one of the windows. There, there; I'm better now."

Mr. Moffat was a retired West India merchant, a widower with two sons, for whom he seemed to live, and they returned his love with all the fulness of filial affection. They were home for the holidays from Harrow, and their father was incessantly devising schemes for their pleasure during the few days left of their vacation.

"And was Charley as pleased with his sport and the fisherman as you were, Ned? What did you catch?"

"Oh, we got such a lot of all sorts of fish—gudgeons in the shallows, perch and roach in the quiet water; but the big fellows, those barbel, they did pull so—we got them in Marcus' Deep."

Again Ned noticed a shadow, a twitch, a spasm, or a compound of all, pass over his father's face, which this time, it was apparent, he attempted to conceal by turning his back and covering his face with both hands.

"Father!" cried both boys, for Charley had noticed the sudden change in his parent likewise, "what can we do for you? Will you see Dr. Seton?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Moffat; "it is merely a passing pang from an awakened memory, the recollection of which is too horrible to recall without anguish. Draw your chairs closer, and I will tell you what has disturbed me so. You will be the first to whom I have whispered it, for I did not even make your dear mother the repository of my secret."

Ned and Charley, struck dumb by the serious voice and visage of their father, mechanically did as they were bid.

"Well, boys," began Mr. Moffatt, "I was about thirty years of age when I fled this country for the West Indies, making over my affairs to the agency of a friend, to whom I stated neither reasons nor excuse for my sudden departure, or rather my flight. My affairs at the time were prosperous, and therefore no prejudical suspicion attached to my resolution; at the most, perhaps, among my acquaintances, it was thought to be attributable to a love affair. No. At that time my heart was as free as air, and every circumstance tended to heap fortune and happiness on my head, until one fatal morning! You will perhaps be surprised to hear that, at the period I speak of, the only resource I cared for from the anxieties of business—which, I must say, went smoothly and easily with me—was that of angling, the art, the love for which you appear to have inherited from me, and to which attachment I have scarcely ever trusted myself to allude until now. Saturdays were the days appropriated during the season to my favorite pursuit. In order to follow it to the full, I rented and furnished a little cottage on the banks of the Thames. There I used to run down on the Friday night, be up with the sun in the morning, and find my fisherman ready with tackle, punt, and all needful to get afloat. This was now the happiest portion of my life, for the confinement of the previous part of the week in murky London prepared me for a pleasure keen and intense. Then the calmness and sweet peace of the succeeding day more than armed me for the recurring city routine. Well, the last Saturday that I ever held a rod or saw the morning mists clear off from the Thames, I was out long before their dews were dispelled, and found my man as usual, punctual, and waiting for me. After I had got on board, however, I recollected that I had left some tackle I should require, and throwing my bunch of keys to my fisherman, bade him hasten and fetch it from the cottage. He was longer gone than I expected, and when he did come back, I noticed that he was the worse for drink. His speech was thick and incoherent. He was more than usually loquacious; and a something of disrespect toward me, which I had never before noticed in his mode of address, assured me he had been drinking while absent on his message., and thus had broken a sacred pledge he had made to me to abstain from liquor. This promise he had hitherto observed with exemplary fidelity. I made no comment upon his condition as he sprawled rather than stepped into the punt, hoping the fresh morning air and the hard exercise he must undergo against the current before we got to the weir, would restore him to sobriety. As we took advantage of the back eddies to get to a particular spot, where we purposed to tie the punt to one of the stanchions of the weir, a trout of formidable size threw itself high out of the water, and came down with a heavy splash, the noise of which could be heard over the roar of the fall of the weir.

"Do you know," he remarked, with a hiccup, "that the whole of the time, man and boy, I've been a Thames fisherman I never caught a Thames trout! I get preciously chaffed by my fellows, as most of 'em have had some, and many of 'em their half dozen of that fish. There he is again! If he's one he's twelve pounds, and I intends having him, or"— And here followed a savage oath.

"We had now got close to the piles of the weir. The man, however, instead of putting my rod together, as he always did, preparing it with spinning-bait for my use, and seeing me fully at work before he did anything else, deliberately arranged his own tackle, muttering the while: 'Ah! I intend to have that trout—Bill Smith and Harry Jones shall have no more shies at me on that hook—or,'" &c.

Thus far I let him have his own way. But when he began to stagger about the punt, and nearly caught me, now in the face and now by the legs, with a row of hooks, in his clumsy attempts to cast the line, which he stumbled over, trod upon, and got entangled about him, I thought it time to expostulate. This was useless. He had got it into his besotted brain that I was some 'pal,' as he called me, whom he had honoured by bringing out to see him catch his first Thames trout. I then insisted upon his putting me ashore, for our position as the punt swung around in the boiling waters, threatening now and then to suck us beneath the fall and swamp us, was more than critical. But he was deaf to all threats and persuasions. The trout he must have, or meet the fury of another element. Under these circumstances, I did what I had often done before on less urgent occasions—I got out, and steading myself by the timbers, mounted the sill or fixed beam of the weir itself, which having no guiding rail, the footing depended entirely upon a steady eye and firm nerve, the more as the running water over it had, although but ankle deep, a constant inclination to carry one off his feet. Here with my spinning rod, which I had with some difficulty managed to bring upon the weir, I had every advantage, and casting very far down the stream, spun my bait, a small bleak, slowly back; and when about half the line was gathered in, I felt a tremendous rush, which carried nearly all my line off the reel. I was, therefore, at once conscious I had hold of a formidable trout, and I played it with my usual coolness and skill: for such prey were not strangers to me, either in that river or in other waters. My operations had up to this point been unobserved by my man, who was otherwise occupied. The beautiful creature, however, throwing itself out of the water in one of its noble efforts for freedom, attracted the fisherman's attention. He uttered a loud curse, threw his rod down in the punt in evident rage, then to my intense surprise, floundered out of the punt on to the apron of the weir, and commenced scrambling up to the top of it. This was an event I certainly did not anticipate. That it was the madman's design to contest with me the capture of the fish, I was soon made certain by his every gesture. And now my fear was that the fellow, in the state he was in, would not be able to keep his equilibrium—that he would fall over, get washed off the apron before he could recover himself, and be plunged into the pool, from which, if he once got among the dead-water under the swirl, nothing but the greatest presence of mind and a full knowledge of the peculiar nature of the currents could possibly save him. Still he came on to me with his arms outstretched, balancing himself upon the narrow and slippery beam which formed the crown of the weir, like a boy walking on a rail. When he got within arm's length of me, I warned him to keep his distance, and earnestly besought him to recollect that he was jeopardizing two lives by his desperately rash and unaccountable conduct.

"Give me the rod!" he shouted, with an awful imprecation. "The fish is mine. I *will* have it; I spotted it first. Give me the rod, I say!" He now literally foamed at the mouth with excitement. He clutched me with one hand by the shoulder, and I felt the grip of the maniac (so tenacious was his grasp) take up the muscle with my clothes. With the other hand he made a snatch at the rod, which was on my left, which he had to get in front of me to reach. I would have resigned the tackle willingly at this juncture. It was too late. In his exertions to seize the rod, he had thrown himself out of balance, and feeling himself going over, he seized me by the waistcoat with the hand at liberty, and the next moment we were both rolling over and over and down the apron. A heavy splash and all was blank. Being, however, a skilful swimmer, and at that moment my first consideration, I kept my head *downward*, as my only chance to rid myself of the embarrassing hold of my companion, which at once relaxed, when I became free to act. Knowing that if I attempted to raise to the surface in the spot I was, I should only be carried under again, and that if this was repeated two or three times I should become exhausted, I struck for the bottom, and there found it dark and comparatively still. Here a thought flashed across my mind, by no means reassuring, for I had often reflected that if I ever reached that spot, the probability was that I should be sucked under, and never come up again. Instead, therefore, of attempting to rise, I crawled and swam a dozen yards or so on the shingle, until I saw the sheen of day above, which I knew from its transparency to be the still water of the eddy between the lashers. Now or never! and up I went, rising, as I expected, in the eddy which whirled me several times round, and then carried me into the run of the water. At this moment, my alarm was great at finding that I was tightly fastened to something. I summoned courage, and ascertained that I had got entangled in my line, but, thanks to the confidence I had acquired from my swimming-master in what he called ornamental buoyancy, I threw myself on my back, and, after a little manœuvring, the current carried the line clear. Then a few vigorous strokes took me into the back eddy, and I swam into wadeable water. I may here tell you that to try to rise in any other way in such an emergency is hopeless. Several persons have been drowned in the pools of these weirs on the Thames, and their bodies have been invariably found in the cavity worked by the water, with their hands stretched out, as if endeavoring to push themselves off, but were held there by the suction."

Here Mr. Moffat paused, took a long breath, and finding that his two boys were perfectly transfixed with painful suspense and attention, proceeded:

"Well, directly I could look back, I scanned every portion of the waters, but could not see anything of poor Marcus."

"Marcus!" exclaimed the boys, Marcus Deep!"

"Yes, that was the poor fellow's name, and I have had his death lying like a frozen chill upon my conscience ever since."

"But, father"—interposed Charley.

"I know, my boy, what you would say—that it was the man's own fault—that he might have been my murderer as well as his own. I have thought of all that. But it affords no consolation, as knowing the state the man was in, I ought at once to have surrendered the tackle, and given way to his whim. No; the man was not responsible for his actions, in one sense I cannot shake off from myself the feeling of guilt."

"And now, boys you have heard the story of poor Marcus, whose untimely end has been on your father's conscience for many a year."

That night as Ned and Charley lay in bed together, they talked in bated breath over what they had heard, and pitied their father from their innermost hearts.

"I'll tell you what, Charley," said Ned suddenly, "I must know more about this affair. No harm can be done if I don't talk about it, but I am determined to learn more by the water-side. Look here, Charley, was Marcus' body ever found?"

"I think you had better leave the body alone," said Charley, with a movement between a yawn and a shiver, and the next minute he was fast asleep.

[To be concluded next week.]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. For Pulmonary Troubles.

T. J. McFall, M. D., Anderson, S. C., says: "I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the best preparations in the market for Pulmonary Troubles. I have used it in my practice since 1876, and am well satisfied with it."

Law Notices, etc.

Notice of Sale.

To Peter Loggie of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, Carpenter, and Elizabeth T. Loggie, his wife, and to all others whom it may concern.—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of April in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one and made between the said Peter Loggie of Chatham in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, Carpenter, and Elizabeth T. Loggie, his wife of the first part, and James B. Snowball, of the same place, Merchant, of the second part; which mortgage was duly recorded in the records of the County of Northumberland, on the fifth day of May A. D. 1881, in volume 60 of the County Records, Pages 531, 532 and 533, and is numbered 521 in said volume—There will, in pursuance of the said power of sale and for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-fifth day of October next in front of the Post Office, Chatham, in said County, at twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises in said Indenture mentioned and described as follows, namely.—All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Town and Parish of Chatham aforesaid, being part of the lands formerly owned by Patrick Henderson, deceased, which piece is bounded and abutted as follows, to wit,—Commencing at the south west angle of the lot of land owned by Wm. Sinclair and fronting the east side of the street, running southerly along the east side of the Presbyterian Academy lands, thence northerly along the east side of the said street fifty feet, or to the Northwest corner of the land owned by George Hewison, thence easterly along George Hewison's northerly side line, one hundred feet or to the west side of the Chatham Joint Stock Company's lands; thence northerly along the said Company's lands fifty feet, or to William Sinclair's southerly side line, thence westerly along such southerly side line one hundred feet or to the east side of the said road or street, being the place of beginning, which said piece of land was conveyed to the said Peter Loggie by Thomas Bride, by deed bearing date the tenth day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine. And also all that piece of land, with the exception of that part of it conveyed to Joseph Forrest situate in Chatham aforesaid and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Peter Loggie by Arthur Stewart, Jemima Stewart, John Saxsmith, and Harriet Saxsmith, by deed bearing date the twenty-second day of August, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, as by reference thereto will more fully appear. Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members' privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, &c., of the said Peter Loggie and Elizabeth T. Loggie, his wife, of, in, to or upon the said lands and premises and every part thereof.

Dated the 21st day of July, A. D. 1884.

J. B. SNOWBALL,
Mortgagee.

L. J. Tweedie, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

Equity Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on TUESDAY, the THIRTIETH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the provisions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the 3rd day of June, A. D 1884, in a certain suit in the said Court wherein James C. Loggie is plaintiff and Peter Loggie is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the mortgage deed in the Plaintiff's bill mentioned and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, bounded as follows,—Westerly, by a street running along the East side of the Presbyterian School lands in the town of Chatham, northerly by land now owned and occupied by William Sinclair, southerly by the house and lands formerly owned by George Hewison, and now the property of Joseph Ruddock, having a front on the said street of fifty feet and extending easterly one hundred feet to the west side of the Chatham Joint Stock Company's land and being the same land conveyed to the said Peter Loggie by Thomas Bride by deed dated the ninth day of November in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members' privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining; and all the estate, right, title, interest, property, possession, claim and demand, whatsoever, both at law and in Equity of the said Peter Loggie, of, in, to, out of or upon the said land and premises and every or any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Johnson & Murray, Plaintiff's Solicitor, Chatham, N. B.

Dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1884.

JOHNSON & MURRAY, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Notice of Sale.

To William Crosbie of Chatham in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, Laborer, and Marion Crosbie, his wife, and all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fourth day of May, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-One, and made between the said William Crosbie, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, laborer, and Marion Crosbie, his wife, of the one part, and Andrew Duncan, of the same place, Yeoman, of the other part, which mortgage was duly recorded in the Records of the County of Northumberland, on the tenth day of May, A. D. 1881, in Volume sixty of the County Records, Pages 551, 552 and 553 and is numbered 536 in said volume. There will in pursuance of the said power of sale and for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the twenty-second day of September next, in front of the Post Office, Chatham, in said County, at twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises in said Indenture mentioned and described as follows, namely, "All "that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and "being in the Parish of Chatham aforesaid and "bounded as follows, to wit:—commencing on "the easterly side of the Great Road leading from "Chatham to Richibucto, at the southwest angle "of the land now owned by James Kerr, thence "southerly along the east side of the said road "seven hundred and twenty-six feet or to the "northwest angle of the land now or lately owned "by Michael Delaney thence easterly along the "northerly side line of the land owned by the said "Michael Delaney, three hundred and five feet, or "to the west side of that part of the "Brown Lot now, or lately owned by "the said James Kerr; thence northerly "along the west side line of the said lands "of James Kerr, parallel with the said road "seven hundred and twenty six feet, or to the "south-east angle of the said land so owned by "the said James Kerr, being part of the land "formerly owned by the "Chatham Joint Stock "Company," thence westerly along the southerly "side line of the said James Kerr's land, three "hundred and five feet to the place of beginning, "being the same land which was conveyed to the "said William Crosbie by deed bearing even date "therewith as by reference thereto or the record "thereof will more fully appear."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, &c., of the said William Crosbie and Marion Crosbie, his wife, of, in, to or upon the said land and premises and every part thereof.

Dated the 22nd day of July A. D. 1884.

SARAH DUNCAN, } Executors of the last
L. J. TWEEDIE, } Will and Testament of Andrew Duncan.

For Sale.

A Lot of Land at Rose Bank, near Mr. McLeod's Mill. For terms and particulars apply to Mrs. Foley, Chatham, or to

R. CARMAN, Chatham.

16th July, 1884.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE by the subscribers, their valuable property situate in the centre of the town of Chatham, being the stand and premises where they formerly conducted their business. It is large and commodious, has a large wharf frontage on the river, is a desirable site for a steam mill, deal yard, warehouses, or erections of any description. There is a store and small warehouse on the premises, also a small boom connected with it, and is altogether an excellent property for commercial and other purposes. For particulars apply to

D. & J. RITCHIE & Co.
tf. Newcastle, N. B.

Pork, Rice & Flour

100 Brls. NEW MESS PORK
100 BAGS RICE;
2 Cases GOLDIE'S BEST FLOUR;
30 Brls. Highest Grade AMERICAN FLOUR.

Landing to-day.

Geo. S. DeForest,
21- 13 South Wharf, St. John.

1884

International S. S. Com'y

Summer Arrangement.

3 TRIPS A WEEK.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 5th, and until further notice, the Steamers of this line will make Three Trips a week, leaving St. John

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock,

for Eastport, Portland and Boston, connecting both ways at Eastport with Steamer "Charles Houghton" for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Returning, will leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings at 8.30 o'clock, and Portland at 6 o'clock, p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

With more frequent trips in June, July, August and September, of which due notice will be given.

Through tickets can be procured at this office and at H. Chubb & Co's, to all points of Canada and the United States.

☞ No claims for allowance after goods leave the Warehouse.

☞ Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.
Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, N. B.
April 29th, 1884.

E. LEE STREET.

STREET'S

Mosquito Antidote

PERSIAN INSECT POWDER.

HELLEBORE.

500 lbs. Paris Green

AT THE

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

E. LEE STREET.

'84. COMPLETE '84.

PATRONS will find My STOCK now COMPLETE in All Departments, comprising

English and American
Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS,

AT POPULAR PRICES.

R. BAIN.

SAMPLE ROOMS.

For Commercial Men

THE demand for Sample Rooms to accommodate the commercial travellers being so great, and the supply being inadequate, causing the travellers in some instance 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 Wesley 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

HENRY G. MARR,
Main Street Moncton, N B

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

—AT ALEX. ROBINSON'S—

CARRIAGE FACTORY,

ST. JOHN ST. - - CHATHAM.

—NOW READY FOR DELIVERY:—

Piano Boxes, single and double, in Side-Bar and Side-Spring: Concord Waggons, single and double; Buffalo Road Waggons, two styles; Trotting Sulkies, very light; Express Waggons; Carts, Slovens and Truck Waggons.

BEST MATERIALS. STRONGLY MADE.

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

Lowest possible prices. Call and examine.

ALEX. ROBINSON.
Chatham, May 14th. 7 y10

NOW OPENED

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
FELT AND FUR HATS,

for Men, Youths and Boys, in all the leading styles at unusually low prices.

R. BAIN.

General Business.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars!

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30. 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents: Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as was ever raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely of, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars.) I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well forge that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings, lameness, and is just as safely applied to men, women and children as it is to horses. We know that there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

Kendall' Spavin Cure.

Hutchinson's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col. Mar. 5th, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, & Co., Gentn:—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, it has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you.

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.

P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gentz:—I feel it a duty to relieve my suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success,
I am faithfully yours, J. H. GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH.

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gentz:—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O. THIERAND.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for Illustrated Circular.

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If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your business, avoid stimulants and use **Hop Bitters.**

If you are young and discretion or dissipated or single, old or poor health or languishing, use **Hop Bitters.**

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, tonic or stimulating without intoxicating, take **Hop Bitters.**

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If you are subject to any form of kidney disease than might have been prevented by a timely use of **Hop Bitters**

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CURES RHEUMATISM

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.

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Plain,
Polished and
Nickle-plated

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES BY
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It is situated convenient to the shore of Bay du Vin Bay and the surroundings are of the most pleasant description. There is excellent

Salt Water Bathing,

Splendid TROUT FISHING and admirable BOATING facilities at the door, while the surrounding country offers great attractions for the student of natural history, the pedestrian and the equestrian.

Horses, Teams

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Fresh Goods of Superior Quality

Always to be found at

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Wash-tub Stand.

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

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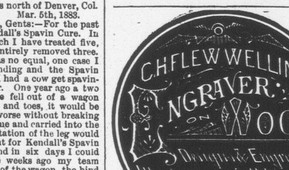

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UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS IN SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Such as Muslins, Barages, Grenadines, and all kinds of LIGHT MATERIALS.

A Sweeping Reduction

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Splendid Value in Grey, White and Printed Cottons!

(All Light and Colored Prints at Cost.)

150 Suits Men's READY MADE CLOTHING, (VERY CHEAP.)
50 " Youths' " " " "

Special Quotations for Tea, Sugar, Tobacco,

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Peremptory Sale!

$40,000.00 WORTH

OF DRY GOODS.

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Consisting of—Dresses, Umbrellas, Parasols, Prints, Cambrics, Brocades, Trimmings, Haberdashery, Smallwares, Clothing, Household Goods, Window Drapery — everything to be found in a FIRST-CLASS WAREHOUSE.

☞ **Wholesale and Retail Buyers will please take Notice,**

CALL AND SEE IF COMPETITION IS POSSIBLE.

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Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

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Seasonable Goods as follows:—Beehive Fingering each 3 and 4 ply, Ladies Cashmere Jersey Glove Children's Cashmere Jersey Gloves, Ladies' Knitted Wool Shawls, Children's Knitted Wool Normandy Hoods, Ladies' Knitted Wool Promenade Scarfs, Ladies' Knitted Jerseys, Black Fur Trimmings each 13, 6 & 10 in., Ladies' Fur Trimmed Mantle Loops, Ladies' Chenille do.

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PATTERSON, LOGGIE & CO.

1883. 1884

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Too late arriving, and they Must be Sold, as I am in want of money.

125 Reefing Jackets,
75 Overcoats,
25 Ulster coats,
15 Fur Trimmed Coats,
200 suits Clothes,
100 doz. Drawers and Linders,
25 doz. Flannel Shirts,
75 assorted Fur Caps,
14 doz. Scotch Caps,
5 doz. Cardigan Jackets,
25 pieces Canadian Tweeds,
100 doz. pairs Boots and Shoes,
30 doz. pairs Felt Over Boots,
5 doz. pairs Larrigans,
20 pieces Fancy Flannels,
50 doz. FANCY WOOL GOODS, in Clouds, Hoods, Scarfs, Squares, Mufflers, Breakfast Shawls, etc.
45 pieces D