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POOR DOCUMENT

SPECIAL MONTREAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

RODGERS'

NONE GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE ✠ REGISTERED TRADE MARK GRANTED 1764.

CUTLERY

JAMES HUTTON & CO., AGENTS FOR CANADA, MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

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OAK TANNED "EXTRA" BRAND.

BELTING

ESTABLISHED 1866.

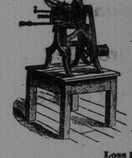
MONTREAL & TORONTO,

THE J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO.

A. ROBB & SONS.

SHOPS IN FULL OPERATION AGAIN

In Salesroom we carry Heavier stock than ever.



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Iron Pipe, Steam Fittings, Hose, Belting, Packing, Oils, etc.

ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY FOR

Engines, Boilers, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines Lath Machines, Turbine Wheels, Saw-filers, School Desks, Fence Railings, Crestings, Church and Fire Bells, Bone Mills, Steam Pumps, Emery Wheels, Governors, Copperine, Portable Forges, etc.

Boiler Shop and Foundry Burned March 27th, But both shops in operation again.

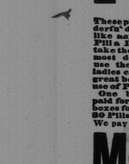
Loss Heavy but Health and Pluck Left Yet!

Send Along Your Orders and Remittances and Thus Help Us Out and Up.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.



The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 52 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER

FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c. A BOTTLE.

A Fair Blockade-Breaker.

By T. C. DE LEON,

Author of "Creole and Puritan," "The Puritan's Daughter," etc.

I DARE DO ALL THAT MAY BECOME A MAN:
WHO DARES DO MORE, IS NONE.—MACBETH.

But its most singular and most romantic aspect was the well-known fact that many women essayed the breaking of the border-blockade. Most of them were successful,—more than one well-nigh invaluable, for the information she brought, sewed in her riding-habit, or coiled in her hair. Nor were these coarse camp-women or reckless adventurers. . . . Others are recalled,—petted belles of Baltimore, Washington, and Virginia summer resorts of yore,—who rode through night and peril alike, to carry tidings of cheer home and bring back information woman may best acquire. New York, Washington, and Baltimore today boast three beautiful and gifted women, high in their social ranks, who could—if they would—recite tales of lonely race and perilous adventure, to raise the hair of the budding beaux about them.—Four years in Rebel Capitals.

He stopped abruptly; but Evan broke in with a merry laugh:

"Finish it! Yes, I am Fool Fauntleroy but, I hope, not such a fool as I look, sir. This is my cousin. Miss Clay; and we, Virginians, are always proud to know Hampton's men."

"Always, Mr. Greene," Carolyn Clay added. "But why are you down so near the river? We had no idea of meeting one scout, far less a picket, on this trail. Is any movement expected from Averill?"

"Possibly, for aught I know to the contrary, miss," the Carolinian answered, quietly. "All I do know is that we were ordered on advance picket-duty at dawn, with strict orders to respect no passes going South. We are to have no fires or lights; men not even to smoke." he added to Fauntleroy.

"Something's up, then, beyond doubt," the scout answered. "Marse Bob don't play freeze out with his boys, this time o' year, for fun. I'll hunt it up on my own account, when I drop you at the river, Cousin Caro."

"The river! You are bound across, Miss Clay?" the Carolinian asked anxiously,—adding, quickly, "Pardon my unsoldierly question."

"I am trying to make Beckley's Landing in time to catch the boat across, tonight," the girl answered, frankly. "I have a sick young brother slowly dying in Richmond for want of medicine and tonics; and I am going to bring them over to him, if God lets me!"

"Mount, Mr. Fauntleroy," the officer ordered, briefly. "I am but delaying you, Miss Clay; and you have many a mile to cover in the next two hours. I said I knew nothing beyond my orders; all a soldier has the right to know. But any reasoning creature may think, I suppose; and I do think, Mr. Scout, you had best be very watchful as you near 'the Ferry.' My pickets run to Grantley's; one at the Forks cross-roads; the other—the advance—at Gresham's Farm. That far" he paused and whispered a word in the scout's ear—"this parole will pass you safely. After that, your own eyes and horse's legs must do the rest.—Good-night, and good fortune, Miss Clay," He hesitated an instant. "May I shake hands with you? All our corps honors your bravery and regard you as a comrade!"

"Surely you may." And Carolyn Clay frankly extended the little gauntlet over the neck of her pawning roan. "We regard the Palmetto boys as comrades known to race not. Thank you sincerely for your warning, too. We'll keep our eyes well front rest assured. Good-by."

Loosing the taut rein, Miss Clay let the eager roan bound forward, at Munson gloomily stepped out of the road and came to a carry, like a special sentry through the mist.

"Nice fellow, that Cousin Caro," Evan said, chirpily, as he ranged alongside. All those Legion fellows are, I guess. Hello! that is snow, sure enough. Felt it on my nose."

"A heavy chestnut with white mane and tail," Miss Clay answered.

"And the chief of staff rode a big bay," the Carolinian added. "Those horses were in front of General Hampton's tent when I went for final instructions from Colonel Fraser this morning.—Fauntleroy,"—he turned in his saddle as the scout drew up, speaking less familiarly, and with authority in the tone, "a half-mile beyond is my advance post. How many miles further lies your 'Ferry' ?"

"Seven, sir," the scout replied, promptly.

"Um! not an hour's spin. Keep your eyes about you, then. There may be strangers on the road Miss Clay would prefer not to meet."

"All sight, sir," Evan replied, confidently. "We both have good eyes, know every foot of the road, and both horse have good wind. We're as good at running as at fighting, sir. But thank you all the same."

And again the scout fell to rear; and the silence of night was unbroken, save by fitful gusts of river wind that crackled the leafless trees. So, for several minutes, the two dashed ahead, the ground rising into higher bluffs, and the road widening as the woods opened more. And as the river wind gained freer play about the chilled riders it sent the snow-flakes about their heads softer, larger, and in dizzier whirl, coating the ground lightly, though not enough to muffle the hoofs ringing in unison on the hard clay.

"Pull up!" the officer cried, suddenly; and, as the other horses fell into slow canter at the command, he touched his own with the spur and turned from the open road into a clump of trees on the hill-top. The quick ears behind him caught the ring of arms brought to a "ready," then quickly back to a "carry," as he reappeared.

"This ends my line," he said to Fauntleroy. "But I'll ride a bit further with you, Miss Clay, and take a look up the road."

On again in silence for one mile,—two—three. Then the Carolinian, with evident reluctance, drew rein.

"I can go no further," he said. "Good-by, Miss Clay; and God speed your mission! I only hope I may be again on picket when you come back with the medicines and—" he paused an instant, adding, significantly—"the news.—Good-by, Mr. Fauntleroy, and good luck to you!" Then, with a parting grasp of the hand to each, the officer wheeled his horse and galloped back, as the venturesome cousins sped away, far beyond the Confederate lines.

CHAPTER II.

A RACE FOR FREEDOM.

"That's a soldier and a gentleman, Cousin Caro," Evan said, as they spun along. "Good taste, too; hasn't he? 'Pon my word! he seemed hard hit; and in the dark, too!" And the light-hearted fellow laughed, as though war were not and enemies were read of only in the fairy-tales.

"Don't be a goose, Evan!" Miss Clay retorted, half amused in spite of her anxiety. "And don't make such a noise. What a boy you are! Do you know," she added, seriously, "I am really worried about this news? If General Jeb had only been in camp! Oh, Evan, should I miss that boat tonight, Fairfax may die before I can get over and back! And poor mother! You know how worn and nervous she is with nursing and anxiety. Should she chance to hear of Yankees on the road, her fears would conjure up capture, prison,—worse,—for me!"

"Why, coz, what's the use of borrowing trouble? See that fork away to the left? That is but three miles to 'the Ferry,' and the horses are as fresh as——"

"What is that glow over by the river, to the right? No, there!" Miss Clay broke in, pointing impatiently.

A faint, pinkish haze showed dimly through the whirling snowflakes,—a steamy glow, rather than a light. The scout gazed steadily in the direction awhile, then answered, placidly,—

"Northern lights, maybe; but I'm no dab at astronomy. Seems pretty low, though. Perhaps there's brush afire in that bottom."

"It is a fire," the girl replied. "See! it expands and falls. Evan, can it be a camp-fire?"

"Not much!" he answered, lightly. "We're 'way beyond our lines; and surely no Yanks could camp so near them without our scouts' knowledge. By Jove, Cousin Caro, I really believe the Legion man has made you nervous!"

"Caution and nervousness are not akin as an older soldier would know," Miss Clay retorted, rather coldly. "I have too much at stake to risk any danger I can avoid. Oh, Evan, I must get to Baltimore tomorrow!"

"And so you shall, you dear, brave girl!" the boy answered, confidently. "See that open hill-top just beyond? From that we strike the last fork of this trail,—good road and a short mile down-hill to 'the Ferry.' It can't be much past midnight; and old Pete has orders to wait till the very last minute he dares, before dawn. Brace up, coz! You've been over this same trail three times——"

"And never felt a shadow of doubt before," she interrupted, adding, with a sigh that would come, "It is because I have so much more at stake than ever before. But it is nearly over, thank God!"

The steaming horses breasted the hill bravely and reached the open crest. An easy slope led away into a broad, white road, now well carpeted with winter's wool. Just at its foot, a narrow belt of trees stretched away to the left, leaving the black river plainly visible from the bold bluffs to the right, and through those trees cut a narrow road, dark and dismal through the broader gleam of the snow-haze, now scarce less light than day.

"There! Ellis's Fork,—just one mile to the landing!" cried the scout, as they raced at speed down the sandy slope and nearly up to the bisecting trail, the hoof-beats ringing no longer, but thudding dull on the dampened sand.

Suddenly with one impulse both riders wrenched their horses'

"I hope it is," the lady answered, briefly.

"You do? Well, that's charitable to the poor devils on dark picket, Miss Clay."

"I had forgotten them," the girl replied. "I was only thinking that it would moderate in snow, and then the river would not freeze before I could get back. Yes; that is snow; one—two—three—a dozen flakes have struck my cheek."

"Enviable snow!" laughed her companion. "Would I were a flake upon that nose, if I might touch that cheek! That's as pretty a paraphrase as Captain Charlton—my superior officer—could make. Hello!" he suddenly interrupted himself, as his quick right hand whipped a revolver from its holster and his left hand pulled the black down to a slow canter; 'we're followed! Lieutenant Greene said he didn't know——"

He turned in his saddle, bending low over the crup to listen intently, the click of the pistol lock sounding sharp on the air. The girl steadied her horse's stride with easy pull of her left hand, and her right also slipped a revolver from the holster at her pommel.

Pursuing hoofs certainly rang out from the frozen road behind, drawing nearer and nearer.

"There's only one," Evan whispered, quietly. "If he's a Yank, he's not after us. But forewarned is forearmed."

He wheeled his horse and halted behind a tree, as Miss Clay, with intuitive tactics, turned hers into the underbrush opposite and faced the road.

"S-st! coz," called ths scout, in strident whisper at the shadowy shape in the haze opposite. "There's only one of him. If he's a Yank, leave him to me. Don't you shoot! Mamma's a widow; and you might make her a orphan too!"

"All right, you goose," Miss Clay whispered back, as quietly as though consenting to give him a turn in the german. "When we get back to head-quarters I'll make you shoot a match with me, before the staff——"

"Listen! He's calling,—yes, calling me!" Evan broke in. "I wonder what's up! It's the lieutenant's voice." And he drew into the road, as the hoof-beats came clearer and the Legion officer galloped up.

"I thought I'd visit my advance picket," he said to Evan, Carolyn Clay fancied a trifle anxiously, "so I spurred up to overtake you. You're both better mounted than I; and a voice carries so, I feared to yell. They may have advanced since——"

He stopped abruptly, but not before the girl's quick perception caught the idea.

"So you are expecting Averill?" she said, quietly. "Let me see: he would have to cross at Washington, or above. If he be out for a raid, he would not force-march his horses over such roads: so we should make 'the Ferry' long before his scouts could meet us. Besides, he would take the lower road. It is better than this trail."

"You are a good soldier, Miss Clay," the Carolinian replied, gazing through the gloom at the cool speaker, in some wonderment. "But I have never mentioned General Averill's name; nor do I really know anything beyond my own orders at last dawn. Your idea is not an impossible one, for I do not suppose the general would have sent us on a picnic; but whom, or what he expects I have no knowledge."

"Averill!" the girl answered, confidently. "Hunter and Kilpatrick are watching West Virginia,—we know that at Stuart's head-quarters; also that Averill was closeted with the Secretary of War at Washington last Wednesday, and cavalry was massing at Harper's Ferry and above, on Thursday. Evan,"—the scout, who had fallen to rear as the officer joined the lady, drew closer up, as she continued,—"did Capers say that the cavalry at Harper's was Averill's?"

"Mostly Averill's; some raw recruits and a Pennsylvania Dutch regiment," the scout answered, formally. "But General Jeb doesn't believe they mean to move, over such roads. Neither do I," he added, with delightful assurance. "It's only a feint."

The Legion trooper looked from girl to scout in profound amaze. Then he said, bluntly.—

"You certainly seen to keep well posted at Stuart's head-quarters"

"We certainly do, sir," Evan replied, naturally. "That's General Jeb's business. The cavalry are the eyes of the army."

"But in Hampton's not even a troop-captain knows a thing; while you seem to discuss.——"

"Discuss! You hear the lieutenant, Cousin Caro?" Evan broke in with a low laugh. "Why, sir, I would be carrying private Fauntleroy's horse, at B Company's rope, one hour after I said 'I think,' or 'I believe,' to the general. He wants what we know; says, 'Um—um!' sometimes; generally only points to the tent door. The general was a regular, sir; and the scout that 'discussed' with him would discuss tack next day in place of head-quarters luxuries,—bacon and corn-pone."

"And I only reason," Miss Clay came to the rescue, "that the general would not have let me come, unwarned, had he really looked for a raid on the river."

"When did this scout Capers come in?" the Carolinian asked, suddenly.

"Yesterday at six, sir," Fauntleroy answered.

"And your pass is dated yesterday, Miss Clay," Greene replied.

"I got it at noon," the girl answered; adding quickly, as though to avoid shadow of suspicion of her hero. "The general was not in camp when we left. He and his chief rode off with Capers an hour after his return."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD up the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers lagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN will find these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful baneful habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

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RUBBERS
Are the Delight of Every Wearer.
NO DANGER OF FALLING.
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MR. E. LAWTON announces his removal from the "BEN LOMOND HOUSE" to "HAWTHORNE HOUSE," where he hopes for the continued patronage of his old Customers. He also can fairly expect many additional patrons, because the present premises are only seven miles from St. John and afford increased facilities for the accommodation of his guests.
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Capital $10,000,000.
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K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

Charming people, these exceptional people! Here's a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknown, and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception. And you may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you.

Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

A lake of ink, a mountain of sulphur and two streams of lime water, milky white, have been discovered, all by one man, in Lower California.

Hammerfest, the most northerly town of Europe, is the best lighted in the world, as the electric light is to be found in the smallest house. It has to burn without intermission from the 18th of November till the 23rd of January, when a short day again sets in. From the 16th of May to the 26th of July no light is necessary, as during this period the sun does not go below the horizon.

Indispensable to every household, ask your grocer for Lessive Phenix. It will not make the washing waterhard. It will not make your clothes yellow. The old chemical powders do that. But Lessive Phenix brings in the new era of purity and sweetness and dazzling perfection whether in connection with the wash, or in cleansing or scouring. Takes the place of Soap. Ask your grocers for it.

Messrs. Huntley & Epps have thirty men in the woods at Lakeland, and have already got out about 3,000 logs. They commenced sawing last Tuesday. Mc.srs. Young Bros. & Co. have sixty men in the woods at Newville and about an equal number at River Herbert. The Newville gang have already cut 18,000 logs, and are getting out about 800 logs every working day. The operations of Messrs. Young Bros. & Co. will be larger this winter than ever before, and they will probably employ fully 200 men during the winter.—Parrsboro Leader.

Red and rosy cheeks follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are nature's remedy for driving out all diseases resulting from poor and watery blood, enriching that vital fluid, building up the nerves and promptly correcting irregularities, suppressions and the ills peculiar to females. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co. Brockville, Ont.

A well merited rebuke. At Sunday evening service in the Methodist church before commencing his sermon, Rev. Mr. Dobson referred in strong terms to the present dilapidated condition of the cemetery. Its appearance he characterized as "a disgrace to humanity, to christianity, to civilization; a shame and burning disgrace to a community in which existed so many churches." To which sentiment all thoughtful citizens must say Amen.—Woodstock Sentinel.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

A sad accident befell George Ross, aged 13 years, son of John Ross, carpender, north end, on Thursday evening last. He was feeding a treadmill hay-cutter in A. C. Bell's barn, when his left hand was caught in the cutter and his fore-arm drawn in and completely crushed. The elbow was so badly fractured that it was necessary to amputate the arm.—New Glasgow Chronicle.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The North British Society in this city have for 123 years celebrated the anniversary of Scotland's patron saint, and intend this year to eclipse all former gatherings. A reception is to be held Monday evening, in Free Masons' hall, and four hundred invitations have been issued, each member inviting two guests.—Halifax Mail.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Two applications for mining licenses, one from Musquash for coal and the other from Loch Lomond for manganese, were considered by Surveyor General Tweedie and T. G. Loggie of the crown lands office, Fredericton, yesterday.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The Moncton sugar refinery is having an electric light plant of its own put in for the sole purpose of lighting its buildings. The dynamo obtained is a 100 light machine.

You Can Rely.

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

There was a large fire at Liverpool, N. S., yesterday morning. Two houses belonging to Joseph Winters and A. Harrington were destroyed.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.
Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

That string on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

A four year old child of A. Dakin, of Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, was fatally burned a few days ago.

Charlotte Co's majority in opposition to the repeal of the Scott Act was 930.

The Reason Why.

The reason why Burdock Blood Bitters leads all other medicines in the race for popularity is because it is absolutely pure, cannot harm the most delicate invalid, and never fails to cure biliousness, dyspepsia, bad blood, constipation, etc.

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DEAR SIRS,—Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Finally we applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health.
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DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail, I at last thought of trying B. B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since I regard it as a fine family medicine.
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DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yellow Oil very highly.
FRANK PALMER, Winona, Ont.

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SIRS,—I have great reason to speak well of your B. B. Bitters. I have taken 6 bottles for myself and family and find that for loss of appetite and weakness it has no equal. It cures sick headache, purifies the blood and will not fail when used. I heartily recommend it to all wanting a pure medicine.
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DEAR SIRS,—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.
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70 Smith Av., Hamilton, Ont

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William Mahoney, of Central Norton, in the county of Kings, and Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Catherine Mahoney, his wife, Christopher Albert Yorke, the representatives of Francis X. Yorke, and all others whom it may concern.

Take notice that there will be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on Saturday the fifth day of December, A. D. 1891, at twelve o'clock, noon:—

ALL that lot, piece or parcel of land or interest therein conveyed by way of mortgage by one Francis X. Yorke to one Isaac G. Ouiton by indenture, bearing date the sixth day of June, A. D. 1876, and therein described as:

All his right, title and interest in a certain lot of land and premises, situate in the Town of "Portland, in the City and County of Saint John "and Province of New Brunswick, granted to the "said Francis X. York by deed bearing date the "twenty-sixth day of December, in the year of "our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, registered in Book R, number 6 of "Records, pages 95 and 96, dated the twenty-eight "day of December, A. D. 1874, as by reference to "the said deed, will more fully and at large appear," together with all buildings and improvements thereon.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in said Indenture of Mortgage, which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book U, number 6 of Records, pages 409 to 412, and which was duly assigned to the undersigned Sarah Elizabeth Hazen, formerly of said City of Saint John, but at present residing in Italy, spinster, by assignment, bearing date the fourth day of August, A. D. 1891, and recorded in the office of said Registrar of Deeds in Book 60 of Records, pages 48 and 49, default having been made in the payment of moneys secured by said Indenture of Mortgage.

Dated this twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1891.

SARAH ELIZABETH HAZEN.
By G. C. COSTER, her Attorney.

Notice of Sale.

To Martin Tiernan, of Portland, now the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick Dealer in Junk, 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 fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, made between Martin Tiernan, of Portland, in the County of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, Junk Dealer, of the one part, and Thomas Harrison, of the same place, Tailor, of the other part, and registered in Book S, No. 7, pages 90, 91, 92 and 93 of Records for the City and County of Saint John, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) on Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John aforesaid, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next at twelve o'clock noon:—

"The Leasehold, the Lease from William Wright to one Duncan Urquhart, who assigned the same to said Martin Tiernan, and the lot of land in the said Lease and Mortgage described as follows, viz:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the said parish of Portland, belonging to the said William Wright, and bounded or described as follows: That is to say, beginning at the northeastern corner of the lots now under lease to George Lanergan, fronting on the lane or passage way commonly called Brook Street, thence southwardly one hundred feet along the eastern line of the said Lanergan lot, thence at right angles along the rear of the lots fronting on the City Road easterly thirty feet, thence northwardly on a course parallel with the first mentioned line one hundred feet to Brook Street aforesaid, and thence westwardly along the line of Brook Street thirty feet to the place of beginning. Together with the buildings thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the term of years in the said lease mentioned."

Dated this thirty-first day of October, A. D., 1891.

MICHAEL A. FINN,
Administrator of
Thomas Harrison's Estate.

Notice of Sale.

To James Tyrick of the City of Saint John in the Province of New Brunswick, Machinist, 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 eleventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, made between James Tyrick, of the city of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, machinist, of the one part, and Thomas Harrison of the same place, tailor, of the other part, registered in book D, No. 6, of records of the City and County of Saint John, pages 622, 623, 624, 625, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's corner, so called, on Prince William street, in the City of Saint John aforesaid, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:—

"All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said City of Saint John, and bounded and described as follows:—that is to say, to commence at a distance of sixty-five feet two inches from the north east corner of David Fisher's dwelling house, thence that is to say from the said place of beginning westerly by the line of North street aforesaid twenty-seven feet eight inches to a division line or fence separating this lot from a lot of land now or formerly owned by Jeremiah Dove; thence south one degree west fifty-one feet two inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east sixteen feet six inches; thence south one degree west eighteen feet four inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east seven feet seven inches; thence north one degree west five feet four inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east thirteen feet eight inches; thence one degree east thirty-two feet four inches; thence north eighty-eight degrees west ten feet two inches; thence north one degree east forty-two feet, nine inches or to the place of beginning, together with the buildings, erections and improvements thereon being, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging."

Dated this thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1891.

MICHAEL A. FINN,
Administrator of
Thomas Harrison's estate.

Canadian Express Co

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

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Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

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H. C. CREIGHTON, Act'g Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

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

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Nineteenth Century.
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For further information apply at the Company's Office, 99 State St. Boston.

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THE STEAMER

SOUTH PORTLAND

will be despatched from New York, Pier 49, East River, from St. John, on or about DECEMBER 2nd. For freight or other information apply at New York to

F. H. SMITH & CO.,

or St. John to

TROOP & SONS, Agents.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

Commencing November 2nd, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport Portland and Boston every Monday, and Thursday Mornings at 7.30 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston, same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with Steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

WINTER SAILINGS.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.
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S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO"
ROBERT FLEMMING, Com.,

WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 7.30 a. m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby. These sailings will continue until further notice.
HOWARD D. TROOP,
President.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Tender for Ties (Sleepers), Semaphore and Fence Posts.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Ties and Posts," will be received until TUESDAY, 8th December, 1891, for the supply of Ties, Switch Ties, Semaphore and Fence Posts according to specifications to be seen at stations, where forms of tenders may be obtained.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

Railway Office, Moncton N. B.
November, 20th 1891.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

New Novel.

At An Old Chate