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SAW Advertisements.

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For One Month Only.

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Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware,
Crockeryware,
Glassware,
Lamps, &c.

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J. E. HICKEY'S.

dec12

☞ Everything Sold at a Small Advance on Cost. ☜ ☞ Old Stand, Main Street, - - - Sackville, N. B. ☜

GEORGE McSWEENEY.

Furniture, Carpet, and House Furnishing Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings EXCLUSIVELY.

MONCTON

WAREROOMS,

MONCTON, - - - - - - - - N. B.

nov12 8

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1884.

ABOUT sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment duringthe past twelve months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sence wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe twenty-seven or twenty-eight times.

If every buyer of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most reliable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go, in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY—50 cents a month, $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $7.

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.

WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10, an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, THE SUN, N. Y. City.

December Special!

DURING THIS MONTH,

J. W. BARNES & CO.

WILL GIVE

Great Inducements to Purchasers

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Silks, at Special Prices; Plushes and Velvets, at Special Prices; Velveteens, at Special Prices; Shawls, at Special Prices; Mantles, &c., at Special Prices.

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Of all Kinds, at Special Prices.

In the Fancy Departments,

Some very Cheap Goods will be placed on our Counters.

London House, Retail,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rice, Soda, &c.

NOW LANDING:

100 BAGS RICE; 100 Kegs Bi-Carb Soda;
80 Barrels Fine Salt;
100 Boxes London Layers;
100 " Valencia Raisins;
25 " Welcome Soap;
35 Cases Lard in 3, 5, 10 & 20 lb. Tins.

GEO. S. DeFOREST,
13 South Wharf,
dec26 ST. JOHN, N. B.

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of JOHN OULTON, late of Sackville, farmer, deceased, will present the same, duly attested, to the subscriber within three months; and all persons indebted to the Estate will pay the same to the subscriber.

OLIVIA OULTON,
Sackville, Nov. 30, 1883. 3m Executrix.

$2 Watches. Stem Winders $2.50. White Metal Hunting Case $6. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $18. Cheapest and best for usual or speculative purposes. Valuable information free. Address Thompson & Co. 148 Nassau St. N.Y.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO. Portland, Maine.

Cape Railway Terminus

THE subject of so much controversy has not been

FIXED AT LAST,

But the subscribers are happy to announce that they have now completed their

FALL IMPORTATIONS

Which, in all lines required in Country Trade, they offer INDUCEMENTS, both in the character of their Goods and the LOWNESS of price that distances competition. Our Goods have been personally selected with great care for this market.

In Dress and Fancy Goods

They embrace all the Fashionable Novelties introduced during the season, and in this connection we beg to call attention to LADIES' WOOL DRESS GOODS in all the leading Colors, and TRIMMINGS in Braids, Velveteens, Velvet Ribbons, &c. We offer a specially selected assortment of

Ready Made Clothing

Of good quality at low rates. Our STAPLES comprise a full Stock at good value. We offer special inducements in

Crockeryware,
Hardware,
Woodenware,
Glassware,
Boots & Shoes.

We are prepared to take orders for Stoves and Tinware, and have now in Stock an assortment of PARLOR, HALL, BEDROOM and COOK STOVES, also STOVE-PIPE of all sizes. Also constantly in Stock:

Flour, Corn-Meal, Teas, Sugars, Molasses, and a full line of Fresh Groceries.

We also have a lot of SLACK COAL from the Old Albion Mines for blacksmithing purposes. For sale very cheap.

Crane & Harper,

BAYFIELD, N. B.

oct23 tf

Notice of Sale.

To FRANK A. JONES, of the Town of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland, and Province of New Brunswick, manufacturer, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the eighteenth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, duly registered among the Records of Deeds and Wills for the said County of Westmorland on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1882, No. 42,982, Folio 165, Libro 14, of said Records, and made between Frank A. Jones, of the Town of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland and Province of New Brunswick, manufacturer, (the Mortgagor), of the one part; and the undersigned, Charles Fawcett, of the Parish of Sackville, in the County and Province aforesaid, manufacturer, (the Mortgagee), of the other part: there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest secured by the said Mortgage, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the "Moncton Steam Flouring Mill," on the mortgaged premises, in the Town of Moncton aforesaid, on TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying, and being in the Town of Moncton aforesaid, on the south side of the railway leading from the Railway Station to the Public Wharf, being bounded and described as follows, namely: commencing on the said south side of said railway at a point on a straight line with the west side line of Lutz Street, so called, thence westerly along the south side of said railway sixty feet more or less until it strikes the north-west corner of the east side line of land formerly belonging to one William J. Robinson, thence southerly along the said east side line of said William J. Robinson's land one hundred and sixty feet, thence easterly parallel with the said railway sixty feet more or less until it strikes a point on a straight line with said west side line of said Lutz Street, thence northerly in a straight line one hundred and sixty feet to the place of beginning, being the same land conveyed to the said Frank A. Jones by deed of George P. Lutz and Matilda J. Lutz, his wife, dated April the eleventh, A. D. 1881, and registered in Westmorland Records in Libro 94, Folio 259; also that certain other piece or parcel of land and and premises situate, lying, and being in Moncton aforesaid, adjoining the above discribed lot, commencing at said railway at a point where the western side line of the above discribed lot would strike said railway, and thence running southerly along said western side line one hundred and sixty feet, thence westerly at right angles to said last mentioned line seventy-eight feet two inches; thence northerly parallel with said line one hundred and sixty feet to said railway, and thence easterly along said railway seventy-eight feet two inches to the place of beginning, together with the Grist Mill and building standing on the said lot of land and the machinery, boiler, steam engine, smut machine, stones, and all the appliances in connection therewith, fences, and improvements thereon, and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof.

Dated the 20th day of October, A. D. 1883.

CHARLES FAWCETT.

WM. J. GILBERT, Shediac, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

NOTHING

CAN be lost by sending for free specimens of the Great Farm and Garden Journal of America,

The Rural New-Yorker.

It costs more to publish than any other of its class. It presents over 500 original engravings annually of cattle, grain, fruits, etc., etc. It has over 600 contributors—among them the best writers in the world. It owns Experiment Grounds of 82 acres worked in the interests of its subscribers.

A NEW ERA

in the agriculture and horticulture of America.

A $4.00 WEEKLY FOR $2.00 A YEAR.

It is original throughout. It is pure in tone and admits no ambiguous advertisements. It is a farm, garden, religious, news, home, and literary paper all in one.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is for the North, South, East and West. It has become the leading rural paper by real worth, perseverance, and enterprise—by its devotion to the true interests of all who till the land whether for pleasure or profit. It is printed upon fine tinted paper, 16 pages weekly, each 11½x16½ inches. It combines the best features of the daily and weekly press will all that can instruct, elevate, and interest in the rural home.

ITS FREE SEED DISTRIBUTIONS

have introduced or disseminated many of the most valuable seeds and plants now known. Among them may be mentioned the Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, and Blush of Potatoes, the Cuthbert Raspberry, Clawsen; Fulze-Clawson, Surprise, Black bearded Centennial wheats, and a hundred others.

The new varieties of seeds offered in the Rural's Free Seed Distribution are alone worth more at retail prices than the yearly price of the Journal. Specimen copies will furnish all details with original engravings.

☞ Why not send for free specimens and then judge for yourself?

34 PARK ROW, N. Y.

The Great Canadian Paper.

Eight Pages.

Best and Cheapest—$1 a Year.

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WEEKLY MAIL,

Stands far in Advance of any other Paper in Canada.

$1.....A YEAR.....$1

It has the Largest Circulation; the Latest News, both Local and Foreign. A Splendid Story Page. First-class Agricultural Page. Reliable Market Reports. Legal Column. Household Department. Children's Department, &c.

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THE MAIL is the Great Medium for Advertisements of FARMS FOR SALE.

Address— THE MAIL, dec19 TORONTO, CANADA.

Flour, Grain and Potato Sacks, &c.

6000 2, 3 & 4 BUSHEL SACKS,

For Sale Low.

100 Bales of Grey Cottons,

Just received. Lower Quotations than Ever.

Balance of Fall Stock

In all Departments offered at Greatly Reduced Prices. A Splendid Lot of

French Cashmeres

Just Received from Paris.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Warehouse, Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Clearance Sale

I WILL SELL AT A SMALL ADVANCE ABOVE COST, FOR

Cash or Prompt Pay in Produce:

ABOUT $1,000 WORTH

Ready Made Clothing,

Consisting of Ladies' Sacques, Men's, Boys' and Youths' Ulsters, Over-Coats and Suits; also a lot of Ulster Cloths and Suitings; about

1000 yards Print Cottons and 25 pieces Dress Goods at cost.

MEN'S LUSTRES, SCOTCH SUITINGS, SERGES, &c., &c.

$800 WORTH

WINTER CAPS, GLOVES, MITTS,

For Men, Women, and Children.

$800 Worth of Boots and Shoes,

In all Lines;

Carpeting, in Union, Tapestry and Hemp.

FURNITURE,

In Bedroom Suits, Spring Beds, Excelsior Mattrasses, Lounges, Chairs, Extension Dining Tables, Fall-Leaf Tables, Bureaus, &c.

ALWAYS IN STOCK A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

SHELF GROCERIES

Flour, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Oil, Tobacco, Spices, &c., &c.

HARDWARE,

In Nails, Spikes, Putty, Glass, Zinc, Paints, Oils, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Saws, Hinges, Locks, &c.

Crockery, Glass and Earthenware, Brooms, Pails, Brushes, &c.

☞ Please give me a call before buying elsewhere.

M. R. DOBSON,

Next Door to Weldon House,

dec5 4i DORCHESTER, N. B.

D. R. McELMON,

OFFERS AN

IMMENSE STOCK OF

Silver-Ware

AT A LARGE DISCOUNT FOR CASH FROM NOW TILL DEC. 31ST.

ON HAND, A FULL LINE OF

GOLD WATCHES

—AND—

JEWELRY

Of all Kinds at Lowest Prices.

☞ DON'T FAIL TO INSPECT OUR STOCK BEFORE SELECTING YOUR HOLIDAY GOODS.

Remember the Place:

MONCTON, N. B.

Dorchester Dyspensary

—AND—

BOOK STORE!

Toilet Articles,

Fancy Goods,

Holiday Novelties,

Gift Books,

Xmas Cards,

Books and Stationery,

AT THE

DORCHESTER BOOK STORE.

WANTED: GOOD POULTRY.

People's Market!

JUST OPENED.

Opposite New Music Hall.

Fresh Beef,
Fresh Pork,
Fresh Lamb,

Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Turkeys, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow, Salt Beef and Pork, Table Vegetables, Shad, No. 1 Labrador Herring.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

EDWARD READ.

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COME and buy your new HARNESS, or get old ones Repaired and Cleaned, at the Shop formerly occupied by N. G. Bulmer. In Stock: Saddles, Whips, Curry Combs, Brushes, and all articles usually found in a first class Harness Shop. ☞ Call and ask prices before going elsewhere.

COLE & DOBSON.

C. A. COLE. J. W. DOBSON.

june27 6m

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Amber Cosgrove.

CONTINUED.

I do not wait for him, but have fled into the house. And I am proud, O, so proud of him, that I cry a little bit, and have to wash my face before I go down stairs; and if I come down a woman, and wiser, with a knowledge of myself and others gained from those tears which I had not possessed before, that knowledge is very far from making me sadder. But it does in some way make me more shy; I think myself clumsy and awkward and ill at ease; and it is not my cousin's superabundance of blandness which makes me so now. Yet, through my own reserve and consciousness, I gain a glorious glimpse, that makes me see as later I go up to bed, into the feeling that may lie behind those signs in another.

It was unlucky that the episode of the dog, which I have set down at length, should have occurred on that particular day. This is an afterthought, for at the time I had no idea of concealing my feelings towards James, or the opinion of him which this unlucky incident had led me to form. As things were to be, it was unlucky, for it made me reject the suit which it appeared he came to proffer, in a way I should not otherwise have adopted. It was in the garden that he spoke; after dinner, when the lights in the town were beginning to sparkle in the dusk. He spoke well—James never failed to do that—but the earnestness was not feigned—my woman's vanity, angry as I was, forbade me to believe that; and now I have better means of knowing what mind lay behind that pale face and those shining hands, that seemed, in the moment of pleading, to have cast aside disguise.

"No, James, it cannot be!" I said at last, tired of his protestations. "My answer would have been just the same yesterday; but I could never like in that way a man who could let a dog die with a cynical sneer."

"You will think better of this, Amber," he said, with a pale smile.

"I shall never think better of you," I answered, savagely, crushing down the pity I felt for his disappointment by working myself into a rage.

He had pressed me sore before we parted thus; yet when, on leaving, he offered me his hand, he smiled so blandly that I could fancy it a dream. And, seeing him smile so, and Ainslie crossing the bridge with his hand on his horse's neck, I was somehow uneasy without rhyme or reason.

II.

We were at breakfast the morning after James's visit, when Ainslie, who had had his and gone into the town to the little reading-room entered hastily with news in his face.

"Amber, I have heard in the town that Sir Martin is ill. I came in to tell you at once; but there can be no reason for alarm, or we should have been the first to hear it."

"Grandpa ill! How can that be? James said he was as well as usual."

"Sir Martin must have been taken ill after James left the park. Still, I wonder that he has not telegraphed you. There is a train at eleven which reaches the station by a quarter to twelve. I could drive you almost as soon, if I could get a decent nag from the Angel."

But, slow as was the little cross-country line, I preferred to trust to it. Needless to say, I was in great distress at the news. My grandfather, cold and unsympathetic as he was, was yet the only relation I had in the world except James, his younger son's child. Sir Martin, people said, had never recovered from his grief at the death of both his sons in the same year—my father in India and his brother of typhus fever at the park. But he had always been kind to me in his stern way. Though I had long known that he cherished the wish that I should become James's wife, he had never clearly mentioned it to me.

"Would you rather have a compartment to yourself?" Ainslie asked, as he opened the door of one in which a middle-aged man, much wrapped up, was already ensconced. I had no maid with me, the dear little cottage at Ludford hardly sufficing for one visitor.

"O dear, no!" I said, making my self comforable. "I will let you know how Sir Martin is." And before I could say more we were moving away from the platform. My thoughts, as I tried to catch a glimpse of him, were hardly cheerful; but they were speedily interrupted by my companion speaking.

"Pray, excuse me," he said suddenly, "may I ask if you were speaking of Sir Martin M'Michael, of Stuart Park?"

I took a good look at him before answering; but, though it was August, he was so closely wrapped up that I could not see much. By his brown complexion, I should have judged him to be a foreigner; his mustache was quite white, but his face, when I saw it, was unwrinkled, though he might be fifty. His eyes were keen enough, and his voice undoubtedly that of a gentleman. Reassured by my survey, I answered:

"Yes, he has been taken ill suddenly. Do you know him?"

"I did once," he answered with a restless movement. "Are you going to Stuart Park?"

I bowed, and looked out of my window, conscious that he was scrutinizing me earnestly. He said nothing more, and, after creeping through innumerable small stations, we reached Stuart Town. I had announced my coming by telegram; but there was no carriage to meet me, an omission—for it was two miles to the Park—which filled me with fear. My grandfather must be very ill. Declining the stationmaster's offer of assistance, I set out to walk the distance.

Before I reached the house, when its great stacks of chimneys and old Tudor gables were just appearing among the trees, I met James coming hastily to meet me. He seemed nervous, and perturbed, but his first words explained this.

"Martin is worse, Amber—He was attacked while I was away yesterday. I hastened to meet you, that none of the servants might see you and tell him that you were come, without preparation."

"That was good of you, James. I am glad that I came at once."

"Yes; did you come in by the lodge-gate or the little bridle-path?"

"By the bridle-path. Are you going in this way?" He had turned off into a path which led to a side door in the right wing.

"Yes; the doctor says his nerves are preternaturally acute, and the slightest shock of noise must be avoided."

He told me other details as we passed, without seeing any one, to my rooms on the first floor in the right wing. Save my maid's, all the other rooms in this wing were guest chambers. It was lonely, but I preferred it; for from the windows a beautiful view of the Stretton Hills could be enjoyed, particularly in winter, when the shrubbery outside was leafless. My bedroom was inside the sitting-room. At the door of the latter a strange woman met us.

"Watkyns, you know, is away," said my cousin. "She has not been sent for yet."

I knew this, though I had momentarily forgotten it. I passed into my bedroom to take off my things without the slightest suspicion. When I came back into the sitting-room, the maid—a tall, stupid-looking woman, much older than Watkyns—was standing by the window. On the table was a tray with luncheon. But I had no appetite and went at once to the door. It was locked.

"There is something the matter with the door," I said, after fumbling with it a moment.

The woman by the window did not turn or make any reply.

"Do you hear?" I cried, irritated by her silence. "There is something the matter. Open the door, please."

She turned, and, sullen as was her face, she looked ill at ease with what she had to say.

"You cannot get out, miss. It's all well to understand it at once. The door's locked on the outside, and, until he who has the key comes back, here you must stay."

"Are you mad?" I cried, trying to crush down my fears. "Give me the key at once, and don't talk nonsense!"

"I haven't got it," she said, apathetically. "It is no good being angry with me. I am as much a prisoner as you are."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "do you know that I am mistress here? My grandfather is ill, and I must go to him. Open the door at once; or, if it is fastened, ring the bell."

She made no answer, but nodded grimly at the place where the bell rope should have been. It was gone, and even the wire was broken. Then, when I perceived that it was an arranged scheme, a sudden feeling of helplessness came over me. I remember that a green baize door shut in the little suite of rooms, and would effectually prevent any alarm reaching the other parts of the house. The windows were securely fastened; but, even if I broke one and shouted with all the strength of my lungs, the noise would hardly pierce the shrubberies. And yet, while I felt myself grow paler, it seemed so ridiculous that I, the mistress, should be imprisoned in my own rooms! What could be the motive? Except the station-master, I had not seen any one who would be likely to mention my arrival. Was that why James asked me if I had passed the lodge?

Was my grandfather really ill? Yet, of that as the report came from Ainslie, there could be no more doubt. This must be my cousin's doing, out of revenge for my refusal of his suit. Improbable, almost absurd, as it seemed, that must be the case, though I could not [illegible] his ultimate intention. I must [illegible] my wits about me. I ate my [illegible] the woman waiting upon me [illegible] fully enough. How wearily [illegible] the hours until it grew dusk! [illegible] then a step sounded in the [illegible] a key was put in the lock, [illegible] it at his re-entered and locked the [illegible] on TUES- him. He made a [illegible] All are woman, and she retire[illegible] too stormy bedroom and shut the door[illegible]

"W[illegible] won't beat abou[illegible] Amb[illegible] You have [illegible] this time that you [illegible] Ne[illegible] knows t[illegible] and, until I s[illegible] will kno[illegible] confus[illegible] ness."

All this he told me. So wild did it render me that I tried to take the key from him by main force when he rose to go. The woman pulled me back, and, sobbing bitterly with rage and grief, I flung myself upon my bed. Slowly the weary hours of night were away. Now I would leap restlessly up, and try the door; now I would strive to move the woman, persuade, bribe, frighten her; but all in vain. Now I would moan as I conjured up the picture of my dying grandfather, only a few rooms away, calling my name.

Early in the morning James came again; but this time he stayed merely to ask if my resolution held out, and, finding that I loathed him, he went sullenly away again. He was haggard and perplexed; could my grandfather have taken a turn for the better? My heart leapt high with hope, and then sank; would Sir Martin be safe in my unscrupulous cousin's hands? And this added another terror to my position. Through the baize door came no sound of life.

At dusk he paid a third visit. It was fruitless, though he told me that Sir Martin was worse; and, more dark-eyed and haggard than ever, went away again. This time I made up my mind that I would escape. My passion had worn itself out by this time, and fear had taken its place. In the dark I sat and watched my passive keeper, and turned from her to glance round the room for the means of escape. I could, perhaps, let myself down from the window if I could get rid of her. If! Ah, that if! The riddle was to be solved in a different way.

About nine o'clock I heard the swing-door fall to with bang quite unlike the stealthy way in which my cousin came and went; then hurried footsteps along the passage, and then the noise of some one searching for the door-handle in the dark. I sprang up, wild with excitement, perhaps with fear. My immovable companion even looked alarmed. We stared into one another's eyes.

"Amber! Miss M'Michael, are you there?"

O, joy, it was Ainslie's voice! My heart leaped high with sudden revulsion. How the fear and dread that was overwhelming me passed away at the sound! He knew my situation; for without losing time he warned me to stand back from the door, and, throwing himself against it, at the second attempt burst it in. In a moment he was inside, and his arm round me.

"Take me to him, Ainslie; take me to him!" I cried.

He knew what I meant, yet he paused as we were leaving the room, and looked into my face.

"Are you prepared for a great shock, dear? Will you be very brave? It is good news, my darling; better than you can imagine. There is some one with Sir Martin who has at present a better right to you than I have."

I nodded anxiously, not comprehending what he was saying, but only eager to be at my grandfather's side. We hastened through several passages all deserted, and indicating the confusion into which the house thrown. In the corridor outside Sir Martin's room all the servants were collected. They made way for us, but seemed in no degree surprised at our sudden appearance together. Ainslie opened the door and led me softly in.

The old man's sight was failing, and to suit the spacious dark-panelled room was lit with numerous candles, and yet failed to dispel the gloom. My grandfather was greatly changed. His face was wan and drawn; but the shadow of death seemed to be held at bay by the painful look of anxiety and doubt that possessed his features. There was some one standing by his bedside, away from us, whom I took to be the nurse. At the foot of the bed was my treacherous cousin, in an attitude, as we entered, of indenial. He did not see us, [illegible] servants, who, over our [illegible] peeped in with looks of [illegible]

2200 LB. 1-4, 5-16 AND 3-8 INCH.

FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES

dec4 J. L. BLACK.

Rubber Over-Shoes!

6 CASES

Felt Rubber Foxed Over-Shoes,

For Men, Women and Children.

nov28 J. L. BLACK.

TEA! TEA!

Ex Steamer "Juliet" from London:

72 Pkgs. Choice Tea,

Chests, Half-Chests and Caddies.

AT CITY PRICES, WHOLESALE.

nov1 J. L. BLACK.

Tobacco. Tobacco.

15 BOXES CHALLENGE, 12's;
50 CADDIES LITTLE SERGENT;
80 CADDIES BLACK HAWK;
10 CADDIES MAGGIE MITCHELL;
20 CADDIES YELLOW BIRD.

For Sale Very Cheap.

nov1 J. L. BLACK.

Kerosene Oil and Sole Leather.

NOW IN STORE:

60 Bbls. American Water White Oil.
30 Sides Sole Leather, good quality.

FOR SALE VERY LOW.

nov1 J. L. BLACK.

Cemetery Co. Annual Meeting.

THE Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Rural Cemetery Co. will take place at the subscriber's office on TUESDAY NEXT, 8th JANUARY, at [illegible] p. m. sharp.

W. C. MILNER,
Jan. 2, 1884.—1i Secretary.

A Rare Chance for a Bargain.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

I AM instructed by C. W. GRIFFITH to sell by Public Auction at his residence, Academy Street, on

Wednesday, 9th January,

at 10 o'clock a. m., all his Personal Property, consisting of 1 Parlor Suit, Bedroom Sets, Cook, Hall and Parlor Stoves, Carpets, Crockeryware, &c.; also 1 new Buggy, 1 Robe, 1 set new Harness, and many articles too numerous to mention. The above goods are nearly all new. Terms liberal.

BLAIR ESTABROOKS,
Jan. 2, 1884. Auctioneer.

WASH HOUSE.

Hockey Skates,
Skating Boots,
Felt Overs,

CHEAPY

C. A. BOWSER.

For Sale and to Let.

FARM AND MARSH FOR SALE.

At a bargain: 20 acres of Upland situate in Middle Sackville, with a new House furnished and two good Barns. This property must be sold, as the subscriber intends leaving the country. Also, will sell Marsh with Farm if desired. Apply at once to WILLARD HICKS, nov28 tf Sackville.

Marsh for Sale.

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

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

Farm for Sale.

I WILL sell the FARM situated on the Lower Fairfield Road, formerly owned by the late Charles Bainbridge. For particulars apply to the subscriber, Middle Sackville.

THOMAS AMOS.
Sackville, June 1, 1882. tf

Property for Sale.

THE Property at Point de Bute belonging to A. Scrimgeour, consisting of a good House, Barn and Out-Buildings, Carpenter Shop, and 4½ ACRES of Land, in a good state of cultivation. A suitable place for a mechanic. Apply to the undersigned.

J. AMOS TRUEMAN.
Pt. de Bute, Dec. 26, 1883. 3m

RARE CHANCE!

Nine Building Lots

FRONTING on Station Street opposite the Junction of the Cape Railway with the I. C. R. Also, three Lots with good Dwellings thereon; also, half acre of Land with a new Hotel 30x50 three storeys high with an ell 25x40 in process of construction, and a new Barn. A splendid Well on the premises with ten feet of excellent water. For further information apply to

nov28 H. L. MITCHELL.

LOTS FOR SALE!

THE Subscriber offers for sale Forty Building Lots, fronting on Union and Academy Streets, situated about midway between the Academies and the Stations of the Intercolonial and Cape Tormentine Railways. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in the Town, and only a few minutes walk from either the Station or Academies. Price moderate. Terms accomodating. Title undoubted. Apply to

W. H. HARRISON.

Valuable Building Lots

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale, in lots to suit purchasers, part of the homestead of Christopher Humphrey, late of Sackville, farmer, deceased. This property is celebrated Cutting's main road, a short [illegible] now prepared to produce [illegible] and Wesleyan [illegible] Fashionable and [illegible] good title [illegible] Fitting Garments [illegible]

And to give our Customers every satisfaction. All are cordially invited to call and examine our Stock.

oct3 J. F. [illegible]

Hurrah for Chignecto Hall!

New Goods!

New Goods!

We are Selling Cheap!

JUST RECEIVED:

8 BOXES New Valencia Raisins;
4 boxes New Layers Raisins;
4 quintals Large Codfish;
12 half-barrels Prime Shad;
15 half-chests Tea, very low,
Apples, Oranges, Onions;
Lard, Cheese, Oil;
Fancy and Plain Crockery;
Glassware in abundance;
A nice lot of Confectionery;
Rope, Axes, Wedges, &c.

The finest [illegible] ing and [illegible] as we [illegible] town.

BLA[illegible]

PR[illegible] KINDS [illegible] LOWEST RATES, AT THIS OFFICE.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Augustus H. Hanington, James P. Hanington, and Daniel L. Hanington, Executors and Trustees of the Last Will and Testament of William J. M. Hanington, Millowner, late of Shediac, in the County of Westmorland, and Province of New Brunswick, deceased; also to William M. Patterson, of Liverpool, England, and all others whom it doth or may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 28th day of February, A. D. 1879, made between the said William J. M. Hanington and Jessie, his wife, Mortgagors, of the one part, and Josiah Wood, of Sackville, in the County and Province aforesaid, Banker, the Mortgagee, of the other part, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds, &c., in and for the County of Westmorland aforesaid, in Libro Z 3, Folio 60, by the Number 38,775, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction, at or near the WELDON HOUSE (so called), in SHEDIAC aforesaid, on WEDNESDAY, THE SIXTH DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the LANDS and PREMISES mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, viz: The PREMISES where the said William J. M. Hanington's Steam Saw Mill, Store, and other Buildings stand, containing six acres, more or less, together with the Mill and Mill Gear and Machinery, Stores, Wharves, and all other Buildings, Improvements, and Water Privileges appertaining to the said Premises; also about two thousand five hundred acres of WOODLANDS, situated between the Scoudouc and Aboushagan Rivers, in the Parish of Sackville aforesaid; also three thousand one hundred and fifty acres (more or less) of WOODLANDS lying between the Kouchibouguac River and the Westmorland Parish Line.

Terms made known at sale.

Dated at Sackville this 3rd day of December, A D. 1883.

JOSIAH WOOD,
Mortgagee.

I will also sell at same time and place a certain lot of WOODLAND, situated in Sackville aforesaid, on the east side of the Aboushagan Road, bounded westerly by said road, northerly by lands formerly owned by Timothy Drisdale, easterly by lands of George Kinnear, and southerly by lands of Thaddy Gould, being lands lately conveyed to me by Joseph Drisdale and wife, and containing two hundred acres, more or less.

Dated at Sackville this 3rd day of December, A. D. 1883.

JOSIAH WOOD.

P. O. NOTICE.

Winter Arrangement.

AFTER this date the Mails will be dispatched from the Post Office, Sackville, at the following hours, Intercolonial time:—

Amherst and all points East...12.45 p. m.
Dorchester and all points West 2.00 p. m.
Quebec Express.....7.45 p. m.
I. C. R., East.....7 45 p. m.
For Upper Sackville, daily.... 3.00 p. m.
For Wood Point, Tuesdays and Fridays.....3.00 p. m.
For Midgic, Bristol, Mount View and Aboushagan, on Thursdays.....3.00 p. m.

JOS. DIXON,
Dec. 10, 1883. 4i P. M.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 1st FEBRUARY, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, once per week each way, between Canaan Station and Sweenyville, from the 1st April next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses, subject to the approval of the Postmaster General. The Mails to leave Canaan Station on Friday of each week, as soon as practicable after the arrival of the accommodation mail train going north, reaching Sweenyville in one hour and forty minutes, and arriving back at Canaan Station in four hours from time of starting therefrom.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Canaan Station.

JOHN McMILLAN,
P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, N. B., Dec. 21, 1883.

HARTLING'S CONVALESCENT COOD RESTORER. Impoverishing Debility, Manhood, Nervous Prostration, Wakefulness, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, Impotency, Sexual Exhaustion, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness