

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 1004.

W. S. ANSLAW.

VOL. XX.—No. 16.

Newcastle, N. B. Wednesday, February 2, 1887.

REMNANT SALE.

Remnants Dress Goods.
Remnants Cloth.
Remnants Prints.
Remnants Tweed.
Remnants Winceys.
Remnants Cottons.
Remnants Carpets.
ODD LOTS.

Gloves, Collars, Hose, Clouds, Blankets,
Shawls, Jackets, Shirts.

The above will be offered at extremely low prices FOR CASH.

BIG BARGAINS. A 1 GOODS.

B. FAIREY'S, Newcastle.

Newcastle, Jan. 28, 1887.

Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office:—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

LOSSES PAID over \$15,000,000.

INSURANCES EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK, Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.

JOHN MCALISTER,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 7, 1885.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 8, 1884.

GEO. STABLES,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission, and prompt returns made.

Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country at a satisfactory moment.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 6 p. m., 7 to 10 p. m.

Feb. 1885.

DR. McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

Corner Duke and St. John Street;

Opposite Canada House.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham June 3, 1881.

DR. T. W. POMROY,

RESIDENT SURGEON.

NEW YORK CITY, U. S.

Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.

Aug. 24, 1883.

JOHN HOPKINS,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS AND VEGETABLES IN SEASON.

186 UNION STREET, St. JOHN.

O. J. MACCULLY, M. A., M. D.

Mem. BOT. COL. SURG., LONDON.

SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office:—Cor. Church and Main Sts., Montreal.

Mon. Nov. 12, '86.

CANADA HOUSE.

Chatham, New Brunswick,

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.

The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the 2nd floor.

Oct. 12, 1885.

GARD OF THANKS.

The Subscriber wishes to return his sincere thanks to the travelling public and others for their patronage during the past ten years. He now wishes to announce that he has sold out the business and good will of the Willow House to Mr. T. F. Keary, and trusts that the patronage formerly given to him will be continued to his successor.

J. H. WILBUR.

Bathurst, Sept. 25th, 1886.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

UNDISPUTED SUPERIORITY.

ESTEY'S IRON & QUININE TONIC.

No preparation excels it as an invigorator and general tonic for the whole system. It quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Anæmia, Debility, Fasting the foot, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite and aids the assimilation of food.

To Persons of a Nervous Temperament it is Especially Recommended.

TRY IT!

YOU WILL NOT BE DECEIVED.

PRICE: 50 cts. per BOTTLE.

SIX BOTTLES \$2.50.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PREPARED ONLY BY

E. M. ESTEY,

PHARMACIST,

MONCTON,

Nov. 14, 1886.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

Don't encourage Home manufacture unless you can save money. You can do so by purchasing your

SCHOOL DESKS, ETC.,

A CASPARY'S SASH AND DOOR Factory Chatham.

The Desk I make is neat and desk com'nd and is offered to School Trustees Boards postpaid at lower price than the same article can be procured for.

Sample to be seen at the Factory.

GEORGE CASSADY.

Chatham, Jan'y 10, 1885.

TUNING.

A. W. SMYTHE, Professor of Music, Organist of St. Luke's Methodist Church, Chatham, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for Vocal and Instrumental Training.

PIANOFORTE & ORGAN TUNING

punctually attended to. Post Office Address, Chatham, N. B.

A. W. SMYTHE

Chatham, Sept. 28, 1886.

The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the debilitated system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not get up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

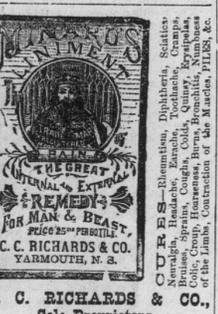
Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Hartley, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price 25 cts. six bottles, \$5.



It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the Scalp of all Dandruff.

ANOTHER PROOF.

GENTS:—In February last I took a severe cold, which settled in my back and kidneys, causing great pain. After using several preparations and being without sleep four nights through intense pain, I tried your MINARD'S LINIMENT. After first application it was so much relieved that I fell into a deep sleep, and complete recovery shortly followed.

JOHN S. McLEOD, Elm House, Lauretton, N. S.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is for sale everywhere.

PRICE 25 cts.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

GEO. McSWAINY, CEO. D. FUCH PROPRIETOR. MANAGER.

Clifton House,

Princess and 143 Gormain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April 23, '85.

DR. WEST'S

FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS

DANDELION

Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases of the Heart, Nervous System, Excess and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Pimples on the Face, Itchy Stomach, Heart Burn, Purely Vegetable.

JOHN C. WEST & Co., Toronto Ont.

For sale by GEO. G. ALLEN, Newcastle, and G. E. FROST, Campbellton.

MONEY

to be made. Get this out and return to us. We will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. And one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the greatest, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, TARP & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Selected Literature.

NIXIE.

Nobody would take little Nixie Markham for a heroine, nor would one suppose that little quiet figure possessed nerve enough to save hundreds of lives by her prompt actions, but this was the way of it. It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station at Parkertown, up in Northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary buffets were around, and only at train time was there any show of life.

The down train was due at 6.30, but until then, as the sensational writer says, "all was as quiet as the grave." Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was fifteen, although so small she looked some three years younger, and was as quiet as a mouse—"not much zip to her," as the country folks said. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the school season, spent nearly all of her time in the ticket office with her father, picking up letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and finally one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a "neat" copy.

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office just as well as he could himself"—which, considering that Mr. Markham was considered by the boys a "plug operator" might be called a doubtful compliment to Nixie.

Well, on this particular afternoon we are talking about, the aforesaid "plug" sauntered into the depot with trouble thrown on his majestic brow.

"Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even 'spose there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? 'Spouse you can 'ten the concern alone until I get back—probably by six?"

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie. "There won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket or two if there are."

"Well, see that those boxes go by express. The waybills are ready and in the drawer—guess you'll get along all right"—and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation—which phrase meant more than you might imagine, on that very particular day.

At first she felt her newly acquired importance somewhat and stepped briskly around, dusting the musty little office and watering the few plants in the window, but there being absolutely nothing to do and no one coming near, she dropped into idleness, and listened to the click of the telegraph instrument, which to her was as companionable as the talk of her new friends would be. As the afternoon passed slowly along, the heat and stillness overcame her, and dropping her head on the desk before her, she was soon—as one of the good ladies of Parkertown was wont to express it—"in the arms of Morpheus."

Afterwards, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said; "Taint likely she is left here alone, and asleep, too."

"No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's probably around somewhere—but," in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train'll be along and we'll just lay them out."

Nixie was wide enough awake now, but she had presence of mind enough in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.

"How far is it up there?"

"Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yourself, too?" And then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and on the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were—two miserable-looking tramps, basting up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? Oh, if she could send for her father! But there was no one anywhere near, and besides, by the time he got home it might be too late—for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their fancied wrongs upon the innocent.

She looked at the clock. Half-past four! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No living being in sight. She called out, feebly, but what was the use. If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home—only she was sure there was harm coming to the down train—that long crowd of express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.

The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in, locked up the office, snatched a hat from a nail in the corner, and then hurried up the track until she arrived at the slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes she watched them. They had stopped and were

doing something, she could not at first see what, to the track. Pretty soon up through down a steep ledge within four feet of the track—where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now, and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the soundless shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on and Nixie, growing cold in the sudden extremity, turned and sped toward the depot.

The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank so that at half-past five it was quite dark there, and as the train always came in on a down grade, they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself, "I'm so glad I came, for I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see, Mr. Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."

She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to five! and the train left Stratford at 5.03. Well, eight minutes was more than plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sil-sil-sil" clicked the instrument. Never before was there so impatient an operator on that line. With her eyes on the clock, which seemed then, if ever, to say "Never—never—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could think of and kept on. The moments kept on—one, two, three, four—slowly pealed the old clock—each stroke an agony to the girl.

Meanwhile the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy who could and who served as general chore-boy about the place, had gone for the cows, and there was no one to answer the call on which so much depended.

A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma. She did not know the train signals, but seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally the dear lives of her fellow-creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked rail did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumbling in the distance. Faster, faster she sped round the curve straight on up the track. She could see them now coming in. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stopped in the midst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed toward her showing no abatement of speed.

Meanwhile the engineer and fireman had seen the slight form of the girl, and the fireman stood against to see the engineer so utterly regardless of her.

"Stop man," he shouted, "don't you see the girl?"

"Yes," said the half-drunk engineer. "Why don't the little fool get out of my way? I'll teach her," and made no movement to stop.

Nixie waited, with a sinking heart—Oh, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran up on a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag—but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine and saw the fireman push the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came toward her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie, and she could only gasp out, "Round the curve," and then she was a white heap with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and after some had been to the curve and seen what the little girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so royally walled upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story.

It was some time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and, too, just as the train left saying, "You are the bravest little woman in the States."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his lawsuit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to—and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read the note: "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved August 23, 1880."

The note was wrapped around \$500 in bank notes.

"Oh, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said,

"I declare, Nixie, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

The superintendent of the Q. & L. Railroad Company came down to Parkertown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices of the company in a neighboring city, and Mr. Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted, "so Nixie can have schooling she wants so much," he said, and to-day Miss Eunice Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school in that city. But more than that, she is the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station agent."

But, after all, you would never take her for a heroine.

Political.

A CRY OF HARD TIMES.

WHEN DEATH GATHERS IN A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE DISMAL DOLEFULS, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE DEVELOPED.

All about the town we hear the cry—the old cry, the time worn cry of hard times. Money is scarce and getting scarcer, say the people. That is not true; money is plentiful. There is enough money in the savings banks of this island to build the Cape Breton railway, and the owners of this capital are receiving only a trifle of interest. Talk about enterprise and developing the resources of the country! Not until the old reaper, death, looks in a large percentage of the present population will the resources of the country be developed. A good honest old fellow will sell his hay, oats and cattle off to a farm that is being yearly run out and impoverished, trot off to the savings bank and deposit the life blood of his business, and then turn round and wonder when some rich capitalist from London, New York or some other place is coming to develop the resources of the country. The great capitalist will never come. It is the people who inhabit a country that should make and develop it. Men who get hold of a dollar and sit up nights to watch it will never make a country. It is this hard old grubbing that is the curse of the country. All the law makers and political economists in Christendom would not make a country prosperous where the people are so far behind the spirit of the age as to rob the farm to invest in the savings bank. Farmers, improve your lands, get rid of your scrub stock, put your money into your own savings bank where you will get ten per cent for your investment. While the miserable spirit of hoarding and scraping continues the country will be poor, there will be poor people, but none poorer than the man who invests his money in the savings bank at three or four per cent.—Baldock Reporter.

FRAUDULENT CHARGES.

The fraudulent character of the charges that are made against the government in regard to the "timber limit leases" is readily understood upon reading the following statement from the Montreal Gazette:—"These charges, in the absence of a policy, have been doing duty for a year or more past, and have been persistently repeated in spite of convincing evidence of their utter falsity, in the hope that some people may give credence. Now, what are the plain, unvarnished facts? Mr. Charlton and Mr. Cameron declare that three-fourths of the Government are interested in timber limits. The truth is—and we challenge proof to the contrary—that exactly three members of the house of commons were granted leases and were in position to cut a stick of timber. Two of these were conservatives, Mr. M. K. Dickenson, member for Russell, a lumberman, and Mr. Rykert, the member of Lincoln, who merely acted as trustee for Mr. John Adam; one was a liberal, Mr. Hugh Sutherland, member of Selkirk, also a lumberman. These are the only gentlemen, out of the long list paraded by the opposition, who ever obtained leases of timber limits and were entitled to cut timber."

JOURNALISTIC SAVAGERY.

The Ottawa correspondence of the Toronto Globe on Saturday contained a most unjustifiable attack upon Sir John A. Macdonald. The writer, with considerable ingenuity and in a style very different from the Globe's ordinary Ottawa letters, insinuated that the Premier's mind has been for a long time affected, and that he is now hardly responsible for his acts. So brutal and so groundless an attack, while it shows the coarse and utterly unscrupulous nature of some of Sir John Macdonald's opponents, is exceedingly stupid as it is sure to defeat the object for which it was made. Not only are Conservatives indignant at seeing their venerable chief so cruelly and so unfairly treated, but honest and fair-minded Liberals are disgusted to find the leading organ of their party descending to the policy of protecting home industries and calls upon the electors to vote for a "tariff for revenue only." A "tariff for revenue only" would in a few months result in the closing of hundreds of manufacturing establishments; in turning mechanics and workmen out of employment; and in putting into the pockets of foreigners millions of dollars now circulated at home. Such a policy does not commend itself to the favorable consideration of the industrial classes, who should ally themselves on the side of the party whose leaders have legislated in their interests. To vote for "tariff for revenue only" candidate would be tantamount to voting away their means of earning a livelihood.

INCREASE EVERYWHERE.

Yes, this Government has spent a good deal of money since they have been in power—a good deal more than any former government.

The indebtedness per capita of our people has increased largely, we have no doubt, increased considerably faster than under any former government, and yet this is not to be wondered at, or is it any cause for complaint against the government.

If there had not been any increase of public works, or building of Railways and Canals, if there had been no war in the North West, or Fishery difficulties, if there had been no Franchise Act or Indian and Colonial Exhibition, no increase in postal facilities and a general standstill on the part of the country, we could readily imagine where the argument could hold good that the fact

TAILORING.

T. WINTER Has just received a fine assortment of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style.

MILLINERY.

The Subscriber calls attention to her large and varied stock of FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY, CONSISTING OF FELT, PLUSH & VELVET HATS, FEATHERS, AGGREGATES, WINGS, BIRDS, FLOWERS & POMPADOUR, ALSO SILK ASTRAKAN, PLUSHES in Plain and Fancy, RIBBONS in all the new designs.

INTERCITY RAILWAY.

'86 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '86. On and after Monday, 22nd NOV., 1886, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: Will leave Newcastle for Glasgow and St. John's, N.B., at 12.35 p.m. For Montreal and St. John's, N.B., at 1.40 p.m. For Quebec and St. John's, N.B., at 2.45 p.m.

FAILING.

This is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what the matter is, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow weaker.

WOOD SNOW SHOVELS, STEEL SNOW SHOVELS, IRON SNOW SHOVELS, WEATHER STRIPS, ICE CREEPERS.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN'S.

BEAR TRAPS, FOX TRAPS, OTTER TRAPS, MINK TRAPS, RAT TRAPS.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN'S.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

PRICE 50 CENTS. PREPARED ONLY BY GEO. H. DAVIS, COR. QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS, FREDERICTON.

M'MINN'S MILLS, KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

SAWN CEDAR SHINGLES.

DIMENSIONED LUMBER.

WOOD BURNT CORK LIME FOR SALE.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

THE LOT AND HOUSE.

THE WATER LOT.

THE LOT.

WOOD BURNT CORK LIME.

THE LOT AND HOUSE.

THE WATER LOT.

THE LOT.

WOOD BURNT CORK LIME.

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THE LOT.

WOOD BURNT CORK LIME.

THE LOT AND HOUSE.

THE WATER LOT.

THE LOT.

WOOD BURNT CORK LIME.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders.

BEST ON EARTH SURPRISE SOAP.

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. It cleans and brightens all household articles, and is the best for washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry.

WOOD SNOW SHOVELS, STEEL SNOW SHOVELS, IRON SNOW SHOVELS, WEATHER STRIPS, ICE CREEPERS.

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THE LOT AND HOUSE.

THE WATER LOT.

THE LOT.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Reported for the Dominion Gov't by G. A. Blair, Esq.

Table with columns for DATE, Standard Time, Barometer, Thermometer, and other meteorological data for January.

The column for Maximum Thermometer shows the highest temperature for every day.

The column for Minimum Thermometer shows the lowest temperature for every day.

The minus sign before the barometer indicates a depression below zero.

Miscellaneous.

IF THE SUPPLIERS FROM CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit.

SHILOH'S COUGH AND CONSUMPTION CURE.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porens Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by E. Lee Street.

WHY LEAVE THE FARM.

Don't hurry yourselves to leave home, my boys, and my girls; Heed not those who boast of a wayfarer's joys!

THE APPETITE.

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are not only a powerful purgative, but they also contain a large amount of iron.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

THE LOT AND HOUSE.

THE WATER LOT.

THE LOT.

WOOD BURNT CORK LIME.

THE LOT AND HOUSE.

THE WATER LOT.

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CONVERTING STRAW INTO MANURE.

In the West the object is to feed one-third of the straw-stack, and convert the balance into manure as rapidly as possible. The straw trampled under foot by the cattle will not thoroughly rot within a year if left to itself.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS MADE MISERABLE BY THAT TERRIBLE COUGH, SHILOH'S CURE IS THE REMEDY FOR YOU.

"You know, my dear, I have often said that like the rest of human kind I am only a poor weak sinner," said Mr. Johnson, as he was walking in the street.

SHILOH'S COUGH AND CONSUMPTION CURE.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porens Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by E. Lee Street.

WHY LEAVE THE FARM.

Don't hurry yourselves to leave home, my boys, and my girls; Heed not those who boast of a wayfarer's joys!

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PARSONS' PILLS.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of the pills.

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