Poetry.

A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, and day—
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

"And so," methought, "t'will quickly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to me no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from the fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

Literature.

KATE'S STRATAGEM.

Old Farmer Merton was what is called a hard man—close and grasping—a man who always made a sharp bargain, and generally contrived to get the best of it. Not only was he a hard man, but also a very ignorant one; although like many others of the same stamp, he considered himself to be very well informed. His favorite hobby was spiritualism, upon which subject he imagined himself to be an authority. Superstitious to the last degree, nothing pleased him better than to get into an argument with somebody upon his pet theme, and to give them what he called, some knock-down points.

Of all his possessions (and Mr. Merton was in very comfortable circumstances, the owner of a fine farm, well tilled and cultivated)—of all his possessions, there was none that he prized so highly or loved so well, in his own selfish way, as his daughter Kate.

Handsome, bonny Kate Merton! The prettiest girl for miles around. She was the acknowledged belle of the small circle in which she moved.

It is hardly to be wondered at then, that Farmer Merton was, as he himself expressed it, "completely staggered," when one fine morning Dick Wilson, a young man who had been spending a short vacation in the country, came walking up the pretty path that led to the farm, and stopping where the old gentleman was busily employed arranging some flowers, proceeded in an easy unconcerned sort of way to tell him that he was in love with his daughter, and concluded by asking the farmers consent to an engagement.

Old Merton dropped the light garden hoe with which he had been working, and stared at Dick with an expression of mingled amazement and anger—amazement that Dick should dare to address him upon such a subject, and anger as he reflected that Kate must have encouraged him to do so.

"No, sir," he answered at last, "I don't want you, or any other fine city chap coming around after my girl. When she gets married—if she ever does—it will be to one of our own kind—a man who can work, and not to a holiday-taking, easy-loving chap like you!"

Young Wilson felt the hot blood mount to his cheeks, and it was with difficulty that he repressed his anger as he replied:

"Mr. Merton, you wrong me, and do me a great injustice. I can work, and as hard as any man, if need be."

"Well, justice or no justice," said the angry old man, "you have my answer, and the sooner you take yourself off the better," saying which, he turned upon his heel and walked toward the house, leaving Dick no alternative but to follow his advice, which he very wisely did, mentally denouncing Mr. Merton as a narrow minded old idiot.

"Kate! Katy!" shouted the farmer, as soon as he reached the house.

"Yes, father," responded a merry voice, and a moment afterward, as his daughter entered the room, and caught sight of his face, she continued—"What is the matter, father?"

Matter! echoed the old man. There's matter enough, I think, and you know what it is as well as I do."

And truth to tell, Kate did know, although she affected ignorance, for it had been arranged between herself and Dick that he should sound the old gentleman upon the subject.

"I never expected," went on the farmer, "that you, who I thought so proud and sensible, would allow an idle, shiftless fellow like that Dick Wilson, to make up to you. I've noticed that you appeared to be uncommonly friendly of late, but I never supposed it would come to that!"

"You are mistaken, father, when you call him shiftless and idle," replied his daughter, "Mr. Wilson works closely all the year round, and the firm by which he is employed allow him a few weeks each summer. In a short time he will be obliged to return to the city, and we had hoped to have your permission to our engagement before he went."

"And which you will never get," said the old man. "I might have known that you would take his part," he went on "But mark my words, Kate, he shall never have you with my consent. I don't like them harum-scarum young city chaps and never did. They're no credit to any one." Then he added, "There's young Denison, whose father is rich, and who will soon come into a fine property of his own."

But Kate interrupted him:

"I detest Mr. Denison, father, and I wouldn't marry him if he was worth a million. No! if I can't have the man of my choice, at least I'll have no other."

"Well," said the farmer, "you've heard my opinion, and you'll find it hard to change it. You see I know what's what, and you don't," with which sage remark he left the room.

Now Mr. Merton had a friend named Joseph Harris, or "Old Joe," as he preferred to call himself. He was a particular crony of the farmer's, and for a long time back the two old men had been in the habit of meeting at the village inn, upon a certain evening each week, and chatting together over a friendly glass.

Kate was aware of this, and she had hit upon a plan, that, with the co-operation of Old Joe, promised to bring about the result she desired. This was neither more nor less than to frighten her father into giving his consent. Kate had often heard him boast of how he had made a compact with an old schoolmate, that whichever of them died first, should (if he had the power) return and appear to the other, and thus convince him beyond doubt of the existence of a spirit world. And it was upon this that she had based her scheme. Kate had always been a great favorite with Mr. Harris, but her proposition rather astonished him.

"I will do my best to help you, Kitty," he said at last, "although it is rather a ticklish piece of business. However, if it can be managed at all, Old Joe is the one to do it."

A dark, stormy November night. Sleet and rain coming down in torrents, and beating against the windows of the little village inn as though it would force an entrance. Within, seated round a glowing fire (whose brightness and warmth had tempted some of them to overstay their accustomed time) were grouped perhaps half a dozen persons. Among them Mr. Harris and Farmer Merton.

"Well," said Old Joe at length, and rising as he spoke, "it's a deduced bad night,—there's no denying that—but it's getting very late, and I must be going. Good night," he continued, as he held out his hand.

"Good night," returned the other, also rising. "I'm sorry we don't go the same road, for I shall be off myself in a few minutes."

"Whew! what a night!" muttered the farmer, as he trudged along the dark lonely country road, and glancing uneasily from side to side. To tell the truth he was not a little nervous, as his thoughts reverted to the conversation of the evening—which had been purposely led by Old Joe to the subject of Spiritualism. It had been all right in the pleasant little room of the inn, with its bright lights and cheerful fire. But out on the dismal country road it was altogether a different matter. Never before had the journey appeared so long. And ever and anon a feeling that he could not resist would cause the farmer to turn round and look behind him, as though he expected to find something following him. In vain he tried to dismiss the unpleasant subject from his thoughts. It would not be driven away. He even essayed to whistle but all to no purpose, and quickening his pace until it was almost a run, he hurried onward, feeling as he afterward remarked, "as though something strange and terrible was going to happen."

Home at last! how welcome and inviting the warm farm kitchen seemed, with its large old fashioned fire place, in which a good fire was still burning, and before it the farmer's own comfortable arm-chair while on the table near by lay his pipe and tobacco. Doubly inviting it appeared to Mr. Merton, contrasted with the darkness and storm without. Despite the lateness of the hour, and the fact that he was an early riser, the farmer felt disinclined to retire.

Divesting himself of his rain-soaked overcoat and hat, the old man lit his pipe and settled himself back in the chair before the fire, having first fortified the inner man with a generous dose of something which he poured out of a flask.

Now, whether it was the warmth of the fire, or the soothing effect of the tobacco, or the combined effect of all three, I am unable to tell; but be that as it may, certain it is, that before long the farmer began to nod, and in a short time he was asleep.

Exactly how long he slept Mr. Merton could not tell, when he was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door leading from the kitchen into the hall. Starting up hurriedly he was almost paralized by fright, to behold, standing directly in the doorway, a tall figure clothed in white from head to foot. As it stood motionless, and looking steadily at him, it seemed to the excited imagination of the farmer (and in the uncertain light of the fire, which had got low) as though it were positively luminous.

Cold drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead! he tried to speak, but could utter no sound. At last, with a great effort he managed to say: "Who and what are you?"

The apparition advanced a step nearer and replied, in a low, hollow tone:

I am the spirit of your old friend, George Lawton? Have you forgotten our agreement?

Had the farmer been less terrified, he might have detected a certain resemblance between the voice of the spirit and that of his friend Joseph Harris. But he was too thoroughly frightened to be very observant.

No, he answered, trembling. I have not forgotton. Then he stammered: When did you die?

I was drowned at sea ten years ago, said the spirit.

A long time, remarked the farmer. Why have you not appeared to me before:

The apparition sighed, as it answered:

It is not permitted to a spirit to appear upon earth, except under certain conditions and for a certain object. I am here to warn you, and to save you from committing a great wrong.

How? asked the trembling old man.

The spirit slowly raised its arm, and pointed upward.

Your daughter, it said, You are doing a grievous wrong in preventing her from having the man she loves—and making two young people miserable by keeping them apart.

What would you have me do? queried the farmer.

Withdraw your opposition and let them be married. Your child's happiness is at stake, and the young man is in every way worthy of her. Besides, you are advanced in years, and should see her settled before you too are called away.

"I will consent," faltered the terrified old man.

The apparition continued to gaze steadfastly at him.

"It is well," it said at last: "my mission is accomplished, and I may rest. Farewell."

Saying which, the spirit glided through the door and disappeared.

For a long time the farmer continued to sit before the dying embers of the fire, gazing in a sort of stupor at the spot where he had seen the phantom.

Rousing himself at last, he became aware that it was daylight. He rose, and putting on his coat and hat, walked out into the fresh morning air, pondering meanwhile over the occurrences of the night.

"Kate," said the farmer, after breakfast was over, and his daughter was engaged clearing the table, "I've been thinking considerably of late of this love affair of yours; and I've about made up my mind to let you have your own way, and marry your sweetheart, since you seem to think so much of him."

"I love him better than any one else in the world—except you," she added, quickly, and throwing her arms round her father's neck.

"Well, let him give me satisfactory proof that he can support you properly," replied her father, "and he may have you."

Before long there was a wedding in the quiet little village church, and Dick Wilson and Kate Merton were made man and wife. Long afterward Kate confessed to her father the trick they had resorted to laughingly adding, "All's fair in love, you know."

But when spoken to upon the subject, the old gentleman shakes his head; and to this day he firmly asserts his belief that what he saw was nothing less than a spirit, and a "knock-down" proof of the truth of his pet theory: that spirits do occasionally revisit earth, and that he himself had seen one of them.

Josiah Randall's Mortgage.

"Peggy, I want to talk to you a minute, said Josiah Randall to his pretty little wife, who was busy churning.

"Well, Josiah, what is it?" she said, as she glanced from her work.

"Well, I might as well tell you first as last—I've got to mortgage the place. Jim Gray told me where I could get the money. You know one horse can't do the work that's got to be done. Here I have my wheat to draw in, and my hay; then there's that job I took to fix that bridge on Black Run. It's all got to be done, an' I ain't got the money to buy another horse, so I'll have to mortgage."

Poor Peggy! how quickly those words chased the light of hope and joy from her heart. It had only been two years since she had promised to love and honor Josiah Randall. He was poor and so was she, but by strict economy they had managed to get forty acres of land and a team of horses. But, as ill-luck would have it, one of the horses broke a leg, right in the beginning of harvest, and, of conrse, had to be killed, an occurrence that caused poor Peggy many a tear. And now their little home would have to be mortgaged to repair the loss.

Well, Josiah, she said at length, you know how bitterly I am opposed to mortgaging; I have seen so much of it. Now, there was Mr. Peel, a near neighbor of father's, he wanted to get a loan of $500; so he gave a mortgage on his farm for that amount, with ten per cent. interest, and gave $75 to get the $500, leaving him only $425; but he had to pay the $500 in full, and $50 interest yearly. And I have found it so in almost every case that has come under my observation. There is always a middle man that acts as sort of medium between the money lender and the man who gives the mortgage, and of course he has to be paid. That is where the most of Mr. Peel's $75 went.

"Well, well, Peggy, we'll not talk any more about it now," said Josiah, "for I must go to work. But I think I can get the money cheaper than that. Now don't worry about it, for it may not be as bad as you think." And he made an effort to look cheerful, as he hurried down the path that led to the wheat field, and was not long before Peggy, who had been closely watching him, heard him whistling "Home, Sweet Home," with the whish, whish of his cradle for his accompaniment. How he came to whistle that partiular air at that time I am unable to say But if he could have seen the effect it had on Peggy he would have thought that this admonition not to worry had taken the most direct route through her head, going in at one ear and out at the other, to use a vulgar phrase, for she sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to the fullness of her grief. "Sweet, sweet home," she sobbed, "but will it be our home with a heavy mortgage resting upon it, the interest eating away day and night, whether we sleep or wake?" A low wail from the crib called her attention to its occupant, a rosy little baby of about six months, and brushing away her tears she lifted him out of his crib. "You innocent little baby," she murmured, as she pressed him to her breast, "may trouble ever be a stranger at the door of your heart."

At supper Josiah told her that he guessed he'd better go over to Jim Grays that evening, and see where he could get the money on the easiest terms.

"How much money will you need? asked Peggy falteringly.

"Oh, about $200, I guess; these fellows don't like to lend anything but even hundreds. It will take $150 to get a horse to match Bess, and I guess we won't waste the other $50. I need a better plow to do my fall plowing, and a fanning-mill wouldn't come amiss just now."

"But there will be $5 interest on $50 every year," Peggy ventured to say.

"Well, I can't do no better, but don't be foolish, Peg," he said coaxingly. "I have a good pair of hands and a stout heart, and I can clear away the mortgage interest and all, in two years, for I intend to have it run that long. Do you suppose I'd let you and the baby be turned out of your home" he inquired, as he kissed the pale cheeks.

"Of course I don't, Josiah," she said, as she looked lovingly at the handsome, broad-shouldered farmer.

"Then I can go and see Jim."

"Yes."

Josiah took down his hat, bent and kissed the trembling lips, and was soon on his way to Farmer Gray's. A mortgage on their farm was the fruit of this visit. Josiah figured it all up after he bought his horse and the excitement was over, and found that for $180 he would at the end of two years have to pay $260.

We will pass over a period of two years. We now find our little friend Peggy looking older; the lines of care have deepened on her pretty face, which bears unmistakeable traces of recent tears. Baby is able to toddle about, and a four-weeks-old infant is sleeping peacefully in the crib.

Let us follow Peggy in another room, where Josiah is lying at the point of death with brain fever.

Peggy is that you? he said, in a weak voice.

Yes, dear, what do you want? she says, as she approaches the bedside and lays her little hand on his hot face.

Oh, that dreadful mortgage, Peggy! It was that, more than anything else, that made me sick in the first place, and it is on my mind constantly. What will you and the little ones do if I die? The farm will be sold at a sacrifice, and your share be a mere pittance.

Never mind, Josiah, said Peggy, as she bravely kept back her tears; the Lord will help us.

She hears a light footfall, and turning sees framed in the open door a little tow-haired school boy, his books under his arm, and a letter fer ye Miss Randall, he says, as he reaches the missive toward her. Joe fetched it from the offus yistiday, an' Ma thought I'd better leave it as I cum from school. Then, with a little jerk of a bow, he hurried away, glad, perhaps as most children are that his mission is ended.

She tears the letter open, glances at the signature, and exclaims:

Oh, Josiah, it's from Jim Gray! It's from Jim Gray!

Is that so?

Yes.

Then hurry and read it, for I'd like to know how Jim's getting along, says Josiah, who betrays considerable excitement.

She seats herself beside the bed and begins reading the letter, which runs as follows:

WICHITA, KAN., May.

Deer Josier—

"i thot i'd rite a few lines. Ye see i heerd ye hed the fevr, an want abel ter bee about, an that morgridge is jest about du, an ive sumhow blemed myself a leetle bakase i got the money fer ye, and i thot i d do what i could to help ye. Ye see i owd yer dad a leetle before he died an he hed no note agin me, an when he was took off so suddent, ther was nothin sed about it. i'd a paid it to ye long ago, Josier, but i was always frum han to mouth while if said ther, but i hed a good crop o' wheat last year, an i'll clear $500 on my wheat this year. So i figgered up that det with interest at ten cents a year, and it comes to $300 (interest counts up fast). an i've put in the post offis a letter with an order for thet much; and may the Lord bless ye an Peggy in baskit an store. Our fokes is wel, an hopin this wil find ye the same, i remane your friend,

JAMES T. GRAY."

"And may the Lord bless him," ejaculates Peggy, and she drops on her knees beside the bed and laughs and cries both at once.

Josiah's eyes are dim with tears of joyful relief as his mind, so enfeebled by sickness, comprehends all. "Where is the order, Peggy?" he says at length; "You musn't lose it."

She picks up the envelope that she had dropped in her excitement. There it is, she exclaims; and there it is sure enough, for careful James has fastened it inside the envelope.

Great was the surprise of the physician when he made his morning call, to find so radical a change for the better in his patient, and his recovery from that day was sure, though slow. When he was once again able to attend to his farm, he found that by paying closer attention to it, and enriching the land that had been almost useless by the use of the best fertilizers, he could make a good living, and something to lay away for future need. The word mortgagd never escaped his lips, and when he hears it, a shudder goes through him, for he remembers how nearly he lost his home, and his life, because of a mistaken idea he once had that a mortgage lightened his load and could easily be paid off.

An Engineer's Pathetic Story.

Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us, said the engineer, as he plied his oil can about and under his machine. Queer things happened to me one day about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slackened up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feeling. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even slack much at the distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the car window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me: Jim, look here? I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged.—She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home."—*Chicago Herald.*

"I have never made a failure of anything I ever undertook," said the seedy individual as he answered to the call of "Have a drink?"

"Your appearance belies your statement," said the other. How is it that you are in such a ragged state if you never made a failure of anything you undertook?

Because, sadly smiled the other, wiping his lips, because everything I've attempted was a failure before I took hold of it.

A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes: "For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee, of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value." Beware of Electric or Electron Oils, as they are imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Summer Arrangement '84

On and after MONDAY, June 2nd, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John.
Day Express, ... 7.25 a. m.
Accommodation, ... 11.00 a. m.
Express for Sussex, ... 4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax & Quebec, 10.15 p. m.
A Pullman Car runs daily on the 10.15 p. m. Train to Halifax.
On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive in St. John.
Exp'ss from Halifax & Quebec, 5.30 p. m.
Express from Sussex, ... 8.30 a. m.
Acommodation, ... 12.45 p. m.
Day Express, ... 6.45 p. m.
☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., May 28, 1884

NEW BRUNSWICK
RAILWAY.
(Operating 443 miles.)

SUMMER TIME TABLE.
All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actual time.

COMMENCING JUNE 2nd, 1884, Trains will run as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.
7 25 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Mixed accommodation for Fredericton.
6 30 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Boston Fast Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.
4 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.
8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.
1 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
6 25 A. M.—From Fredericton, for points West, North and South, and St. John.
4 30 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
7 00 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVALS.
5 30 A. M., at St. John—Fast Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.
9 15 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.
4 30 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.
8 00 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Mixed accommodation from Fredericton.
4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.
7 30 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
11 20 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
4 20 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

☞ Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Dining Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

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

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office, and at Messrs. J. Richards & Son's Ticket Agency, Queen street.

N. T. GREATHEAD, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
E. R. BURPEE, Gen'l Manager.
St. John, N. B, June 2, 1884

NEW
INSURANCE AGENCY!
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies.
THE undersigned having been appointed Agents for the County of York, for the following First Class Insurance Companies, viz:—
THE NORWICH UNION,
the original stock of which is worth 1700 per cent premium.
THE ROYAL CANADIAN
Insurance Company of Montreal, and the
Travellers Life and Accident
Insurance Company of Hartford, Con., are now prepared to accept risks on all classes of Insurable property at current rates.
WETMORE & WINSLOW,
Barristers, &c.
Fredericton, July 30, 1884

CLAIRVOYANT HEALING.
DR. G. W. SMITH,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN!
authorized by the Medical Act of New Brunswick to practice in this Province, and who has resided at the QUEEN HOTEL for the last three years, may now be consulted at the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Fredericton, either personally or by a lock of hair. Hair may be sent from any distance by letter, and should be cut close to the head and not handled if possible by any person but the patient. His examinations are made whilst in Trance, and entirely unconscious of everything which takes place unless told afterwards by the parties themselves or his amanuensis. Some of his most successful cases were throughout, treated by a lock of hair; in some instances sent from Nova Scotia and from distant parts of this Province. His description of the physical condition of a patient from a lock of hair is very wonderful, this too, without the slightest knowledge of the party. The Doctor especially prefers that nothing should be said to him of any patient's ailments before examination. His success in several cases in this city which baffled the best Physicians, can be attested to by parties relieved under his treatment. Dr. Smith is a native of this Province and a descendant of one of the Loyalists.
Examination personally or by hair, - - $0.50
Examination by hair sent by letter with fee, 1.00
Examination and prescription, - - - - 2.00
Fredericton, June 25, 1884

TRUSSES, TRUSSES,
Just Received
—AT—
WILEY'S
DRUG STORE,
—A—
Large Assortment
—OF—
TRUSSES.
John M. Viley,
Opp. Normal School.

H. B. RAINSFORD,
Attorney & Barrister-at-Law,
Notary Public,
Carleton St., - - Fredericton, N. B.
☞ LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☜
April 9, 1884—1y

JOHN BLACK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, ETC.
OFFICE: Queen Street, Fredericton,
Over W. U. Telegraph Office, directly opposite Post Office.
Loans negotiated. Accounts collected.

J. T. SHARKEY, LL. B.,
ATTORNEY--AT--LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE: Opposite Officers' Square,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
June 20

JAS. R. HOWIE
HAS RECEIVED HIS
SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHS,
and respectfully invites the inspection of customers to his large and well selected stock of
British and Canadian
TWEEDS,
Diagonals,
BROAD CLOTHS,
DOESKINS, Etc.
GENTLEMEN'S
Wedding and Mourning Outfits
A SPECIALTY
The Furnishing Department is the Largest in the City.
JAS. R. HOWIE,
QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

FURNITURE
—AT—
JACKSON ADAMS',
County Court House Square.
Now that the time has approached, it is necessary to have your
HOUSE AND FURNITURE
put in order for the coming season.
WE HAVE FOR SALE
Bedroom Setts,
Bureaus, Sideboards, Desks, Tables, Lounges, Perforated Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, etc.
We also Repair, Reupholster, and Repolish Furniture. Window Poles and Cornices made to Measurement.

UNDERTAKING.
We have every facility for carrying on this branch of the business.
CASKETS & COFFINS
from the plainest to the most elaborate.
Robes, Gloves, Crape & Hat Bands.
JACKSON ADAMS
County Court House Square.
Fredericton, April 18, 1883

Stoves and Ranges.
JUST Received from Hamilton and Nova Scotia, 1 Car load Cook Stoves, Ranges, Parlor Stoves and Franklins.
For sale very low, by
JAMES S. NEILL.
August 13, 1884

Sugar. Sugar.
HOW much do you want for a Dollar!
Just arrived:
70 barrels Sugar, very cheap.
GEO. HATT & SONS.
July 16

Haying Tools!
A LARGE and well assorted Stock of HAYING TOOLS for sale LOW—Wholesale or Retail—by
JAMES S. NEILL.
July 8

Flour and Corn Meal.
JUST received at ELY PERKINS', Snow Drift and Peoples' Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, for sale at lowest rates to the people
ELY PERKINS.
Fredericton, July 9

Just the thing you Want.
NEW CLOVER HONEY,
Very Fine—In 2lb Boxes.
W. H. VANWART.

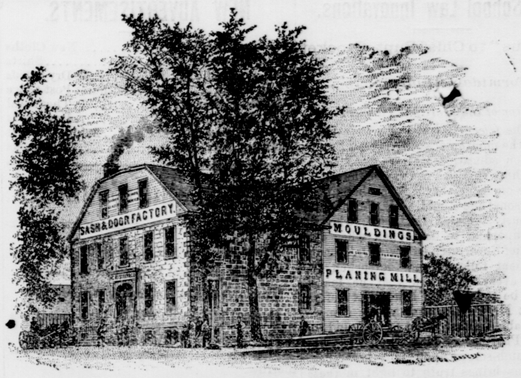
CHEESE AND MOLASSES.
NEW Factory Cheese; 10 casks Barbadoes Molasses. Very choice and very low. Call and see at
W. H. VANWART'S.

In Stock.
HAYING TOOLS, all kinds, Sugar, Flour, Fish, Teas, Rice, Sugar Cured Hams, &c., all very low for cash, at
W. H. VANWART'S
Fredericton, July 23.

Stoves, Ranges, Hollow Ware, Etc.
JUST received from Hamilton, Ontario, Windsor and Amherst, Nova Scotia, Woodstock and Sackville, New Brunswick, and other leading stove centres, an assortment from each Foundry of their leading Stoves best adapted for this market, which gives me the best variety and largest stock of Stoves and Ranges that ever has been on exhibition in this city, and I will guarantee the prices to be as low as any stove establishment in the Maritime Provinces, and I would solicit an inspection of my Stove Department in the Myshrall building, one door above the Queen Hotel, or two doors below my Hardware Store.
JAMES S. NEILL.
Aug. 20

Shovels, Shovels.
By Rail from Boston:
6 DOZ. R. R. Shovels just to hand, and 12 doz, more to arrive. Pick Axes, Mattocks, Railroad Spiking Mauls, and Pick pointed Mattocks, daily expected.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
Aug. 20

Kerosene.
JUST Received, 60 barrels very best Kerosene Oil. Warranted not to Smoke or Smell while burning.
GEO. HATT & SONS.
July 23, 1884



J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,
—ALSO—
FURNITURE.
Moulding, Jig Sawing, Planing and Turning done to order.
Dressed Clapboards, Flooring and Sheathing constantly on hand
Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

NEW MUSIC STORE!
WE HAVE NOW ON HAND A FINE STOCK OF
ORGANS and PIANOS!
which we will sell at low prices and easy terms.
CALL AND SEE THEM BEFORE PURCHASING, or write for PRICES
Organs from $60 upwards.
☞ We have been appointed agents for the celebrated Chickering & Sons, and the Hallett and Cumston, and an number of other makers of Pianos, which w will sell on easy terms. Call and try them at the store.
J. F. McMURRAY.

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

84 SPRING & SUMMER 84
WM. JENNINGS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Has now in stock for the Spring and Summer Trade, a large assortment of
TWEEDS,
COMPRISING
English, Scotch & Canadian makes.
DIAGONAL COATINGS,
West-of-England Trouserings,
Also a choice line of WORSTEDS in all the latest Colors and Styles, Fancy Vestings, etc.
Wm. JENNINGS,
Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

"RIVER VIEW HOUSE,"
West End, Queen Street.
THE subscriber begs to inform his friends that he has rented the RIVER VIEW HOUSE, upper end of Queen Street, formerly occupied by Richard Carvell, where he is now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.
GOOD STABLING and a careful hostler always in attendance.
☞ Parties from the country, whether on business or pleasure, will find this a pleasant and agreeable House to stop at.
W. H. RISTEEN,
Proprietor.
Fredericton, March 19—6 m

NEW GOODS
AT
Reduced Prices!
JUST RECEIVED:
110 DOZ. Milk Pans; 25 doz. Preserve Jars; 95 doz. Rockingham Teapots; 25 doz. Cream Crocks; 100 Flower Pots; 5 " Cake Pitchers; 5 doz Bean Pots.
Wholesale and Retail—Lower than St. John prices.
JAS. G. McNALLY.

Meakin's White Granite.
9 CRATES just received direct from the Potteries.
JAS. G. McNALLY.

And Still they Come!
ANOTHER LOT of those handsomely decorated, Ivory Body Dinner, Tea and Toilet Setts, just received at
JAS. G. McNALLY.
May 27

Jellie Tumblers.
JUST RECEIVED:
63 DOZ. Tin Top Jellie Tumblers. Only 75 cts. per doz. At
LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

Churns, Butter