Poetry.

For all who Die.

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier:
But in the hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near,
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear.

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow.

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep.
Who then by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest.

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around.
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee,
And beauty's presence one would steal
In secrecy.
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robe of white
In a dark spot.
To sleep through death's long dreamless night
Lone and forgot.

Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ANOTHER PURSUER ON MRS. ASHLEY'S TRACK.

Bessie took refuge in the private parlor attached to their suite of apartments, believing that Delancey would be sure to seek her there before he took his departure.

She knew that the Welby family were in consultation on Kates destiny in Mrs. Welby's chamber, and she felt secure of at least an hour of uninterrupted solitude, provided Delancey did not make his appearance. Bessie unconsciously listened for every step, and flushed or grew pale as they were mistaken for the one she believed must yet come.

Her expectations were not doomed to disappointment. So soon as Delancey had completed his arrangements for leaving Niagara, he sought the parlor in which he had, of late, spent so many pleasant hours.

With scarcely defined feelings as to what he desired to gain in this parting interview, he knocked at the door and entered the room, to find the only one he particularly cared to meet sitting alone with a book in her hand, which she did not seem to have been reading.

Delancey quietly said:

"I have called to bid you farewell, Miss Ashley. You have probably heard that the illness of a friend summons me away."

Suddenly chilled by his changed manner, she replied quite as coolly:

"Yes--Rufus told me at dinner that you were going. I hope your friend is not seriously ill."

"No—I fancy not; but he is an eccentric person—a seafaring man just in from a voyage. As he has few friends—in fact, none that I know of who have a nearer interest in him than I possess—I feel bound to go to him without delay."

"Is the gentleman a relation?" she presently asked, to break the awkward pause that ensued.

"No—I first made his acquaintance on ship-board. My father died at sea, Miss Ashley, and the kindness shown to him in his last illness by Captain Martin bound me to him for life. I would go to his assistance in similar circumstances, if he summoned me from the other side of the world."

"That would be but right, Mr. Delancey; such a claim as that is sacred—of course you should lose no time in going to your friend."

She scarcely knew what she was saying, but she looked up; their eyes met, a flash of electric light seemed to issue from them, and for the space of ten seconds the gaze of each one was held spellbound by that of the other. All that a look could express was said by that one, without volition on the part of the two who had so many reasons for, as yet, concealing the interest they felt in each other.

At length Bessie tore her eyes away from the fascinating splendor that flashed into them from the dark orbs of Delancey, and a rosy flush mounted to her cheeks.

He clasped her hand fervently in his own, and in a low, excited tone said:

"Farewell, Miss Ashley; I shall see you again before your tour is ended. Welby will keep me informed of your whereabouts. Present my adieux to the other ladies, for I have scarcely a moment to remain, even if I dared do so at present."

Delancey left her standing there palpitating with shame and indignation at the exposure she had made of her feelings, and the evident gratification it seemed to afford him. He had taken with him the assurance of her regard, while he shrank from committing himself in words. Such was her unjust thought, for at that moment a wild and blissful hope was thrilling the heart of her lover, and he was resolving to risk everything to make her his own.

He went on his way that night, buoyant as a lark, though he was going to the sick bed of one he loved. The next morning he found himself in New York, and hastened at once to the boarding house in which Captain Martin usually stayed when in that city.

Delancey found his friend still confined to his bed, though not dangerously indisposed. He was irritable as most active men are while confined to a single room; and it tasked his utmost skill to amuse him and keep him quiet as long as the physician declared it to be necessary to do so. He nursed him carefully, read to him, and while Martin slept, he amused himself by painting a miniature of Bessie on ivory.

Truthfully did the lover's memory serve him, and the radiant image which had so deeply enchanted him soom smiled back into his eyes with that look of living light which had laid bare her secret.

When Martin awoke, the young artist would conceal the fair vision, on the contemplation of which he nursed his passion; but one day he was not quite rapid enough in his movements. The sick man detected his attempt to put something from his sight, and he peevishly asked:

"What are you hiding from me, Delancey? If you have anything that affords interest to yourself, I really think you might show it to an old hulk laid up at anchor as I am."

After a moment's hesitation, the young man replied:

"I will show you a picture I have been painting, which I think is a fair specimen of young America—that is, of the fairer part of it. But I warn you not to criticize it so severely as your usual habit is, for I believe that I am more than half in love with the original. If I had not considered her future before my own, I should have told her so before I left her."

"Umph! Thinking of marrying, I suppose, on the pittance you can win by your brush. I hope, for the sake of your sanity, that the girl has some money of her own."

Martin impatiently held out his hand, and without replying to his last words, Delancey placed the square of ivory within it. He glanced at the sweet face, and in an excited tone asked:

"Who is this? It is the strangest resemblance I ever saw in my life. She might be Frank Wilde's daughter; but that is impossible, for his child died."

"No—that young lady is not Mr. Wilde's daughter."

"Who, then, is she? What name does she bear?"

"That is Miss Ashley of Maryland. She is the grand-daughter of Judge Ashley of——"

But his further explanations were cut short by the excitement of Martin. He raised himself upon his elbow and thundered:

"Who did you say she is?"

"The grandchild of a distinguished Maryland judge, and a man of large fortune. But unluckily for me, the old man left his estate to his two grandchildren on the condition that they shall marry each other. The one that refuses looses all. If I were only independent I would try my cause with Bessie, for I am desperately *epris* with her, and I have a faint hope that I might succeed in winning her for my own."

"Why can't you speak English?" growled the excited listener, who seemed to be making a great effort to control himself. "As to the girl, if she will have you, ask her frankly, and trust to Providence for the rest. I tell you you're free to love her—to win her—in spite of Judge Ashley's will; and when she knows what I can tell her, she would sooner starve than touch a penny of his estate, if she has in her the spirit of her father."

"Her father was the son of the old gentleman, Captain Martin; and from what my friend Welby told me about him, I should not think him anything to boast of."

"Umph! much he knew about it! I know a great deal more about her father than anyone else living, but I cannot now explain how I came by that knowledge. You have furnished me with a clue to the most singular——But no, it will be wrong to enlighten you any further just now. If you only love this young girl, tell her so as soon as may be, and in your honorable affection let her take refuge from the evils that threaten her. There—that is all I have to say at present."

Delancey was completely mystified, and he said:

"I am sorry to hear you say that, for you have only bewildered me by what you have said. Will you not be induced to explain how you came to know anything of Miss Ashley, Captain Martin?"

"Miss D—l!" cried out the irascible invalid. "I did not say that I know anything about her, but I know something about the original of this picture, which I could tell if I chose, but I don't choose, and that's the end of it."

Delancey gazed at him as if in doubt as to his perfect sanity; he at length said:

"And in spite of this singular mystery, you still advise me to ask this young lady to be my wife?"

"Well, ye—es, if she is as innocent and charming as that bit of ivory looks, you may risk your fate with her, for one of her parents had honor and truth, if the other is—what I shan't at present say. Only let me get out of this bed, with strength enough left in my body to follow this thing up through all its windings, and if I don't make some pay for this, my name is not Jack Martin. I let her off for the first sin, but may the d—l fly away with me if I do the same for this."

The sailors excitement threatened to bring back his fever, and much as his interest and curiosity were aroused, Delancey insisted that he should be quiet, and endeavor to compose himself.

After a good night's rest, he hoped to induce Martin to unravel the mystery to which he had referred; but his hopes were disappointed, for on the next, and on the following days they spent together the reserve of Captain Martin on this subject proved impenetrable. He seemed to have made up his mind on the course it was expedient to pursue, and all the satisfaction Delancey could gain from him was the following remarks:

"You can marry the girl if you wish it, and if she will consent to have you. I possess the power to compel those people to give her to you, but she will have no fortune, mark that. When I see her, if I like her as well as I do you, I'll give you both the little I have saved, after I am gone to kingdom come. That will be nothing in comparison with the Ashley estate, but it will be honestly come by. Don't bother me about this affair any more, lad, for I am not going to tell you a thing about it till I have ascertained beyond a doubt that my suspicions are correct."

With this Delancey was forced to be contented, and glad of any excuse for laying his heart and hand at the feet of Bessie, he watched the progress of Martin's recovery with intense solicitude. He almost made up his mind that his old friend was slightly demented, and he wearied himself with conjecturing what could be the secret he so tenaciously guarded.

If, as Martin asserted, it threatened misfortune to Bessie, his must be the privilege of sheltering her from its worst effects, and with all the fine chivalry of his nature aroused to protect and defend her who had already betrayed her preference for himself, the young artist impatiently awaited the moment in which he could fly to Bessie's side, declare his passion, and win from her the confession that it was returned.

As soon as Captain Martin had recovered sufficiently to commence his investigations, he went over to Hoboken and sought out the man in whose family he knew Margaret Wilde had been received in her day of darkness and poverty.

To his intense chagrin, he found that Hinton was dead, and his family had moved to the West. By persevering inquiry, Martin learned from one of the neighbors that a young woman called Margaret Wilde had boarded with the Hintons a short while, but she afterwards went to the cottage of the widow Sims to take care of a young child whose mother had died there.

He furthermore learned that Mrs. Sims was now bed-ridden, very deaf, and extremely cross, but he made his way to her cottage, and after a lengthy and most unsatisfactory interview with the old woman Martin ascertained that Mrs. Wilde had given her own infant to some rich lady in New York, but the failing memory of Mrs. Sims could not recall either her name or place of residence.

At this point Martin was unwillingly compelled to forego his investigations, for an imperative summons to take command of his ship without delay was forwarded to him from the navy department.

Baffled for the time, he deferred following up the clue he had gained till he returned from his voyage which he believed would occupy but three months. He made notes of the few facts he had gathered, and among them those words were found:

"I know the James Hunter who employed Mrs. Wilde to go South as nurse to Judge Ashley's grand-daughter. One child was given away to—I can't discover who—must trace her, and come up with Hunter, if it is possible to do so."

With this resolution, Captain Martin took the command of his ship. At the last moment he warmly shook hands with Delancey, and said:

"Goody-bye, lad; I've failed in what I undertook to do, but it's only for a time. I shall come back soon, and follow up the clue to as rare a piece of villainy as ever was heard of. But I won't expose the perpetrator of it for the sake of the gratitude I owe her father' and for the friendship I felt for the man that loved her with all his true and noble heart. Ah yes—he proved his devotion to her happiness in a way that not one in a thousand would."

"As mythical as ever, captain. I begin to despair of ever unravelling your late oracles. Do you still bid me pursue this young lady, who seems to be enveloped in a cloud of mystery which even you cannot penetrate," asked Delancey, with a smile; for by this time he had made up his mind that the eccentric captain was suffering from some hallucination of mind with regard to Bessie and her connexions.

The strange hints Martin dropped, but which he pertinaciously refused to explain gave his young friend this impression, and he sincerely wished that he had never shown him the miniature of his beloved.

To his inquiry Martin energetically replied:

"Youngster, if I believed you to be worldly minded, lightly given to the vanities of life, I would say give up this poor girl on whom a heavy blow is preparing to fall. But you are not shallow, nor mean, nor cold of heart, therefore I say to you this:—if that pretty creature has shewn, that she likes you, take her away from the false position in which she has been placed by one who is now ready to secure it to her by forcing her, perhaps, to give her hand to the true heir of the Ashley estate. Since you've told me about the will, the cunning of that woman is plain enough to me. But I won't accuse her—no I won't till I am convinced, and then I promise to deal gently with her for your sake, as well as that of the bright-haired lassie you may, by that time, claim as your wife."

"Good-bye, old friend. If you will talk in enigmas, I cannot pretend to understand you. I hope you will have a prosperous voyage and safe return. In spite of your hints that something terrible is looming in the back-ground of her fate, when you come back you may find that my golden-haired goddess has descended to the prosaic level of a poor artists wife."

"So much the better, lad—so much the better for you both if that should happen. Good-bye again, and God bless you?

Delancey was set on shore, and went back to his boarding-house in a deep reverie. Every tender and generous impulse of his nature had been aroused by the hints of Martin. Unlike the ordinary generations of the world, the intimation that poverty, and perhaps disgrace, might hereafter be Bessie's portion, only deepened the fervent love he cherished for her and made him more resolute to snatch her from the evil to come.

That morning he had received a letter from Welby dated from Newport; during his detention in New York the party had visited Canada, and returning by the way of Boston, they were now on their way South. A week at Newport, and another in New York, would find them ready to return home. The weather was still, delightful, and in the hope that they could be induced to linger as long as the skies were genial, and the breezes soft, Delancey set out to join them.

(To be continued)

What Did She Want?

It was a cold night last week—one of those nights when the dews of heaven kiss the end of a girl's nose and make it as chillo as a loaded ice-cream freezer. Such nights as holds a girl's hands in its own until it gets so cold that the frost bites her finger-nails. For an hour Celeste had sat on the front steps with Algernon, and listened to him talk politics and philosophy. Finally she remarked:

"It is getting too cold here; I must have something around me."

"Certainly," he said, jumping up; "I forgot that. Permit me to bring you a shawl," and he came back with a light wrap. "How is that?" he asked, putting it about her shoulders.

"I don't think it is enough," she answered, shivering.

"Let me get another," and he brought a heavier one.

"I'm afraid I shall have a chill," she said.

"Is that any better?" he asked, bringing out a still heavier wrap.

"No, no. You don't seem to be able to get enough around me," and she shivered over closer to him.

"There's nothing else here," he groaned, "and I think I had better call your mother."

She was as well as ever when he saw her the next day, and now he wonders why the girl told a friend of his, some men couldn't see through a millstone when there was a hole in it she could put the entire mill in.

A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice how to use them so that they will do the most good, is as follows: Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the billious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning on rising, at least a half hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly, says a medical authority.

Treed by a Wolf.

A tired but happy looking crowd of miners were gathered in the one business house of a small mining camp, not very many miles from Denver, one Saturday evening. The week had been a pleasant one, and work on the shafts had been prosecuted vigorously, as it was getting well into October, and it was necessary that certain development work should be done before snow came, which might seriously impede, if not stop operations altogether for the winter. The store, like all of its kind, added to its other stock of necessaries a plentiful supply of "bluegrass," and under its cheering effect the boys became quite talkative, and their experiences, when the country was newer, became the order of the evening.

"Did I ever tell you how I was treed by a wolf?" asked Bill Gourley, one of the oldest miners in the camp, and a barnacle of the barnacles. The responses were unanimously in the negative.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," said Bill. "You see, I had just been down to creek (Cheery creek, what is now Denver) to order some supplies for our camp, and toward evening was on my return through the canon below here, when I saw standing before me on the trail a huge gray wolf, not one of the small, snarling, cowardly coyote kind, but a powerful limbed brute, as large as a Newfoundland, but which appeared to me at that moment several times larger. There he stood, gaunt aud fierce, smacking his chops with a vim over his anticipated meal, that was anything but pleasant to the possible subject of it. What to do I knew not. If I made a step in advance the brute growled and showed his teeth in a fierce manner, which warned me that the way was effectually barred to me. I dare not retreat, as these tireless fiends I knew could outrun or at least tire out the fleetest horse, and I had forgotten to say, I had left my gun for repairs and hadn't so much as a revolver with me. In this dilemma I cast my eyes around and saw a solitary pine tree a few rods from the trail to the right. Without further consideration I ran to it and climbed to an overhanging branch, closely pursued by his wolfship, who arrived directly beneath the tree at the same moment I was secure in its branches. I was safe for the time being, but the situation was far from pleasant. Every movement I made produced a similar one from the brute, who meanwhile added to the unpleasantness of the occasion by a continuation of the most unearthly howls from his wolfish throat, as if wooing me to come down and furnish him his meal. Peering down through the lower branches, there in the cold moonlight I could see my enemy glaring at me with his oblique, greenish eyes, and many times during the night I could imagine his yellowish fangs crunching through my bones, and my suspense was simply horrible, The hours seemed weeks, and the memory of those eyes and that unearthly howl still haunts me. Finally, after ages seemed to have passed, the moonlight was gradually succeeded by daylight, and after a few lingering, parting howls the wolf departed and I straightened out my stiffened limbs and slid to the ground. When I reached the cabin I was thoroughly exhausted, and lay down and slept nearly the whole day, The experience I shall remember as long as I live."—*Rocky Mountain News.*

The embalming of Lincoln's and Garfield's remains failed. Some of the most successful embalmers maintain that it is impossible to preserve a body for any length of time unless the method adopted by the Egyptians is followed, which requires primarily the removal of the entire internal organism.

As a purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits. Many thousands of people are yearly saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in properly cleansing the system by the use of this remedy.

The Boston dry goods merchants like strapping girls for saleswomen—"tall saleslady" in the professional term. The "tall saleslady" gives a character to the store, and "ladies, as a class," prefer to trade with her.

Pleurisy and Lung Fever.

Inflammation of the Lungs, or the pleura covering them, is the result of sudden colds. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam relieves the sore chest, loosens and cures the cough and difficult breathing, and allays all irritation arising from colds.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall street, New York.

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But is an original compound, made from the PUREST STOCK, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

Sugar. Sugar.

60 BARRELS Granulated, Brown, Powdered, just received at GEO. HATT & SONS.
Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1885.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

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for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

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Spring and Summer.

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JAS. R. HOWIE

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NEW GOODS,

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Consisting of all the Staple makes of

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TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

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GREEN HEAD LIME!

The old and reliable brand.

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'85 Summer Arrangement '85

On and after MONDAY, June 1st, 1885, 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 at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec, 5.30 a. m.
Express from Sussex, ... 8.30 a. m.
Accommodation, ... 12.55 p. m.
Day Express, ... 6 10 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., May 26, 1885

NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect October 12, 1885.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(Eastern Standard Time)

6 20 A. M.—Express for St. John.
8 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North
10 50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for Bangor and all points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock, and for St. John.
3 20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

10 20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and St John.
2 40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.
5 50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and all points North.
7 30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6 50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

4 20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

H. D. McLEOD,
Sup't Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B, October 9, 1885

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Ladies' Dress Goods,

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Mantle and Mantle Cloths,

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Men's Youths' and Boys'

CLOTHING,

equal in finish to Custom. Suits $5 to $25. White Dress and Regatta Shirts 75 cts. to $1.35 Fancy Flannel Knitted Top Shirt, Shirtings, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Braces and Underwear in great variety. Waterproof Coats,, Hats, Caps and Trunks, Valises and Travelling Bags.

Wool, Hemp, Tapestry and Brussels Carpets. Rugs, Floor Oil Cloths, &c.

REMNANTS. REMNANTS.

Remnants in Homespun, Tweeds, Ducks Ticking, Swansdown, Cotton, &c., always on hand. Prices away down.

OWEN SHARKEY.

Fredericton, April 15

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE

Established a Quarter of a Century.

THE subscriber tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous customers, for the very liberal patronage they have bestowed on him for the past twenty-five years. and begs leave to announce that his

Winter Stock

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

is now complete, and willl be found to be the largest and best assorted stock of BOOTS AND SHOES in the city. Among his varieties will be found

FANCY SLIPPERS,

Very suitable for Presents.

Ladies' Fancy Slippers,

Ladies' Gent's and Children's

SNOW SHOES,

Ladies', Gent's, Misses, and Children's Overboots,

Ladies', Gent's, Misses and Children's Moccasins.

Ladies' and Gent's Creepers.

A. LOTTIMER.

Fredericton, Dec. 23, 1884

FREDERICTON

MONUMENTAL WORK!

Queen St., just above Reform Club Rooms.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public tha he is prepared to execute all sorts of

PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL

MONUMENTS, TABLETS,

FENCE STONES & POSTS,

First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.

JOHN MOORE.

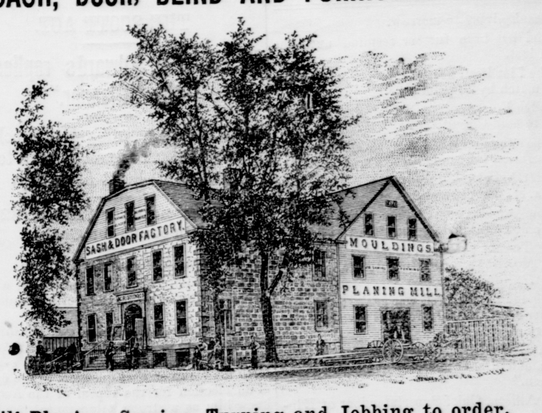
Brushes. Brushes.

SCRUB BRUSHES, Shoe Brushes, Hearth Brushes, just received at

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1885.

SASH, DOOR, BLIND AND FURNITURE FACTORY.



Mill Planing, Sawing, Turning and Jobbing to order.

Flooring, Sheathing, Clapboards and Mouldings of all kinds on hand and made at short notice.

FURNITURE

In Chamber Suites, Desks, Tables, Sideboards, Wardrobes, made from Ash, Walnut and Birch, from modern patterns and styles.

Please call and examine.

J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

EBEN MILLER & CO.

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord	Piano Box Wagons,	Iver's Wagons,
Miller Spar Wagons,	White Chapel Wagons,	Top Phætons,
Brewster Wagons,	Cronin Wagons,	Open Phætons.

See Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.

These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.

These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25

Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

EBEN MILLER & CO

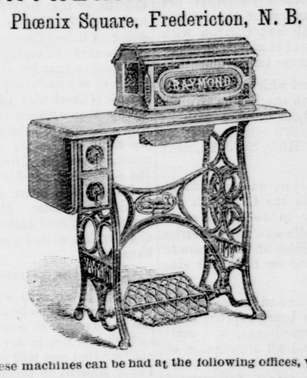
CALL AND SEE THE

NEW "RAYMOND,"

With Large Improved Arm, at

D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.

Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N. B.



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—

Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., Bathurs Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Province

Address all communications P. O. Box 162, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

WHY DO YOU SUFFER?

When such Valuable Remedies are within your reach.

Life of Man Bitters

will cure most all diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, including the worst cases of Dropsy, and is certainly the best blood purifier known.

Invigorating Syrup

cures Dyspepsia, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Worms. Acts as a gentle physic, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.

Acadian Liniment

cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat, Rheumatism Quinsy, Cuts, and Pains of all kinds, as well as for other ailments of man and beast.

Nerve Ointment

is truly a household necessity and is used externally and internally for the Lungs, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, cutaneous eruptions of the skin, and a hundred ailments flesh is heir to.

Vegetable Plaster

cures Boils, Cuts, Cracked Hands and Lame Back. Being put up in in boxes, it is one-third cheaper to use than those ready spread, besides being so much better.

Certain Check

cures Cholera, Diarrhœa, and all like complaints in children and adults.

Eye Relief

cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Chilblains. Don't forget to try it this winter

All the above preparations are manufactured by C. GATES, SON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S., and may be relied on. Send for Pamphlet of cure. Sold by all respectable Druggists and dealers.

PRACTICAL

PLUMBING.

AND

GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURNERS for sale cheap.

GAS STEAM and HOT WATER FITTINGS, always in stock.

Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every discription and of the best material manufactured to order the premises at shortest notice

Prices to suit the times

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B

HAGYARD'S

YELLOW OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S

WORM POWDERS.

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

Guns. Guns. Guns.

JUST RECEIVED:

MY FALL SUPPLY OF GUNS, consisting of Breach Loading Guns, 4 different styles, latest and best out, Muzzle Loading Guns, Repeating Rifles, and a full line of Revolvers.

Also: Powder, Shot, Caps, Brass and Paper Shells, &c., &c.

Parties wishing a good Gun at a low price, will please call and have a look at my ock.

Z. R. EVERETT

Fredericton, Sept. 9, 188s.

THE MILD POWER CURES.

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. Simple, Safe and Sure.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.25
5	Disentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Phys'l Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c. (144 pages); also, Catalogue, free.—Address, HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Late Arrivals!

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

JUST OPENED:

A superior lot of Clothing for

ME, YOUTHS and BOYS

All cut in the most fashionable style, well made and warranted equal to Custom-Made Work.

Men's Worsted Suits, all sizes.
Men's Tweed Suits, all sizes.
Youths' Suits, from 12 to 18 years.
Boys' Brighton Suits, 5 to 12 years.
Boys' Derby Suits, 5 to 12 years.
Boys' Blouse Suits, 5 to 12 years.

These Goods arriving late in the Season, will be sold very low for Cash.

Wilmot's Block, Queen St., Fredericton.

S. NEALIS

August 5, 1885.

WHEN BUYING OIL,

SEE THAT YOU GET

WHITE ROSE,

PUT UP IN

RED BARRELS,

Handsome Paper Label on Head.

Cooking Stoves.

Just received direct from the maker:

A FINE variety o Cook Stoves and Close Stoves, which I am prepared to sell at lowest rates.

Z. R. EVERETT.

August 12

Hams. Hams.

HALF TON HAMS for sale LOW to clear out lot.

WM. VANWART.

Fredericton, Aug. 26, 188s.

Steel Nails. Steel Nails.

TO arrive this week, Steel Nails at same price as Iron.

Z. R. EVERETT.

August 4

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to make more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

WOMAN WANTED SALARY $35 to $50 for our business in her locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY & CO., 14 Barclay St., N.Y.