MY TYPEWRITER.

Some few months ago I had occasion to require in my business the services of a typewriter, and I made my wants known. As a consequence I was visited by no fewer than 47 candidates in person, without counting the hundred and odd who applied by letter. Of the 47, 36 were of the weaker sex, and as these demanded a slightly lower wage than their male competitors I decided -for that reason, and that only-to employ

Now, the 36 had all brought samples of stand it." their work, and as all possessed the needful qualification and as one typewritten letter is precisely like another I did what every other man would have done under the circumstances and chose the best look-

She was a very handsome girl and a very charming one too. I say it in spite of the trouble she brought me. For a time she was a complete success. Apart from the fact that I had to dictate to her continually, it was obviously undesirable that she should sit with my male clerks. So I alloted her a corner in my own room, and she set up her machine there.

It was pleasant to have some one to talk to when one was not busy, and Miss King, being of a lively disposition, interested me much with accounts of her experience as a beautiful and meritorious young woman fighting the battle of life in London. I am not in the habit of "taking the office

home with me" and worrying my wife with "shop." Se, naturally, I never mentioned my typewriter in the domestic circle. That simple omission has been thrown in my teeth many hundreds of times during the past two days. I begin to fear it always

My typewriter, as I have said, worked admirably until within about a fortnight ago, when she became restless, melancholy and abstracted in manner.

For a time I took no notice of it, but last Saturday, business being dull, I called her to me as I sat at my table, and placing her near the window looking over Old Broad street far below, where I could get the light on her face and observe her expression, l began to interrogate her in a kindly way, as an employer always should interrogate his clerks if he thinks they are in need of his help or advice.

While I was doing so the 1 o'clock mail came in. I did not look at my letters for a moment, as I was saying to my typewriter: "Gertrude" (I make a rule of calling my younger clerks by their Christian names), "Gertrude," I said, "there is something on your mind. You are anxious and dis-

"It is nothing," she answered. "Nothing be hanged!" I said in my friendly way. "Nothing does not make a girl pale and absent and silent for 10 days at a

pale and absent and silent for 10 days at a time. I simply do not believe you."
"I cannot help it."
"My dear Gertrude," I said (I am not sure that I ever called young Bob Smithers, my junior clerk, "my dear Robert," but circumstances alter cases), "I want you to try and let me help it or help you in any way I can."

"You have not opened your letters. There is one marked 'immediate." I know she was only trying to put me off, as my clerks as a rule do not dictate to me in such matters. However, as I could see the girl had tears in her eyes, I took up the envelope she spoke of and opened it, to give her time to recover from her evident emo-

At a glance I saw, to my surprise, that the letter was a note from my wife, whom I had left at home in the Cromwell road at 9:30 that morning. It ran as follows: DEAR CHARLES-I want to take you to the shop in the city where I saw the sealskin I was telling you about. I have decided that I must have it at once, as Mrs. Carruthers has just got a new one. I know the shop closes at 2 on Saturday, but if you can leave your office with me when I call for you, a little before 1:30, we can do it. Your affectionate wife,

ELIZA JOHNSON. P. S.-Have your checkbook in your pocket. I read her note and at once grasped the fact that she might come in at any moment. The presence of a stranger, even of my wife, who is really in her way a very kind woman, would of course have been unwelcane to my typewriter in her distress, so I said, without looking up:

"I will not press you further today, Gerbusiness, so you may go at once." She made no answer, and I turned to look

at her. She was standing ... h parted lips turned, uttering a cry:

the words left her lips—I was conscious of the door opening and that my wife was there and must have heard her with as much surprise as myself and even more

But before another word could be said there was a rush across the room, an inkpot, a pen or two, a sheaf of letters and a typewriter-the machine-were lying overturned upon the floor, and a typewriterthe operator-had dashed into the small closet where she kept her hat and cloak, seized them, and almost upsetting my wife in her flight vanished down stairs, her little heels clattering in a wild tattoo on the stone flagged stairs. Then a scene took place which was only

the prelude to the ordeal I have spoken of. It was useless for me to argue and aver that I was innocent myself and as unaware rich copper to gray and gold. that I was innocent myself and as unaware of any passion for me indulged in by my typewriter—a mere clerk, as I repeatedly said—as I was of any insanity in her family or in her individual constitution.

Now I suppose the worst of my misery has been practically put an end to by the following letter—not typewritten—which I have just received at the office and am taking home to show my wife:

DEAR MR. JOHNSON-I hope you did not think me quite crazy when I left you so abruptly on Saturday, especially after your very kind conversation with me. The reason of my anxiety and sadness was that the man I have been engaged to for two years was coming home from Australia, and his ship was much overdue owing to the gales. He never let me know he had arrived, but went straight to my home and followed me to the city to find your office, where I saw him from the window, which was the cause of my hurried exit. shall not have to typewrite any more, and I daresay you have discharged me. But I must come with him, that he may both thank you personally and also remove the remains of the typewriter I think I shattered in my flight. When I come, I shall be Mrs. Charles Webster. Thanking you again and again for your great kindness and sympathy, yours, very truly,

GERTRUDE KING. Well, there is her letter. It speaks for itself, and I must show it to my wife and convince her of my innocence. But I wish it said a little less about my kindness. In this censorious work natural humanity is liable to misconstruction.

-- Boston Globe. A NORWEGIAN BRIG.

It was during the empire, when Napoleon was knocking the kings right and left. The Englishmen had blockaded all our ports, and privateering was almost impossible, for a cruise was pretty sure to come to an end in the Plymouth prison. So nearly all the French ships lay sunning themselves at their moorings, like so many rotten old hulks. But a few gallant fellows were still cruising on the high seas and giving the Englishmen an occasional shot by way of revenge and in order to keep in practice. One of these, Captain Kerkof, a true Breton, hard featured and swarthy, in spite of the Englishmen was roaming the North sea in his pretty schooner, the Sans Quartier, with his eye on the wind and his hands in his own pockets, in default of others. It was a day of dense fog, and the horizon was shadowy, but suddenly the captain saw the ghostly form of a brig cleaving the fog and standing on a course nearly parallel

to his own. At the same moment the lookout cried: "Sail on the starboard quarter!" "What fool of a skipper dares come within gunshot of the Sans Quartier?" roared

Kerkof. "If he's an Englishman, we'll give him a trip to France for the good of his health. Come, my lads, clear the decks! Crowd all sail and send the stranger our card, for we privateers must be polite, above all else."

The next instant a ball from one of the schooner's guns plunged through the fog and pierced the rigging of the mysterious

There was a moment of suspense, but the stranger had evidently understood this polite invitation to show her colors, for a small English flag soon ran up a halyard and fluttered at the brig's peak. "Good!" cried Kerkof, calmly filling his

"To your guns, my lads, but don't fire until I give the word." The Sans Quartier changed her course slightly and bore down upon her prey with outspread wings, like a cormorant. The situation of the brig seemed desper-

ate, as the point for which she was making would evidently be reached by the Sans Quartier at the same time, so that the stranger was running straight into the range of her formidable adversary's guns. She kept on her course, however, and as she grew more distinct an expression of wonder overspread the faces of Kerkof and

his crew. "What kind of a ship is that?" said the captain. "Did you ever see such a rig, my lads? She doesn't carry sail enough to cross a millpond in a week, you'd say, but there she goes, making a good 12 knots before our eyes! I'll be hanged if I can under-

The crew answered only by nods and oaths and the like symptoms of surprise But the preparations for attack went on, and the gunners stood at their posts with

lighted matches. "Attention!" suddenly cried Kerkof, springing into the nettings. "Ship or shadow, we'll send a volley into her. Now we're in line. Ready, my men? Fire!" A terrible detonation shook every timber of the Sans Quartier.

When the smoke cleared away, the men gazed in amazement at the spot where the brig had been. She had vanished. "Sunk!" cried a dozen voices.

"Silence, fools!" roared Kerkof. With an air of stupefaction, he scanned the sea in all directions. All eyes followed his, and soon there rose a chorus of oaths, for the brig, dimly seen through the fog, was scudding away far to larboard and with all sails furled. "Fire again!" cried Kerkof in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

The second broadside was given with less precision than the first, for the strange sight had lured some of the gunners from their posts. The brig was too far away to be affected

by the ragged volley and was soon lost to sight in the fog. Kerkof, leaning against the nettings, was still staring in amazement at the spot where she had vanished when the boatswain's

voice roused him from his stupor. "Captain." "Captain, did you see that brig?"
"Of course I did, you idiot!"

"Well, captain, may the devil fly away with me if she isn't the very one we sunk in the channel a year ago this blessed day."

have come back to ask our prayers for the despair.—Exchange. repose of their souls." 'You are an infernal fool! "Well, maybe I am, captain." The old sailor retired slowly shaking his head, and Kerkof resumed his revery. The sun went down, and the privateer

kept on her course with a favoring wind. Suddenly the men, who had been discussing the strange occurrence, set up a Kerkof raised his head and recoiled in as-Close on the port bow stood the strange brig, with all sails furled, but keeping even pace with the schooner. A torrent of smoke

and flame poured from a great black cylin-

der amidships.

"The brig!" gasped a voice near Kerkof. "Brig or devil, to your guns and fire!" The terrible brig seemed to have heard this hoarse and broken command, for she bounded forward, crossed the schooner's bows and soon disappeared to starboard. She passed so close to the Sans Quartier that the roaring of the flames was heard, and through the portholes was seen a fiercely blazing fire, with fantastic human figures moving about in its ruddy light. Not a word was spoken aboard the Frenchman. The crew fell on their knees. For full 10 minutes Kerkof knelt, with head bared and his rosary in his hands. Several days later the Sans Quartier made Breton port. Kerkof and his crew never knew what had frightened them so badly, but about this time the English newspapers announced the arrival at London of a steamboat hailing from Norway. This was the first vessel propelled by steam that had traversed those waters .-Translated For Romance.

Not a Subject For Prayer. A worthy man, who was very senstive and retiring, having lost his wife, privately requested that he might be remembered in the minister's morning prayer from the trude, but on Monday I shall expect to be treated with more confidence. I am exbe mentioned. On Sunday morning the pecting some one here on important private | good minister prayed most eloquently for "our aged brother upon whom the heavy hand of sore affliction has so lately fallen." At this point an elderly man, whom the and wide staring eyes, her tear stained face | minister had married to a very young wife tightly pressed against the dingy window pane. I took her hand in mine. Then she stamped down the aisle, muttering loud enough to be heard half over the chapel: "Charlie, Charlie, my darling!"

At the moment she did so—in fact, before [want to be prayed for in that fashion!"—

HIS QUESTION.

I was seated on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne, whither I had come to enjoy alone and uninterrupted a lovely October afternoon. The gray transparency of the Parisian atmosphere lent a wonderful glamour to the autumn hues, like filmy gauze over the face of some rich eastern beauty, and the seductive harmony of the colors acted like magic music on the spirit. In the distance the bare trees looked like vague blue smoke against the pale sky, and near at hand the fallen leaves, damp in shadowed places or dry and crisp in the

My gaze was fastened upon the horizon, and I was completely wrapped in that peculiar sadness which exquisite harmony of any kind is apt to produce. Suddenly I heard close to my ear a voice of full, sweet

"Est-ee que ton cœur remplit la promesse de tes yeux?"-"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?" I turned and beheld sitting on the bench beside me a young man who was regarding my face with a strange and intense inter-

He was evidently a Frenchman. I should have known that, even if I had not noticed his beautiful, musical pronunciation. His eyes were almond shaped and very brilliant, owing to the bluish color of the whites and the profound black of the pupils, his complexion a rich olive, his features straight and chiseled, and above his sweet, almost childishly innocent mouth a soft dark down was visible.

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?" he repeated gravely, and as though the answer were of great impor-

"What is the promise of my eyes?" I asked, interested and losing all sense of the

strangeness of his question. "A promise sublime and tender," he said, and continuing after a few moments' pause: "Your eyes promise to render some one perfectly happy; to remove for him who passes his life at your side all trouble and care. They promise to give him pure, eternal joy, unmarred by sadness, to make for him a heavenly paradise upon this weary earth. Swear to me that this promise will

"But, really, monsieur," I answered frankly, "I think it will not. Such a vow "It is just as I feared," he interrupted

me, with a deep sigh. "Well, then, there is but one thing left for me to do. I must close your eyes forever." "But why?" "Because they deceive."

"But that is not my fault." "No, it is not your fault, poor child, but all the same I must extinguish that false promise forever. I must kill you." He drew from his pocket a small knife of fine eastern workmanship, with a shining

curved blade and ivory handle. I looked about us. We were entirely alone and in such a secluded part of the park that it was not likely that any one was even in hearing distance. The situation was becoming serious. It was necessary to make an effort. "Monsieur," I commenced timidly, "I-

I will empty my eyes of that promise." "I will try-try to fulfill it." "That is the first falsehood you have

spoken," he replied severely. "You know that you cannot fulfill it." "I will close my eyes myself forever." "Your eyes are stronger than you. Noth-

ing but death can control them." "And do you really wish to kill me?" I asked, temporizing, while I looked about anxiously for some chance of escape. He grasped my hand and held it firmly, QUINCIE WOOD turning his face deliberately away from Oning while he answered resolutely "I Oning the world be answered resolutely "I mine while he answered resolutely, "I

"To prevent you from killing many others. You are as a child armed with a sharp sword. You will stab the hearts of many men. It is better that one die than many.' "But, monsieur, I have done nothing." His fingers clinched my wrist like iron, His fingers clinched my wrist like iron, his features were pitiless; he would not JOHN look at me. The stillness about us was

"You may not be guilty," he said gloomily, "but I am appointed your executioner. Between your heart and your eyes there exists a fearful lie. The one will not, cannot give what the others promise. It is the duty of every honest man to fight and to put an end to lies. In the name of truth"—here he raised his knife to his lips, kissing the blade with a solemnity that caused me to shiver violently-"I sacrifice

you"—, "Wait, wait, monsieur, one moment," I cried, "one last request." "Only one," he assented, pausing as though for just a moment, his hand still raised with a murderous gesture. "You are going to kill me on account of what you read in my eyes, are you not?"

"It is for that that I sacrifice you."
"Well, then, before—before you kill me, allow me to look in yours." "That is just," he murmured to himself. and turning his head toward me his brilliant eyes, burning with a secret fire, met

With ail my might I tried to read in those mysterious orbs, I endeavored to look secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage default within those windows of the soul to discover if possible the motives that inspired Friday the thirtieth day of March next in front of my strange companion, to find a clew to his actions, something that would tell me how to influence him. My eyes plunged and lost themselves in those clear depths as in a still lake shadowed by mountains. Deeper and deeper sank my spirit in those trans-lucent wells of darkness, searching, searching and not finding. Those brown waves were endowed with a Lethean potency. I forgot my danger, the world, myself, everything. I was drowned in oblivion, seeking the source of those bottomless springs.

I was aware of nothing that was going on around me, and so I did not notice the change that must gradually have come over the young Frenchman's face during our long, mutual gaze. His brows contracted, his features relaxed, his lips trem-bled, and the hand that held the dagger fell

nerveless by his side. I saw nothing of this and was in another world until a sudden, shrill cry from him brought me back to consciousness. "It is too late; I cannot," and he dropped my hand with a groan, bursting into tears. "It is too late. I wished to save others, but I have only lost myself. I have gone too

near the flame." "I arose as in a dream and walked slowly down the path covered with yellow, rustling leaves. The young man made no sign, no motion to detain me. At the turn of the road I looked back at him. He was "Yes, captain, a year ago today. It was Good Friday, you know. Perhaps the crew were not prepared for death, and they

> A Gentle Reminder. Mrs. Slowpay-I'm sure you doctors require a great deal of patience in this world. Dr. X .- You bet we do, and prompt pay ing ones too! - Keta Mald's Washington

> > General Business.

Five Thousand Hides Wanted.

I will pay cash on delivery for all the hides I can procure; also, I will buy one thousand calf skins either for cash or for exchange, Parties in any part of the County needing plastering hair can be supplied by sending in their orders WILLIAM TROY.

Chatham, May 15th, 1893.

"THE FACTORY" JOHN MCDONALD (Successor to George Cassady) Mannfacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings

-AND-

Builpers' furnishings generally umber planed and matches to order. BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING Stock of DIMENSION and otheer Lumb CONSTANTLY ON HAND. THE EAST END FACTO Y, CHATHAM, N. B.

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., REMOVED

-HIS-SHAVING PARLOR Benson Building

Water Street, -Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock of

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Goods generally.

MARKED DOWN SALE.

The balance of stock in my lower store not dis posed of at the auction sales, is now offered at REDUCED PRICES RANGING FROM 15 TO 50 PER CENT.

This saie will continue until all the goods Bargains May be Expected as the stock will be sold without reserve, as I intend THE STOCK CONSISTS OF

Boots, Shoes' Ready Made Clothing, Furniture, Tea, Tobacco, Oil, Molasses; Dress Goods in Merino, Cashmere, Alpsca; All Wool Flannel, White and Blue; Flannellets, Grey Cotton, White and Grey Blankets, Hats, Caps Homespun in White and Grey, AND SEVERAL OTHER ARTICLES, SUCH AS

Stoves, Scales, Ceal, Oil Tank, etc., too numerous to mention.

This is an unusually good chance for householders and country buyers to secure goods for the winter. ROGER FLANAGAN.

LESS THAN \$1

is the cost per week to use the

MICROBE KILLER The one Great Cause of its popularity that it makes no unfounded

Performs all that is claimed for it. By its use you not only Treat but cure Catarrh,

pretensions, but

Treat and cure Asthma, Treat and cure Rheumatism. Treat and cure Bronchitis. Treat and cure Lung Troubles, Treat and cure Skin Diseases, Treat and cure Nervous Disorders, Treat and cure Rectal Ailments, But treat and cure all forms of chronic disease when all else has failed,

Do not wait until too late. For sale at all chemists. Advice free from Head Office.

WM. RADAM, MICROBE KILLER GO. 1TD. 120 King Street, Toronto, Ont. E. Lee Street, Druggist, Newcastle N. o'clock p. m. :-

PROFESSIONAL.

Gilbert, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, NOTARY &c &c. OFFICE-WATER STREET, BATHURST N. B.

March 23rd, 1893,

THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO PURCHASE

a large quantity of cedar shinge wood at the Factory Chatham

Zegal Aotices.

To Christopher C. McLean of the parish of Hardwick in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, farmer and mariner; and Mary Jane McLean, his wife: and all others whom it May concern:

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the sixth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine, and made between the said Christopher C. McLean of Hardwick in the county of Northumber-land and Province of New Branswick, farmer and mariner, and Mary Jane McLean, his wife, of the one part, and Margaret Vondy of Chatham, in the county and province aforesaid, Spinster (now deceased) of the other part, which mortgage was duly recorded in the records of the County of Northumberland on the seventh day of February A. D., 1889 in volume 66 of the county records pages 367, 368, 369 and 370 and is numbered 339 in said

There will be in pursuance of the said power of

having been made in the payment thereof of principal and interest be sold at Public Auction on noon the lands and premises. in the said Indenture of Mortgage mentioned and described as follows :-"All that lot of land situate on Eel river in the said Parish of Hardwick granted to one John S. 'Merchant, containing one hundred acres more or 'less and is known and distinguished in the grant thereof as lot number eleven in Kel river settlement, and is bounded as follows to wit. Beginning 'at a stake standing on the eastern bank or shore of Eel river at the south west angle of lot number ten in Eel kiver Settlement, thence running oy the magnet south eighty five degrees and thirty minutes, east fifty chains, thence south deg ees west twenty chains, thence north eighty five degrees and thirty minutes west fifty one chains to a pine tree standing on the eastern bank or shore of Kel river aforesaid, and thence along the same tollowing the various courses thereof down stream in a northerly direction to the place of beginning and on which the said John S. Merchant "lately resided. Also, all the right, title, interest, "property, possession, claim and demand whatsoever of what nature or kind soever of the said "Christopher C. Mc'lean, of in to or out of, all that "certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in hel River Settlement aforesaid and known and distinguished as lot number to a on the certain." and distinguished as lot number ten on the easterly side of Ee! liver aloresaid, formerly occupied by Roderick Clancy and lately by the said John S. 'Merchant, which said lots pieces or parces of land were sold and conveyed to the said Christopher C McLean by Andrew Brown, by deed bearing date the twenty third day or February A. U. 1884, as by reference thereto will more fully appear. Also all that certain other lot or tract of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Hardwick on which the said Christopher McLean presedtly glasses

"follows: Westerly by lands owned and occupied by "George Palmer, Robert McDonald and Daniel 'McDougail, northerly by the base or rear line of "the Point aux Cari lots, easterly by lands owned and occupied by Farquhar McGraw, southerly by "the Back River, being the same lands and "premises that were devised to the said Christopher "premises that were devised to the s C, McLean and Donald McLean, by Alexauder 'McDonaid, deceased, by his last Will and Testament bearing date the twenty first day of August 'A. D. 1845 and which said Will was duly recorded "in the County Records on he twenty third day of "January A. D. 1849, in volume 43 pages 169, 170 'and 171 and is numbered 114 in said volume as by reference thereto will more fully appear. Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights members rivileges, heriditaments and appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining. Also the reversion and reversions. remainder and remainders, rents issues, profits thereof of the said Christopher C McLean and Mary Jane McLean, of, in, to, out of, or upon the said lands and premiser and every part thereof.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of December, A ELIZABETH HAWBOLT. Executrix of the last will and testament of the late Margaiet Vondy, deceased.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Solicitor for Executrix of Mortgagee.

M S BENSON.

To be sold at public anction on Thursday the 22nd day of February, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and All the right, title, and interest of Enoch Flett, a and to all those several pieces or parcels of land in the County of Northumberland, particularl described as follows:-to wit:-All that piece or parcel of land and premises being part of the grant to Patrick Collins adjoining the O'Hara grant, situate lying and being in the parish of Nelson, in the County aforesaid and Province of New Brunswick. bounded as follows: Commencing on the south side of the highway at the centre line of the said Col lins' lot, from thence to run south eighteen degrees forty five minutes east, two chains and seventy four links to a stake, thence north seventy one degrees fifteen minutes east, two chains and ninety seven links to a stake, thence north seventy nine degrees thirty minutes west, five chains to the south side of the highway, thence along the south side of the highway westerly to the place of beginning, aining one acre more or less, being the piece of land onveyed by John Flett to the said Enoch Flett by Deed bearing date the 14th day of October, A. D. 1856, and registered in the Records of Northumber land County, in Vol. 46, pages 448 and 449. Also -All that piece, parcel or tract of land and remises situate on the south side of the South. Vest Branch of the Miramichi River, in the parish of Nelson, and County of Northumberland opposite to Beaubear's Island, known and distinguished as the upper or westerly haif of the Lot granted to Patrick Collins, deceased, containing one hundred RAILWAY BILLS, acres more or less. Also all the lands and premises in said Parish of Nelson, bounded on the lower side by lands formerly occurried by John Collins, extending upwards in front twenty (20) rods or to the lower side of the middle third of the lot known as the Turner Cove Lot, extending from the River Miramichi to the rear of the grant, containing binety acres more or less.

Also.—All the right, title and interest and equity of redemption of the said Enoch Flett, in and to all that peice or parcel of land and premises situate ying an a being in the town and parish of Chatham, n the county and province afore-aid, and bounded and described as follows, namely.—Commencing at the south-we-t corner of Duke and Queen streets Duke Street one hundred and thirty-five teet. thence northerly on a line at right angles with Duke street, one hundred and sixteen feet, or to the southerly side line of the lands formerly owned by John Gam mon, (now deceased), thence westerly along the said ine of land belonging to Denis Mahar,

thence running easterly along the northerly side of southerly side line fffty five feet, or to the rear southerly along the said near or easterly side line and the rear or easterly line of the land belonging to John Templeton, eighty feet or to the south-east-angle of the said John Templeton's land, thence westerly along the southerly side line of the said last mentioned land eighty feet, or to the easterly side of Queen street, thence southerly along the said easterly side of Queen street thirty six feet, or to the place of beginning. Being the same piece of land and premises conveyed by the said Eucch Flett to Marshall Flett by indenture bearing date the 16th day of September, A. D., 1885, and known as the Flett tannery in the said town of Chatham The same having been seized by me under and by rirtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court and out of the County Jourts against the said Enoch Flett. Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 7th day of Novem ber, A. D., 1893.

JOHN SHIRREFF Sheriff.

To be sold at public auction on Friday, the 9th day of March next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of twelve noon and 5 o'clock p. m. All the right, title, and interest of Alfred H Pallen, in and to all and singular that certain lot or parcel of land and premis s situate lying and being in the Town of Chatham, in the County of North un berland and Province of New Brurswick, described as tollows. vlz:—Commencing at the south-west angle of the lot of land conveyed by John Pallen to the said Alfred H, Pallen, by Indenture bearing date the 16th day of November, 1882, thence southerly along the easterly line of lands occupied by John Sadier, late (deceased) one hundred and forty five feet to a fence, thence easterly along said fence eighty one feet, thence northerly parallel with the said Sadler line one hundred and forty five feet to the southeast corner of said lot of land so formerly conveyed to Alfred H. Pallen, as aforesaid, thence westerly along the rear of said last mentioned los eighy one feet, being he place of beginning, and being all that piece of land situate immediately in rear of the dwelling house and premises lately owned and occupied by the said Alfred H. Pallen located on Howard street in the said Town The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Northumherland County Court at the suit of George Stothart, and an execution issued out of the Supreme Cour at the suit of George A. Horton, against the

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff SHERIFF'S SALE.

All the ight, title and interest of Mary Jones in

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 18th day

To be sold at public auction on Saturday, the 24th day of March next, in front of the Post Office, Chatham between the hours of twelve noon and five

said Alfred H. Pallen.

Nomber, A. D. 1893.

and to all that lot or peice of property situate in the Town of Chathare, in the County of Northumberland, commencing at the north-easterly corner building lot number twenty on the southerly side of Centre street running southerly along the division lines between sald lot 20 and 21 one hundred and eight feet to the northerly side of a piece of land lately in the possession of the late Hon. Jos Cunard hence following the said northerly side of the last mentioned piece of land easterly fifty feet to the westerly side line of building lot number thirty one thence northerly along the westerly line of lots number thirty one and thirty-two one hundred and eight feet to the southerly side of Centre street, thence along said side of last mentioned street fifty feet to place of Also all other lands, tenements, hereditaments and

COAL.

premises whatsoever and wheresoever, situate in the

The same having been seized by me under and by

virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northum

berland County Court at the suit of Roger Flanagan

Dated Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 12th day of

said County, of the said Mary Jones;

against the said Mary Jones.

December, A. D., 1893.

Spring Hill Coal for sale apply to JOHN FOTHERINGHAM Agent.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff,

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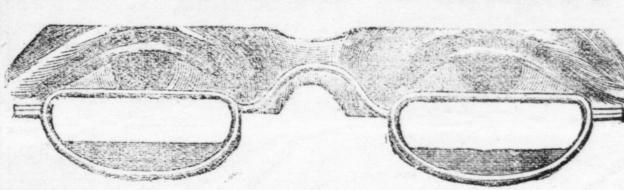
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J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Trues. Montgomery Co. consider it the gran A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publica INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic. HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: | Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana, I owe my life to the Great South American says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the

Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shatthe effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shat-Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered tered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting condition of my whole system. Had given up up blood; am sure I was in the first stages all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen." No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to

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