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The su...er invites attention to this large and well-assorted stock of

**HARDWARE,**  
Iron, Steel, Nails,  
**WINDOW GLASS,**  
PAINTS, OILS & VARNISHES

—ALSO—  
Silverware, Glassware,  
LAMPS, ETC., ETC.

**PRICES LOW!**

**GEORGE STOTHART,**  
WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.  
Nov 22/92

**Lumber!**  
**Lumber!**

I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of

**Pine, Spruce and Hemlock**  
BOARDS AND SCANTLING,  
SHINGLES.

Dimension Lumber on order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.

**THOMAS ATKINSON,**  
Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

**Jas. Brown,**  
CONTRACTOR,  
AND MANUFACTURER OF  
DIMENSION LUMBER,  
Waldford Station, I. C. R., Kent County.

**Temperance and General**  
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF NORTH AMERICA.

Incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of Canada.

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Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Minister of Education, President.

HON. S. H. BLAKE, Vice-Presidents.  
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Guarantee Fund—\$100,000.  
Deposited with the Dominion Government for the security of Policy Holders \$50,000.

H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.  
E. R. MACHUM, Manager for Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.  
Agents wanted.

**Fire Insurance Agency.**

I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:

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**ETNA AND HARTFORD,**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

**J. D. PHINNEY.**

**OUR PATRONAGE**

For the last three months has exceeded that of the corresponding period of any previous year, and has been more than double that of the average year. We gratefully acknowledge this evidence of public appreciation.

Our determination is to provide the best Business Training obtainable in Canada, and we have the facilities for effecting the determination.

CIRCULARS giving terms, course of study, also specimens of Penmanship mailed free to any address.

**KERR & PRINGLE,**  
Old Fellows' Hall, St. John, N. B.

**VALUABLE HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE**

I am prepared to sell my hotel at Rogersville Station known as the Brunswick House, opposite railway station. Any person wishing to go into the hotel business will find it a good stand, being the only hotel in the parish. The house is large and comfortable, containing eighteen rooms and kitchen, with good water on premises, a large Ice House, Wood Shed, Barn, and all necessary buildings, with garden attached. Any person wishing to purchase can have wife or without furniture. Also, an adjoining Tenement House and Building Lots. Possession given at any time. Terms made to suit purchaser.

**M. O'BRIEN, Manager,**  
Rogersville, Nov. 7, 1892. (3m)

**The Cure For**

Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alternative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the sturmountous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

**SCROFULA**

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.

"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."

—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.  
"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.  
"I was troubled with a sore hand for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."

**Ayer's**

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."

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**Sarsaparilla**

and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, Neb.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE!**

I have determined to sell my new house and adjoining building lot situated in the town of Buctouche, within a short distance of the Buctouche & Moncton Railway. The house is most pleasantly situated on the south side of Main Street, has good well, covered by a neat house near kitchen door, the Wood Houses, Horse Stable and all outbuildings are new and attached to main building. Any person wishing to purchase a nice property in a thriving town cannot do better than apply to Jas. D. Irving, or to the undersigned

**WILLIAM HYSLOP,**  
Buctouche, August 24, 1892.

**Sheriff's Sale!**

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House, in Richibucto, on FRIDAY, the second day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, —

All the right, title and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity of Auguste Renaud, of in and to that certain mill and premises, situate in the Parish of Wellington, County of Kent, known as Renaud's Mill, together with the land on which the same is situated and the machinery therein. The same having been seized and taken by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of Kent against the said Auguste Renaud.

**WM. WHETEN,**  
SHERIFF,  
Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Aug. 26, 1892.

**TWO UNUSUALLY GOOD OFFERS.**

**REAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**

First.—The great Holiday No. [enlarged to 256 pages of that brightest of quarterly publications.

**Tales from Town Topics.**

Out December first, all news and book stands and railway trains, price 50 cents, will be sent

**FREE**

To all who send \$1.00 for 3 months' trial subscription to

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The largest, raciest, strongest, most varied, and entertaining weekly journal in the world.

Second.—To all who will send \$5.00, will be sent Town Topics and "TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS" from date until January 1, 1894, covering 5 Nos. of the inimitable quarterly (regular price \$2.50) and 14 months of the greatest of family weeklies (regular price \$4.00 per year.)

Take one or the other offer AT ONCE and remit in postal notes, orders, or New York Exchange to

**TOWN TOPICS,**  
21 West 23rd St., New York.

**NOTICE!**

Having retired the old stand lately occupied by James Wry, Kingston, I am prepared to attend to all kinds of carriage work

Painting a specialty.

**GEO. W. WILSON.**

**AT CAMERON'S MILLS.**  
BY M. A. TIRRELL.

That innate love of hunting which is more or less developed in all men, and which clearly manifests itself when toddlers gets his first toy gun, has led me many a chase by flood and field. Were I to relate the hours spent shivering in a blind waiting for some misguided fowl to fly within gunshot, the tramps through brush, brake, morass and swamp, over hill and dale, expecting a shot at something in the shape of fur or feather, the pot luck of the camp kettle, the nights of sleep on the bosom of Mother Earth, and a thousand other privations incidental to the chase, no doubt somebody would dub me as a lunatic or crank.

In answer to this pessimist, I would say that there is not one of my gunning experiences I would rescind, and were it possible I would live them all over again. Possibly after I had attempted to describe the strange wild joy which comes over a man when he draws on and stops the mad flight of some waterfowl, the thrill of satisfaction which possesses him when his bullet topples over some antlered "monarch of the glen," the pleasure of boon companionship by roaring camp fire, spinning stories and listening to the old guide's yarns, and living and feeling that spirit of freedom which can only be experienced in some forest fastness, and which is foreign to cities and civilization, he might come to the conclusion that, after all, there might be a little sport connected with gunning. Could I do the subject justice and induce him to take just one outing, he would on his return tell me that I had opened up a new life to him, and that in future gunning would be his hobby, for it was the only pastime worthy the name of sport; in fact a sport which no man could afford to do without. But I am digressing, or as our English friend "Rudy" Kipling would say, "that is another story."

In the Autumn of 1890, with a couple of friends, I happened to be in one of the lower Canadian provinces, the guest of a genial, wholesome friend Mr. R—, our chief object being shore-bird shooting. After satisfying ourselves with several days of this sport, our host proposed a partridge expedition, to his old friend Cameron, located in the lumber district some twenty miles in the interior.

Next day at noon, with a note of introduction from Mr. R—, whose business prevented his accompanying us, we started for Cameron's Mills. Our way run over a rough country road, along the banks of a little river called the Saint Louis, but thanks to our driver and his sturdy Morgan mare, we were soon bowled through the quaint and picturesque French hamlets on the way, and deposited at our destination.

Never shall I forget the sight Cameron's Mills presented on that brown October afternoon. Nestling in a little valley surrounded by cloud-kissed hills covered from base to apex with almost every species of timber and vegetation known to temperate regions, that glistened and assumed in the setting of the sun that Indian summer day, the little river winding its sheeny, rippling course among the hills, and culminating in a lympid dam pool to cataract under a romantic rustic bridge and lash itself into sparkling foam by the old mill on its way to the sea, made it seem as if nature, in a fanciful mood, had paused to give this peaceful valley an extra touch of her magic brush. The only thing wanting to make this heaven-favored spot as far-famed as Avoca's vale or Ettrick's dell, was the song of a Moor, or the poetry of a Scott.

The welcome extended to us by the honest mill man and his charming wife, satisfied as that here we had found nature's nobility; people who well deserved the good name they bore. Cameron's hospitality was a byword in that section of the country, for no weary, travel-stained lumberman ever knocked at Jno. Cameron's door and went away hungry.

After a good night's rest we were called at 4 a. m. to partake of a nice hot breakfast, and as soon as dawn streaked in the east we struck out for the timber. Scarcely had we gone five hundred yards from the house along a cowpath, when we turned into a likely looking birch cove. With strict injunctions to each other to keep our eyes "peeled" and to remember that none of our party needed lead ballast we proceeded side by side a hundred feet or so through a little opening, when up rose with a whir and rush a bevy of partridges. As quick as thought, bang! went six charges of lead, and as a result, seven brown beauties had pecked their last peck. There was some tall claiming done by Abund Rob and from the way I was ignited they must have thought that I and my hammerless Parker were not in the game. Maybe as far as I was concerned they were right, but I always stuck up for my favorite gun, and as a consequence, in this instance had two fowls placed to my credit. In a spirit of rivalry we separated to go in different directions and meet later on at Ab's halloo.

Ab said he would cross the swamp and try the opposite hill. Rob, after climbing a tree, selected an easterly direction, while my way led up a natural lane to the westward. I had not gone far when I heard two shots in rapid succession from the vicinity of the swamp, and before the

echoes were silenced, up the path like a bullet came an old cock, scared from his ambush by the report. It was a nice easy shot, and it increased my record one. A few moments later I heard a bang! in the rear, and from the sound I knew it was Rob's 10-gauge English cannon. Continuing I had a snap shot at a bird flying across the path, but made a beautiful miss. Turning into the woods for a change, two beautiful chances offered, the first of which I accepted, but failed to connect on the second. This will never do my boy! Wake up! thought I; but partridge shooting in a dense undergrowth where the leaves were as thick as Vallambrosa, is not the easiest thing in the world. Let anybody who doubts me try it.

For the next two hours I beat about the brush and fired about a dozen shots, some of which were dandies and more excusable ones. The other boys were good shots, and from the repeated shots I heard I came to the conclusion that our combined bag would show up pretty well. Just then I heard Ab's halloo answered by Rob's lusty lung. In about twenty minutes we three met where we had earlier parted. An inspection showed that we had dropped thirty-four plump partridges. Not so bad, when I inform you that we had no bird dog. We held a short "consultation" then started for the house to lunch.

After lunch at Mr. C—'s suggestion we hitched up to drive along a lumber roadway which ran through a very heavily-wooded district and where he thought we might get some shooting. He informs us that the road was a circuitous one, and that if any of the party was not afraid of bears and a little walk, he would take yonder small path, which led straight through a pine grove, on the opposite side of which the team would have to pass. None of us were loathe for "bar," so we thanked the gentleman for his information and said that our morning's hunt influenced us toward the roomy wagon. Had Rob's "medicine" not given out we might have given Bruin a chance to test our pluck and sample our tenderloins, but "all's for the best if a man would but know it." Ab said that No. 8 shot was not quite large enough for bears, and he ought to know. Rob held that Ab's assertion was due to his never having shot them out of an "imported article." They referred the matter to me, but not being an old hunter, and a man of peace, I decided that both were right and at the same time advised them to stop "chinning" and climb into the wagon.

Judging from the heavy growth of timber we drove through, we were liable at any moment to have the truth of Mr. C—'s assertion—that this was a bear country—verified, and I noticed Rob surreptitiously slipping a couple of cartridges into his Greener. Nudging Ab, we awaited developments, but were disappointed, for no ursine showed up. It must have been an "off day" for the bears.

Having reached a point designated by our host we tied up our horses, and while consulting about our further movements, jackrabbits offered Rob a shot, which he missed, but which succumbed to Ab's Colt.

"Well," says Ab, "you've got a 'crust' to stake your money on that gun and No. 8 shot to shoot anything larger than ruffed grouse! Take a tumble you Anglo-manic and don't expect impossibilities from your gun, which I admit is a beauty, and further, when you want to tackle your parake with bear steak, I would advise you to shoot it in the stall of some Fannell's Hall market dealer."

"Let up on him, Ab," I counseled. He is all right and so is his gun."

Harmony restored, we separated to try our different luck. Within the next hour I flushed and secured several birds, and also heard an occasional bang! from Ab and Rob.

In the course of my tramping, I came across a glade, which from appearance had at some time been either the site of a lumberman's camp, or the location of an Indian tepee. The romantic beauty and stillness of the place almost paralyzed me with admiration and carried me into wonderland. Of a circular shape some fifty yards in diameter, surrounded by majestic trees, whose cones and leaves strewn the ground with a variety carpet, it in reality outdid the Scandinavian mythology of Valhalla. Here well might Njord have worshipped at Diana's shrine, or hold Robin Hood won the fosterer's lee from his chaste mistress, sweet Maid Marian. No doubt, in days gone by, within this sylvan dell, many a dusky brave had wood and won his bony Indian Alforras—"Confound it!" I beg your pardon my fair grace. I missed that shot. Yonder gigantic pine, whose scarred and knotted stem has withstood the summer winds and wintry blasts of centuries might have waved its branches o'er the dying form of some red warrior, and sighted a requiem as he sang his death song before entering upon the "happy hunting grounds." Again, it might have screened the bronzed form of some bloodthirsty leave laying for the scalp of some white foe. If Ab's whistle had not stopped my reveries and brought me back to earth, I might have kept on indefinitely. A short while afterwards I met the boys and found that while I was dreaming they had done some shooting and had twenty-two birds, while my bag was five. Harnessing the horse we turned his head for C—, which we reached in due time.

Having an engagement to go ducking along the coast next day, we offered to remunerate Mr. C— for his kindness, but he told us that his father before him had always welcomed visitors without ever charging a cent, and that he was not at this late-day, going to break a time-honored custom. Bidding he and his wife a heart-felt good by, faithfully promising that should it ever be our good fortune to revisit this country, we should spend a few days with him, we went our way rejoicing, never to forget the lesson taught to us in hospitality, or that day of days spent at Cameron's Mills, Buctou, N. B.

Rob and Ab were mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owl parties, party required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

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