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85 GERMAIN STREET,
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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 cut to order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.

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DIMENSION LUMBER,
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Advertise in The Review.

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LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NORTH AMERICA.

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Guarantee Fund—\$100,000.
Deposited with the Dominion Government for the security of Policy Holders \$50,000.

H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.
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Agents wanted.

Fire Insurance Agency.

I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:

IMPERIAL,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

ÆTNA AND HARTFORD,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

J. D. PHINNEY.

J. ARTHUR DAWSON,
Fashionable Tailor,

29 DOCK STREET,
Saint John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills

May always be relied upon as a certain cure for liver troubles, constipation, sick headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, jaundice, and rheumatism. Unlike most cathartics, Ayer's Pills strengthen the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore to these organs their normal and regular action. Taken in season, they check the progress of colds, fevers, and malaria. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, Ayer's Pills are

The Favorite

family medicine, while travelers, both by sea and land, find them to be indispensable. "We sell more of Ayer's Pills than of all other kinds put together, and they give perfect satisfaction."—Christensen & Haariow, Druggists, Baldwin, Wis.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and consider them an invaluable

Family Medicine

I know of no better remedy for liver troubles and dyspepsia."—James Quinn, Hartford, Ct. Capt. Chas. Mueller, of the steamship "Pelicia," says: "For several years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else in the medicine chest, to regulate my bowels, and those of the ship's crew. These Pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly. I have used them, and with good effect, for the cure of rheumatism, kidney troubles, and dyspepsia."

Ayer's Pills

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective.

First-Class

TAILORING

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WATER STREET,
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F. O. PETTERSON, - PROPRIETOR.

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



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and as usual with a nice assortment of

Waltham and Swiss Watches,

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CLOCKS,

We have a large variety to select from, in Walnut, Ash and Marble.

NICKEL ALARUM CLOCKS, cheap and warranted to give satisfaction.

A large and well selected assortment of Gold and Silver Jewelry, Wedding, Gem and Diamond Rings.

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Headquarters at Chatham for high-class Spectacles and Eye-glasses.

Repairing, in all its branches, neatly and promptly done.

Give us a call when in need of anything in our line.

W. R. GOULD,

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Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 20th day of August next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land owned by Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dostie Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

WM. WHEATEN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Richibucto.
April 20th, 1892.

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Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (ug31ui)

An Oakville Miracle.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

A Helpless Cripple For Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of his Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

(Toronto Empire.)

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the Hamilton Spectator and Times, the Halifax Herald, Toronto Globe, Le Monde, Montreal, Detroit News, Albany, N. Y., Journal, Albany Express and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This now rugged young man was one who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the Empire representative announced the purpose of his visit, Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when I was nine years old, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age. And it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and in three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave my bed but my limbs were stiffened, and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take my bed. This attack was in 1880, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face was swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course could eat nothing. My teeth were pried open and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice and could only speak in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long, weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and the spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there were a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly, from the end of September 1890 to January 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition until January 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood purifier and nerve tonic, and thinking if I could only get my blood in a better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using several boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swelling subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes, when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and can work 10 hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without bad effects. I play base ball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why, I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from the abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that it has all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who has suffered agony for long years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength.

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condor's remarkable story the Empire representative called upon Mr. F. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure has now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen and a half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction." Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives between Oakville and Milton, who has been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condor worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wonderful deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter, on his return to Toronto, examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six bottles for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

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Hardware & Fancy Goods,

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Taxidermist and Naturalist,

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Birds and Animals 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 early required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

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Swans-Down

This celebrated flour is made from Ontario Red and White Winter, and Manitoba Hard Wheat. This blending of wheat produces a flour that when baked will remain moist and white for several days. It receives its strength from Manitoba and its color from Ontario.

All sensible people use this flour—Ask your grocer for it.

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LISTOWEL, ONT.

SINGER SAFETIES,

WITH CUSHION AND PNEUMATIC TIRES.

Boys' and Youths' Bicycles,

Girls' Tricycles from \$10.00 each up.

BOYS' VELOCIPEDS, BICYCLE SUNDRIES
BABY CARRIAGES.

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83 and 85 Charlotte Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

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AXES AND EDGE TOOLS OF ALL KINDS.

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Old Stand---City Road, St. John, N. B.

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