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**KERR & PRINGLE,**  
 St. John, N. B.

IN THE SUPREME COURT  
 IN EQUITY.

BETWEEN  
 THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY,  
 OF NEW YORK,

PLAINTIFFS,

—AND—  
 THE BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON  
 RAILWAY COMPANY, CHARLES  
 A. PEARSON, JUNIOR, AND  
 CHARLES F. HANNINGTON,  
 DEFENDANTS.

There will be sold at  
**PUBLIC AUCTION**

at and in front of the Post Office in the  
 city of Moncton, in the County of West-  
 morland and Province of New Brun-  
 swick, on

**THURSDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF AUGUST**

next, at 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the  
 directions of a Decretal Order of the Su-  
 preme Court in Equity, made in the above  
 cause on the seventh day of April, in the  
 year of our Lord one thousand eight hun-  
 dred and ninety three, with the approbation  
 of the undersigned, a Referee in equity  
 duly commissioned, appointed and sworn  
 to act in and for the County of Westmorland,  
 under and by virtue of an Act passed in the  
 49th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen  
 Victoria, intituled "An Act respecting the  
 administration of Justice in Equity," the lands  
 and premises described in the plaintiff's Bill  
 and in the said Decretal Order, which said  
 lands and premises are described in the said  
 Decretal Order as follows:

"All and singular the line of Railway,  
 of the said The Buctouche and Moncton  
 Railway Company extending from the point  
 in Buctouche where the line begins to the  
 point in Moncton where the line ends, a  
 distance of about thirty-two miles con-  
 structed or to be constructed, together  
 with all lands, buildings, bridges, fixtures,  
 telegraph line or lines and structures of  
 every kind and nature whatsoever, and all  
 improvements and additions thereto, and  
 all sidings, side tracks and turn-outs now  
 owned by the said Railway Company or  
 which may hereafter be acquired by it for  
 the use of the said line of Railway. And  
 also all easements, rights of way and rights  
 in land of any kind or nature whatsoever  
 now held or hereafter to be acquired for  
 the use of the said line of Railway. And  
 also all rolling stock, cars, engines, rail-  
 ties, machinery, tools and materials of  
 whatsoever kind, and all other personal  
 property of every kind and nature what-  
 ever, now held or hereafter to be acquired  
 for the use of the said line of Railway.  
 And also all leaseholds, leases and rights  
 under the same now held or hereafter to  
 be held for the use of the said line of Rail-  
 way. And also all other contracts, rights  
 under contracts, choses in action and rights  
 of any nature and kind whatsoever, legal  
 or equitable, now held or hereafter to be  
 acquired for the use of the said line of  
 Railway. And also all powers, privileges  
 and corporate rights and franchises, in-  
 cluding the franchise to operate said line  
 of Railway now held or hereafter to be  
 acquired for the use of the said line of  
 Railway. And also all other property,  
 estate, right title, interest or thing which  
 the said defendants or either of them now  
 own or hold or may and shall hereafter  
 acquire or hold necessary or convenient  
 for the use, occupation and enjoyment of  
 said line of Railway, excepting always,  
 nevertheless, all subsidies given or granted  
 to the said Railway Company by the Gov-  
 ernment of the Province of New Brun-  
 swick or the Dominion of Canada or other-  
 wise, and of the said line of Railway."

For terms of sale and other particulars  
 apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitors.

Dated the Eleventh day of May, A.  
 D. 1893.

**FREDERICK W. EMMERSON,**  
 Referee in Equity.

**WELLS & WELCH,**  
 Plaintiff's Solicitors.

When you feel all tired out and broken  
 up generally, you need a good tonic.  
 Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it.

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 Was Told Mr. Frank H. Colley,  
 Local Editor of Ago, Belfast, Me.

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 from Salt Rheum of head, with its at-  
 tendant itching and burning. Crusts  
 1-8 inch thick would form over my  
 whole scalp, crack and bleed. I also  
 had a general Salt Rheum on my body  
 from which I suffered torture. My  
 food distressed me badly and a severe  
 palpitation of the heart added to my  
 suffering, and unfitted me for labor.



**LUCIUS H. DUNCAN,**  
 Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of the  
 town of Northport, Me., member of Maine  
 Legislature for 1885-86.

Physicians said I had CHRONIC ECZEMA,  
 a BAD HEART TROUBLE, and DYSPEPSIA  
 in a severe form. I used many  
 remedies, but received no permanent  
 relief. After taking 6 bottles of  
**SKODA'S DISCOVERY, WITH LITTLE  
 TABLETS, and using SKODA'S SOAP  
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 fectly cured. Skilled physicians have  
 examined my heart and pronounce it  
 normal in all its functions."  
**SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

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I am prepared to furnish  
**FIRST-CLASS TEAMS**  
 to accommodate the travelling public, at  
 short notice to any part of the  
 country.

**ISAAC TRENHOLM,**  
 Buctouche, June 16 1892. (6m)

**MIRAMICHI  
 MARBLE, FRESTONE  
 & GRANITE WORKS,**

Cut Stone of all descriptions furnished  
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All orders from a distance promptly  
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Correspondence solicited.  
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**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

1892 -- WINTER ARRANGEMENT -- 1893  
 On and after Monday 17th October  
 1892 the trains will run daily (Sunday ex-  
 cepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.	
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax,	12.23
Accommodation for Campbellton,	13.12
WILL LEAVE HARCOURT.	
Through express for St. John and Halifax, (Monday excepted),	5.25
Accommodation for Campbellton,	12.45
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax,	13.05
Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago,	21.00
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.	
D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.	
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 29th Oct. 1892.	

**C. R. McLELLAN,**  
 Manufacturer of  
**CARRIAGES,  
 SLEIGHS,  
 TRUCK WAGGONS,  
 CARTS, ETC**

Repairing done expeditiously, promptly  
 and in the best style.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Factory on  
 the premises lately occupied by the Messrs.  
 Bustard.  
**HARCOURT, KENT CO., N. B.**

**Apollo!**

The stallion Apollo will travel the  
 following routes in the County of Kent  
 every week alternately during the season.  
 Monday morning, 29th inst. he will  
 leave the Royal Hotel stable, Kingston,  
 and proceed to Buctouche, where he will  
 remain from Monday night till Wednesday  
 morning at Hanigan's Hotel stable;  
 thence to McKee's, at Little River, St.  
 Mary; Thursday, noon, he will be at  
 Wm. McNair's, Mill Creek, and Thurs-  
 day night at Charles McDonald's, South  
 Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining  
 there till Monday morning. The follow-  
 ing week he will leave Kingston Monday  
 morning, and be at Alex. Robertson's at  
 noon; Monday night at Matthew Whit-  
 ney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's  
 Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at  
 Joseph Calk's, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night;  
 Wednesday through Trout Brook to Har-  
 court, where he will be at the Europa  
 Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night  
 at Clark's, East River; Thursday, noon,  
 at Robert Clark's, East River, and Thurs-  
 day night at Ducie Babineau's, St. Louis,  
 remaining there till Friday afternoon;  
 leaving there he will return to Kingston.  
 Terms made known on application to  
 groom.

**ANTHONY McNAIR, JR.,**  
 GROOM.  
**JOHN ROBERTSON,**  
 MANAGER.

**A  
 STIFF-NECKED  
 GENERATION!**

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Too late? Not at all. It is only—"  
 "Luncheon-time, by my internal clock,"  
 said Hartland, divining her feelings. "So  
 I am off, whoever else stays. Geranium-  
 cuttings must hide their time. Good-bye,  
 Rosamund."

"Off he is," thought Gilbert. "I did  
 him wrong then. But if so, why in the  
 name of wonder did he look so plaguey  
 odd! Be hanged if I didn't think for  
 more than a minute that there was some-  
 thing between them!"

He could not, however, think it longer.

"Oh don't go, Hartland, pray, pray  
 don't go," cried Rosamund, so frankly, so  
 imploringly, nay, so despairingly, that  
 no girl could so have spoken to a possible  
 lover. "You must come in with us,—  
 with me—indeed, indeed you must," she  
 continued, catching hold of his arm; then  
 with a sudden recollection, "I must tell  
 you, Major Gilbert, that mamma and I  
 had a little difference this morning,—late-  
 ly,—and—and, if Hartland would come  
 back with me, he is such a favorite with  
 mamma—"

"Lord! yes, we all know that," cried  
 Gilbert, sticking out his chin, as was his  
 wont when more than ordinarily self-as-  
 sertive. "We can all see that with half  
 an eye."

"Please do, Hartland; please do come,"  
 whispered the fair petitioner.

"Oh, I'll come if you like, Rosamund.  
 I say, do you not think I had better take  
 Major Gilbert around by the stable-yard,  
 and show him your pony's foot! He  
 will judge whether we are treating it pro-  
 perly. If you go in by the terrace we  
 will follow directly, and perhaps—ahem!  
 —perhaps you had better just tell your  
 mother—she might like to know that I  
 am bringing Major Gilbert in to luncheon."

Bringing Gilbert! If it were not the  
 truth to a half's-breadth, it was at least  
 a kindly intentioned and adroit adaptation  
 of it to the necessity of the moment.

Further protection and relief was also  
 in store. In the drawing-room sat Amy  
 and Violet Waterfield, who had come to  
 invite her to the Grange, but who, instead,  
 had been themselves detained by Lady  
 Caroline, who by some means or other had  
 known Hartland was about, and suspected  
 he had fallen in with his cousin. The  
 company of others was in consequence  
 more welcome than otherwise to the un-  
 sociable mistress of the mansion, and she  
 was talking with a fair show of amiability  
 to her young visitors, when her daughter  
 entered with Hartland's message, followed  
 almost immediately by Hartland himself.  
 Gilbert was behind him.

Lady Caroline's feelings may be im-  
 agined; we may therefore turn to those  
 of the love-sick major.

He was in luck, he thought; he had not  
 to encounter that frigid back in the blue  
 gown all by himself. The gown was there,  
 it is true, but other gowns were there also;  
 and after quitting Lady Caroline's cold  
 fingers, he could grasp nimbly two other  
 hands, which, if they did not respond to  
 his pressure, at least did not feel like dead  
 fish in his own.

To say that the Waterfields did not  
 recognize the value of their position at the  
 moment would be to do them injustice;  
 they were neither clever nor brilliant, nor  
 by any means humorous young ladies, but  
 they did see the fun of this. Gilbert, as  
 he looked gratefully into one gentle and  
 seemingly unconscious face after the other,  
 thinking, "Ay, ay, you are the right sort  
 of tip for me, with your stupid good  
 nature; you will neither see anything nor  
 tell it again," would have dropped down  
 in amazement had he beheld what was in  
 their breasts. "No, no; they are no  
 count," he decided, "and they will serve  
 to amuse the other fellow by-and-by; so  
 once we are out of the way of old Blue-  
 gown"—and even in old Bluegown's pre-  
 sence the handsome soldier looked jubi-  
 lantly round.

"Everybody is about this jolly fine  
 morning," he observed; "the road is full  
 of carriages and gigs. I met lots of people  
 fooling about."

"It was too fine not to tempt us out,"  
 replied Violet Waterfield, as no one else  
 spoke. "Lady Caroline, you are never  
 idle; you never put by your work for a  
 morning's nuzzle."

"Correspondence accumulates so rapidly,  
 that I have been at my desk ever since  
 breakfast, Violet, because I had to leave it  
 yesterday."

"You were in town yesterday?"

"I ran up for the day, yes."

"Dash it! if I had only known!" re-  
 flected Gilbert.

"We saw you at the station," said Miss  
 Waterfield, "and knowing you as we do,  
 we ought to have recollected you would  
 be especially busy to-day in consequence.  
 But you see, even if we had left you in  
 peace, there would have been Lord Hart-  
 land."

"Failing me, Major Gilbert," said Hart-  
 land; and the general smile a little faded.

"I am always happy to see my friends,"  
 affirmed Lady Caroline, with ever so slight  
 an emphasis on the last word; "but now  
 that I have a grown-up daughter, she must  
 help to entertain them, and—there is the  
 gong!—now, Violet, now, Amy; Hart-  
 land, I want to speak to you about the  
 new farm-buildings."

Luncheon at King's Common was some-  
 thing of a function.

"You can always count on a rattling  
 good lunch there," Gilbert had informed  
 his sisters, he having more than once made  
 good his resolve to stay for it. "Whether  
 any one is expected or not, it is always  
 the same—lots of good things."

Up and down the table there would be  
 a variety of nice little hot dishes, curry,  
 cutlets, pork griskins, lamb's fry, and the  
 like; and savoury but hideously indigestible  
 viands, as every one but Mr. Liscard al-  
 lowed, and as he better than any one else  
 knew.

No little silver mugs nor high perch  
 chairs were visible, however. No round,  
 rosy faces, surmounting clean pinafores,  
 beamed expectantly up and down the  
 board. The children in their distant  
 schoolroom were invisible and inaudible,  
 and never had the luckless Gilbert more  
 regretted their absence than on the present  
 occasion.

He was fond of children—the more the  
 merrier, and the noisier the better. Had  
 the little troop, known to be not far off,  
 now filed in, he would have fitted them  
 into their seats, tied on their feeders, cut  
 up their portions, and with jest and chaff  
 have got through the meal hilariously.  
 Every minute he would have found some-  
 thing fresh to say, something funny, where-  
 with to elicit the shy chuckle or saucy re-  
 joinder—added to which, a series of pleas-  
 ing feats connected with oranges, forks  
 and table-napkins, would have made him  
 the centre for every young one's eye, and  
 the momentary idol of their imagination.

But here, as usual, he was balked by  
 Lady Caroline's austere rules; and al-  
 though the ill-starred major did finally  
 create a diversion which suspended for a  
 full minute the murmuring of undertones  
 and the noiseless circling round of the ser-  
 vants, it was by an involuntary and a not  
 altogether successful performance.

His neighbor asked for water,—asked a  
 footman, not him,—but seeing a bottle  
 near, and anxious to be attentive, he  
 stretched forward to reach it, and upset  
 his his claret-glass. A claret-glass just  
 filled contains a fair amount of wine, and  
 Gilbert's plate was the receptacle for near-  
 ly two-thirds of the ruby liquid.

Had Hartland done it, had any one else  
 at table done it, nobody, not even Lady  
 Caroline, would have cared two straws; it  
 was hard that such a thing should have  
 happened to the only person present  
 whom it could render uncomfortable.

For the moment Gilbert's courage failed  
 him; he looked piteously round, and for  
 the first time in his life had neither  
 apology nor laugh at command.

It took but a few minutes ere plate and  
 glass had been removed, clean damask  
 spread over the soiled, sleeve wiped, and  
 the misdemeanant, rather red in the face,  
 started upon a fresh supply of roast mut-  
 ton; but in that brief interval he had al-  
 most lost all appetite.

Rosamund was far from him, and while  
 writhing beneath the rigid unconsciousness  
 of a hostess whose marble visage absolute-  
 ly ignored the accident, its effects, and the  
 subsequent restoration to order, he had  
 not met a single eye of sympathy.

Had he not been so very hungry he  
 could not have allowed another plate to be  
 set before him. But he had only just be-  
 gun, and the mutton was excellent. He  
 could not decline it, nor the late peas, and  
 tomatoes, and succulent French beans, of  
 all which he had before laid in an untasted  
 supply, and to which it did seem cruel  
 that he should have again to help himself  
 beneath Lady Caroline's very nose. The  
 result was that he ate more inelegantly  
 than ever in his haste to catch up with the  
 rest of the party.

The hurry was needless. Hartland sent  
 for some more cold beef.

The meal was over, but he could hardly  
 be said to have shone at it.

Now, however, things must inevitably  
 brighten.

Mr. Liscard, who liked his cigarette  
 after luncheon, was approachable, if noth-  
 ing else; and though he invariably talked  
 over Gilbert's head and assumed his ac-  
 quaintance with the most recoudite  
 authors, of whose very existence the un-  
 fortunate soldier had hitherto been igno-  
 rant, yet it was something to be talked to  
 at all.

"If I could only come up now to the  
 scratch," thought he, as Hartland rose to  
 go home and get himself into flannels for  
 the proposed lawn-tennis, "if I could just  
 get it out now," but on the whole he  
 decided to wait.

"Curious that idea of Kant about his  
 digestion," began the scholar, crossing his  
 knees placidly.

**MACKEREL LINES,  
 HOOKS and JIGS**

Of Superior Quality  
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 MARKET SQUARE,  
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 Moore and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style.  
 Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale.  
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 —OF—  
**Cod Liver Oil.**

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 1 car Choice Barbados Molasses. 1 car Roller & Standard Oatmeal.  
 5 cars Flour—Verbena (Manitoba patent) Pearl, Sunbeam, Peoples'  
 and White Star.  
 1 car Eastern Herring. 1 car Med. & Hand-picked Beans.  
 1 car Salt, factory filled and coarse. 3 cars Sugar, granulated and Yel-  
 1 cask Cream Tartar. low.  
 75 Choice Cheese. 125 half chests Tea.  
 50 drums Bi-Carb. Soda. 10 lbs. Washing Soda.  
 Also, Chase & Sanborn's Coffees, Morton's, Stephen's & Lazenby's  
 Mixed Pickles, Soaps, Spices, Vinegars, Confectionery, etc.

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 BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS.**  
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