FOR HIS DEAR SAKE.

Near the Parc Moncean is a pretty little house that seems to hide in a bush of clematis the home of a pretty widow of 22—the Countess of Viry. She had as a pet and constant companion a delicate little poodle, all white and woolly, to which was given as its sole nourishment a lump of sugar in the morning and a sweet biscuit at night. His name was Nito.

It was 4 o'clock. Louise was in her garden, flitting among the rose bushes like a butterfly, and stopping from time to time to breathe the perfume of a newly-blown flower.

Nito playfully pursued his mistress with barks of pleasure, at times seizing with his teeth the ruffle of her blue muslin dress, and, propping himself upon his paws, pulled at it with all his strength.

In the midst of their play M. Jacques de Beauchamp appeared. The little widow, perceiving him, hid herself behind a shrub. But Jacques ran to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Ah, M. de Beauchamp," she cried, "that is not nice of you."

Louise and Jacques agreed so well that they had planned to be married. Nevertheless each of them had a defect. M. de Beauchamp was jealous, and the Countess of Viry was coquettish.

"Louise," he said to her, "you will drive me to despair. You say that you love me, but how can I believe it when I see you smiling at every admirer! When I see you in society, so full of life and gayety, and hear your ringing laughter from the midst of a circle of ardent admirers, it is impossible for me to tell you the tortures and anguish I endure."

"What can I do, dear?" replied Louise. "I am gay, it is true, but is that a crime? And why should I be cold to those who approach me only to say pleasant things?"

"You are coquette, and your laugh makes me despair, because if you laugh thus against my wish it must be only to show your teeth! You know very well how adorable you are when in laughing with a fixed purpose you throw back your head and show your pretty neck."

"But what must I do to prove my love for you? It is becoming desperate. Ask of me what you please, but do not ask me not to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am light-hearted, and free to be so."

M. de Beauchamp assumed a solemn air. "You said to me one evening that you would make for me the sacrifice of your life. I do not ask so much as that. But listen. Do you wish to make me the happiest man on earth?"

"You have but to speak."

"Even at the price of pain?"

"Yes, at any price."

"Well, then, make me the sacrifice of one tooth,"

"What are you demanding of me? It is barbarous!"

"Only a tooth; the smallest one in the front. And afterwards you may laugh as much as you please."

"But you will think I am ugly, and will not love me any more."

"I swear to you there is no other way to assure my happiness,"

"Well—anything, Jacques, for your dear sake!"

The Countess rang the bell. John, her valet, took her orders, and came back a quarter of an hour later with a man carrying in his hand a leather case such as is used by dentists.

"Who is that person?" asked M. de Beauchamp.

The Countess answered:

"It is M. James, the dentist."

The little Countess entered her boudoir, followed by Nito, his tail between his legs, as if he understood that something serious was about to happen. Louise returned soon afterwards, ashamed and humbled, and gave to M. de Bauchamp a little tooth as white as milk, which he carried to his lips and covered with kisses.

Seeing this tribute of affection Louise ran away.

Jacques had the tooth set in a medallion and carried it around his neck as a souvenir.

From that day the little Countess became very sad. Only upon rare occasions was her face lighted up by a smile. She kept aloof from society as much as possible, but when she was forced by her social duties to appear among her friends, they saw her keeping apart from the others or sitting in a corner with a serious air, her mouth closed like a prison door.

"Poor Countess!" said some evil-minded ones; "how altered she is! Every day she looks older!"

And Jacques felt his love diminish little by little. He seemed to begin to understand that what he loved in her was especially her smile, her playfulness, her gayety—and he also became sad.

One day he went in despair to the Countess.

"Louise," he said, throwing himself at her feet, "do you love me still?"

"I have sworn to love you always," she answered.

"Will you prove to me the sincerity of your words?"

"I ask nothing else."

"Well, then, if you love me, have the dentist put in a new tooth,"

"What folly is this?" said Louise, weeping. "I was right when I said that you would not love me any more. That is just like you men. And you reproach us for being capricous!"

"Louise, I beg of you to forgive me. I curse my jealously—my foolishness."

"So you really are regretting the weakness with which I acceded to your caprice?"

"I am desolate and full of remorse."

"You recognize the cruelty of your unreasonable request?"

"I will reproach myself for it all my life."

"Would you be happy if I had disobeyed you?"

"I would give anything for that."

The little Countess gave a burst of laughter, which showed all her teeth complete.

"What does this mean?" asked M. de Beauchamp, holding in his fingers the medallion in which was encased as a souvenir the little pearl of the sacrifice.

The Countess opened the mouth of the dog Nito, saying: "Here is the victim!"

Those Who Have the Right.

In England, those who have the right to be presented amongst women, are the wives and daughters of the nobility, titled and untitled; the clergy, naval and military officers, barristers and physicians. The wives and daughters of solicitors, surgeons, merchants, and others in business, have not the right, but the privilege is often conceded.

THE SPIRITS MOVED HIM.

After An Hour's Successful Resistance of Strong Influence Mullany Yields.

Mrs. Mullany had gone to sleep in her chair, says E. McIntosh in Harper's Magazine; her ball of yarn had fallen to the floor, where the cat was knitting cobwebs with it between the chairs.

Pat Mullany was smoking his old clay pipe, and trying to get last week's news into his head by means of reading aloud very slowly, and spelling the hard words. Oblivious to his wife's nap, he said: "Biddy, do ye mind that? Moi, but he was the foine man! Listen, will yez? 'The percession moved along wid th' gal-lent Siventh actin' as guards on each side of the c-a-i-s-s-o-n.' Phat th' divil's that? C-a-i ki, s, kies-son—kisson?—kisson?—shure it must be th' carcass. 'The shtreets were lined wid a mul ti-tude of people.'"

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the door, to which he paid no attention, save to glance at the door. The knock was repeated.

"Who's thare?"

"Shure it's us."

"Who the divil's us?"

"Shure it's me, Tim Ryly, Billy Muldune, Mister Maguire, and the rist."

"Phat de yez be wantin' here? It's most nine o'clock, and Biddy's ashlape be the fire."

"Pat Mullany, will ye open th' door, and let us be after comin? We've come to pass the time wid yez. Barney Rooney's got his fiddle, and we could have a shtip or two."

"Go 'way wid yez."

"Here's Mrs. O'Hay, wid a foine shtewed rabbit, and Mrs. Flynn, wid some foine pays."

The door opens an inch.

"Come, now, it's Larry Quinn has his pockets full of pipes and tobacco, and it's mese f that has sugar and lemons; that, wid the aid of a litt e hot wather, and a drop of the crathur, will put a heart in yez."

"Ye spalpeen! where do yez think I'd be after gettin the crathur at this time of night?"

"Shure it's just Tim Ryly as can tell ye. Haven't I got the bottle under me arm, kapin' warm and lively wid me heart's throbbin'?"

"Tim Ryly, shure it's a fool ye are! Why didn't ye tell me an hour ago? Come in an' see Biddy; shure she's wearyin' for a sight of yez. Biddy, me dear, here's Mr. Ryly and the rest come for a bit of supper they've brought along wid 'em. Shure here they've been standin' widout, and we waitin' widin, hours."

A Thrifty Frenchwoman.

A lady and gentleman were dining together in a little French restaurant not long since, when the attention of the former was attracted to the figures woven in the tablecloth, which was of a fair quality of linen.

"Look at these figures," said she, calling the escort's attention to the cloth. "They seem to be a company of men dining. The pattern is repeated on your side. It seems very odd. Can you make it out?"

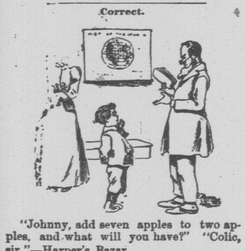
The gentleman pushed the plates aside and examined the pattern and was astonished, not to say a little shocked, to discover that the pattern represented the "Last Supper." Further investigation revealed the presence at the four ends of the cloth of the monogram, "I. H. S."

"Are you admiring my table linen?" asked the proprietress of the place, entering at that moment.

"Yes," remarked the gentleman, somewhat briefly. "I suppose they were made for a communion table, were they not?"

"Yes," replied the Frenchwoman, "but they didn't sell, and when I was furnishing this place they were offered to me cheap. I bought them, and my customers admire them very much indeed."

Correct.



"Johnny, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?" "Colic, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

Properly Answered.

Just as the door of the city clerk's office was due to be closed the other night two young ladies called and stated that they were looking for a marriage license.

"This is not the place," explained the sober faced clerk. "The clerk of the court issues them at the court house, but you are too late to get down there before he goes home."

"Isn't that provoking?" remarked one of the maidens, with a pout equally provoking. "They told us that this was the place to get lincenses."

"It is. Dog licenses," the facetious clerk answered.

"The license is for me, not for you, sir," answered the girl, and a deep hush fell over the city seal.—Minneapolis Journal.

Should Have Sworn Off.

Husband—Here's a new wrinkle; ladies' silk stockings have snakes on 'em.

Wife—Yes, I know, I have just bought a pair of that kind of hose.

"What, with snakes on 'em?"

"Yes."

"Then we're all right. I can drink as much as I please now."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, if you have snakes on your stockings you can't find fault with me if I should happen to have a few in my boots."—Texas Siftings.

A Kind Host.

Host: "I hate to send you out in such a blustering night as this, old fellow."

Guest: "It is raining pretty hard. I say, couldn't you loan me your umbrella?"

Host: "Certainly; and—er—I guess I'll walk home with you myself—I really need the exercise."

A Curiosity.

"What is it that attracts such large crowds at the dime museum this week?"

"They have one of the greatest curiosities of the age." "What is it?" "A copy of a newspaper that has not yet introduced the coupon system!"—Norristown Herald.

For Smokers.

The multi-flavored cigarettes, which are going to make a stir in the tobacco trade, are filled up in sections with various brands of the weed, so that a smoker can enjoy half a dozen different sorts right off the reel.

SURPRISES OF SLIPPING.

MISHAPS OF AN ORDINARY DAY ON ICE-COVERED WALKS.

The Pedestrian Begins With the "Grand Bow" in the Morning, Followed With the "Double-Up" at Noon, and Winds Up at Night With the "Starlight Slide."

"Man is by man amused in the midst of misfortune."

That is an old Russian adage, but there is a deal of truth about it if it has become "shelf worn," and no one would doubt it after an experience with the pavements of Toronto during the past week.

The glistening halls of ice that have formed at intervals in an otherwise clean sidewalk, the shining tops of coal hole and cellar coverings, the treacherous edges of curbs and the slick slides made by the irrepressible small boy have been and are still silent witnesses to the fact.

Men who fondly nursed the thought that they had grown too old for athletics have demonstrated during the reign of Jack Frost that they still possess a certain amount of agility.

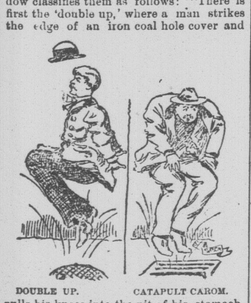
Every time they have given an exhibition of it by suddenly flying into space and after numerous contortions sitting suddenly down upon the sidewalk their friends have offered them a deal more commendation for their skill than they felt they deserved.

GRAND BOW. TURKISH DROP.

There is not a turner in this city who would not have envied the suppleness of limb displayed by hundreds of pedestrians on the principal thoroughfares of this city during the past four or five days.

These exhibitions were especially noticeable in the busiest section of town, where the tramping of the multitude had worn snow and ice into hard, glistening lumps or slippery surfaces that seemed imbued with a fiendish propensity of lying in wait for the unwary.

One man who has made a study of the various forms of falls from his office window classifies them as follows: "There is first the 'double up,' where a man strikes the edge of an iron coal hole cover and pulls his knees into the pit of his stomach before sitting down backward on his hands.



DOUBLE UP. CATAPULT CAROM.

"Then comes the 'jacknife slip,' and this time he has struck the shining top of a barred grating over a cellar window, and it brings his head down between his knees with a suddenness that threatens to loosen his teeth.

"Then a gentleman in a light overcoat and a high hat steps lightly upon a ball of ice, and in an instant he makes the 'grand bow.' His hands touch the sidewalk and his feet are in the air, giving him the appearance of one who is about to execute a hand-spring.

"Following these you have the "Turkish drop,' during which he sits down like a genuine Mussulman with both legs crossed under him. He may know nothing of tailoring, but he looks for all the world like a knight of the shears now.

"The 'catapult carom' is a result of the man stepping hastily upon the rounded edge of an ice covered curb, which, like the worm when trod upon, turns and sends him shooting into space.

"One more and then I am done, and the last is the starlight slide. Here is a case of misplaced confidence where he has attempted to trip airily down one of those wooden inclined planes that the big wholesale houses use for loading their trucks.

"Of course his feet go from under him when he is but halfway down, and after his hat has rolled into the gutter his head hits the big, hard, ice-covered planks a resounding whack that gives him more points on astronomy in one second than he could read up in a year." PATHFINDER.

No Infant Prodigy.

Mrs. Chngwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mr. Chngwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from west to east, the way the earth revolves, you know, would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again.) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculatory?"

Acrostic.

Composed by Wm. Joseph Caskin Garvey Hayes.

Dawn yes celestial light,
O er hill and valley flashing;
Waves of cloud resplendent bright,
Now down the mountains dashing.

Whither then shall darkness hide,
Immersed in glorious morn,
The Lamb appears to claim his bride,
Heavens light on earth been born.

Truth supreme adorned smiles;
Youth perennial blooms around;
Royal charms grace their wiles,
Art and science then profound,
Nearer draw the chords of love,
Thrown from thrones that reign above;
See the tyrants of the dove.

Composed 12th February 1894 for Miss Burchill, Bartibouge, Miramichi.

Telesstich.*

Many are called but chosen how few?
From eternity's depths then created am I.
The truth of events in the word to reveal,
To God be the glory, thus opening the seal.
His mercy exalted in the *lumen christi;*
As frighted we sail o'er life's troubled sea,
Singing Ave Maria wherever we roam.

A weary traveller once for a fig,
Forced through barren vales to go,
Searched a tree with spreading leaves,
But found he none in that vale of woe.
Harvest of this none ever shall reap,
He said; and withered the leaf at his breath.

To ponder divinely on truths scientific,
Revelation and nature, the sky and the sea;
Praising let's gaze on the sun and the clouds,
The mansions of splendour that shine from on high,
Now clearly prophetic in the lumen cæli,
Of the cross, and the kingdom, and crown.

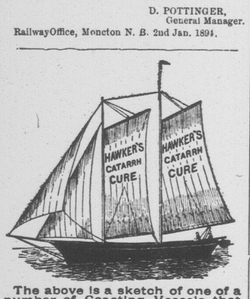
The angels then with trumpet sounding,
Confusion raise as the warring seas,
Men fainting and withering with fear,
Their wealth and their splendour how vain for to say,
While doctrines of men against God dig their grave,
Their power is their weakness, their death victory.

Five words of God to soul; not breath:
Glittering and glimmering as beams o'er the sea,
When the sun in its splendour illumes with its ray,
In the pale moon's path, on the watery space,
Invites us to God and his spheres.

Composed by WM. JOSEPH CASHIN GARVEY HAYES.

*Telestich—The final letter of every line spelling the name.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.



On and after Monday the 11th September, 1893, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHM JUNCTION.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4 22
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.14
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35
Through express for Quebec and Montreal,	21 52

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton N. B. 2nd Jan. 1894.

The above is a sketch of one of a number of Coasting Vessels that coast along the Atlantic sea-board, and who carry on their sails the Glad Tidings to mariner and landsman alike, that

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE

is a POSITIVE CURE for

CATARRH

With all its Attendant Evils of Bad Breath, Nausea, Headache, Deafness, Rumbling in the Head, Etc.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS.

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The Hawker Medicine Co. L'td.

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M. J. Henry, of Toronto, Ont., says: I have been a great sufferer for years with Catarrh, and have tried every remedy I heard of without obtaining relief, until I tried Hawker's Catarrh Cure, which gave me immediate relief and made a permanent cure.

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TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.

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Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

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Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with

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GOOD STABLING on the premises.

Daniel Desmond, Proprietor.

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The most elegant, the safest, the strongest and most complete hotel palace of the world.

On the European plan, with a grand restaurant, cafe and private saloons

Fresh air and pure water. Artificial ice and cold storage used exclusively.

Every parlor, bed-room, bath room and clothes closet scientifically ventilated, rendering it absolutely impossible for impure air to accumulate, thus making all rooms delightfully cool, even in the hottest weather, a feature unknown in other hotel construction.

All plumbing of the most modern description; every pipe or outlet being ventilated from the roof open plumbing and solid porcelain bath-tubs.

All Croton water, for drinking cooking and even bathing purposes, filtered by the celebrated Buhring system, which, unlike any other, removes all organic matter from the water which is held in suspension and physical solution, but at the same time thoroughly decolorizes and deodorizes the water during purification, thereby rendering it a product equal to the finest chemically distilled water, pure and yet sparkling, without the aid of chemicals in any form whatever.

All rooms of every description, even to clothes closets, are lighted by electricity, thus avoiding the vitiated air caused by gas and the danger of its baling same.

The house is more thoroughly fire-proof than any other building ever constructed, no wood being used except for cabinet purposes.

Steam boilers outside of the building.

Remington Typewriters and operators furnished, Telephone in every room. Long distance telephone when desired. Individual safes for each guest in office.

One block from the Sixth Avenue Elevated railroad station. Fifth Avenue stages and Fifty-Ninth Street Crosstown cars pass the door.

Theare ticket and telegraph office. Bowling alleys and billiards.

The price of rooms will range from $2.50 per day upwards.

Ferdinand P. Earle, PROPRIETOR.

Hotel Normandie.

BROADWAY AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

House strictly first-class in all appointments, and in a most central and delightful location, easy of access to places of amusement and business, and one block from the Metropolitan Opera House, the Casino, the new Broadway Theatre and the new Empire Theatre.

The main feature of the Hotel is that it is *absolutely fire-proof.* The floor and roof beams are all of iron, and the filling between the beams and several floors, and at the roof is of fire-proof brick arched work laid in concrete.

The sanitary arrangements have been made a special feature by competent sanitary engineers.

The hotel is fitted with the most complete system of electric appliances ever devised to insure the safety of guests in any similar establishment. Every room is connected by direct speaking tubes with the office, and guests will be able to announce their wishes, or give orders to the office, ascertain the name and business of callers, etc., without having to call on bell-boys; or, when a guest desires to leave his room, by notifying the office, the room can be connected with a system of alarms, so that no one can enter it by the door, the window or fanlight, without the fact being announced in the office; also, fire alarm signal to every room and to the Metropolitan Fire Department.

The hotel contains 200 rooms, en suite and single, all heated by steam, and conducted on the European plan, with a restaurant, cafe and salons of peculiar excellence.

Special arrangements made to families.

Rooms range from $2.00 per day and upwards.

Ferdinand P. Earle, PROPRIETOR.

Normandie by-the-Sea.

NORMANDIE (NEAR SEABRIGHT) NEW JERSY.

On the American plan. This magnificent hotel is double fronted, facing on the Atlantic ocean on the east and the Shrewsbury river on the west. Open from June until October. One hour and fifteen minutes from New York via Sandy Hook route foot of Rector street. Depot: Normandie; P. O. Seabright.

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New Barber Shop —AND— Tobacco and Cigar Store.

The Subscriber has opened a Barber Shop and Tobacco and Cigar Store in the eligible premises on Water Street, adjoining Chesman's grocery, and nearly opposite the new Dominion building in course of erection.

He will give his personal attention to the Tobacco and Cigar department of the business, while the Barber Shop will be in charge of Mr A. W. Terrio, late of Halifax, who is a first-class workman.

A. J. PINE.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Farm at lower end of Black Brook known as Francis Loggie property. For further particulars apply to W. S. LOGGIE, Chatham.

22nd Sept. 1893.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

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TYPEWRITER, &C. &C.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR "NEW YOST" TYPEWRITING COMPANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.

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STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,

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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete.

GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

IRON PIPE, VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

LONG WINTER EVENINGS!

Are coming and in order to spend the time profitably as well as pleasantly it is necessary to read a great deal more than in the summer months. To do so comfortably a great many people old and young must wear spectacles. Don't make your sight worse than it is by using cheap glasses

Mackenzie's are Absolutely the Best

to be obtained and are fitted properly and

No charge for Testing the Sight.

Hundreds are wearing Mackenzie's Glasses now and in every case they give satisfaction:

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,

Medical Hall - Chatham,

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B.

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TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
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We are opening this week—direct from Berlin, Germany and London, England—200 Ladies' Jackets, Capes and Mantles, the latest styles, newest trimmings, and most perfect fitting garments for early spring wear. A choice lot of designers'

SAMPLE JACKETS FOR LADIES TO SELECT FROM.

Also, 60 pieces newest spring shades dress materials, 120 dozen Perrin's Kid Gloves, new colors laced and buttoned, Perfect Fitting Corsets. An immense variety of Braidings and Trimmings.

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GENERAL BUSINESS.

K. & R. AXES

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NONE BETTER.

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WHOLESALE HARDWARE, ST. JOHN N. B.

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Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS —AND— GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS, AMHERST. N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior look and finish. An inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

NERVINE TONIC —AND— Stomach & Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness,	Broken Constitution,
Nervous Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
Nervous Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Sick Headache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
Female Weakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Nervous Chills,	Loss of Appetite,
Paralysis,	Frightful Dreams,
Nervous Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
Nervous Choking,	Weakness of Extremities and
Hot Flashes,	Fainting,
Palpitation of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Mental Despondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
Sleeplessness,	Scrofula,
St Vitus' Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Nervousness of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
Nervousness of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
Neuralgia,	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
Pains in the Heart,	Liver Complaint,
Pains in the Back,	Chronic Diarrhœa,
Failing Health,	Delicate and Scrofulous Children,
	Summer Complaint of Infants.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '83.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any apparently good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDIE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would [illegible] every person to use this v[illegible] few bottles of it b[illegible] consider it the gre[illegible]

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss: JOHN T. MISH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

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: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up 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."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down 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 build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; If you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.