A SOLDIER'S HEART.

A cold, bleak November day; a prairie trail; a horseman in uniform, riding at a gallop.

A turn in the road; a bushwacker hidden in the bushes; a shot, and a fall from the saddle.

It was Little Jim, our third sergeant, riding across the country to carry a dispatch. We called him little Jim because he was small of stature and because everybody liked him. He was only a boy and one look into his frank face and big blue eyes made you his friend. The bushwhacker peered over the log and saw his victim lying on the stony road and the horse galloping away in affright, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he rose up and hurried through the woods. War is not always war. Sometimes it is assassination—murder.

Twenty rods beyond the body lying in the road is a humble cabin, tenanted only by a woman and two children. War has forced the husband and father into the ranks. At sound of the shot and the clatter of hoofs they rise up from their frugal meal and run down to the gate. A dead man is by no means a rare sight to mother and children. Scores of dead have been left on that highway in the last few weeks, and at times the cabin has been full of wounded men who groaned and cursed.

"It's a Bluenose who's been bushwhacked," whispers the mother as she leads the way down the road and presently the trio are looking down upon the lifeless form of our Little Jim. No, not lifeless. The bullet struck him in the side and inflicted a severe wound, but even while they gaze at him he opens his blue eyes and tries to realize his situation.

"Looks jest like Uncle Dan," whispers one of the children.

"Let's be good to him!" pleads the other.

She would. Assisted a bit by the children, she got him to the house and had captured a prisoner and a patient at the same time. Her husband and her neighbors had come home with gunshot wounds, and she had helped to nurse them and send them back to fight for the cause she believed was right. Aside from a surgeon our Little Jim could not have fallen into better hands. She probed for the bullet and found it, and if living to-day he wears it on his watch-chain. The eastern volunteers had been holding that road for weeks, and all that afternoon and evening the woman listened for the clatter of hoofs that she might report what had occurred and have her patient taken away. Not a horseman passed.

There were days and nights when Little Jim was out of his head and raving of home and mother. There were days and nights when his life hung on a thread. He had the care his own mother would have given him. Many and many a time he called her his mother, and blessed her that she had come down from the old home to nurse him back to life. By and by the crisis passed, and the soldier knew where he was and the situation outside. He knew more than the good woman would have him. That little family was being put to sore straits to find him such food as an invalid must have, and he heard the children cry out at night because they had not enough covering to keep them warm. After a few days, when there was no chance to get word to the loyal line, he begged of the woman to deliver him up to the rebel authorities and relieve herself of the burden. She indignantly refused, and the children, who had insisted on calling him Uncle Daniel, cried at the thought of his going away.

Pretty soon a new peril threatened. The neutral territory was given up to bushwhackers and Indians. One day a long haired, evil looking man, whose garb was that of a farmer, and who was probably the would-be assassin of Little Jim. was seen lurking about the premises. The woman put another pillow behind the soldier, handed him his revolver, and quietly said:

"I have your carbine and shall kill him if he persists in entering the house. If I am killed then you must take care of yourself."

The sergeant could hear every word of the conversation as the man finally advanced to the house, and the woman stepped outside to meet him.

"Look yere, woman," he began, "who yo' got in yo'r house?"

"By what right do you ask that?" she demanded in turn.

"By the right everybody has to kill a cussed Canuck wherever he kin find him. Stand aside and let me see what sort of a fowl yo've had cooped in yere for two or three weeks.

Click! Click! sounded the hammer of her carbine and as she brought the muzzle on a line with the man's heart, she said:

"There's the road! Yo' scatter! I'll connt 20, and then I'll shoot!"

He backed away, muttering and cursing, and for the next three days the cabin was in a state of seige. He hung about determined to investigate the reports which had somehow leaked out, but finding the woman on her guard he finally went away to report to the rebel authorities. Thanksgiving day came—cold, bleak, and a flutter of snow in the air. Little Jim had been shot just three weeks before, but such was the nursing, that on this day he was helped out of bed and bolstered up in the big rocking chair to eat Thanksgiving dinner. Tears came to his eyes as he saw what efforts the woman had put forth and how meagre the results. Mother, children and soldier were gathered at the table when there came a clatter of hoofs and a clanking of swords, and a dozen rebels galloped up to the door. At their head was a sergeant, who pushed his way in and seized wife and children and kissed them before he looked at the pale faced man at his table. He was followed by a corporal, who was scarcely inside the door before the children cried out:

"Uncle Daniel! Uncle Daniel! Our other Uncle Daniel has come home."

The bushwacker had made his report to the nearest camp, and the sergeant had been sent to bring the prisoner in. He sat at the head of the table and heard the story, and when it was concluded he patted his wife on the head and said:

"You did just right, Mary. When a loyalist is up, he's our enemy; when he's down we can't strike him. I wish some one else had come, though. My orders are to take him back, and I've got to do it or stand trial."

"I'll go with you," said little Jim, waving the woman to silence. "After the kindness shown me here I won't see you get into trouble."

"It'll kill him, Jim!" protested the woman. 'His wound is not healed yet, and he's no more strength than a baby."

"Volunteers in sight, sir!" reported a man at the door.

"How far away?"

"About a mile."

"That lets us out. Twelve of us can't fight no thousand volunteers. Goodby Mary; goodby children! Say, Canuck, I'm dog-gone glad of it! Orders is orders, but I'd a-gone back to camp and told 'em it wasn't in me to bust up a dying man's Thanksgiving, no matter whether he was a rebel or a loyalist!"

Five minutes later the highway was full of voluuteer cavalry, and half a dozen officers were in the house. This time it was Little Jim who told the story, and when he had finished every one put out his hand to the woman and said "God bless you!" They took the sergeant away in an ambulance, but on the plate on which he had eaten his Thanksgiving dinner they left a due reward, and many a soldier's haversack was emptied that want might be put afar off. After the war, Little Jim rode over that highway again to find the cabin in ashes, but the soldier and his family alive and well. His money built a new and better house, fenced in the fields again, bought horses and plows and seed and started the ex-rebel on the road to prosperity. Well, the sergeant feels he can never repay the debt, and the family think there was never such another enemy in the world, and so, take it all around, it came out as good as the ending of any story, and hasn't been concluded yet.

One Day Memoirs.

The dawn colors creep upon my bedroom wall, softly, slowly.

Darkness, dim grey, dull blue, soft lavender, clear pink, pale yellow, warm gold—sunlight.

A new day.

With the great sunrise great thoughts come.

I rise with the world. I live, I can help. Here close at hand lie the great home duties, through which my life shall touch the others. Through this man made happier and stronger by my living; through these rosy babies sleeping here in the growing light; through this small, sweet, well ordered home, whose restful influence shall touch all comers; through me too, perhaps—there's the baker, I must get up or this bright purpose fades.

How well the fire burns! Its swift kinding and gathering roar speaks of accomplishment. The rich odor of coffee steals through the house.

John likes morning glories on the breakfast table—scented flowers are better with light meals. All is ready — healthful, delicious, dainty.

The clean aproned little ones smile milky mouthed over their bowls of mush, John kisses me goodby so happily.

Through this dear work well done, I shall reach, I shall help—but I must get the dishes done and not dream.

"Good morning! Soap, please, the same kind. Coffee, rice, two boxes of gelatine. That's all, I think. Oh, crackers! Good morning."

There, I forgot the eggs! I can make these go I guess. Now to soak the tapioca. Now the beats on, they take so long. I'll bake the potatoes—they don't go in yet. Now babykins must have her bath and nap.

A clear hour and a half before dinner. I can get those little nightgowns cut and basted. How bright the sun is! Amaranth lies on the grass under the rosebush, stretching her paws among the warm green blades. The kittens tumble over her. She's brought them three mice this week. Baby and Jack are on the warm grass too—happy, safe, well. Careful dear! Don't go away from little sister!

By and by when they are grown, I can—oh there! the bell!

Ah, well!—yes—I'd like to have joined. I believe in it, but I can't now. Home duties forbid. This is my work. Through this, in time—there's the bell again, and it waked the baby.

As if I could buy a sewing machine every week. I'll put out a bulletin stating my needs, for the benefit of agents. I don't believe in buying at the door anyway, yet I suppose they must live. Yes, dear! Mamma's coming!

I wonder if torchon would look better, or Hamburg? It's softer, but it looks older. Oh, here's that knit edging grandma sent me. Bless her dear heart.

There! I meant to have swept the bedroom this morning so as to have more time to-morrow. Perhaps I can before dinner. It looks dreadfully. I'll just put the potatoes in. Baked potatoes are so good! I love to see Jack dig into them with his little spoon.

Jack says I cook steak better than anyone he ever saw.

Yes, dear?

Is that so? Why I should think they'd know better. Can't the people do anything about it?

Why, no—not personally—but I should think you might. What are men for if they can't keep the city in order.

Cream on the pudding dear?

That was a good dinner. I like to cook. I think housework is noble if you do it in a right spirit.

That pipe must be seen to before long. I'll speak to John about it. Coal's pretty low, too.

Guess I'll put on my best boots. I want to run down town for a few moments—in case mother comes and can stay with baby. I wonder if mother would'nt like to join that—she has time enough. But she dosen't seem a bit interested in outside things. I ought to take baby in her carriage, but it's so heavy with Jack, and yet Jack can't walk a great way. Besides if mother comes I needn't. Maybe we'll all go in a car—but that's such and undertaking. Three o'clock.

Jack! Jack! Don't do that—here—wait a moment.

I ought to answer Jennie's letter. She writes such splendid things, but I don't go with her in half she says. A woman cannot do that way and keep a family going. I'll write to her this evening.

Of course, if one could, I'd like as well as any one to be in those great live currents of thought and action. Jennie and I were full of it in school. How long ago that seems. But I never thought then of being so happy. Jennie isn't happy, I know—she can't be, poor thing, till she's a wife and mother.

Oh, there comes mother. Jack, deary, open the gate for grandma! So glad you could come, mother dear! Can you stay awhile and let me go down town on a few errands.

Mother looks real tired. I wish she would go out more and have some outside interests. Mary and the children are too much for her, I think. Harry ought not to have brought them home. Mother needs rest. She's brought up one family.

There, I've forgotten my list. I hurried so. Thread, elastic, buttons; what was that other thing? Maybe I'll think of it.

How awfully cheap! How can they make them at that price! Three, please, I guess with these I can make the others last through the year. They're so pretty, too. How much are those? Jack's got to have a new coat before long—not to-day.

Oh, dear! I've missed that car, and mother can't stay after five! I'll cut across and hurry.

Why, the milk hasn't come, and John's got to go out to-night. I wish election was over.

I'm sorry, dear, but the milk was so late. I couldn't make it. Yes, I'll speak to him. Oh, no, I guess not; he's a very reliable man usually and the milk's good! Hush, hush, baby! Papa's talking!

Good-night, dear, don't be too late.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the fair moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

How pretty they look. Thank God, they keep so well.

It's no use. I can't write a letter to-night—especially to Jennie. I'm too tired. I'll go to bed early. John hates to have me wait up for him late. I'll go now, if it is before dark—then get up early tomorrow and get the sweeping done. How loud the crickets are! The evening shades creep down my bedroom wall—softly—slowly,

Warm gold—pale yellow—clean pink—soft lavender—dull blue—dim gray—darkness.—Kate Field's Washington.

AWFUL HEADACHES.

2 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

LIFE A TORTURE.

Kendrick Outhouse, of Tiverton, N.S., says: For several years I suffered from severe attacks of billiousness, which came on periodically, about every ten days. I had *awful headaches* and the smell of anything cooking turned me sick. I became *weak and nervous*, and had no ambition or strength to work. I passed *many sleepless nights*, and for days could not retain food on my stomach. I suffered intensely with piles and hives, and my life was a *constant tortu re* to me. I became so weak that my friends *gave up all hopes* of my recovery. My brother brought me a bottle of

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,

and a box of

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS.

I had not taken them long before I commenced to improve and in a short time I was *completely cured.* I grew *strong* and *vigorous*, my appetite returned, I *slept well* and in a few months had *gained 30 pounds* in weight. I have not suffered from piles or billiousness since, now 2 years, and am as *strong* and *hearty* as any man could wish to be. I firmly believe that

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC AND LIVER PILLS

Saved My Life.

I hereby certify the above statement is correct in every particular.

HOLLAND OUTHOUSE.

Sold by all Druggists and general dealers.

TONIC 50cts.; PILLS 25cts.

Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at public auction on Thursday the first day of February next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and five o'clock, p. m:—

All the right title and interest of Michael F Noonan, in and to all that piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Chatham in the County of Northumberland an Province of New Brunswick, and known as lo number twenty-four in the second tier of lots, granted Alexander Taylor, junior, deceased, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly or in the front by the rear of lots fronting on the Miramichi River; On the lower or easterly side by lot number twenty three; on the upper or westerly side by lot number twenty-five and extending to the rear of the original grant and containing two hundred acres more or less, being the lands and premises devised and bequeathed to the said Michael F. Noonan and the late Thomas Noonan, deceased, by the late Michael Noonan, deceased, in and by his last will and testament dated the 10th day of May, A. D., 1858, and registered in the records of the said county in volume 57 pages 330 and 331 of said volume, which said lands and premises are now in the possession and occupation of the said Michael F. Noonan:

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court and out of the st. John County Court against the said Michael F. Noonan.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, 14th October, A. D., 1893.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff

J. F. BENSON,

TYPEWRITER, &C. &C.

—ALSO—

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

OFFICE:

BENSONBLOCK, CHATHAM, N B.

TO SPORTSMEN.

For sale, cheap, a No. 8 Breech loading shot gun with a complete outfit, including case, loading tools and 500 shels, kills at 200 yards and was the property of the late Judge Botsford, good as new, and in perfect order. Apply to

R. L. BOTSFORD, M. D.
Moncton, N. B.

Hotels.

Hotel New Netherland.

FIFTH AVENUE, CENTRAL PARK AND 59th ST. NEW YORK.

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 inhaling 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.

Theatre 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.

Ferdinand P. Earle,
PROPRIETOR

ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,

WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished, throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.

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

GOOD STABLING, &C.

THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Proprie

CANADA HOUSE.

Corner Water & St. John Streets,

CHATHAM

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention paid to

THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.

WM. JOHNSTON,
PROPRIETOR

REVERE HOUSE,

Near Railway Station,
Campbellton, N. B.

formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan

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

Sample Rooms.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.

Daniel Desmond,
Proprietor.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CHATHAM,

Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best

British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.

GENTLEMENS' GARMENTS

f all kinds cut and made to order on the premses, with quickest despatch and at reasonable ates.

LADIES' COATS & SACQUES

cut to order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWECIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION,
Bronchitis, Cough
or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine."

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TO LET.

The residence and premises on St. John Street opposite the Pro-Cathedral) known as the] Hon John M. Johnson property.

Also; the house and premises known as the Letson homestead (suitable for two families) on the west side Cunard Street, (south of Church St.

Immediate possession given. Apply to

MRS. ISABELLA LETSON, or
L J TWEEDIE.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

PUBLIC NOTICE!

In consequence of the wonderful increase in my business, I have found it necessary to remove my large and complete

STOCK OF GROCERIES, ETC.

to the store adjoining the one so well known as

HARRIS' GENERAL STORE.

Having made this important alteration I will be able to pay special attention to my trade in

BOOTS AND SHOES AND CLOTHING

which is increasing with phenomenal rapidity, and at the same time do justice to my extensive trade in

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage in the past, I hereby solicit a continuance of the same.

W. T. HARRIS,
CUNARD ST., CHATHAM.

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE!

Of Staple and Fancy Fall Dry Goods—Dress Goods, Grey Cottons, Tweeds, Homespuns, Men's Clothing, Underwear, Boots & Shoes, &c.,

IN RE THE M. F. NOONAN STOCK.

TELEGRAM.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.
OCTOBER 5, 1893.

To J. D. CREAGHAN,
CHATHAM.

"We accept your offer. Wired Mr. Hickson last evening."

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The above is explanatory. This enormous and desirable stock has been removed to the "Argyle House", next the new Post Office, Chatham, and is now offered in lots to the trade and general public at from

33 TO 63 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

This sale is PEREMPTORY, SWIFT and SURE as the Argyle House Store must be vacated in a month. However, a few days should suffice to clear off such a desirable lot of staple merchandise. Storekeepers, Traders and the shopping public will please be in time as some valuable bargains must be forced off and thousands of dollars worth sacrificed.

J. D. CREAGHAN.

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.
DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAYLORS,
—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 tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

Chatham Foundry.

CHATHAM - - - - N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty—for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Babbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

☞ Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. + PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

JOB PRINTING

AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE!

ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES,
BILLS OF SALE, DRAFTS,
SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS' BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—
DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

THREE MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running. Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

—AT THE—

DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

AT ST JOHN IN 1883.

Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

FALL 1893.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 11 until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays' excepted) as follows;

Between Fredericton and Chatham.

FOR CHATHAM. (read down)		FOR F'TON. (read up)
7 45 a.m. lv	Fredericton	ar. 250 p. m.
7 50	Gibson	2 45
8 05	Marysville	2 30
9 35	Cross Creek	1 10 p. m.
10 45	Boiestown	11 50
11 45 ar	Doaktown	lv 10 50
12 00 lv	Doaktown	ar 10 30
1 15 p m	Blackville	9 15
2 10 ar	Chatham Jct	8 10
2 30 lv	Chatham Jct	
3 00 p.m ar	Chatham	lv. 7 30

FOR INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLK'VLE

lv 8 10 a m	Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 9 00 "	Indiantown	lv 4 10 "

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9.15 p. m.	1 55 p.m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.45 "	2.25 "
Leave " "	10.00 "	2.40 "
Arrive Chatham,	10.30	3.10 "

GOING SOUTH

	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	3.40 a m	10.30 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.10 "	11.00
Leave " "	4 25 "	11.25 "
Arrive Chatham	4 55 "	11.55 "

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carroll's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. AEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1893---FALL ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, Sept. 11, 1893, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4.22
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.14
Accommodation. for Campbellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	21.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Sept. 1 1893

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

NERVINE TONIC

—AND—

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

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

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, '86.

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 appreciable 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. HARDER, 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 advise every weakly person to use this valuable [illegible] few bottles of it has [illegible] consider it the grandest

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.

JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana,
Montgomery County, } ss:

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.