

CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH JONES.

Four years ago I came to London to look for an opening as a medical man, and my Aunt gave me a letter of introduction to her cousin, Mr. Pollyhill Jones, of Kensington, who she assured me was a most influential man and might be of great service to me. Moreover, she added that he was very rich and had an only daughter who was both beautiful and amiable. Here, my aunt hinted, was a famous chance for a rising young man.

I arrived about the middle of December, and secured comfortable apartments. I have a very pleasant memory, and seeing my aunt's letter was already fully directed in her stiff, old-fashioned hand, I thought I would make sure of not forgetting by sending it off at once. So taking one of my cards, on which these words were inscribed:

Mr. Jones Esq., M. R. C. S. I wrote under this name "Will all the pleasure of calling on Mr. Pollyhill Jones on Wednesday evening," and popped it into an envelope with my aunt's letter. Then I dropped the letter into a pillar box and thanked goodnight to my mind. Next day I received a polite note from Mr. Jones inviting me to dinner on Christmas day, which was near at hand. I thought this very friendly of Jones and determined to go.

On Christmas day I dressed myself with care, and, starting in good season, took the underground railway to South Kensington. When I arrived there it suddenly occurred to me that I did not remember my friend's address. I knew it was Kensington, but the street and number had entirely escaped me. Stop, though, I had his note in my pocket and I drew it out and glanced at the top. It, however, had neither date nor address. I pursued my way to the house of my friend's address. I knew it was Kensington, but the street and number had entirely escaped me. Stop, though, I had his note in my pocket and I drew it out and glanced at the top. It, however, had neither date nor address.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

over rather superciliously, I thought, before he consented to open the portals. Then he said, "You're late ain't you?" Was I—well, perhaps I had mistaken the hour. "Dinner begun?" I asked, meekly. "Begun?" he replied, with a snort. "Ow can it begin without you, hay?" This was alluring, but the man's familiarity revolted me. I took off my overcoat and hat which John Thomas took from me with a jerk, and chucked unceremoniously into a corner. At this point a charming young lady tripped lightly down stairs. She was in a becoming demi toilette, what I fancy is called a tea gown, but I don't know much about such things. "Oh! I'm so glad you've come at last!" she said. This was really very flattering, and I bowed awkwardly. I felt that I was blushing, which made me more awkward still. "There's all the table arranged," she went on, with a pleasant smile. Really a most charming creature. I wondered if she was the daughter. But what did she mean! I followed her into a handsomely appointed dining-room where there was a long table on which was a white cloth—nothing more. On the sideboard was displayed a lavish profusion of plate which she directed my attention to, and the effulgent footman, with another glorious beaming who had joined him, came into the room and stood at attention.

A sudden suspicion floated across my mind. "Is not this Mr. Pollyhill Jones?" I faltered out. Then she explained that the house belonged to her father, Sir Paul Jones, who was, I remembered, Chairman of Highway Boards. He was giving a dinner party that evening, and—and—confound it all—they had taken me for the young man from Glastonbury. I reclaimed my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

When I had recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch and found it still had some time to spare. All was not lost, then. Nevertheless, it was excessively awkward. Harrying my coat and gibus amid profuse apologies from the young lady, and brushing past those snickering beasts of fankies I gained the door and fled.

of a policeman. "Now there's no use you kicking, 'tho' worthy remarked as he pinned me roughly by the collar and cuff; 'if you don't come along quietly I'll whip the darbies on to you in a jiffy.' In vain I expostulated, and all breathless as I was, I led to tell him that whatever I said would be 'used agin' me,' and taking a firm grip he marched on, despite my struggles. At the corner of the street he gave a whistle and another constable coming up, I was 'run in' between them to the station amid signs of great popular excitement on the part of the ladies and small boys who crowded around and after us.

At the station I was introduced to the inspector, and I have no doubt that my appearance, without a hat and dragged and smothered as I was, convinced that worthy officer that I was a criminal of the deepest dye. I attempted to give a connected narrative of myself, but I don't think the police paid much attention to it. The constable who had effected my capture—who he had had his eye (he called it his "eye"), on me for a long time, and knew me to be a notorious croakman. The other, with more modesty, declared that my breath 'smelt strong of spirits,' and accused me of being drunk and disorderly. Between them they gave me a pretty character, but I think I was more indignant about the accusation of drunkenness than the more serious one. I could, of course, prove that I wasn't a burglar, but it is another thing to convince an opinionated policeman that I wasn't drunk. I thereupon insisted on the divisional inspector being sent for to say whether I was sober or not, and rather to my surprise the inspector consented. I was thrust into a bare and cheerless room with nothing in it save two hard benches, to await the arrival of the medical officer. In a quarter of an hour that gentleman made his appearance, a plump, little, rosy-faced man with a very bald head. To him I recounted my history, and, as it proceeded, his face, which at first had been somewhat grave, expanded into a broad smile, and at last he sat down on one of the benches and slapping his thighs, fairly burst into roars of laughter.

I fell back here, for I could see it was no joke to me to have let my dinner and got landed in such a predicament, and I think I told him. At this he exploded into fresh roars, and at length managed to gasp out, "D—don't you see the joke!—ho! ho! ho! oh dear! but why man alive, I am Mr. Pollyhill Jones, and I have been waiting dinner for you a quarter of an hour when I was sent for to examine an alleged drunkard—ho!"

Of course, after this I was immediately set at liberty and accompanied my newfound friend to his comfortable house on Campden Hill, where, after repairing with my hand assistance, as far as possible the damages my wardrobe had sustained, I was taken by him into the drawing-room and presented to his daughter whom I found all my (aunt) father painted her and more. My host being a little man and fat, while I am long and slim, my appearance in some of his garments must, I feel, have rather abashed, but when I saw Miss Jones understood the situation, her sweet sympathy with the sufferings I had undergone more than compensated me for the banterings of her papa, who, however, turned out to be a very good fellow indeed, and sometimes afterwards (as my aunt predicted) was of more service to me. Indeed, it was he who helped me to buy the very comfortable practice which I now enjoy in my native town. I need not say I thoroughly enjoyed my dinner at last, and it was really not much spoilt after all by the unavoidable delay. In fact I shall always look back with peculiar pleasure to the first little dinner I had with Jones. P. S.—Mrs. Rees, who has just read this, says that if I had seen her after I had left that evening scenario, while her papa roared, at my adventures and appearance, I should not lay so much stress on her 'sweet sympathy.' But no matter.

"Age Cannot Withstand Her" remained an old gentleman, a grand fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "I am not encouraging, but I entered, and to my dismay, found I was in a bedroom. A middle-aged man with a very red face, lay on the bed half dressed and shaking violently all over. The furniture of the room looked as if somebody had been dancing on it, and the pillows were flying about the floor. The man glanced at me savagely for about half a minute and then shouting, 'Oh! here are some more of you,' he hurled the bolster with all its force at my head. I dodged it, but I began to perceive it had made another strike. "Who the— are you?" yelled the man. I endeavored to explain but my friend, who was suffering under an attack of delirium tremens, was out of bed and making a sudden spring pinned me by the throat before I could stir a finger to prevent him. I was nearly choked, but struggled desperately, and at last by a great effort, succeeded in freeing myself. Seeing an opened door, I dashed through it and found myself in a small dressing-room with no other egress than the window. Hastily throwing it open, I sprang on the sill and grasped the iron pipe which ran by its side. It was a good drop down into the back yard, upon which the window looked, but by the help of the pipe I descended into the darkness beneath, and coming down with a splash into the middle of a huge water but. Happily it had not much in it, but I could feel the cold mud trickling into my shoes. This all over. Then began a most terrible cannonade. Hair brushes, bow-jacks, pin cushions—all manner of toilet articles—came flying from the window about my ears, but I kept my head well down and did not get very much hurt. Presently there was a lull and I ventured to look out. There was a wall above by the top of which I could just reach by standing on the edge of the water-but. I scrambled up without much difficulty and dropped down gently on the other side—into the arms

of a policeman. "Now there's no use you kicking, 'tho' worthy remarked as he pinned me roughly by the collar and cuff; 'if you don't come along quietly I'll whip the darbies on to you in a jiffy.' In vain I expostulated, and all breathless as I was, I led to tell him that whatever I said would be 'used agin' me,' and taking a firm grip he marched on, despite my struggles. At the corner of the street he gave a whistle and another constable coming up, I was 'run in' between them to the station amid signs of great popular excitement on the part of the ladies and small boys who crowded around and after us.

At the station I was introduced to the inspector, and I have no doubt that my appearance, without a hat and dragged and smothered as I was, convinced that worthy officer that I was a criminal of the deepest dye. I attempted to give a connected narrative of myself, but I don't think the police paid much attention to it. The constable who had effected my capture—who he had had his eye (he called it his "eye"), on me for a long time, and knew me to be a notorious croakman. The other, with more modesty, declared that my breath 'smelt strong of spirits,' and accused me of being drunk and disorderly. Between them they gave me a pretty character, but I think I was more indignant about the accusation of drunkenness than the more serious one. I could, of course, prove that I wasn't a burglar, but it is another thing to convince an opinionated policeman that I wasn't drunk. I thereupon insisted on the divisional inspector being sent for to say whether I was sober or not, and rather to my surprise the inspector consented. I was thrust into a bare and cheerless room with nothing in it save two hard benches, to await the arrival of the medical officer. In a quarter of an hour that gentleman made his appearance, a plump, little, rosy-faced man with a very bald head. To him I recounted my history, and, as it proceeded, his face, which at first had been somewhat grave, expanded into a broad smile, and at last he sat down on one of the benches and slapping his thighs, fairly burst into roars of laughter.

I fell back here, for I could see it was no joke to me to have let my dinner and got landed in such a predicament, and I think I told him. At this he exploded into fresh roars, and at length managed to gasp out, "D—don't you see the joke!—ho! ho! ho! oh dear! but why man alive, I am Mr. Pollyhill Jones, and I have been waiting dinner for you a quarter of an hour when I was sent for to examine an alleged drunkard—ho!"

Of course, after this I was immediately set at liberty and accompanied my newfound friend to his comfortable house on Campden Hill, where, after repairing with my hand assistance, as far as possible the damages my wardrobe had sustained, I was taken by him into the drawing-room and presented to his daughter whom I found all my (aunt) father painted her and more. My host being a little man and fat, while I am long and slim, my appearance in some of his garments must, I feel, have rather abashed, but when I saw Miss Jones understood the situation, her sweet sympathy with the sufferings I had undergone more than compensated me for the banterings of her papa, who, however, turned out to be a very good fellow indeed, and sometimes afterwards (as my aunt predicted) was of more service to me. Indeed, it was he who helped me to buy the very comfortable practice which I now enjoy in my native town. I need not say I thoroughly enjoyed my dinner at last, and it was really not much spoilt after all by the unavoidable delay. In fact I shall always look back with peculiar pleasure to the first little dinner I had with Jones. P. S.—Mrs. Rees, who has just read this, says that if I had seen her after I had left that evening scenario, while her papa roared, at my adventures and appearance, I should not lay so much stress on her 'sweet sympathy.' But no matter.

"Age Cannot Withstand Her" remained an old gentleman, a grand fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "I am not encouraging, but I entered, and to my dismay, found I was in a bedroom. A middle-aged man with a very red face, lay on the bed half dressed and shaking violently all over. The furniture of the room looked as if somebody had been dancing on it, and the pillows were flying about the floor. The man glanced at me savagely for about half a minute and then shouting, 'Oh! here are some more of you,' he hurled the bolster with all its force at my head. I dodged it, but I began to perceive it had made another strike. "Who the— are you?" yelled the man. I endeavored to explain but my friend, who was suffering under an attack of delirium tremens, was out of bed and making a sudden spring pinned me by the throat before I could stir a finger to prevent him. I was nearly choked, but struggled desperately, and at last by a great effort, succeeded in freeing myself. Seeing an opened door, I dashed through it and found myself in a small dressing-room with no other egress than the window. Hastily throwing it open, I sprang on the sill and grasped the iron pipe which ran by its side. It was a good drop down into the back yard, upon which the window looked, but by the help of the pipe I descended into the darkness beneath, and coming down with a splash into the middle of a huge water but. Happily it had not much in it, but I could feel the cold mud trickling into my shoes. This all over. Then began a most terrible cannonade. Hair brushes, bow-jacks, pin cushions—all manner of toilet articles—came flying from the window about my ears, but I kept my head well down and did not get very much hurt. Presently there was a lull and I ventured to look out. There was a wall above by the top of which I could just reach by standing on the edge of the water-but. I scrambled up without much difficulty and dropped down gently on the other side—into the arms

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to man. It is a safe and reliable medicine. The Chatham Company, 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY. WINTER Arrangement. On and after WEDNESDAY NOV. 25th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, as follows:

CHATHAM RAILWAY. WINTER 1888-9. On and after MONDAY NOV. 25th, trains will run on this railway in connection with the Montreal and St. John's Railway, as follows:

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND. A literary journal of 16 pages monthly. It contains the latest news, social, political, and literary. Price 40 cents per year.

Teacher Wanted. A SECOND CLASS MALE TEACHER is wanted for District No. 4, Chatham. Apply salary expected to the undersigned.

White Beans. In Store—30 Barrels White Beans. For sale by G. M. BOSTWICK & CO., 131 East Madison Avenue, Montreal, Que.

DR. G. J. SPROUL, DENTIST. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid. Offices in Benson Block, Chatham, N. B.

APPLES. Just Received 1 CAR NOVA SCOTIA APPLS, for sale Low. G. STOTHART, Oct. 17, '88.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. A BURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. They are mild, thorough and prompt in action, and from a valuable tonic to BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

Legal Notices.

Notice of Sale. To John E. Balthus, of Chatham, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, with Merchants, and N. Herbert Molloy, formerly of Chatham, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Patrick Conway of the Parish of Glaston, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, Farmer and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CALLEN'S CORN MILLER. CERTAIN REMEDY FOR HARD & SOFT CORNS. Now Opening AN IMMENSE STOCK OF New Dry Goods Variety, Style and Value UNSURPASSED.

William Murray. CHATHAM, March 28th, 1888. I. HARRIS & SON. Have just opened their IMMENSE STOCK OF Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Fancy Goods.

Extension of Business! SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN. NEWCASTLE AND CHATHAM. We wish respectfully to acquaint the people of Miramichi and the surrounding Country that the ever-increasing demands on our business, especially from Chatham and the Province of New Brunswick, warrant and necessitate a wider scope and extension of our trade in that direction.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice of Sale. To Peter Bennick of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, and to all others whom it may concern.