MR. AND MRS. TOODLES.

The supper had been cleared away and the hired girl was washing the dishes in the kitchen and singing at her work. The twins, anugly tucked in their little cradles, were smiling in their sleep. Mr. Toodles was quietly reading his paper by the sitting-room table. The light shone actily on his meek and benevolent face and illuminated the full moon on the top of his small but sensible head. Mrs. Toodles was knitting in her favorite rocking chair by the cheerful grate fire.

her favorite rocking chair by the cheerful grate fire.

But something was on Mrs. Toodles' mind. She allowed the kitten to play with the ball of yarn dropped from her capacious lap without once stamping her substantial feet and crying 'seat."

Finally she laid her long, glistening knitting needles down and aimed her penetrating spectacles straight at her diminutive husband who, without seeing it, felt the influence of the steady glare and, moved unassily in consequence.

and sadder if not wiser, sought the so-Are you, my dear?' he answered.

"Are you, my dear?" he answered, looking sweetly at her strong and rather masculine features, "where are you going to take them?"

"Right here in this house and right sway," she said, decidedly. "Mrs. Brown, does and she's bought herself already a sealskin sack, a new piano and lots of lovely furniture ont of the profits. You always say you can't afford those things, but I know better. Now I've made my mind up to earn them myself, and don't you dare oppose if. This house will be a palace before I'm through."

"His house win be a passes, before I'm through."

"How many boarders will the twins leave you time to work for, my dear," he gently saked, without surprise or losing the place he was reading, "and what rooms can you give them?"

"Hi get two to start with and give them, your room and put you in the attic on a cot. You like the air up there, you say, and think the view is charming, and as for the twins, Mr. Toodles, you'll be delighted to hold them when I'm busy, of course.

"And it won't cost a cent extra for the table, either. What feeds four will feed more when I'do the buying and serving. Oh! It takes a woman to manage those things. And then you'll have company to talk with at home, so you won't have to visit the 'club'—as you call it."

"Will your boarders amoke pipes, my dear, or eigarettee in our sitting room evenings? You can hardly bear a good cigar now, you know, and then the odor permeating the house might ossify the twins and lead them to love cigar.

"My boarders will not smoke if I don't like it—any more than you, Mr. Toodles," snapped the good lady.
"But you can't prevent them smoking in their room, my dear, and that is next to yours—and the twins."

Mes. Toodles more than you, Mr. Toodles now is happy in his quiet home.—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

Mrs. Toodles made no reply for swhile, but her woman's mind was shaken a bit.

"They can smoke with their heads out of a window. Maybe they won't use he vile weed at all. Every man isn't a thimney, puffing as if a ton of soft coal was burning inside of him," she vehem-

"No, indeed, my dear," blandly answered the husband, who loved a cigar next to his wife, "but who'll let the boarders in at night if they are out past our bedtime? You know you wouldn't want to trust strangers with a latch key to our home."
"Well, Mr. Toodles, if you ain't man enough to sit up for them I'll let them in myself, sir."

Mrs. T.'s spectacles blazed furiously at the unmoved and apparently sincere countenance of her little lord and mas-

Then with an impressive sweep of her ponderous right hand she exclaimed "Mr. Toodles, what do you mean? I think I can take entire care of myself under those circumstances as you, sir, know by experience. Ha! I'd like to see a man attempt nonsense with me. You ain't jealous already, I hope."

"O, certainly not, my dear," smiled Mr. T., "I'm only too proud when your charms are admired by the sterner sex. The fact is, my darling, I like your plan so much that I'll get a boarder for you to morrow."

o morrow.

The angry cloud on Mrs. Toodles' face hanged to the brightest sunshine.

"Spoken like a true, good, loving huseand you are," she shouted in her tenest tones, "and now, dear Timothy, let's go to bed for I must be up at day

"Jack!" he said, when they were alone,
"I want, you to fill your trunk with
bricks and come with it to my house
and play boarder for a week. Mrs. T.
has got boarders on the brain, you know,
and I want you to cure her. If your appetite is as good as it used to be you'll do it sure. Her cooking you'll find well worthy of your sublimest efforts in the

"All you'll have to do is to clear the table at every meal and be as much of a adisance as possible. Bring all the pipes you've got and your old cornet to keep the twins howling all night. You're going to have my room—the best in the and I'll be stuck up in the attic

That evening the bogus boarder arrived with his loaded trunk at the Toodles

Mrs. Toodles, gayly arrayed for the grand occasion, welcomed him with her most captivating smiles, and Mr. Toodles solemnly escorted him to the dining

The table was a sight to see, for the managed in a mateur landlady had excelled herself in heaping it with goodies. She knew, or thought she did, the importance of making a favorable impres sion at the start, although, we're oblig-ed to say, she intended to soon run on

hash and stews and other less expensive but equally filling dishes.

Mr. Toedies, looking as meek and in-necent as a new born babe, did his honors from his end of the table, and Mrs. Toodles, beaming with delight and graciousness, nobly attended to her

For a time all went on swimmingly, but soon even the twins in high chairs opposite Mr. Jack evinced surprise at the rapid disappearance of the food, and a pardonable fear lest they should starve a pardonable fear lest they sho in the midst of such a plenty.

Mrs. Toodles, in spite of her acknow-ledged fame as a hostess, showed signs of uneasiness, and soon became positively nervous at each fresh assault the new boarder made on the vivands, while her husband, pretending not to see her warning glances, kept on urging Mr. Easyman to eat.

At last when the staring twins themselves were in danger of being swallow-ed by the insatiable boarder to top of with, and when poor Mrs. Toodle: threatened to collapse entirely Mr. Easy-man pronounced himself satisfied—until breakfast!

With a remarkably straight and sobe face he accompanied his wicked and overloyed host to the sitting from, leav-ing Mrs. Toodles and the twins to share terrors of the situation between

When the distressed lady had stam mered has discressed lady had stam-nered her directions for breakfast to the dired girl and put the startled twins to seep she, with a forced and sickly mile and a worried look, joined the sentiamen.

She could scarcely see or breathe in the fog of pipe smoke they made, but she endured it bravely, for it wouldn't do to frighten the gay and apparently contented new boarder away by too suddenly disturbing his home comfort

But when the pair of rascals began a But when the pair of rascals began a heated political argument, each, of course, taking opposite sides, she commenced to see that keeping boarders wasn't as nice as her friend, Mrs. Brown, had cracked it up to be.

By and by, however, Mr. Easyman grew more entertaining, but whether the harrowing tales he invented of boarding house experiences served to

after dinner.

boarding house experiences served to make his new landlady more cheerful At last, to the poor victim's relief, came bedtime, and Mr. Jack, after a

hearty good night, and a carefully stolen wink at the meek-faced husband, retired Then Mrs. Toodles, doing considerable thinking, let the smoke out the windows, gazed at the disorder and damage done,

and sadder it not wiser, sought the sollace of sleep.
Hardly had she pressed the pillow with her aching head when, "toot! toot! tooty, tooty, tu-whoot, to-oo oo-oot!" from the new boarder's cornet in the next room make her spring upright on

As a fearful accompaniment to the unearthly, nerve shattering toots both twins at once howled their midnight lodies for all or more than they were

Poor Mrs. T. could stand it no longer. Rushing in her ghostly night garments apstairs to her husband, who, pretending to be asleep, let her shake him well before answering, she dragged him downstairs and furiously bade him si-

ence the terrible cornet. Seeing that his first dose of boarder Seeing that his first dose of boarder medicine had taken capitally he knocked on his pal's door and with a whisper and several sounds like smothered laughter succeeded in making everything quiet save the twins. Those he had to walk, one on each arm, for a long, cold hour, but he bere the punishment so well deserved without his usual groans.

So it went on till the end of the boarder's first week arrived.

er's first week arrived. Then Mrs. Toodles, weighing less and looking pale and distressed, begged the husband to tell Mr. Easyman that Mrs. T. wished to give up taking boarders and to find another place.

"But, my dear," said the old hyporite, with the smoothest face, "we've taken Mr. Easyman for a year and he

says he likes us so much that he's going to stay and bring a friend who's coming Mrs. Toodles fainted on the spot. When she "come to" her husband, assured that his medicine had proved thoroughly effective for life, promised to persuade the boarder to leave even if he

The postmaster at Chelsea station had The postmaster at Cheisea station had a conscience, of course. Everybody has. The public servants into whose hands the government's postal wffairs are intrusted are not generally credited with being the possessors of such an inconvenient article, but the worthy officials

An explanation of that statement may be given by telling you that not only was Silas Gardiner the distributor on the mails, but a deacon in the Bap-tist church as well, so, although that same conscience was composed of many of the ingredients that also are constitmyself, str."

"Suppose, my dear," spoke the mildneered man, "they should come home
they hilarious from liquor and tried
likes you."

"I've been wondering about this thing
for weeks. I understand it all now.
They were Milly's love letters, and you
this reading postal cards, letters not
thought they were mine. As if an old
securely sealed and so forth, we may be
woman like myself would be guilty of

One Thusday afternoon there came an o'clock mail came in, bringing a letter that sent the blood surging in crimson waves over Postmaster Gardiner's face and made his heart beat against its pris-

on like a trip hammer.

It was not a very important looking tter; just a small, square white en-clope addressed in an even business sary. He could not have made a more cloquent plea. A woman will forgive many a grave offence if you will but the subject to be the recipient of letters, but never before had she received one in the free, dashing hand that graved the anyeloge that the subject that we state that he will be anyeloge that the subject the subject to be the recipient of letters, but never before had she received one in the free, dashing than that graved the anyeloge that the subject to be the recipient of letters, but never before had she received one in the free, dashing with authority that we state that he anyeloge that the subject to be the received one in the free, dashing with authority that we state that he anyeloge that the subject to be the received one in the free, dashing with authority that we state that he hand that graced the envelope that lay before him. He well knew that, for not missive for Miss Darrell had passed

amined the writing closely.

Through the long hours of the evening while the neighbors had congregated in the little room there was a conflict in the postmaster's mind. Like the Danish prince, he was trying to solve the question: "To be or not to be." "To do or not to do." By twenty minutes to nine the little room was deserted. Securely fastening the outer door and the one communicating with the sitting-room of his sister's family, the postmaster removed the oil lamp from its accustomed place on the bracket on the wall to his desk in the corner and once more took up Millicent's letter.

back in box No. 13; he took it up and looked at it again, and then carefully broke the seal and removed the closely written sheets from their covering. He ooked at them a few minutes as they ny there exposed to view as if wondering how he dared to be so bold. But the

The postmaster's life had always been ery prosaic. There was one thing in his remembrance that had ever shed a roseate glow over the commonplace, avowed affection for Millicent Darrell. He had worshipped her from afar when they had gone to school together at the little red brick house at the foot of the hill. Time had but served to strength this childish devotion. Through youth and the first years of his manhood she were, fully as unapproachable as though she had in reality occupied a position in

a world far beyond the sphere wherein

She may have been aware of the homage that was hers, but had given no encouragement to the admirer, who was too faint-hearted to give expression to his regard by word or sign, but who hopelessly waited for some one else to win the prize that he so much valued. But for reasons best known to herself But for reasons best known to herself alone Miss Darrell preferred a life of single blessedness to one of double wretchedness, and passed contentedly and comfortably into a state of old-maidenhood, and the postmaster settled down into a chronic, lovelorn melancholy, from which comatose condition he was martially aroused now and then he was partially aroused now and then by the thought that she might yet change her mind and honor some unfor-tunate being with her heart and hand. So that was the situation when Miss Darrell went down to the seashore one Summer to visit her brother. Silas Gardiner's heart was filled with mis-givings during her absence, lest what he had long feared should come to pass. It was about a week after her return, in the autumn, that the carrier brought the letter, the very appearance of which was sufficient to produce such agitation in his breast, and a perusal of which confirmed his instinctive belief in some entangling alliance. That night, as he read and reread the words that were intended for his shillicent's eyes

one, his heart grew heavy, for every line breathed forth an unmistakable devotion, which judging from the frequent allusions to future happiness, was not

It was near morning when he com-pleted his deliberations over the letter and carefully located it in a seldom-used compartment of his desk. The next day Miss Darrell drove over to the office with her niece and namesake, who had accompanied her on her return to Chelsea station, and inquired for mail.

During the next few weeks letters through the various phases of human passion, from most tender affection to extreme anger at their failure to elicit a reply, and each, as it arrived, was read by Mr. Gardiner with a sort of grim satisfaction and deposited with its prede-

cessors.

Miss Millicent's niece was crying. can't understand it." she said to her elderly relative between sobs. "I've been here five weeks and not a word have I heard from Charles. What can

it mean?" "I'm not at all surprised. It's just as I expected." Miss Millicent answered. with a half-triumphant air. "Didn't I tell you so? Don't you remember what I said to you the first day I saw him about deceit and rascality being depicted upon his countenance? And I consider myself a pretty good judge of human nature. Of course he's never write to you. He's just been making a fool of you this

In the recesses of her heart Miss Darrell may have sympathized with her niece, but she only expressed contempt for such a romantic trust in the sincerity of the wooer who had been known but one summer, and the discussion ended there.
Charles Williams was puzzled and angry, decidedly so. To the best of his knowledge he had written thirty-five

letters to Miss Millicent Darrell, the younger, in as many days, not one of which she had deemed worthy of an an-"She's just like the rest of 'em," he told his best friend when lamenting the

"So innocent and true she seemed too. What a fool I was to believe her, She's nothing but a confounded flirt. I'll think no more about her."
Contrary to his declaration of forget-

fulness, he thought more about her than ever, and the consequence was that he went down to Chelsea station the next day to investigate the case. The explanations which directly followed con-vinced each young person of the faith, fulness of the other, and Miss Darrell acknowledged her inability to interpret ne's nature from the physiognomy. But there was one question confronting them, and that was: "Where were

hose letters?" Thirty-five epistles, all neavy laden with deepest feeling, could hardly have gone astray. The only pos-sible solution was that some one must have taken them, but who could it have been? Miss Darrell left the lovers disbeing the possessors of such an inconvenient article, but the worthy officials of the above mentioned point was an exception to the rule.

An overlanding of that statement

want my niece's letters." "What do I know of Miss Milly's letters?" he asked, with assumed careless.

"You know everything about them " she said, looking at him unflinchingly. sure that never was he found guilty of such an offence without experiencing many severe twinges of that troubleery to prevent some other person from having what you yourself are too big a dunce to ask for!" He went to his desk, and taking out

the bundle of letters, gave them to her, saying: "Here they are. I pray you not to expose me. I did it because of my love for you. I could not bear—"
He said no more. It was not necessary. He could not have made a more eloquent plea. A woman will forgive

never was guilty of a similar transgres-

brough the office that he had not ex- Darrell received the following tele-Dear Aunt-I was married yester MILLY WILLIAMS." To which the elder lady replied:

"Dear Milly—So was I.
"MILLICENT GARDINER." THE NEW ARMENIAN PATRIARCH. Ismirilan a Brave and Talented Man Popular With the People. Mgr. M. Izmirilan was elected to the chair of Armenian patriarchate of Constantinople just a few weeks ago, after the resignation of Mgr. Ashikian, who was compelled to leave his high office, as he took up Millicent's letter.

He held it up to the light; he put it

compelled to leave its light in land neither the necessary courage to satisfy the needs of the nation in a few critical occasions nor to fulfil faithfully the duties devolving upon him as patriarch. The sultan, on the contrary, in spite of paying

attention to the periodical demonstration of dissatisfaction of the Armenians from maladministration of the nationa affairs, kept the parriarch in his onice, ing how he dared to be so bold. But the Rulicon was crossed; there was no retreating, and he pushed courageously forward and read Miss Millicent's letter.

The postmaster's life had always been very prosaic. There was one thing in new patriarch, but this permission was

his remembrance that had ever shed a roseafe glow over the commonplace, monotonous expanse of years he had lived through, and that was an unived through, and that was an universal of the state of the state for nearly six and the state of t months. But, thanks to his imperial majesty the sultan, the Armenians were



HIS HOLINESS MGR. MATHEW IZMIRLLAW. allowed at last their patriarch, which resulted in a very satisfactory election. It was this newly elected patriarch, Mgr. Mathew izmirlian, who went to the palace of the Saler. was this newly elected patriarch, Mgr.
Mathew izmirlian, who went to the palace
of the Sultan Jan. 19 last to present his
respects to the ruler of his country in accordance with tradutional custom, but instead of expressing his utmost satisfaction
with the present administration of Armenian affairs the monsignore gave an unexpected surprise to the sultan by uttering the following daring words, which are
of a unique character in their nature, as
the patriarchs are supposed to ignore the
real condition of Arpmenians and thank
the authorat: "By the goodness of God and
the choice of the Armenian nation, I have
become patriarch of the Armenians, and
your majesty has confirmed my election.
I beg to express thanks for the confirmation and the audience granted me. According to my free conscience I will fulfill
the duties devolving upon me toward my

The Great English Remedy.

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cure all forms of Nervous
Weakness, Emissions, gaying
curre all forms of Revous
Weakness, Emissions, gaying
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curred, Impotency of Robots of Revouses
and Inspect of Abuse of Emissions
coordinates
coordinates
currences, Emissions, gaying
curred, Impotency of Robots
coordinates
coor in the Armenian and the

church and nation. I pray God preserve you unshaken upon the glorious throne of your ancestors."

Mgr. Izmirilan was the second candidate

or nominee for the Armenian catholicate
n 1892. He used to be the pastor of St.
John's (Garabed) Church in Scutari (Constantinople) and many years ago he acted stantinopie) and many years ago he acted as private counsellor to the patriarch of Constantinopie, and lately was the arch-bishop of Armenians in the Egyptian khe-diviate. He is quite well known for his knowledge of the Armenian ecclesiastical rights and laws, and has rendered very ap-preciable services to the Armenian Cath-olicus of Etchmiadzin and Celecia. With with which both ladies received the contents of box No. 13, a wave of repentance rolled over the postmaster's soul and the letter secreted in his private desk appeared before him like an accusing angel.

came for Miss Darrell on an average of once a day—letters whose tone ranged NYE ON IMAGINATION. HE TELLS OF A SPECIALLY FINE IN-STANCE IN WASHINGTON.

> Crime and the Consequences-How Fresh Air Crank Enjoyed Sound Sleep in a Pullman Car.

Last summer a mysterious crime occurred in K street, northwest. Washington, D.C., which was never given to the public. On a sultry midsummer day a man might have been seen glancing furtively about in that neighborhood as if to see if any one might be observing him, while under his arm and partly concealed he carried



BAISING A WINDOW,

an inanimate, cold and pulseless body.

The servant who saw him from the window of an upper story near by thought it looked like the body of a deceased dog. While she watched him from behind a closed shutter he dexterously concealed his burden beneath the shrubbery in the adjoining grounds and fled on swift pinions, so to speak, being soon lost to view. In a couple of days the neighboring servants began to complain of the odor and as the owner of the grounds whereupon the body had been deposited was away temporarily it was suggested that the boys who played on the adjoining grounds every day should get over the hedge and secure the remains, so that they might be entembed,

The boys crept up towards the shrubbery with patient clothespins on their noses, but could not approach nearer than twenty-five feet, though they could see the still, calm features of the little pet through the green leaves of the currant bushes. Evidently in life it had been a watch dog. and even in death it succeeded in keeping the boys away from the fruit. It was kind of touching to see the little dumb brute lie there so still in death, yet so eloquent withal that even his voiceless clay made

people pay attention.

The boys came back to report that dog seemed to crave that part of Washington mostly for himself, and that he was ed most of it for his own use. By and by the neighbors got uneasy about their health. Washington gets pretty hot in summer, and even a moder-ate-sized dog under the genial rays of an August sun will attract more adverse cri n sometimes than the Administration

This one did.
So a lady on the corner, whose house and grounds are next door to where the dog seemed to be taking place, sent word to the Police Department, asking that a cart and a good offhand memorial orator be sent up to K street, Meantime the owner returned to hi mesidence, and the lady who lives next do

came along from the garden with a life-sized china dog.
"There," said the father, "I thought I had concealed that china dog in the cur-rant bushes, where it wouldn't be found

"Is that the dog that has been there in the bushes the past two weeks?"
"Yes."
"Well, the police will be here after it in

a few minutes "Why?"
"Well, we thought we could smell it a good deal lately, and people threatened to move away if the police didn't do something with it. Some of my friends said that the odor kept them awake nights. One family whose home is at Constable Hook, N.J., and who are used to the clover-scented air of Elizabeth and the Standard oil works, moved away yesterday.

Standard oil works, moved away yesterday on account of it."

And soon afterwards the police did come along to relieve the neighborhood of the poisonous and pestilential odor of a china dog. This is a true story told me by one of the victims.

Imagination is a great thing. I have seen a fresh-air crank, after hours of restlessness on a Pullman car at night, raise a window and sleen sweetly all night, for-

lessness on a Pullman car at night, raise a window and sleep sweetly all night, forgetting that it was a double window.

Thirty years ago I wrote a composition upon "The Powers of Imagination," and I then said: "The powers of imagination are certainly many and wonderful." Pungent and radical as this statement seemed to me at the time, I can say now truly, even after the flight of years, that I see no reason for changing my mind.

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ar 4.50 pm Neison

ar 4.50 pm Neison

ar 4.50 fm Ar. Chatham Junction. GOING SOUTH Expansa. Mixap 8.20 a. w. 10.00 a. m 10.95 ** 4.00 ** 10.50 ** 4.25 ** 11.20 ** 5.00 ** 12.10 pm

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop unea signalled at the following flag flations—Oerby siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Cheimstord, Irey Rapl'is, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carrol's, McNamee's, Ludiew, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Fortages Road, Forbes' bilding, Upper Cross Greek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaki, 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 applied at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for ROUTEN and all points Rast and West, and at Prederiction with the C. P. HAILWAY for 85 John and all points West, and at Chatham Junction and with the C. P. HAILWAY for 85 John and all points West, and at Chatham for Forward States, Houlton, Strand Salls, Edmundston and Freeque Isls, and at Cross Greak with Stare for Statley.

ALEX. GIRSON Gen'l Manager

[ESTABLISHED 1852.]

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THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

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

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestic 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 strength ener 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

Nervous Prostration, Sick Headache, Female Weakness. Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance,

Neuralgia. Pains in the Heart,

Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Nervousness of Females. Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough. Nervousness of Old Age, Liver Complaint,

Broken Constitution Debility of Old Age,

Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams,

Heartburn and Sour Stomach.

Weight and Tenderness in Stomach

Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears

Weakness of Extremities and

Chronic Diarrhoea Pains in the Back, Delicate and Scrofulous Children. Failing Health, 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 Disesses, 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 de-Tangement.

Zo 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 s.omach 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 Nervime 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 nervots 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-Trass. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a ticted 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.

forms of Nervous

State of Indiana,

Montgomery County, }es:

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

CHAS. W. WEIGHT, 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 incal-culable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the ex-perience 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.

Wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Harnet E. Hall, of Waynetown, Ind., says:
"I own 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 ried three dotors, with no railed. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to
the Tonic improved me so much that I was able to
walk about, and a lew bottles cured me entirely.
I believe it is the best medicine in the world.
I believe it is the best medicine in the world.
San not recommend it bood highly.

No zemady compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. 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 lorms of falling health. In never falls to
cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia, It never falls to cure Chares or St. Thus Dance. Its powers to
build up the whole system any wenderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middie aged. It is a great treat to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this preclous boon;
if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will exister you to health. South American
Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate laddes, do not fall to use this
great cure, pour destance of the Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate laddes, do not fall to use this
great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your Bps and in your cheeks

Large 16 ounce Bottle. \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON CHATHAM, N. B.