FORGIVEN.

All the people in the house a—great beehive of workmen—situated in the Rue Delambre, where Tony Robec had occupied a room for six months, took him for a widower lately bereaved, for his little son with whom he had lived alone, a small child, dressed as nicely as though he had a mother, was hardly 6 years old. However, neither the father nor the son wore any crape either on their caps or sleeves.

Every day, early in the morning, Toby Robec, who worked as a typesetter in a printing shop in the Latin quarter, went off with his little Adrien, still half asleep, on his shoulder, and would leave him at a school in the neighborhood, where after his days work was done, he would call for him, and leading the little fellow by the hand would stop at the butcher's and milkman's and take home in the child's schoolbasket, just as a women would have done, what was necessary for their dinner, and then would shut himself up in his room till the dext day.

The tender-hearted gossips of the house pited the poor father, who was a still fine looking man scarcely 40 years old, but with such a sad pale face, his beard already streaked with gray and his earnest eyes looking like those of a lion in repose, and they said as they looked after him;

"That man ought to marry again. He is a good fellow and never drinks. He could easily find a nice girl to take care of him and his son. Have you noticed how clean he keeps the little boy? Never a hole or spot on his clothes. He is an orderly man. You can see it at once, and seems he earns 10 francs a day."

They would have liked to have made his acquaintance. Generally it is not difficult to make friends with one's neighbors in these popular houses, where they live half the time with their doors open. But Tony had a reserved air, a polite way of bowing to them on the stairway which intimidated them.

Every Sunday the father and son clean as two new pennies, went for a walk. They had met them in the museums in the Jardin des Plantes. They had also seen them before dinner time in a little cafe of the quarter, where Tony treated himself to his sole luxury in the week, a glass of absinthe, which he drank slowly, while Adrien, seated by his side on a leather covered bench, looked at the illustrated papers.

"No, mesdames," said the concierge of the house, who was sentimental, to her friends, "that widower will never marry again A Sunday or two ago I met him in one of the paths of the Montparnesse cemetry. His wife, no doubt, is buried there: It made me sad to see him with his motherless child. He must have adored his lost one. It is rare, but there are some like that; he is inconsolable."

Alas! yes. Tony Robec had loved his wife deeply and could not be consoled for her loss; only he was not a widower.

His history was a very simple and not a happy one. He was a conscientious workman, but only moderately clever at his trade, and it was not before a long time that he succeeded in setting type well and in earning his livlihood in a small way, and that was the reason why he never had thought of marrying until he was over 30 years of age. He should have chosen a serious minded girl, acquainted with poverty, as he had been himself. But love laughs at reason, and Tony lost his heart to a young flower girl 19 years old, who, although she was virtuous, had a very frivolous character, thinking only of dress and knowing how to make herself look like a little princess with her lovely face, a few bits of ribbon and some bright colored stuff.

He had put by a small amount of money, sufficient to furnish the wee apartment quite well, and besides the usual necessary furniture he bought a wardrobe with a looking glass in it for 80 francs in the Faubourg St. Antoine in order that his sweetheart could see herself in it full length, and then he married his Clemantine, and at first they were blissfully happy. How they did love each other, to be sure!

They had two rooms in the fifth story in a house on the Boulevard Port Royal, with a small balcony and a view over all Paris. Every evening when he left his printing house, situated on the left bank of Seine, Tony Robec, with his overcoat hiding his workman's blouse, looking quite like a gentleman, would go to the corner of the bridge of Saint Peres to wait for his little wife, who would come from the Rue Saint Honore, where her workshop was, and arm in arm, close together, they would hurry to their distant home and eat their merry evening meal.

But their Sundays, above all, were delightful. They were so happy at home they did net go out. Oh, their breakfasts in summer, with the windows open looking out over the great city and the blue sky, how good they were! While he was sipping his coffee and smoking his cigarette Clemantine would go to watch the flower pots on the balcony. "She is so clever," he would say to himself, and then would get up from his chair softly and surprise her by kissing her on the back of the neck. "Will you never have done, you silly fellow?" she would say laughingly.

And then in due time a child was born, their little Felix, whom they put out to nurse at Margency, where they would go to see him every two weeks. But he died when he was a year old of convulsions. However, they were soon consoled by Adrien's birth, whom the mother wished to keep with her, and so she left her workshop and took in work at home, earning only about half as much, but managing all the same to dress herself very prettily, and would play the lady in the Luxembourg gardens, rolling her baby before her in a little straw carriage.

But, although Tony toiled harder than ever, working besides in a newspaper office at night, he could not earn enough for their expenses and fell into debt. Then, when the child became strong enough to wean and was left during the day at the children's refuge, the mother, who was often unoccupied, fell into the dangerous habit of gadding about in the streets alone.

You can imagine the difference between the poor man, grown old before his time with care and worn out with hard work, and this frivolous girl, only 23 and as pretty as a picture of Greuze. One evening, on coming home with his little boy, for whom he had stopped as he passed by the refuge Tony Robec found a letter on the mantelpiec from which, as he opened the envelope, Clemantine's wedding ring fell out. In this latter the heartless creature bade him and her son good bye and asked their forgiveness at the same time.

The romantic jurymen of the present day, who always acquit outraged husbands who kill their wives and their lovers under the pretext of "passionate crimes," would find our Tony very ridiculous and even a little despicable if they knew that he felt more sorry than anger. He wept a great deal, and when little Adrien said to him: "Where is mamma? Is mamma not coming home soon?" he kissed the little fellow passionately and replied, "I do not know."

Clemantine had gone away at the begining of May—ah, me, for how much is the odor of lilacs responsible sometimes!—and Tony, when the July rent day came sold nearly all his furniture and paid his debts and went to live in the Rue Delambre, wishing to be as far as possible from his former home. And there he lived quietly and honorably with his little boy, and his neighbors took him for a widower

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife—four incoherent and despairing pages, whereon the ink was all blotted with tears. Her lover, a medical student, had gone away for his vacation to his family far down in the south, and he did not write to her or give her any sign of life. She, the traitress, was abandoned, betrayed in her turn, and she repented and begged and implored to be forgiven. This made poor Toby suffer terribly. But do not get excited, ferocious jurymen, who have, all of you, a heart like the Moor's of Venice, and give back, if you please your esteem to the poor fellow, for he was proud and did not answer his culpable wife's epistle.

He heard no further news of Clemantine till on Christmas day.

Now, for many years he had had the touching custom of going on that day with his wife to carry an humble bouquet—a few half frozen violets, with a little rose-bud in their midst—to their firstborn's, their little Felix's tomb, who had died when he was out at nursing, and for whom, wishing to have his grave near to them, they had bought a right of burial for five years at Montparnasse, the concession of which had been already renewed.

For the first time Tony Robec had to make this pilgrimage alone with his little boy Adrien, and as he passed through the gate to the cemetery under a funereal winter's sky—and now, cruel Othellos of the jury, you will again despise this weak-hearted husband when I tell you that he suffered more than ever as he remembered his absent wife, the fugitive.

"Where is she now?" thought he. "What has become of her?"

But on reaching Felix's tomb, which he had some trouble in finding, he stopped surprised.

There was laid on his tombstone two or three playthings, such as the poorest people buy—a wooden trumpet, a polichinelle and a wooden dog—which had just been placed there, for they were quite new and had evidently been bought that very day at some cheap street stall.

"Oh, playthings," Adrien exclaimed as he saw the poor offerings.

But his father, having perceived a piece of paper pinned to one of the toys, stopped and picked it up and read there these words, written in a handwritting he well knew, "For Adrien, from his little brother Felix, who is now in heaven with the Christ child."

Suddenly Tony felt his son press up against him and heard him murmur in a frightened voice, "Mamma!" and Tony saw a few steps off kneeling under a clump of cypress trees a woman clad in a beggar's dress and shawl, and, oh! so pale and with such sunken eyes, who stretched her clasped and supplicating hands toward him.

Between ourselves, sanguinary gentlemen of the jury, I do not believe that Tony Robec thought then of him who taught us both by word and by example to "forgive offences," for this workman was really religious. But his plebian heart was ignorant of self-love and rancor. He trembled less from anger at the memory of the outrage he had suffered than from pity at seeing the woman he had so tenderly loved in such a miserable state, and he pushed his little son gently toward her.

"Adrien," he said, "go and kiss your mother."

She seized her child in a passionate embrace, covered his face with kisses as she sobbed with happiness, then turning a beseeching look toward her husband:

"How good you are!" she murmured.

But he was already near to her and said, half choking, almost harshly:

"Do not speak—and—take my arm."

It is not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre, and they walked there quickly. Tony felt Clemantine's arm trembling on his. The child trotted along beside them, thinking already only of his toys.

The concierge of the house Tony inhabited stood at the door.

"Madame," he said, "this is my wife who has been for six months in the country with her mother, who was very ill, and who has come home again."

And as they went up stairs he was obliged to support, almost to carry, the wretched woman, who had burst into sobs and was nearly fainting from emotion and from joy.

When he reached his humble room, Tony made his wife sit down in the ouly arm-chair he possessed and placed her son in her arms again. Then he went to his bureau, opened a drawer, from which he took out a small paper box in which he had kept Clemantine's wedding ring and went and replaced it on her finger, and then, for the first time, without a word of anger or reproach about the past, with the great generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her silently, reverently on the forehead, so that he might be sure he had forgiven her.—Francois Coppee in Philadelphia Press.

Imported Jokes.

The surgeon major goes the round of the sick wards.

"Well, No. 6, how are you gettng on?"

Oh, doctor, I'm as hungry as a horse!"

"As hungry as a horse? Very good (turning to the sergeant in attendance); put down half a gallon of hay for No. 6."—Il Corriere dei Bagni.

"What will you do when you are grown up, Toto?"

"I shall be a soldier."

"But you will run the risk of being killed."

"By who?"

"The enemy."

Toto, after a moment's reflection—"Then I'll be the enemy."—La Tribuna.

"How dare you take off your hat to that fellow?"

"Why not?"

"You ought to know that he was mixed up with a very dirty gambling story."

"Indeed? Tell me all about it."

"The fact is, I don't remember whether he was the swindler or the victim."—El Liberal.

Turaccioletti has discovered a stratagem for saving himself from annoyance on certain occasions. He pretends to be deaf. Yesterday he met a friend who said to him:

"Will you lend me five francs?"

"What? I didn't hear," said Turaccioletti.

"Lend me 10 francs."

"You said five the first time!"—Il Motto per Ridere.

A Prospector's Luck.

We were camped alongside of an emigrant train in Nebraska, and just after supper a woman about 40 years of age, who was smoking a pipe, came over to our fire and seized the crowd up, and said:

"I've got sunthin' to say. I'm a plain-spoken woman. When I've got a thing on my mind, I don't beat around the bush."

We looked at her with curiosity and surprise, and she leaned against the wheel of a wagon and continued:

"I've been a widder for three years. Over thar I've got a span of mewls, a good hoss, a new wagon filled with housekeepin' staff, and I kin rake up about $80 in cash. I cum along with the party to take up a claim. I'm good-tempered, healthy, and can swing an ax or hold a plow with most anybody. As I said, I'm a plain-spoken woman. If there's a critter among you who wants to get married, let him stand up while I take a look at him."

The eleven of us promptly stood up.

"Git into line," she continued, with a wave of her hand. "I hain't after beauty or eddecashum, but I can't take up with a fellow who'd skeer a wolf to death."

She passed down the line and then returned half way and said to a middle-aged man named Remington:

"You'll do," I reckon. Ther's a preacher in camp, and 'twon't take fifteen minutes to settle things. All of you as want to see the marrying come on."

We followed the couple, who were made man and wife inside of twenty minutes, and next morning as we passed the wagon on the road to town the woman looked out and bowed and said:

"Sorry for the other ten of ye, but perhaps you'll meet with another train soon and strike luck."—Louisville Commercial.

Perfectly Legal.

A young man, who probably belonged to the class known as 'hired men' among farmers, called on a Detroit lawyer for 'advice' for $3, says the Detroit Free Pres. Then he laid down three silver dollars and said:—

'Sposen I put $3 in a savings bank?'

'Well?'

'Then I take a pen and put 000 after the figure 3?'

'Well?'

'Would it be agin the law?'

'No, not unless you tried to draw the $3000.'

'But I'm not going to try to, I probably sha'n't even ask for the $3'

'What's the object?'

'Girl out my way, I love her. She partly recips. She'd recip altogether if she thought I had lots of sugar.'

'And you'll show her the bankbook?'

'I will.'

'But after your marriage, what then? How'll you ever explain?'

'Easy as grease. Just tell her that the bank has busted, and that we must live for each other alone. Law can't tech me, eh?'

'No.'

Good day. Got the $3 in the bank now, and here goes to nail the ciphers. Mary Ann, thou art my own sweet whippoorwill, and I'll bet a penful of hogs agin an oxyoke thou art.'

He Could tell her.

A man with 'Inspector' on his cap stood a little way from me. A woman who had purchased a ticket halted a minute, and then walked up to the inspector and said:—

'I don't want to waste any steps in walking around. I do get so awfully tired. Can you tell me where the building is that has the artificial human beings?'

The inspector stared at her a minute and then said to her:

'No, madame, I cannot tell you, for I have never heard of them.'

A man near who had heard the question said to her:

'I have heard of them. They are over in the woman's building. Just ask for the lady managers.'—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

With the Children.

BITS OF WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

One day after a race in the garden with the birds and butterflies, Lottie came in flushed, happy and out of breath to her invalid mother's side.

"What lovely pink roses my little girl has in her cheeks," said mamma. "I would give a fortune to have some like them in mine."

Lottie affectionately patted her mother's faded cheek.

"O, mamma dear, you have roses, too, yellow ones. And I love yellow ones just as well as I do pink ones!"—Youth's Companion.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Mamma—Come, little daughter, you must wash your hands after playing with the cat.

Little daughter—Yes, mamma; but I'll jes have to rinse 'em this time. I been playing with the kitten.—Harper's Young People.

PANSIES ARE NICE, BUT——

Little Mary had been playing hard all the morning, and when the dinner-bell rang she ran in quickly and took her place. She found only some flowers on the table. Looking at a dish of pansies placed near her, she said: "Pansies are awful nice, but oh, I wish it was hash."—Youth's Companion.

BIG THOUGHTS IN LITTLE HEADS.

Tommy—Papa, you tell me to have big thoughts. If the thoughts I have fill my head, how can they be any bigger?"

Papa—I don't think they fill it, dear, when they slip out so easily. —Harper's Young People.

She Was a Paragon.

"Yes, there was one girl who lived right along with us for twenty-two years," said the old lady, with a reminiscent sigh, "and she might have been with the family yet if she had wanted to stay."

"She must have been a jewel," said one of the callers.

"Yes. We never had any trouble about her about wages or afternoon out or anything of that kind."

"Good cook?"

"Excellent. She could play the piano beautifully, too."

"Did you let her do that?"

"O, yes. And she read the papers to us and kept the library in order, and could keep accounts and paint on china and embroider on silk as nicely as anything you ever saw."

"I never heard of the like! How in the world did you happen to let her go?"

"Well, there came a young man along one day—a professor in college—and said he wanted her, and—and here's one of her children now. Come, darling, and sit on grandmother's lap."—Chicago Tribune.

He Wanted More Realism.

"What you want," said Jawslugger, the tragedian, "is more realism, see?"

"But," replied the manager, "we have real water, real horses, real fire engines and about everything in that line except real actors.

"Dat's all right," said the star, disdaining to notice the sarcasm; "dat's all right, but 'tain't 'nough."

"What would you suggest?"

"Le's give 'em 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room' with real liquor."

A Good Excuse.

Judge—You are charged with assaulting this man.

Prisoner—I plead guilty, your honor, but I have a good excuse, I addressed this man civilly three times and he never answered me.

Judge—Why, this man is deaf and dumb!

Prisoner—Well, why didn't he say so!—Schalk.

Her Time of Probation.

He—Gladys, I must beg of you, while you are an engaged girl, to observe a few of the limits of propriety. Your flirtations are the talk of the town.

She—Well, but you knew I was a flirt when you asked me to be your wife. You can't expect that marriage will make any difference.

He—I don't expect it—of course not! But I should like you to to show some slight sense of decency until we are married!—Puck.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

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Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

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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 same 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.

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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 all trains.

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The one Great Cause of its popularity is that it makes no unfounded pretensions, but

Performs all that is claimed for it. By its use you not only

Treat but cure Catarrh,
Treat and cure Asthma,
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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.

FOR SALE.

That pleasantly situated house, lot and premises situate on the east side of King Street in the Town of Bathurst, in the County of Gloucester, at the corner of King and St. John Streets, having a frontage of one hundred and thirty-five feet on King Street and extending back along St. John Street about two hundred and twenty-five feet, more or less: The said house contains nine rooms, also bath room and pantries &c; There is also on said lot a good barn, stable and outbuildings, all buildings being in good order and repair; Also a large garden with large variety of small fruits, also an orchard:

For terms and paticulars apply to K F. BURNS & Co, Bathurst N. B. or to C. A. McDONALD, Esq. Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

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HOUSE TO RENT.

A Furnished house in a good locality in Chatham. Rent moderate. Possession given 1st November. For further information apply at this office.

LOST.

Taken from Bolestown station 7th September being the day of the Excursion, a hard satchel containing goods and valuable papers, and any person returning it to the owner, James Fairley, at Bolestown or giving information of it will be suitably rewarded.

JAMES FAIRLEY.

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For Sale in Bags or bulk by

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113 BALES AND PACKAGES OF MDSE FOR OUR FALL TRADE

Comprising 200 dozen Perrin's Eglantine, Bretagne and Suade Kid Gloves—special to our order from Grenoble, France—every pair guaranteed. 217 pieces of the latest designs in Fall Dress Materials, Shaded and Shot Silks, Surahs and Velvets, the latest conceit in style, Ladies' Coats, Mantles, Jackets, Fur Garments, Hosiery and Underwear, Cloths, Clothing. General Domestic Drapery and Fall Dry Goods of every description.

Carpets, Blankets, Window Hangings, Floor Oil-Cloths, &c., all personally selected for prompt cash and suited for a first-class city trade, which we venture to hope will soon be in order for the enterprising new cities of the beautiful Miramichi river, Chatham and Newcastle.

Respectfully soliciting an inspection of our stock, which for volume, variety and style cannot be excelled on this side of Montreal.

Get Samples for Comparison.

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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 }		} ar 10 30
1 15 p m	Blackville	9 15
2 10 ar }	Chatham Jct	8 10
2 30 lv }		
3 00 p.m ar	Chatham	lv. 7 30

FOR IND'TON 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.

W. T. HARRIS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER,

CHATHAM, N. B.,

IS OFFERING AT LOWEST CASH PRICES:—

FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL,
BRAN, SHORTS, HEAVY FEED, OATS,
BARLEY, BEANS, SEEDS, MOLASSES,
PORK, BEEF, HAMS, BACON,
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, LARD,
SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, RAISINS,
CURRANTS, RICE, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY,
SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, SPICES, VINEGARS,
PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, BISCUITS,
SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, MATCHES,
PARAFINE, PAINT, AND MACHINE OILS,
TURPENTINES, LINIMENTS, WASHBOARDS,
BROOMS, BRUSHES, ROPE, PIPES,
NAILS, FORKS, HOES, RAKES,
SCYTHES, SHOVELS, CROCKS, TEAPOTS,
MILK DISHES, LAMP CHIMNEYS &C. &C

DRY GOODS.

SEE OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES' AND GENTS' TANNED SHOES, FINE OXFORD SHOES, SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &C., SHOE FINDINGS

READY MADE CLOTHING.

"BEST -:- VALUES -:- IN -:- TOWN."

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 SIRS:—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. HARDEE, 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 medicine. A few bottles of it has made me a well woman. I 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.

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 Nerfine 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.

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.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.