A SIOUX LULLABY.

was a ok-shela is a Sioux term of en tai ok-shela. The sand hills are sleepy; The wind from the north land blows gusty

Wash-tai ok-shela rest warm in the blanket We stole from the soldiers who fell yester Whose blood rushed toward hell as the parching earth drank it.

To herald the soul that was lost in the fight. Wash-tai ok-shels, thy brother lies yonder, Away on the sandhills where last night we fought,

tes may sniff and complain as they wander— We buried him deeply and theirs he is not. Wash-tal ok-shela, O peace in thy turning To climb on my breat to kiss me and crow, You do not know of that bullet wound burn

And how I am dying. O, you do not know. Wash tai ok shela, the sand hills are sleepy, bream ye of blood that must flow for last night,
bream of the mother who dies in her tepee,
bream of revenge, and thy sleep be if
light.

IN THE PINERIES.

Hour after hour and minute after minute the road had become more and more dim and uncertain, and as darkness set in I found myself deep in the wilderness, completely lost, hungry and tired, with no prospect in view but to spend the night without any shelter in the open air.

Although I had to acknowledge to myself that I did not know in what direction I was going. I was still loath to stop. I kept on going somewhere, stumbling here and falling there, until at last I was too weary to get up again and lay where I had fallen. I was deep within the pineries of eastern Texas. The ground under foot was soft and springy and felt as if it had been but newly made—fresh from the hand of the Crestor. But the giant pines towered high above me, and I knew that the ground was

newly made—fresh from the hand of the Creator. But the giant pines towered high above me, and I knew that the ground was at least as old as the trees, not made purposely that day to bewilder me in its shadows and the deeper darkness of night. As I lay upon the ground where I had fallen, peering through the moving rifts in the tree tops above me, watching twinkling stars, and the drifting gulf clouds, an unearthly scream reached my ears. Never before had I heard a cry so pieroing, a earthly scream reached my ears. Never before had I heard a cry so piercing, a

before had I heard a cry so piercing, a sound so unearthly.

Again and again the cry came through the darkness, and it was only by sheer desperation that I managed to rise to my feet, the better to enable me to look about, and if possible to discover the source from which the cry emanated. I strained my syes looking through the darkness, but I could see nothing except the nearest trees could see nothing except the nearest trees rearing their giant forms into the deeper darkness above me.

For a minute or two after the last terrible scream there was a dead silence, unbroken even by the gentle soughing of the wind in the tree tops. Then the hoot of wind in the tree tops. Then the hoot of an owl in the distance reverberated through the forest, and its sound, generally startling and uncanny, seemed as sweet as music in my ears. Again and again the owl hooted, and in a few minutes answering hoots rang through the darkness from every direction, and a soft flutter of wings was heard above as they flow hither and thither in search of food or trying their wings in wide circles for fun and pleasure.

I had begun to grow calm and collected again under the soft influence of the waft-ing wings of the owls and their occasional calls to one another, when suddenly, close to my ear, a sharp, rasping voice inquired:
"Where is Mollie?"

"Where is mollier I looked around hastily, but could see nothing, and all I could hear after the voice was hushed was the flutter of wings and the monotonous hoots of the owls.

How long I sat and listened I do not know. The sameness of the sounds of the forest lulled me to sleep at last, and I alumbered lightly upon the ground.

It might have been an hour or it might have been only a minute that I had lost conseigness in sleep, when something or

consciousness in sleep, when something or somebody tapped me smartly upon the chesk and a piercing cry for help rang through my ears and schood through the darkness of the forest. I sprang to my feet and looked around me with wide-warks and starting cryes.

fret and looked around me with wideawake and staring eyes.

I could see nothing. Then from a
thicket a little to my right came the moans
of a man as if in mortal agony, and presently a voice asked complainingly:

"Where's Mollie?"

Not knowing Mollie or her whereabouts,
I was, of course, unable to answer, but as
is usual in cases where ignorance of the
question precludes a reply, I proceeded to
propound a question of my own.

"Who are you?" I asked.

For several moments there was a dead

For several moments there was a dead silence, which I construed to mean that the inquirer for Mollie was doubtful about the inquirer for Mollie was doubtful about revealing his own identity.

The owls, probably attracted by my voice, came fluttering all around me, and at times it seemed as if they would attack me and drive me away, an intruder of their own domain.

Then suddenly, touchingly, prayerfully, came the voice from the thicket once

shoots to withdraw to a safe distance agained and region of the control of the co

worn out with fatigue and excitement.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when I was awakened by one calling closs

A People of the Past,

Where is the man or woman of these

chief lies in the simple folds, grandmothers whose faces still beam with the
softened tints of life's day, seem to live
only in memory.

Are there then no old folks these days:
Happily in the tossing and rush of the
world as at present some old folks still
live—some whose old faces are dear ir
apite of the wrinkles, and whose crowns of
silver hair bespeak the glories of the crowns
that await them; the eventide of whose
life is like the day which in drawing to s
close gilds and tints the sky with its sunbeams, which even after the shades of
night begin to close, fade slowly and softly
away, leaving a long memory of their
brightness. These dwellers of the twilight, with faces set toward the shadows,
smile; smile not for the things that are
gone, but for the brightness of the glori
ous morning which they are awaiting.

showing that the imports have increased
in the following proportions:—United States
and Germany each 33 per cent. England 13
per cent., and France 6 per cent., The exports have also increased the United States
gaining 26 per cent., Germany 5 per cent., is
gaining 26 per cent., and France 14 per
cent.

Looking at the statistics from all sides,
Mr. Giffen comes to the conclusion that
there is no weakening of the hold of Great
Britain in comparison with its chief competitors upon either the import or export trade of the world, but that our
depot or emporium of trade shows signs of
falling off, owing to the increased use of
the Suez Canal and the starting of new
lines of steamers.

A Few Eye Don'ts. Don't allow a cold wind to strike the

Don't open the eyes under water in bath-

light.

Don't bathe inflamed eyes with cold both bathe innamed eyes with cold water. That which is as warm as it can be borne is better.

Don't sleep opposite a window in such manner that a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening. eyes on awakening

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

It is the first time today that Tom Kendall has had an opportunity of talking to Ethel Van Zandt alone since the yacht

worn out with fatigue and excitement.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when I was awakened by one ealling close to my ear:

"Oh, Mollie! Mollie! Mollie!"

I looked up. On the floor, twisting his head and looking at me through the corners of his eyes, stood a large parrot.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the parrot and the boy, has said, apologetically:

"I hope this naughty bird and mischievous boy didn't wake you up until you had finished your nap."

"No," I said, "I am glad some one did wake me up."

"My brother Ben and Poll are the mosmischievous pair you ever saw," she said looking at the boy and parrot reprovingly "Yoll just returned home this morning, from the woods, where he has been prank ing with the owls," she continued. "Bes has taught him the most unearthy screames you ever heard, and now he goes off int the woods regularly for a day or two every week and nearly sets the staid old owle wild wild with his noise."

"Oh Mollie! Mo

week and nearly sets the stald old own wild with his noise."

"Oh Mollie! Mollie! Mollie! Mollie! it cried the parrot, looking at his mistress reproachfully.

And Mollie blushed as prettily as a rose There is a large clearing in the pine forest to-day, and Foll has learned to imitate the sound of baby voices in all their many changing moods.

where his eyes saw the mark of a cruel bruise, a blow as she fell, but her lips were smilling, and one hand was outstretched to him. He could not take it. He sank on his knees at her side.

"Ethel, sweetheart, can you forgive me?" he groaned, and with the words the flood-aloud. "My dear little Ethel, it was almost death—it would have been murder, and I your murderer!" your murderer!"
"Tom, Tom," she whispered weakly, "do not frighten meso. I am not dead., I shall soon be well now."
"Forgive, Ethel. Say you forgive me!"
She stroked gently the brown head buried in the nilleges.

A People of the Past,

Poets may talk of "age creeping or apace," they may sing ever so sweetly of the halo which surrounds life's winter, but in this age of rush nothing creeps—not even old age, and the "snow wreaths" do not "encircle the brow." In this age few grow old, and equally sad, few grow young. Every thought is swallowed up in business or pleasure; the young man has an "old head," and the old man a young head, or none at all.

Launched forth into the world he must never grow old, never let the snowdrift settle. This is no day for old men, so it is said. And the women? There are no old ones nowadays. Society, like business, does not tolerate the old. Art must hid the snowy hair; art must fill the furrow on the cheek. White hairs and wrinkle may be poetical, but they are not attractive in the women of the world.

With childhood and old age lost, what is man? Striding from babyhood to manhood or womanhood there is no morning, midday, then suddenly with a crash the blackness of night. To grow old grace-fully! Is it only the day with its twilight, or the great trees that majestically bend under their moss-fringe and lichens that, little by little, show that their yace is run?

Where is the man or woman of these latter days who does not, battle with the latter days who does not, battle with the

Where is the man or woman of these latter days who does not battle with the falling snows and strive to hide from his or her eyes the settling twilight? White hairs will come and human machinery will wax old and the artifices of the pencil or brush but make bolder the outlines of the monster—age. Grandmothers with silver locks part hidden by a single cap, grandmothers upon whose breast the linen kerchief lies in the simple folds, grandmothers whose faces still beam with the softened tints of life's day, seem to live in the following proportions:—United States

lines of steamers.

eyes.

Don't try to do eye work with the light regarding the supposed growth of the Gershining in the face.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps.

Use white or ground glass. Use white or ground glass.

Don't go directly from a warm room into a cold raw atmosphere.

the positions of the leading control of the same as they were in 1885, allowing for the fact that certain minor ountries like Japan, have developed the graph of the expected business energy. As the experts of the United States are largely of articles or any like occupation with an imperfect countries like Japan, have developed un source of satisfaction that changes com slowly enough to give us time to adapt ourselves to the altered conditions of com

As the hemlock forests have receded from about the great tanneries in Maine, New York and Pennsylvania, under the onelaught of the lumbermen and "bark peelers," the finding of new sources of supply of tanning to use in the manufacture of leather has become of increasing importance. One more:

"Oh, Mollie! Mollie!"

The voice was the quavering voice of an old man, and so hopelessly beseeching that the cry went straight to my heart. "I am coming!" I cried, and walked as tast as I could for the darkness toward the thicket from whence the voice came.

started out.

"I have formed a plan," he says, "that will cause your mother to consent to our marriage and settle Lord Fenyll's chances forever. You must fall over the rail into the water."

"Tom" she gasped, staring at him with wide eyes.

"Yes—wait. You must fall into the water water."

"Yes—wait. You must fall into the water." cried, and walked as fast as I could for the darkness toward the thickef from whence the voice came.

A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind and every direction I had ever heard about how to treat cases in any emergency flashed through my memory. Who was this old man, evidently in mortal agony, alone and helpless in the foresti Was his throat partly cut? Was he shot through the body? Was he maimed and mutilated? I tasked myself over and over again. Then a terrible thought came to me. Perhaps it was an escaped lunationa seuning, lying in wait to fall upon and destroy the pitying wanderer who chanced to come his way, lured toward him by his pitiful cries in the darkness.

As I thought of this I stopped instinctively and peered around me cautiously. The dark thicket lay only a few steps in front of me.

I sprang back in terror. Nothing moved, however, There was no moan, no cry, only thangld vines and undergrowth, and darkness in front of me.

I'st here any one in distress—any one neededly help and assistance close by?" I saked in loud but near a service of the contineed in the saked in loud but near the clause and and undergrowth, and darkness in front of me.

I'st here any one in distress—any one neededing help and assistance close by?" I saked in loud but near a service of the saked in loud but near a near a near seeding help and assistance close by?" I saked in loud but near a near

darkness in front of me.

"Is there any one in distress—any one ineeding help and assistance close by?" I asked in loud but quavering tones. There was no answer. I walked as near to the thicket as I could, and peered into the view and bushes, but could see nothing, and was about to withdraw to a safe distance again, when a voice in faint tones gasped out above my meal:

"Help! Help!"

Above me I could only see the interl cing limbs of the trees, with rift here and theire through which a glimmering star needed down from the dark blue of the

for hours to summon back the wavering pugilists as Sullivan and Mitchell. Corbett appreciates these honors keenly, for he

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL, WELLINGTON ST, - - CHATHAM, N. B. This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished. throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises:

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Good stabling and yard room.
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Hacks to and from all trains.

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Rosewood, Walnut, etc., Commenting upon the foregoing, The Lumber Times says:—"The impression regarding the supposed growth of the Ger-CHATHAM, N: B.

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Gall's Pt. Spring Do. Shipments to arrive every other week.

Goods for Auction can be sent Friday previous or through the week ONE AND ALL GIVE THE SUBSCRIBER A CALL

WM. WYSE March 14th, 1894

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that John Kenny of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, baker has this day assigned his estate and effects to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

The trust deed lies at the office of R. A. Lawlor in Chatham, N. B., for inspection and execution. JAS. F. CONNORS, Trustee. Chatham N. B. Jan. 13th, 1894.

MILLINERY I MILLINERY SPRINC OPENING! GRAND DISPLAY OF MILLINERY

Dress Goods, Household Goods Clothing & Spring Novelties J. D. CREAGHAN.

offers. A large music hall offered him Great Slaughter of High Prices all along the Line will probably be unable to accept on account | Axminster, Moquette, Brussels and Tapestry Carpets. Dutch, Jute and Hemp Carpets and Mattings, Linoleums, Crumb Cloths and Furni-ture Coverings, Window Hangings and Parlor Draperies. Moquette, Smyrna and Velvet pile Rugs, Mats & Squares.

The above high-class and stylish goods must be moved off. House-keepers, this is the time and place. We offer you unprecedented advantages in price and quality. Come and see. The sight of such goods will delight and refresh you after the toil and worry of house-cleaning.

We are showing the latest shades and styles in

Ladies' Dress Goods, Cloakings, Trimmings, Capes & Jackets A special drive in News Prints and Challies. All wool French Challies 15c. to 25c. sold elsewhere at 30c. to 45c. per yard. Sweeping reductions are the order of the day and will strike every department of our immense stock at Chatham and Newcastle.

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GOGGIN BUILDING. In future on every Saturday all goods in the Hard-ware line will positively be

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I offer for sate this spring eggs from any of the illowing breeds at a very reasonable figure, condering the stock dering the stock If you wante; ggs get S C Brown Leghern If for table fooki get Dark Brahmas If a combination of the two get Silver Laced

Wyandotte eggss \$1,00 per 13; Dark Brahma eggs \$1,50 per 13
I will also have a few settings of Houdan eggs to spare at \$11,00 per 13
Ist prize at varded to my Leghorns at the Provincial Exhibit tion 1893
Call and ins pect stock

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrafula, General Debility and Wasting Discases, there is nothing like

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda It is almost as palatable as milk. Far etter than other so-called Emulsions. wonderful ficsh producer. SCOTT'S EMULSION put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be re and get the genuine. Sold by all calers at 50c. and \$1.00.

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

is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Mitk. 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 greaterly public.

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 dozer bottles of the remedy each year. IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Female Weakness. Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency. St. Vitus' Dance,

Nervousness of Females,

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Neuralgia,

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,

Frightful Dreams,

Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age,

Heartburn and Sour Stomach

Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,

Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,

Pains in the Heart, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhes. Pains in the Back. Failing Health, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants. at a cared by this wonderful

Nervina 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 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

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Dear Gents.—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done meany appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottley 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.

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

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted 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. State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \} 88: Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publica

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Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, Ind., asys:

"I owe my life to the Great South American
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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 Nerv
tors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nerv
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to the serve much I was not intered.
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