POOR COPY

X'mas Millinery

AT

MRS. H. A. QUILTY'S.

It is a trimmed hat you need. We have them at prices unsurpassed for cheapness. We start them at $1.00.

The price is low, you say. We admit it, but are prepared to give special bargains for the holiday trade.

The balance of our Sailor and Walking Hats at prices that will astonish.

Ladies and gentlemen's silk and linen handkerchiefs, infant's knitted Jackets, silk and cotton bibs, old ladies' dress caps, wool shawls and aprons, and fancy ribbons from

2 cents per yard.

Remember the Place,

Mrs. H. A. Quilty,

THE SARGEANT STORE.

FACTS
Are Stubborn Things.

The Christmas season is now drawing near and we have some plain facts to state that may be useful to you in your search for the best place to buy your Dry Goods and sundries for that happy anniversary. The season so far has been mild and as a consequence there are large stocks of winter goods yet on hand. To get rid of these goods, to get our money out of them is now our great concern. For the next three weeks we are prepared to make such a substantial reduction, to offer you such bargains as should insure a speed removal, in exchange for your money, of course. Just note some of these prices.

Ladies' Fur Ties 50c. Ladies' storm collars $1.20, $1.50, $2.00 and better. Ladies' fur caps, gents' Persian lamb and beaver caps very cheap. Ladies' heavy wrappers, former price $2.25 now $1.75. Wrappers, good quality, $1.20. Print wrappers 63c. Cashmere wrappers lined throughout, good style, nicely trimmed, $5.00. Serge wrappers, same as above except trimming, $4.00. We will give 10 per cent. off these prices making them $4.50 and $3.60.

Ladies' Jackets at clearing prices beginning at $2.40 for real good jacket. $7.50 jackets for $5.00 and all others at prices to clear before the New Year. We have an elegant line of Dress goods from the cheapest grade to $1.50 and $1.75 per yard. Our stock is quite heavy yet and we are anxious to reduce it before stock taking time, so here goes the pruning knife. 10 per cent. discount on all Dress Goods for cash before the end of the year. That means $1.50 goods for $1.35, $1.00 goods for 90c, 75c goods for 67½c and so on through the list. Then on some goods we are going to do a little better. Fancy mixtures worth 35c now 27½c. Black, navy and cardinal serges only 20c per yard, all wool. Fancy covert cloths 54 inches in width only 40c. Mixed suitings, 54 inches in width only 40c There are lots of others that we cannot enumerate here but will be found equally as good value.

Just Take Notice of This.

A 30 inch wide heavy Flannelette for 5c per yd. Nothing like it ever seen for the price. Pink flannelette at 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12c per yd. Great value in flannelette at other prices. Wrapperetts all reduced in price. All the best English and German wrapperettes reduced to 12c, worth 15c and 18c.

We are all right for neck wear and ties. See our assortment of 25c ties. Plaids, checks, stripes and fancy patterns look good enough for 50c but we are going to sell them for a quarter. Better quality ties in fancy boxes. One tie in a box, nice for presents, only 50c. Ladies' ties latest shape and style. Glove galore. Ladies' and gents' lined Kid Gloves, good warm, soft gloves from 50c per pair. We don't go in very much for fancy goods but we have a few useful as well as ornamental articles. Mirrors on easel 25c. Triplicate mirrors 25c and 50c. Hand glasses 25c. Photo frames, etc. Silk h'chiefs, linen h'chiefs and lots of others too, lots of them.

Do you need a good warm suit of clothes for yourself or your boy? Boys' suits, all sizes, good quality and at our usual low prices. Reefers, Overcoats and all the necessary ready-made garments for winter.

CLARKE & CO.

Newcastle, Dec. 6, 1898.

FOR THE BEST

AND MOST USEFUL PRESENTS,

Visit our Grand X'mas Sale

OF

Ladies' and children's aprons, baby's coats with caps to match, Jackets, mits, boots, silk bibs, etc.

Also a nice variety of Ladies' hats, trimmed and untrimmed.

Gloves, Handkerchiefs of all descriptions.

Remember, these things are marked down to the Lowest figure. Kindly call and be convinced.

Mrs. Hugh Morris.

Winter Blooming

BULBS.

Bermuda Easter Lilies, Chinese Sacred Lilies, Tulips, and Hyacinths

AT GEO. STABLES'.

Sash And Door Factory

The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle,

Window sashes and frames, Glaze and Unglazed,

DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOULDINGS, Planing and Matching, etc.

H. C. Niven.

Newcastle Jan. 2, 185.

Ask for

Eddy's

...rder

HIGH CLASS Millinery

NOW READY.

All the latest novelties in fall and winter millinery. New designs in velvets, silks, ribbons, ospreys, wings, feathers, etc. Infants' headwear, old ladies' dress caps, P. C. corsets, and eiderdown.

Newest patterns and best values in ladies' winter wrappers and dress skirts.

Trimmed Millinery a Specialty.

All orders promptly attended to.

Mrs. J Demers.

New Carriage and Sleigh Works

The Subscriber begs to inform the public that he is now prepared to attend to the wants of all patrons who may require anything in the line of

Carriages or Sleighs.

Repairing promptly performed.

Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a large share of public patronage.

Mitchell Falconer.

...castle, Sept 7, 1897.

Miscellaneous.

Ethel—I have the choice of being an old man's darling or a young man's slave, and I've decided to be a young man's slave.

Clara—My dear, I think you are foolish, but I wish you happiness.

Clara (a few years after)—What became of that meerschaum pipe brother John gave your husband Christmas?

Ethel—I burned it up.

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY

Worth Having from a Well Known Physician.

Two weeks ago I caught cold and now have pleurisy of the right lung. Since I had a blister on I find nothing relieves the pain and soreness better than MINARD'S LINIMENT. I have gotten up in the night when I could not rest, and after applying the Liniment it would soothe me so much that I would always soon fall asleep. I never used it on myself before and, to tell you the truth, had no more faith in it than any other liniment, but there is something in it that raeally acts wonderfully.

Dr. Gaudet has been attending me and I told him how it acted and he was much surprised.

This is no humbug but a genuine expression of my experience and you can make what use you like of it.

GEO. BELL, M. C.

Meteghan, N. S.

Benedict—No, I haven't been to the club lately. I prefer home now that I am married. A pair of blue eyes keep me there. By the way, where have you been for the last week?

Bachelor—Home too. Pair of black eyes kept me in. Not so much difference after all, eh?

MINARD'S LINIMENT the Lumberman's friend.

'If I ever marry,' said Cynicus, 'it will be a Chinese woman.'

'And why a Chinese woman? quoth Optimus.

'Because,' said Cynicus, 'they have such small cold feet.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

'She married him to spite a girl friend.'

'But she afterward divorced him.

'Yes; that was to enable him to marry the same girl friend and enjoy [more spite.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Mrs. Styles—I hate to hear a man whistle in the house.]

Mrs. Parles—Then you must have your bills for millinery sent to your husband's office, I suppose?

Ask for MINARD'S LINIMENT and take no other.

'Don't you think that fellow who broke his engagement because the girl went to the jeweler and inquired the price of the ring a little sensitive?

'I think he was wise. A woman like that would be wanting her husband to keep an account of his private expenses.

Before. After. Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

For Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Newcastle by H. D. Peters—in Chatham by J. D. McKenzie.

'Good gracious, Bridget! I never dreamed that when I gave you an afternoon off you'd come back lugging one of the funeral wreaths.

'Ol am going to sind it to me sister's husband's aunt, poor soul! She has been sick folve weeks, an Ol thing it might cheer her up.'

Write to DR. BOBERTZ, he is

THE DOCTOR WHO CURES

weakness of men. Expert scientific treatment. Instructive book free. Address Dr. H. BOBERTZ, M. D., 252 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

May—Christmas always puzzles me. Belle—How?

May—I don't know whether I should be thankful for the things I didn't expect, or disappointed about the things I expected and didn't get.

To Cure a Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powder. At H. Lee Streets, 10 cts. aug 30

She—Ada has married one man out of a thousand.

He—Well, how many did you expect her to marry? Two or three?

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept. M. Chicago.

Miss Totling—Miss Sincoe was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

Miss Dimlaz (after a glance at the mouth)—Tablespoon?

What a Fiest

Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Weight in the Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Nausea, Sick Headache—formidable foes to good health—but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are the invincible battleships that can put to rout and destroy the last vestige of them, and make peace and happiness reign where all was misery and suffering. 35 cents.

Dyer—Did her father interpose any serious objections?

Duell—No; just an ordinary kick.

MADE ME A MAN

AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE All Nervous Diseases—Falling Memory, Impotency, Sleeplessness, etc., caused by Abuse or Other Excesses and Indiscretions. They quickly and surely restore Lost Vitality in old or young, and fit a man for study, business or marriage. Prevent Insanity and Consumption if taken in time. They give Immediate Improvement and effect a CURE where all other fail. In that they are having the genuine Ajax Tablets. They have cured thousands and will cure you. We give a positive written guarantee to effect a cure with each one or refund the money. Price 50 CTS. a box, 3 packs, $1, or six pkges (full treatment) for $2.50. Sent by mail, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of price. Circular free. AJAX REMEDY CO., 19 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

Selected Literature

HUNTING THE FAIRIES.

I've hunted the fairies the whole day long,
In wood and valley and brook.
I've listened to hear the hulder song,
And the erl king pass where the alders shook.
But I never saw even a troll or a fay,
Or a naughty elf that had lost his way,
Though I hunted the livelong day

Perhaps it was only the wind that stirred
The rustling leaves and the grass.
Perhaps it was only the song of a bird
That called to me as I tried to pass
The tangled path where the branches meet,
But it seemed like the tripping of fairy feet
And elf songs silvery sweet.

And so I hurried and came at last
Out on an open space
To the brook that rushes and babbles past,
And there I caught the glimpse of a face.
So I clambered in haste on a rocky shelf
And looked in the waves again for the elf
But the face was only myself.

I think it is funny that boys like me
Can't find where the fairies go,
And I really think I would like to be
A boy with the boys of the long ago,
When all the wonderful tales came true,
The magic lamp and the little glass shoe
And the awful bugaboo.

But, though they could fly to the moon and stars
When the fairies gave them wings,
They hadn't the train or electric cars
Or Christmas and lots of other things.
And so I guess it is better here,
And I think I'll stay at least this year,
Since Fourth of July is near.

—Virna Woods in Woman's Home Companion.

HEADS I WIN.

I resolved a hundred times not to call at Merivale's to say "goodby," but I went. On the road I decided that on no account would I be left alone with Violet, but I was. The folly of the most foolish man is no match for Providence.

"Why have you not congratulated me upon my legacy, Mr. Durham?" she asked abruptly when I had finished admiring the improvements in the conservatory. I plucked a couple of withered leaves abstractedly.

"Upon my word, Miss Violet," I confessed, "I am afraid that I didn't feel so pleased as I should have done at your good fortune."

She looked swiftly at me, and I tried to appear interested in the palms.

"I cannot imagine you being jealous of another's good luck. I—I am sorry," she said sadly.

"I didn't mean that quite, Miss Violet," I explained hastily, "though I expressed myself clumsily as usual."

"Perhaps," she suggested, "you might like to say what you did mean? Come, I will give you a full minute to put it in your best English."

"No reflection is necessary," I answered gravely. "I meant that your wealth has taken you into another sphere, out of that in which we were friendly. I was selfish enough to be sorry to see you go." I ground my heel on the tiled floor and pulled off a leaf.

"I suppose," she murmured, as if she were speaking to herself, "that is meant for a compliment? It may also be taken as an insult."

"Insult?"

"Is it not an insult to suppose that because I have become rich I should look down upon—upon my old friends?" Her voice trembled.

"My dear Miss Violet," I cried, "I never supposed such a thing; never dreamed it for one moment. It was only that—that"— I stopped abruptly. There was nothing to say, but the one thing not to be said.

"Cannot you say what you do mean?" she demanded, with a flash of her old impetuous manner. I gripped the flower stand, on which my hand was resting, savagely.

"No," I answered, "I cannot!" I looked hungrily at her as she stood leaning against the rustic work, with a lucky red rose just touching her lips. "I wish to God," I added bitterly, "that I could!" She met my eyes fearlessly, though the pink color flushed over her cheeks.

"So," she said meaningly, "do I." But I was doggedly silent, and she sighed.

"There are some things," I remarked feebly, after a painful interval, "which are better left unsaid." She shook her head.

"There are some things," she protested, "which demand an explanation; some acts which seem so unkind—such a breach of friendship." Her voice faltered, and she turned her head away.

"I can only ask your charity," I said hoarsely.

"Such things," she continued, "rankle in one's mind, make one morbid and miserable, if they are not explained."

"Such things as my stopping away from here since you came into your unexpected fortune?" She nodded. "And you demand an explanation?" She nodded again. "Even when I tell you that explanation is best avoided?"

"Yes," she answered, "I do."

"Then," said I sadly, "I can only say one thing, Violet. It is because I love you." She hung her head, silent, and trembled. "I love you," I repeated, "so much that I can only—go away." She lifted up her face with the tears streaming down her cheeks and held out her hands.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, "can't you see?"

I groaned. "My poor little girl!" I cried. "I was afraid. It cannot be." She dried her eyes.

"You are talking nonsense," she began brightly. "If you love me"—

"I do."

"Of course you do, you silly fellow. Do you think I couldn't see? And if I—if I can put up with you—why, that settles the question." She laughed uncomfortably, watching me out of the corners of her eyes.

"My dear, it doesn't." She stamped her foot angrily. "Violet, there is only one honorable thing that I can do—only one way in which I can preserve my self respect and act as a man. That way"—I spoke firmly—"is by going away, as I am going."

"You are not!" She caught hold of my coat, but I gently removed her hands.

"By everything which I hold sacred, Violet, I am. Any man who was worth his salt would do the same." She knew by the sound of my voice that I meant it, and the color left her cheeks.

"Harry," she said piteously, "did you really mean what you said—about liking me?"

"Every word."

"I—I meant it too!" I lifted her hand and kissed it.

"It cannot be, dear." There was nothing else to say.

"I care for what I know is right and honorable." There was a long silence.

"Do you remember a conversation which we had coming home from Eastlake's tennis party?" she asked suddenly, "about modern chivalry?"

"Yes, but I scarcely see"—

"You said it was giving every one a chance—even your worst and most despicable enemy. Do you remember?"

"I remember," I admitted.

"If such a one were at your mercy, you said, you must not slay him without giving him an opportunity to fight for his life. If fighting were impossible, you must give him a chance in some way; you would let it rest upon the fall of a coin. You remember?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering, "I remember."

"Then," she said, with a keen ring in her voice, "I ask—nay, I demand—the same privilege."

"The case is quite different, Violet," I protested. But I could not avoid a fierce desire of one wild hazard for happiness.

"It is in no way different. On one side my happiness; on the other your foolish idea of honor, which you place above my happiness."

"I cannot!" I groaned.

"You must!" she insisted. "You cannot refuse me what you would grant to the meanest of your foes." She produced a penny from her little purse. "You will not be so cruel and unjust as to refuse me this?"

"It is not right."

"I say it is."

"Then we disagree."

"Therefore a judge is needed—the impartial coin!" She laughed feverishly. I could not bear to hear her.

"Very well," I said wildly. "But let me be honest with you, Violet. At the bottom of my heart I despise myself for giving way, and know it is because I want you and not because it is right. You will abide by the result?"

"Yes, yes! And you will? Promise!"

"I promise."

"Freely and unreservedly?"

"Freely and unreservedly."

"You must toss for it," she cried excitedly, putting the coin in my hand. "Quick, quick!" I spun it up, and she cried swiftly, "Head!" It fell on the floor and rolled over and over until at last it rested just underneath the stands, but still in view—head uppermost. Violet burst into a passion of tears, and I clasped her frantically in my arms and kissed her again and again.

"You will never, never speak of leaving me any more?" she sobbed. And I held her closer and whispered that now I never would, if I could, break my promise.

"I would never have kept mine to let you go," she said defiantly.

"Hullo, you two! Whatever have you been doing all this time?" said her brother, coming in after.

"Oh, playing pitch and toss!" I said lightly.

"Vi is a dangerous person to gamble with, let me warn you," he observed laughingly. "She has a wonderful coin, which I picked up at a bar, with two heads!"

"You're not cross with me?" she pleaded, holding tightly to my arm as we walked in behind him.

Cross with her!—St. Paul's.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

There doesn't seem to be very much the matter with your child. He doesn't actually lose weight, but there is no gain. He belongs to that large class of children that don't seem to prosper. You look at him a little more thoughtfully than you do at the rest and say "He is not doing well." Failure to gain in weight in a child is a danger signal. Scott's Emulsion should be taken at once. It puts on fat where health demands it, strengthening the digestion.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

A Dunnville Jeweller's Wife

CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOTHERING SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. Lasalle, Canal Street, Dunnville, Ont., whose husband keeps a jewellery store, and is one of the best

known and most progressive citizens of Dunnville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills:

"I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried.

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart.

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work without a gripe or pain. Price 25c., all druggists

WANTED.

5000 HIDES for which cash will be paid.

MILLER BROS.

2m.

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God or man or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Woman's Home Companion.

END OF A ROMANCE.

November's raw air warned negligent householders that it was time to lay in their winter's supply of coal, and everywhere up and down the wind swept length of the city's residence streets rattling coal troughs barred the pedestrian's path and discharged their black torrents into insatiable sidewalk scuttles. Mrs. Matthews, who lived on quiet but highly select Prospect street, had ordered ten tons of coal put into her cellar, and the first instalment had arrived—a two ton load—got to the crest of the steep, narrow street by much hard pulling on the part of the horses and stentorian shouting on the part of their Irish driver.

"Mr. Coal Man!" cried Mrs. Matthews from the up stairs bay window. "Be sure you close the coal scuttle when you go. Don't leave it open. It is so large somebody might fall in."

"Yis, mum," assented the driver, raising his grimy face and smiling in the dazzling way that distinguishes coal heavers and negroes. Then, with a perversity as sublimely unconscious as that of inanimate objects themselves he went away when he had finished his task, leaving the iron lid of the scuttle leaning against the side of the house.

Three or four minutes later a small, dapper, nicely dressed young man stepped out of the street door next to the Matthews' and turned to make his final adieu to a lady, slightly faded, but still young, who had accompanied him to the threshold. He backed away, bowing and holding his hat politely and jauntily a few inches above his head. Just as the final "Thank you; goodby!" had escaped his lips and the door had closed upon the lady the young man whirled around, hovered for a fateful, strenuous instant upon the yawning edge of the coal hole and disappeared! Mr. Dennis Murphy, happening to turn his head at the same moment and beholding the sudden ingulfment of the young gentleman, uttered but the two words, "Howly murther!" and lashing his steeds into clumsy, galloping flight disappeared with terrific clatter down the cobble paved hill.

But Mr. Murphy was not the only witness of the tragic disappearance of the young man who had emerged from 53. Miss Minerva Matthews had stopped for a moment at the little table in the bay window to get a book of verse, from which she wished to make a quotation. At the precise moment, when she laid her hand upon the volume, her eyes, carelessly lifted after the unobservant manner of one in deep thought, had beheld a young man sink apparently into the earth, directly in front of the quiet, respectable house in which she and her mother and her maiden aunt kept themselves aloof from the world.

Miss Minerva did not scream. She simply said, "Mother!" But the manner in which she uttered that word was infinitely more startling than any inarticulate outcry could possibly have been.

Mrs. Matthews came scurrying out of her room with a face as closely approximating an animated interrogation point as might well be.

"Mother! A man has just fallen into our coal scuttle!"

Mrs. Matthews gasped convulsively and collapsed into a chair. Twice she tried to frame articulate words, but the shock had been too great. She could only choke and clinch and unclinch her slender, transparent hands. If those same delicate hands could have closed just then upon the brawny throat of Mr. Dennis Murphy, they would have left him little breath indeed for protestation.

Minerva saw that her mother was practically helpless for the time being, and that whatever was to be done in the emergency must be done by herself. Even at the height of the second story she could hear the unwilling and unwelcome intruder blundering and stumbling and rattling about in the dark coal bin as he aimlessly sought some egress.

"I will go down to him, mother. I will explain!" she cried. "Oh, the carelessness of that detestable coal man!"

Miss Minerva Matthews fled down stairs as fast as she could go. But as she opened the door at the head of the cellar stairway she stopped for a moment and shuddered from head to foot. It was like the initial plunge of the swimmer into cold water. After that the worst of the terrible shrinking was over. She picked up her skirts and darted down into the twilight of the cellar.

The coal bin was a large one and was boarded up to within a foot or two of the beams overhead. There was a vertically sliding door in sections, two of which—there were three of them—had been dropped into place ere the arrival of the coal. The big bin was therefore practically "a tight box," and the young man who had fallen into it, not understanding its construction, was most securely imprisoned. It was vastly to his credit (so Minerva thought) that he did not raise a terrible outcry, demanding to be released. Surely he must be a young man of the best breeding to confine himself so considerately to undemonstrative excursions around the coal heap!

The young lady flew to the bin and removed the top section of the door. As she did so she found herself face to face with a most woebegone, smoothed, demoralized and bewildered young man. For a moment the two young people stared at each other speechlessly. Then, as if moved by a simultaneous impulse, both spoke:

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

"I beg your pardon most humbly for my carelessness."

Then they both laughed weakly. Minerva snatched the remaining section of the door away, and the young man slid totteringly out upon the cellar floor, with a small avalanche of released coal.

"It was all our fault!" cried Minerva. "We ought to have watched that wretched coal man and seen that he put the cover over the scuttle."

"No, it was my fault," objected the young man. "I ought to have had my eyes about me. I had no business to be walking backward on the street. I—but, really, Miss"—

"Matthews," interposed Minerva, noting his questioning hesitation.

"Really, Miss Matthews," looking at his grimy hands and besmirched linen. "I feel so disreputably dirty that I am going to ask you for the love of humanity to get me an old pan or basin to wash this stuff off in."

"Come right up stairs," said Minerva pityingly.

"No, no; I might encounter somebody—beg your pardon for the seeming insinuation. But, you know, I had to encounter you, and I feel toward you a sense of gratitude for my deliverance that overrides all other feeling. Isn't there a laundry tub or something? I could make a preliminary [illegible]"

Minerva led the way into the basement laundry, where there were tubs, running water and plenty of soap. "I'll run up stairs for towels," she said, and so made a timely escape with the geyser of laughter that was gushing up in her throat. She fled into the kitchen closet, shut the door tight and collapsed, with the cook's old wrapper pressed against her face. "Oh, I'm so glad auntie isn't home today, or Katharine!" she gasped. "What would they do, the hysterical dears!" She writhed in a fit of suppressed laughter for a minute or two, and then broke forth and darted up stairs for the towels. Mrs. Matthews met her at the head of the stairs.

"Don't speak a word to me, mother," panted Minerva. "Don't; I shall explode!"

She dashed into the bathroom, caught up a couple of towels and sped down cellar again.

The laundry was empty. The outside basement door, standing ajar into the little back yard, told the story. The young man had fled.

Minerva mechanically gathered up a pair of mournful cuffs that had rolled under the shadow of the tubs. Their jewelry was of the most modern kind—smoked pearl—but the linen was fine in texture and quality. "I guess he must have been a gentleman as far as he went," mused the girl. She turned the cuffs this way and that and peered inside, but there was no name, no clew.

Then, with that wonderfully swift, prophetic intuition of a woman, Minerva Matthews sighed and exclaimed under her breath:

"Poor Miss Atherton!"

It was Miss Atherton who lived next door.

Coughs That Stick.

You don't seem to be able to throw them off. All the ordinary remedies you've tried don't touch them. The cough remedy for you is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It loosens the phlegm, allays the irritation, heals and soothes the inflamed lung tissue.

MR. WM. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont., says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Never fails to Cure.

WANTED.

A second or third class male or female teacher to take charge of the Indian School at Eel Ground, Northumberland Co., N. B. Salary $250 per year. Apply to

WM. D. CARTER,
Indian Agent,
Richibucto, N. B.

Feed Grinding Mill.

I have placed one of the latest and best machines in my factory and am now prepared to grind all kinds of grain for feed purposes.

H. C. NIVEN.

Newcastle, Oct. 17th.

FREE

We give this fine watch, chain and charm, for selling two doz. LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at ten cts. each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed, for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing.

LEVER BUTTON CO., 23 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.

Miramichi Foundry

STEAM ENGINE & BOILER WORKS

CHATHAM, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed and furnished, complete. SAWS EDGERS, SHINGLE and LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of all Kinds.

Designs, Plans and Estimates on Application.

BUSINESS CHANGE

The undersigned has purchased the business, lately carried on by P. J. McEvoy, consisting of groceries, provisions, crockeryware, and is prepared to cater to the wants of the public at the old stand. By strict attention to the wants of his customers he hopes to be able to sell goods at prices as shall merit a share of public patronage.

E. W. Keating

Newcastle, Nov. 7th, 1898.

See the Window Display of Christmas Goods at McLeod's

GO TO

I have no ... will sell at bottom prices Sleigh Bells, Heavy Trace Bells, Meat Choppers, Chopping Trays and Knives, Raisin Seeders, Fam and Butcher's Meat Saws, Butcher Knives, Bread Knives, Carving Sets, Steels, King Sad Irons, Thermometers, Snow Shovels, Boys' Sleds, Skates etc., etc.

J. H. PHINNEY.

Newcastle, Nov. 22.

McLeod's

where you can have your Over Coats and Suits made in the latest styles and material of which we have an abundance. Black and Blue Beavers. Tyke, Blake, Craven and Clay Serges. Fancy Suitings—Fancy Trouserings—Fancy Vestings, also Venecian Cork Screws, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds in great variety. For quick sales and moderate prices

This is the Spot.

CARTER & LOCKE,

next door to Bank of Nova Scotia.

S. McLEOD.

Newcastle, Nov. 22, 1898.

PROVISIONS

CONSISTING OF

Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Barley, Peas, Soaps, Lard, Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats and Standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in bbls. and ½ bbls. Ontario and Moncton Cracked Feed, etc.

Store on Public Wharf.

J. A. RUNDLE.

Newcastle, Jan. 8, 1898.

PIG'S FEET,

COOKED

LAMB'S TONGUE,

HAMS AND BACON.

JOHN HOPKINS,

St John, N. B.