# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

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The address slip pasted on the top of the paper has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement with Page

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having the large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B



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We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
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Kola Wine and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
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Newcastle, Sept. 14th, 1896.

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Blankets! Blankets! Blankets
The evenings are becoming cool and housekeepers are beginning to think they will need blankets. We have just received a lot of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which we are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $3 per pair are splendid value.
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LTD.

Lime For Sale
Apply to
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NOTICE OF BILL TO BE PRESENTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.
Notice is hereby given that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Local Legislature, to amend Chapter 92, intitulé "An Act to incorporate the Chatham Boom Company" and the several acts relating thereto, by extending the time for the completion of the works of the said Company and for the further
Dated this twenty first day of November, A. D. 1896.

DRS. T. & J. H. SPROUL
OPTICIANS

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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Christmas & New Year 1896-7
JUST OPENING
BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,
NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,
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CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY
CHATHAM BRANCH
TIME TABLE
In Effect Monday, Oct. 5, 1896.
MIXED
FOR CHATHAM
Read Down | Read Up
STATIONS | Miles | Mixed
Leave Newcastle | 0 | 10.00 a. m.
Douglastown | 2½ | 10.20
Boom Road | 3½ | 10.25
Chatham Junction | 4½ | 10.30
Arrive Chatham | 6 | 10.40
Leave Chatham | | 11.10 a. m.
Chatham Junction | | 11.15
Boom Road | | 11.25
Douglastown | | 11.30
Newcastle | | 11.45
Connections at Chatham Junction with I. C. R. Sundays excepted trains will run as follows:
Sunday mornings
Leave Newcastle 8.30 a. m.
Arrive Chatham 10 a. m.
Leave Chatham 4 p. m.
Arrive Newcastle 5.30 p. m.
CHAS. A. LEGER,
Chatham, Nov. 9th, 1896. Superintendent.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N.B.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
ST. KITTS, W. I.
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LEON. DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

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SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made, Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
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R. FLANAGAN.
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WOOD-GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
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Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Ceiling Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
JAMES NELSON.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES
LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.
Holders of Timber Licenses in rear of the Timber Regulations, follows:—
Price of Pine trees shall be cut as under any License, not even which will not make a log at least and ten inches at the small such shall be cut, the to double stumpage notified, that for the section will strictly

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND GENERAL MERCHANTS
Spruce Lumber, Coal and Anthracite Coal,
129 BROAD STREET,
Cor. Stone Street, NEW YORK,
Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

FOR SALE.
A Steam Launch 28 feet and 20 inch swing, elevating rack saw cutting etc.
Apply to JAMES NELSON,
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FOR SALE
The subscriber offers for sale, or to rent for a term of years, his Dwelling House and contiguous premises on King Street, Chatham. Possession will be given on any time required to a suitable purchaser or renter, and if it can be let furnished.
ANGUS McMACHERAN,
Chatham, Nov. 9th, 1896.

PIANO FOR SALE.
Very superior new Gerhard Heintzman piano for sale, liberal terms. Apply
12.96


## "Advance's" St. John Letter.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS—THE DAY'S NEWS—THE MARKETS, ETC.

It is mentioned as something remarkable that Jonathan Duane Wheeler of Stonington, Conn., owns and occupies a farm that has descended to him from his great-great-great-grandfather who lived 160 years ago. It has never passed from the family of its original occupant, whose ashes mingle with those of seven generations of his descendants. Circumstances of this kind are probably rarer on this continent than in any other civilized country in the world because the unrest of the pilgrims and the cavaliers, the pioneers of Canadian life, is inherited by their posterity and 160 years more will probably pass by before it will be eliminated. Wherever chance places him the American, and in a considerable measure the Canadian, is at home, if he can be said to have a home anywhere and in consequence the ties of kinship are less binding here than in many places elsewhere. We are like rolling stones rather than the everlasting hills. We are all tramps from "Weary Walker" to the millionaire who builds a villa at Newport, then at Bar Harbor, then at Lennox and abandons them all, one after the other. We think the Wheelers of Stonington, Conn., are a substantial people; that they are intelligent, forehanded, hospitable and never have any bickerings with their neighbors. Their fields are well tilled, their fences without gaps, their dwelling and outhouses commodious, cheerful and permanent. The farm is a world in itself to its possessors; the home fragrant with pleasant memories and anticipations.

"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality."

"There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming stayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—
Forever—never!
Never—forever."

Undoubtedly the time will come when our people will take root, as it were: when we shall dig and build for posterity as well as for ourselves, and when the word home will have a far wider meaning than is now attached to it.

Two deaths occurred among the inmates of the Provincial Lunatic asylum on the 13th inst.

Hereafter the city treasury board will not pay the Recorder for his opinion or advice unless it is asked for.

The new Baptist church on Main Street, which is a fine specimen of church architecture, will be opened for service on the 27th inst.

An artesian well is being sunk on the grounds of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

Assigned liabilities $1,600; assets $2,600 in book debts; that's the record of a recent unfortunate in this city.

Twenty-five per cent. of the estate to the assignee and two or three per cent. of their claims to the creditors; that is the way some insolvent matters are settled in St. John.

Three ocean steamships arrived here last week. There are now in port uncleared three steamers, six barques, two brigantines and 66 schooners.

The "flannelette war" appears to have been waged for advertising purposes only. Goods of quite as good quality as those that are sold here for 14 cents a yard are sold in Boston for 5½ cents and at that price it is claimed that they pay a fair profit to the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the retail dealer.

Steamer Alcides sailed for Glasgow on Saturday with 270 head of cattle, 53 horses and 150 sheep on board.

A good many Christmas boxes went to England by the steamer Lake Superior which sailed from here on Friday.

In the gale on Friday a brakeman was blown from a box car at Sand Point and fell to the beach below, a distance of 30 feet. No bones were broken.

The man who keeps his head cool and his feet warm has little to fear from pneumonia or kindred complaints. To keep the feet warm it is necessary to keep them dry, and this is more effectually done by the use of the Spanish glycerine oil liquid dressing than by the use of overshoes. It is a famous leather preserver and polish, put up in boxes of one doz. and supplied to the trade by Northrop & Co. of this city.

Steamers Lake Winnipeg and Halifax City arrived here on Friday.

Twenty-one Armenians brought out by the Salvation Army are in the city. They will be sent to the Social farm near Toronto.

H. L. Spencer of this city will be employed on the National Cyclopedia of Biography, the most magnificent series of books ever published in America, until 1900, when it will be completed.

The opening of the Victoria rink tomorrow evening will be the grandest event in its history. A commodious parlor, handsomely furnished, is one of the new attractions of this favorite resort. Country visitors should never miss spending an evening at the Victoria rink.

Fluctuations in the market are reported as follows by Messrs. George S. DeForest & Sons. Oatmeal is weaker and has declined 30 cents per barrel. Plate beef is firm at an advance of 50 cents per barrel. Dried fish is still coming in and has declined in price from 10 to 15 cents per 100 pounds. Evaporated apples are easier and the best quality is quoted at 4¾ and 5 cents per pound. New crop nuts have arrived and are sold in sack lots as follows: Filberts 11 cents; S. S. almonds 13 cents; Grenoble walnuts 13 cents. There is a marked advance in hops: packers have advanced prices from 3½ to 4 cents per pound. Ginger and pepper have advanced abroad but there is no change in the local market. Sugars are dull and the market is rather easier; standard granulated 4 cents; bright extra C. 3⅜ @ 3½ cents. The market is overstocked with common grades of butter which are almost unsaleable. Strictly choice is scarce at 17 to 18 cents. Eggs are active at 17 cents for go[illegible] annual inco[illegible] tea has bee[illegible] Fourteen [illegible] week; [illegible]

## UNDER YE MISTLETOE.

Ye lips do meet in sweet embrace,
Ye eyes do pop and flash,
Ye noses madly interlace,
Then comes ye final crash!

NEMO USQUAM.

## A FLASH OF ANGER.

By Grace Ethelwyn Cody.

"Come, darling come! Don't drag on mamma's hand."

But the little prince had stopped short before an immense window full of dolls. He was a mannish little figure with the straight, dark blue coat buttoned almost to his ankles, and the close-fitting, wooly cap upon his head; but inside the coat was a white pique dress with lace and ruffles, and underneath the cap shown out a soft and dimpled baby face with full red, lips, and great, dark, starry eyes.

It was the day before Christmas and the little prince's eyes had been growing larger all the afternoon. The store windows were so full of wonders and he so full of baby-awe and admiration. He had not learned to weary of it at all, to dread the rushing crowds, and to think bitter thoughts about money and the sweet things he would like to do. He simply wanted everything he saw, and when he found he could not have it he just forgot the want in some new wonder.

Only these dolls, these gaily-dressed beautiful dolls—they were a different matter!

He stood holding his mamma fast, while the hurrying people jostled them this way and that.

"Oh, see—jess see!" he cried. "Mamma, out of all dose many don't you sink dat you can buy me one, jess on'y one?"

His eyes were two round wishes.

"Oh, precious!" she answered, trying to push on. "Mamma couldn't buy another thing to-night. See, its getting dark, and papa will be home and think we're lost."

Still he hung back, his lip quivering with disappointment.

"Mamma," he said at last, choking down a sob, "you'd like to buy me one—you want to do it very bad—oh, very bad—don't you?"

"Why, yes, my sweet. I would like to get you everything you want."

"All right, den," he answered, and, turning, trudged manfully away from the enchanting sight.

It was a mistake, anyway, having to go down town that afternoon. The little prince's mamma had finished all her Christmas shopping a week before, but that very morning, to her dismay, Bert's brown dressing gown had come home with navy blue instead of dark green velvet collar and cuffs.

Bert, you know, is papa to the little prince. He is a handsome fellow, with twinkling blue eyes and brown mustache and wavy hair, and it was most important that his dressing gown should be exactly right. It was to have been so stylish—brown and green—the "very sweetest combination!" Besides that, was not the piece of velvet Bert's wife had taken to the tailor's much finer and better every way than the one he had put in? That settled it.

She bundled up the dressing gown, took the little prince by the hand, and started for the tailor's. It was away down-town, but never mind.

Of course the tailor was very sorry—of course it was a mistake. Of course it never would have happened, except for the Christmas rush, and of course it could not possibly be changed that day. Of course she would have to give it to her husband as it was and have it altered afterward.

"Of course you will alter it to-day and have it ready, as you promised, or, of course, I will not take it at all," she answered, borrowing his own expression in rather a saucy way.

The tailor looked at her determined face and changed his tone. They could change it and finish it that day, he admitted so much, but they positively could not promise to deliver the garment; so would it not be better, after all, to give it as it was, and there—

She cut him short. "Take it, and make it right. I will call for it myself when it is done."

Bert's little wife detested carrying packages as much as anyone, but "I guess I can do it for Bert at Christmas time," she told herself.

So she and the little prince had wandered from store to store all the afternoon until now, with the dressing-gown safe in her arms, she was on her homeward way.

It was close upon dinner time. The car was crowded, but the tired little prince stood bravely first on one foot and then the other, and looked love at his tired little mamma whenever she glanced his way. He knew she could not hold him with that bulky bundle in her arms. Besides, he knew the secret from papa about the gown, and he was going to keep it, too.

Dear little prince! That was not his real name at all, but somehow it seemed to fit—he was such a royal little man.

When they reached home, there was barely time to put away their wraps before Bert came and dinner was announced.

It had been a hard day at the office, and Bert was tired, or he never would have noticed when the little prince insisted on his having his place at the table moved from the end around to "mamma's side." As it was he looked annoyed, though he said nothing.

The little prince was hard to please that evening. He could not eat the bread that mamma had prepared because he "wanted to butter it himself." He threw a spoon across the table because it happened not to be the one marked with his name, and succeeded altogether in proving that his day's work had been far too heavy for his baby strength.

Bert was silent for the first ten minutes. Then, "My dear," he said, and his little wife knew instantly that what he meant to say would not be pleasant.

"Do you think," he went on with a smile that was only half a smile, "that you are giving me a square deal in this matter?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, constrainedly.

"Beg pardon, but I think you do. As many times as I have told you how I enjoy our quiet dinners when we two are alone and as easy as it is for you to have that boy asleep before this time, it seems to me that your keeping him up to turn the whole [illegible] you would be done by, to say the least."

"But, Bert"—she began to speak and stopped. If she could tell him how she and the little prince had spent the day—how sadly they had tired themselves, and all for him—he would forgive them on the instant, she was sure. But the idea of divulging a Christmas secret before the proper moment was not to be accepted. So she waited.

"It would be different," he resumed, "if you had anything in the world to do except care for the boy. But you have told me repeatedly your Christmas work was all done days ago, and you had only to be lazy from now on, and I tell you when a man comes home as tired as I am—"

"Other people besides men get tired sometimes, too," she interposed. "You [illegible] what I've been doing, but I [illegible] day, and as for the [illegible] as you are, every bit!"

"[illegible] he in bed where he [illegible] very well—"

[illegible] the subject [illegible] high excitement. [illegible] ever since early [illegible] something I [illegible] I know it, too!"

"Yes, yes son!" said Bert in a [illegible] as he could make it. "Did you [illegible] your papa was deaf? I'm not. I can hear quite as well as ever." Then, to the little [illegible] "Where, I'd like to know, did he get the habit of shouting in that style? Do you ever stop him, and tell him to speak softly, or do you let him go on that way all day long?"

"I don't like your manner, Bert," she said indignantly.

"It's a pity you hadn't found that out some years ago, he said drily.

"I don't care," wailed the little prince.

as the chill of the atmosphere struck his tender heart. "I don't like papa, an' I sink he's bad!"

"Hush, darling, hush!" said mamma.

"Oh, no!" said Bert. "Let him speak his mind. Don't make him a hypocrite with all his other faults."

"I don't—I don't!" the child went on. "I wis' I didn't have him—he's so bad!" His sobs grew louder with every breath.

"Little Prince," whispered mamma. "You will have to go away unless you stop. Mamma can't stay and let you cry like this."

"Call Bridget and let her take him and put him to bed," Bert proposed sharply.

"No—no—no!" shrieked the child. "I won't! I won't let her! Oh you bad, bad papa!"

"I always go with him, Bert, you know," said mamma.

"Well, it's time he learned to go with some one else."

"Bert"—her eyes were pleading, but he did not meet them. "Bert, dear—it's Christmas Eve."

"Yes and last Sunday it was Sunday dinner that must not be spoiled by disciplining him! Meantime, for the sake of present peace, are we to let our boy grow up an ungoverned, saucy, good-for-nothing?"

"You are unreasonable!" she answered, hotly, turning to the weeping child once more and wiping the tears from his flushed, excited face. "Any one could see that it would be foolish to try an innovation at a time like this."

Still the little prince could not be quiet, and in a moment mamma rose decidedly. "Come!" she said.

"No—no! I want to stay to 'ceive I want to—oh, I do!"

The little mother found it hard enough to lift the struggling, screaming boy out of the chair to which he clung, and it was small wonder that during the operation one of his widely flying feet shot a glass of water from the table to crash in pieces on the hardwood floor.

Bert started up.

"I shall punish him for that!" he said.

The small woman put her child behind her. He clung to her, frightened into silence by the sound of the breaking glass.

"You shall not even touch him while you are angry," she cried.

"I shall punish my boy when I think best!"

"You shall never strike my baby while I live."

They faced each other defiantly.

"Oh, very well," said Bert, after a pause. "Go on—go on. You're doing bravely. I admire your method. Teach him to scream for what he wants until he gets it, and then to call his father names and say he hates him. By and by, when he gets big enough to knock me down, you'll feel your work is done—won't you? It's wonderful, your method! I should think you would want to instruct a class—a mother's class—why don't you?"

It was too much. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she sobbed, "you cruel, sarcastic, heartless thing! How my brother would hate you if he could hear you talk to me like that! Oh, I can't bear it! On Christmas eve! Oh, its dreadful! I won't stay with you! I'll take the baby and go—somewhere—anywhere—away from here! I never can stay. I want go to home where they love me, and I will!"

Bert tried to look indifferent during this outburst. He shrugged his shoulders, and he pretended not to notice.

Tired men are sorry, sometimes, after dinner.

Bert stole silently up the stairs and stood eavesdropping at the door of the room where the little prince was being put to bed.

"But I can't love him, can I?" he heard in a baby voice, still broken with sobs.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you love your own dear papa."

"You don't love him—do you, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. I do, I do!" There were tears with the admission, and Bert found some in his own eyes at the same instant.

"Well, den, I will, if you do," was the answer.

"And now, darling, tell mamma you are sorry for flying into such a rage and saying and doing all those naughty things."

"I can't, mamma; I can't, 'thought I tell lies. It don't come into my heart to feel sorry—not a bit!"

Then the tender voice replied and went on and on so softly that Bert could not hear the words. He guessed that she was praying with the little culprit.

Suddenly he heard: "It's come—it's here! Oh, mamma, it came right into my heart, and oh, I feel so sorry! I do—I am. I didn't ought to say dose words an', more'n ever, I didn't ought to kick dat glass, an' oh—I never—never—never will again!"

A silence followed. Bert knew that they were locked in one another's arms. After some time the little prince said "Mamma!" "Yes, darling."

"I'm so sorry—I kicked—dat way!" the words had a drowsy drag. "I sink I must have forgotted glass would break!"

Bert listened after that until he heard the little mother rise up from beside the sleeping child and come softly toward the door. She started, as she came upon him, standing there, but he did not give her time to turn away.

"Sweetheart!" He took her face in both his hands. "I didn't ought to say dose words, and oh, I never—never—never will again!"

There were hot tears upon her lashes, but her head went down upon his shoulder and he held her close.

"Dearest, sweetest little wife," he whispered. "I am sorry—oh, so sorry! I think I must have forgotten glass would break!"

And then, although her face was pressed against his coat, he knew, somehow or other, that she smiled.

## General News and Notes.

Impossible— it is not good French.—Napoleon.

Seize life where you will, it is interesting.—Goethe.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

Books are the immortal sons defying their sires.—Plato.

Recognized probity is the surest of all oaths.—Mme. Necker.

A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely.—Longfellow.

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ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 3 minutes by Wright's Sanitary Lotions. Warranted J. [illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible] that stirs within [illegible]

[illegible] Scott's Emulsion [illegible] by many thousands who have [illegible] It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but it creates an appetite for food. Try it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

There is nothing of which men are so fond and withal so careless as life.—Bruyere.


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Mrs. Desmond,
Proprietor

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES IS AT THE
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES
PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

The Chatham Incorporation Act.
For Sale at
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
25 CENTS.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of [Cloths of the best]
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable rates.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE LONDON GUARNTEE AND ACCIDENT CO.
The only British Co. in Canada issuing
Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.
Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.
FRANCIS A. GILLISPIE,
AGENT.

CHATHAM RESIDENCE
For Sale.
The Subscriber, being desirous of selling his Chatham Residence known as
"Sunnyside,"
Will receive tenders from parties wishing to purchase.
The property is on the corner of Henderson and Howard Streets—one of the choice residential locations of Chatham—and the house is one of the most handsome and commodious in town.
There are ample OUT-BUILDINGS, INCLUDING STABLE AND COACH HOUSE—ALSO A GARDEN AND ORCHARD—the whole being an ideal residence for a gentleman's family.
D. T. JOHNSTON,
Bathurst, N. B.
12 Nov., 96. 12-3-96.

TINSMITH WORK.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general
Tinsmith and Iron Worker
in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Cunard Street, Chatham.
He makes a specialty of
RE-LINING STOVE-OVENS
and introduces a
DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM
at the same price as the usual single plate put in for elsewhere.
General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.
JOHN DUFF.

THE M[illegible] HALL.
BATH GLOVES
[illegible]ND MITS,
[illegible]GHS
[illegible]tiful line of
[illegible]LET SOAPS
[illegible] five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 14, 1896.