OLD WARWICK CASTLE.

SCENE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT BALLS OF THE CENTURY.

Louis XV Costumes—Electric Lights and Two Thousand Wax Candles—The Countess of Warwick in Politics and Society—Her Governmental Sphere.

It is said that the ball at Warwick Castle a few weeks ago was the most brilliant fete of the century in England. Writing of the ball a London correspondent said:

The costumes were strictly confined to the time of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and not only were the numerous attendants attired in the dress of that period, but even the musicians of Herr Wurm's Viennese orchestra, who supplied the dance music, wore Louis XV. costumes, picturesquely carried out in white and gold. The suite of principal rooms at the castle lead one into the other, so that the vista of magnificent and brilliantly lighted apartments was superb. Over 2,000

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

wax candles were used, in addition to the electric lights, which were made to simulate wax candles, so that nothing should be incongruous or inharmonious. The corridors were lighted with crystal candelabra, in which were tall wax candles, unshaded—as they were, indeed, throughout the suite of rooms—as light used to be brilliant at the French festivities of that time. The cedar drawing-room was used as a ballroom. It is so called because panelled in cedar, a perfect background for the Sir Vandyck family portraits hung around it. Supper was served in the banqueting hall at about fifteen round and oval tables, a square one in the centre being for the Queen and member of her court.

The Countess of Warwick received her guests in the centre state drawing-room, adjoining the ballroom, attired as Marie Antoinette, wearing the Warwick family diamonds round her neck as a superb collar, a turquoise velvet cap clasped with jewels on her white coiffure, and a bandeau of family jewels under the cap. Her court mantle was fastened at the shoulder with a team of diamonds, widened out so as to clasp the cloak from shoulder to shoulder—a truly queenly presence and one whom it seemed fit to greet with obeisance, as many of the guests did on entering. Near Marie Antionette was the Duchess of Sutherland, attired as Marie Leszinska, wife of Louis XV, and wearing a white satin dress wrought handsomely with silver, and a regal robe or mantle of ruby velvet embroidered with gold. The front of the long pointed bodice was fairly ablaze with jewels—rubies, emeralds and diamonds of the Sutherland family collection. A long riviere of very large brilliants was used to loop up the court mantle at the shoulders, a pointed diadem was worn on the forehead, and a large pearl ornament with pendant pear-shaped pearls at one side. The coiffure was low, in Louis XV style, and eminently suited for her Grace Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine had her dress copied from one of the family portraits at Trentham, and was in white satin with lovely lace sleeves and a charming Gainsborough hat of pale blue satin with ostrich plumes.

Truly these three sisters formed a trio of singular beauty! Had Paris again been called upon to make a choice he would have been puzzled to which of them the apple should be given.

Of the woman who gave this ball, Mr. Robert P Porter said in a recent letter:

"Not long ago that exceedingly interesting and handsome woman the Countess of Warwick was a candidate for Parish Councillor in the village in which Warwick castle is located. Then she was posing as a "splendid pauper," and weeping over the woes of the working classes. One of the farm laborers of the village appropriated a valuable cloak of my lady's when she was out shooting. The cloak was found buried in the woods. At the trial it transpired the value of this garment was $800, or $4,000. Then the charming Countess surprised all England with a letter to the Times, in which she confided the fact that the cloak was a present, and added that, in her opinion, with so many people starving, no one was justified in spending so much upon a single garment. The Countess was, of course, elected to the parish council. Last week this same noble lady gave a ball at Warwick Castle, which is said to have exceeded in lavish expenditure almost any event of the kind given in England this century. The newspaper read more like descriptions of similar entertainments given by the voluptuaries of the French court before the revolution. Indeed, in adopting the dress of the period of Louis XV. and XVI., this lady, who at times offers such pangs for the poor and starving, emphasized in every detail the waste, extravagance, and utter disregard of the other extreme of the social scale which was the pervading characteristic of the historic period so artistically imitated by England's "splendid pauper" as Warwick.

Meantime, what becomes of the handsome Countess's philosophy? In the current number of the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. Astor's international outlet of the literary aristocracy, the charming hostess of this brilliant occasion gives her views on the sweating dens of London and of the gospel of "Peach or Starve." In the article Francis Evelyn Warwick announces her belief in paternal legislation; "Why, you have made whole classes rich by acts of Parliament: stock brokers by limited liability acts, railway millionaires in the same way, inventors by your patent laws, bankers by every kind of restrictive legislation! Now, seeing that acts of Parliament have done all this, how have you the face to assure me that people—the people—cannot be made rich by acts of Parliament? You would be the first to admit that bad laws can keep the people poor; then why may not good, generous legislation make them prosperous and happy?" Then the Countess proceeds to indorse Mr. Chamberlain's socialistic plan.

REPAIRING BROKEN WALL PLASTER.

wash with a hand broom. This will swell out the fibre of the lath. Let it dry for one day, again brush and either make half-inch holes in the lath as at a, or drive in plenty of three-quarter-inch wire nails so about half their length as at b, or insert small screws left projecting a little less than the thickness of the wall as at c. The object of all of these plans is to hold the plastering firmly in position.

When patching a wall it is best to put in more lath than usual, and be certain to press the plaster into every crevice, using none but well-made mortar. Do not mix and apply the same day, but let it season or ripen as masons do. Better still, where but a bushel or so is needed, go to some places where building is going on, or to a mason who keeps it ready-made, and obtain a better article than you can possibly make and at a trifling expense.—American Agriculturist.

Did Not Recognize the Cow.

Several good stories are told of the absent mindedness of some well known divines. Of one popular clergyman it is said that when walking on the street his mind is generally so thoroughly fixed upon some subject that he will pass by his most intimate friends without the slightest recognition. Once, when in the country, this minister ran full into a cow, which was calmly chewing her cud by the wayside. Without noticing the nature of the obstruction, the absent minded clergyman lifted his hat and, with a bow, said, "I beg your pardon." Upon realizing the ridiculousness of his error he made a mental resolve never to commit a like blunder again.

Somewhat further on his ramble and while still pondering the same weighty subject, he approached a sharp turn in the road, beyond which he could not obtain sight of any moving object. Turning the corner quickly he came face to face with a lady, and, before he could check his speed, nearly knocked the woman down. Dim recollections of the cow episode evidently flashed through his mind, for he said, sharply, "Go away, you dirty beast." What the lady said is not recorded.

Of another clergyman the tale is told that he was once riding with a companion through the woods. For a long time not a word had been spoken, as the mind of the reverend gentleman seemed wrapped up in some matter far from his surroundings. Suddenly a fox darted across the road, directly in front of the horse's head. The clergyman did not see it and his companion exclaimed:—"There goes a fox!" As if nothing had been said the minister continued silent; still thinking of the weighty subject of his reverie. Fully half an hour elapsed before he asked, quite innocently. "Where?"

A Newly Found Relative.

Fred—I say, Jack, do you know that fine-looking girl we just passed?

Jack (moodily)—Should say I did. She's my sister.

Fred (doubtfully)—Your sister. O come off. Since when?

Jack—Since last night.—Great Divide.

HOW A PIANO IS TUNED.

It is a Simple Thing After You Have Learned.

"Plunk — plunk — kerchug — twang—bang!"

You have heard these sounds before, though they look a little unfamiliar when reproduced on paper. They represent the performance of a piano tuner from an outside and tympanic standpoint. They are the tangible and disagreeable part of the necessary business of putting in tune an instrument, which, alas! too many people spend a deplorably large portion of their lives putting out of tune.

This business of tuning pianos, which certainly looks rather mysterious as you watch the manner in which the operator pries up first one string and then another, sounding meanwhile a confused jargon of notes, until the puzzled listener does not know an octave from a fifth, is not, however, as difficult and as mysterious as at first it appears.

All that is required is an exact ear and a few simple tools, viz., a tuning-fork (usually a C fork), a long, hammer-like key, and a wedge or mute. The accuracy of the tuner's ear is partly a natural gift, partly the result of long practice.

Even the most unpracticed ear can readily distinguish sound from noise; sound is produced by regular vibrations, while noise is a mixture of sounds thrown together without reference to any law. High notes have a large number of vibrations per second, while low notes have a small number. The highest A is calculated to have 3,480 vibrations per second, while the lowest A has only 27½.

The majority of tuners have adopted a method of tuning which includes but two intervals, the octave and the fifth. The ordinary square piano has two strings, and most uprights have three strings, to each note, except in the lower octave. The pitch of one of these strings is tuned in the relation of octave or fifth to some previous note. The remaining strings are then tuned in unison with the first string. As the strings approach unison, a number of strong and rapid beats or pulsations are perceptible to the ear; as they come still closer, the beats become slower, till finally they are no longer to be heard. Then the unison is perfect.

The ear in tuning is guided by precision from a confused sound to strong beats, and then from smooth waves to one continuous sound. Unisons and octaves are always tuned perfect; that is the beats must entirely disappear. In the fifths, when perfectly tuned, there will be neither wave nor beat.

It takes generally about three years to learn the business, and a good workman will make from $18 to $35 a week. A few women have been employed as tuners with great success.—New York Recorder.

BROKEN WALL PLASTER.

This Little Article and Picture Tell How to Repair It.

Always in repairing bits of wall or ceiling remove all the adjoining portion of plaster that is loose, then industriously brush the exposed lath until not a particle of plastering remains. Now carefully

THE FOOTBALL LADIES.

THERE IS A CLUB OF FAIR KICKERS IN OLD LONDON TOWN.

Lady Florence Dixie President of the Club, of Which Miss Nettie Honeyball is the Captain—Nothing Parsical in the Organization—The Captain in Costume.

We live in an age of progress, and the new woman is the latest evidence of the advancement. Anybody who had predicted the appearance of ladies "between the lines" would have been looked at more in sorrow than in anger. Yet are we already in possession of a group of fair performers styled "The British Ladies' Football Club," with Lady Florence Dixie as the president.

Miss Nettie J. Honeyball is the secretary and captain of what may be fairly described as the sporting sensation of the hour, and if energy and enthusiasm can command success, then surely is the association already pressured of its victory.

"You are quite right," said Miss Honeyball, putting aside an ominous batch of correspondence to give me some details;

MISS NETTIE HONEYBALL.

"there is nothing of the fardical nature about the British Ladies' Football Club. I founded the association last year with the fixed resolve of proving to the world that women are not the 'ornamental and useless' creatures men have pictured. I must confess my convictions on all matters where the sexes are so widely divided are all on the side of emancipation, and I look forward to the time when ladies may sit in Parliament and have a voice in the direction of affairs, especially those which concern them most."

"Then I may take it, you anticipate also a time when big league football clubs will be composed of players both male and female?"

"Such a consummation is of course, very far distant, but it is possible. You must remember that we do not profess to have the strength of men"—Miss Honeyball did not mention "brute force", like the lady "in Rebellious Susan"—but we claim the science, and, in my opinion, football is just the exercise to promote health and grace among women."

"But have all your members the moral courage to face public attendances on the field?"

"Why not? Their is nothing at all questionable in our costume. When Lady Florence Dixie consented to become president she specially stipulated that if the club were to attain its end the girls should enter into the spirit of the game with heart and soul. 'I will have nothing to do with your balloon sleeves and trained skirts and anything like that,' she said; 'don't court ridicule by ridiculing yourselves.' Accordingly we all have our costume of divided skirts—a sort of blue serge knickerbockers—and the teams will be distinguished by wearing respectively cardinal and pale blue blouses. You will detect no nervousness in the girls when they make their first public appearance. We practice twice a week."

"I suppose you had a good deal of trouble in obtaining members?"

"Not at all. I have players from all parts of London, and a few even have to travel from the farthest suburbs. They number close upon thirty, and three or four are married, the ages varying from fifteen to twenty-six. Of course, when we first began complaints were made of stiffness and soreness, but that soon wore off, and you would be surprised to see the energy thrown into the game. Our original idea was to play our first match January 12, but a good many difficulties stood in the way, so we decided to postpone it till the end of this month, on the Crouch End ground, and we will call it north versus south. Then, if we attain any sort of success, we hope to visit a few of the provinces and endeavor to foster the game among the ladies there."

"You may expect an amount of adverse criticism."

"I know it. Already the comic papers have burlesqued the notion right and left. All the members are of the middle class, else how could they spare the time and expense to indulge in practice."

"How did you go about getting the team together?"

"Well, in the first instance I advertised, and, as you can guess, I received a few bogus applications from young men. However, I called all the ladies to a meeting, and we soon proceeded to business. None of them, of course, had previously played.

"We have been out so far very regularly, no matter what the weather, and each time the improvement in style is more marked. J. W. Jullan, the well-known half-back, is acting as coach, and rendering valuable assistance. You need have no fear of the collapse of the association. I told the girls plainly at the outset—they were all strangers to me, except my sister—that if they ever wished to give up to tell me at once, and I would get others to take their places; but so far from that, the attendance at practice is astonishingly good. We had a little test game one day, and one side won by eight goals to six, but, of course, all interest is being centred on the day we admit the public, for, as you may guess, our practice is strictly private. Lady Dixie, who has evinced great interest, will doubtless be present, and has offered to present the winning eleven with copies of her 'Glorians,' a work which will appeal to us all. In addition, a weekly paper has offered timepieces to the successful ones also, so a hotly contested sixty minutes can be promised."

Since interviewing Miss Honeyball I have had the pleasure of witnessing the members of the B.L.F.C. at practice and must confess to a feeling of surprise at the display of ability already attained. Although the occasion of my visit was not favorable, meteorologically, the ladies went about their various duties pluckily and energetically, skill and kicking power making up for any lack of speed and force.—London Sketch.

"The Widder Cornscracker has proved herself a mother to me." "A mother! And she knocked you unconscious with a stone yesterday!" "Certainly—she rocked me to sleep."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mabel (blushfully)—Papa, did the count call upon to-day on a rather important matter? Papa—Yes. Mabel (still more blushfully)—You consented? Papa—Well, not until he had given me a note for sixty days to show for the amount.—Town Topics.

Son-in-law (to register)—I jist cam' tae register the daith o' ma mither-in-law. Register—When did she die? Son-in-law—Weel, the fact is, she's no jest deid yet; but the doctor says she's gaun tae die an' ye'ers sure, an' I thocht it might be as weel tae provide against contingencies.—Household Words.

Shirt Waists This Year.

The shirt waists for the coming season do not differ very materially from those of last year. The sleeves are very large, and there is more fullness across the bust. The band around the neck and the collar higher, but the general effect is not to marked to absolutely condemn last year's stock if one must consider economy.

The collars on the new shirts are made either high or turned over, with the preference for the latter. It is considered very smart to have the collars of white linen, to button on the band with gold buttons.

Novelties in Sleeves.

The fashionable sleeve no longer stands out from the shoulder in an aggressive manner. Instead, it droops. The low shoulder seam is the vogue, and "1830" slope is more to the front than ever. One of the most fashionable sleeves of the summer will have the material gathered or tucked over the upper part of the arm and then suddenly expand into a big bell puff. This style of sleeve is more fashionable than beautiful. The fan sleeve is another novelty. It falls over the arm in a puff which assumes fan-like folds.

The Newest Veils.

The newest veils are distinguished for their delicate, cobwebby designs. They are not purchased by the yard, but appear in elegant and individual excusiveness at from $1.50 to $5 a piece. The price is governed by the elaboration of the design. Their foundation is of the thinnest net with border tracery of a fine thread or cord done in scroll pattern. Black net with black tracery, white net with white, black upon white and white upon black are the only combinations as yet offered.

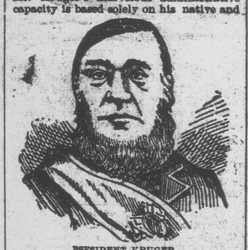
AN AFRICAN PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT KRUGER A RUSTIC CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

A Man With Marvelous Administrative Capacity, But a Dismal Failure as a Society Man—His Home Life at Pretoria—Mrs. Kruger.

His honor, the president of the South African republic, is one of the, if not the, most remarkable characters at present occupying the political stage of South Africa. The Transvaal, over whose destinies President Kruger watches, is the richest gold-bearing region in South Africa, if not in the world—an independent Dutch republic founded by the Boers who were ousted from the Cape colony by what they were pleased to term English misrule. Their bitter antipathy to British misappropriation of a territory colonized and conquered by their fathers drove them further afield to the unexplored tracks beyond the Vaal river, where as God's chosen people they could read their Bibles, and harass the natives, far away from Cape officialism.

Unlike his neighbor president, Mr. Reitz of the Orange Free state (another thriving offshoot of Dutch secession), who is a man of academic and forensic standing, Mr. Kruger's marvelous administrative capacity is based solely on his native and



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

untrained talents. He is sixty-eight years of age, a Boer of the Boers, shrewd, obstinate, combining the gaucheries of the English rustic with an amazing astuteness which would become many a skilled diplomat. Ungainly of figure, a South African James the First, he is gifted with far more caution than the Stuart monarch. He shines more at the council than the social board; in fact, he detests social functions, and many are the true anecdotes of his solecisms and eccentricities.

When visiting the neighboring colony of Natal on one occasion, he and Mrs. Kruger firmly refused a sumptuous lunch prepared by a loyal township en route, and, to the consternation of the caterers, proceeded to discuss a chunk of dried beef—"biltong"—and equally dry bread which was produced from the presidential pocket! When at Government house, in Natal, his honor was asked to take Lady —— in to dinner. With rural simplicity and imperfect English—for the president is no English scholar—he addressed her thus: "Come along with me!" and preceded her ladyship to dinner. But the presidency, Pretoria, is not Mayfair; and even at Government house, Natal, presidents may, and do, disdain forks, misuse serviettes, and fail to grasp the full import of a finger bowl.

At a recent conference on the vexed question of Swaziland between Sir Henry Loch and his honor, the latter, when dining with the high commissioners of our gracious majesty, stoutly refused Perier and Jouet, preferring the charms of a mixture of milk and water—a remnant of his patriarchal upbringing. And cigars! Uncanny things for a Boer president, who smoked a capacious pipe charged with Boer tobacco to counteract the evil fumes of "Flor Fine."

In his modest home at Pretoria, a one-storied, low-roofed building, appropriately situated opposite the Dopper church, where he and Mrs. Kruger are regular attendants, they dispense a homely but hearty hospitality, which is not to be wondered at, when the president's salary is £7,000 per annum, with an allowance of £300 for coffee! Coffee is the favorite and almost exclusive beverage of his subjects, and on the stoop or open veranda of the presidency, surrounded by public offices which cost £75,000, President Kruger puffs his pipe, sips his coffee, and matures schemes which puzzle and perplex the minds of British and colonial diplomats, who can do much, but they can't circumvent the burgher president. Mrs. Kruger is, like the majority of Dutch women, very stout, and was born and bred in the Transvaal. The daughter of Mr. Oppermann, one of the old burghers who are gradually dying out, she is an able and sympathetic helpmate to the president and his dispensing of coffee and shaking of hands, which is indulged in to an alarming extent in Boerland. Her disposition is very sweet; ever ready to give a helping hand to need and poverty in the capital. There is little to chronicle of her, because she possesses those true womanly virtues which shun unnecessary publicity, and find their true sphere in the domestic circle of the presidency at Pretoria.

Her Time Pretty Well Occupied.

A Warren man, who has been three years married, told his wife the other day that he thought he'd get a night key. "Night key!" exclaimed she in amazement. "What earthly use can you have for a night key?" Sunday evening I always attend church. The Daughters of Rebekah meet Monday evening, and there's no one else can fill my position, and so I am obliged to be present. Then there's the Ladies' Relief Corps, which meets Tuesday evenings. I am sure I must do my part in the noble work of helping the needy veterans and their families. The weekly prayer meetings occur Wednesday and Tuesday evenings and I feel it my duty to be present and do my part. The Eastern Star has its meeting Friday evening and I certainly must fill my position there. Saturday evening is the skating rink, and shut up in the house as I am all the week I absolutely need the little helpful exercise I get there, and I must insist on having Saturday evening for recreation. Night key, indeed! You must stay at home and take care of the baby.—Rockland (Me.) Courier.

Primitive Butter-Making Methods.

Among the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins, which were shaken or beaten until the butter came. The Huns did their churning by tying a bag of milk to a short lariat, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle.

OLLA PODRIDA.

Some Little Tales Having a Laugh and a Moral in Them.

Watts—I see that some one has invented an automatic cradle for rocking the baby. I wonder if it would be an infringement if a fellow were to get up an automatic spanking machine?

Potts—It wouldn't be an infringement, but neither would it sell. What satisfaction would an outraged parent get out of a mere machine?

A New Material for Safes.

Bank President—Well, I should think there be might found a material that burglars could not drill a hole through and blow to pieces.

Junior Clerk—(modestly)—I think I know something, sir.

President—Ah?

Junior Clerk—Yes, sir. Suppose you come up and try my wife's pie crust."—Roxbury News.

A Matrimonial Equation.

Aunt (who knows her niece's age)—How is it, Laura, that you are going to marry a man younger than yourself?

Niece—That isn't so. He is the same age.

Aunt—How do you make that out? Isn't he 27, while you are 36?

Niece—That's all right, but these dull times everything is going at a quarter off, you know.—Exchange.

A Sure Cure.

Two married ladies were talking about their respective and respected lords.

"Does your husband forget things?" asked one.

"Never," said the other.

"Well, mine does. I think there is hardly a day when he comes home from his office that he doesn't forget to apologize for his forgetfulness. Of course, I have to accept the apology on his promise to do better, and the next day the very same thing occurs.

"That must be extremely annoying."

"It is. Sometimes I get so vexed with him that I really have to scold him."

"And that never is pleasant."

"I should say not. I'd rather be anything else than a scold, but some hus bands actually drive their wives to it. I've been married ten years and sometimes I almost fear if he doesn't improve he will have my temper utterly spoiled."

"I've been married a dozen years and I never have any such trouble."

"May be your husband is an exception."

"No; he's only average as married men go."

"Wasn't he ever forgetful?"

"He was at first, but I cured him of it."

"Gracious, I thought it was incurable."

"Oh, no. You can cure him easily if you will use my remedy."

"I'm sure I'll only be too glad to. What is it?"

"Never ask him to get anything for you. Get it yourself. He has enough to think about without being an errand boy."

"Oh," exclaimed the first woman, and remained silent for as much as two minutes.

They Flourish in Paris.

Women dentists flourish in Paris. The only drawback to their success is the fact that very few of them ever took a course in dentistry. Until recently such a course has not been necessary for those wishing to practice the art, and after a few weeks' private study in an office women have blossomed forth as dentists, to the pain and distraction of their patients.

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ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND,
NORWICH AND LONDON CO OF ENGLAND,
ONTARIO MUTUAL CO OF CANADA
and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of people's patronage.

GEO. W. CUTTER,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT COMPANIES
REPRESENTING:
Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn
Norwich Union, of England.
Royal Canadian, of Montreal.
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company, of London England and Montreal, Que.
OFFICE—CUNARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG
CHATHAM, N. B

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

WINTER 1894.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, DEC 24, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville. **Connecting with the I. C. R.**

For Chatham Mixer (read down)		For Ft'ton, Mixed (read up)
7 10 a m lv	..Fredericton,...	ar. 3 35 p m
7 20	.....Gibson, ...	3 30
7 40	...Marysville,...	3 15
9 15	...Cross Creek,...	1 45
10 30	...Boiestown,...	12 30
11 39 ar	...Doaktown,...	11 35
11 40 lv		11 15
12 40 p m	...Blackville,...	10 05
2 09 ar	..Chatham Jct..	a-8 30
2 25 lv		8 13
2 45	..... Nelson ...	7 45
3 25 p m ar	....Chatham....	7 10 a m
3 45	...Loggieville...	

For Ind'ton	INDIANTOWN BRANCH.	For Blk'ville
lv 8.00 a m	Blackville	ar 4 50 p m
ar 8 50 "	Rdiantown	lv 4.05 "

GOING NORTE.

	Express.	Mixed	
lv Chatham,	8 50 p. m.	1 40 p. m.	
Nelson	9.10 "	2.00 "	
Ar. Chatham Junc.,	9.30 "	2.20 "	"
Lv. " "	9.50 "	2.40 "	"
Nelson	10 10 "	3 00 "	"
Ar. Chatham,	10.30 "	3.20 "	"

GOING SOUTH

	Express.	Mixed
Lv. Chatham,	8.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m
Nelson		10.25 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	4.00 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	4.25 "	11.20 "
Nelson		11.45 "
Ar. Chatham	5 00 "	12.10 p m

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 Stations—Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Jerry Rapids, Upper Blackville, Bilsefield Carrol'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. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager

[ESTABLISHED 1852.]
THE GILLESPIE CHATHAM FOUNDRY,
CHATHAM, - - N. B.
The subscriber having leased the above
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,
is prepared to meet the requirements of Railway, Mill and Steamboat owners and other users of Machinery, for all work and materials in his line.
IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
will be made a specialty. Stoves, Plow-castings, etc., always in stock
ORDERS IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Estimates for work furnished on application.
JAS. G. MILLER.

Established 1866.
Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.
DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.
DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,
AMHERST, N. S.
This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

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,	Broken Constitution,
Nervous Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
Nervous Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Sick Headache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
Female Weakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Nervous Chills,	Loss of Appetite,
Paralysis,	Frightful Dreams,
Nervous Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears
Nervous Choking,	Weakness of Extremities and
Hot Flashes,	Fainting,
Palpitation of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Mental Despondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
Sleeplessness,	Scrofula,
St. Vitus' Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Nervousness of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
Nervousness of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
Neuralgia,	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
Pains in the Heart,	Liver Complaint,
Pains in the Back,	Chronic Diarrhœa,
Failing Health,	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 did 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. HANDEL, 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 earnestly persuade every person to use this valuable medicine. I would consider it the grand

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-