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The Kind You Have Always Bought and which has been in use for over 30 years, has won for itself a name of its own and has been a household name in every home. Allow no one to deceive you. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are the worst enemies that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Bargains in Shirt Waists.

Black Lustre and Sateen, \$1.10 to 2.00, now 79c.
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Commercial Hotel,
M. J. Kane, Prop.
Newly Furnished Throughout.
Now Open for Business.
Newcastle, N. B. 37-52

ALBERT HOUSE,
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CHATHAM, N. B.
The most pleasantly situated Hotel in the town, directly facing the Opera House and the beautiful Elm Park. Recently remodelled, Painted and Refurnished throughout. For luxury, comfort and views, second to no other house in the town. Hacks to and from all trains and boats. Terms: \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day.
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ROYAL HOTEL,
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Centrally located. Travelers driven to all parts of the country. 20-17.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK
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ROYAL HOTEL.
W. H. McLEAN—Prop.
This hotel has been newly painted and renovated throughout.
We are now prepared for permanent and transient boarders.
Boarding Stable in connection.
McCullum St., Newcastle, N. B. 15—

SOUTH NELSON

Local and Personal.

Miss Appleby and Miss Edythe were the guests of Miss Flanche McLean of Chatham last week.

The many friends of Mrs. Jas Nye and Mrs. Thomas Coughlan wish them a speedy recovery to health.

The much needed repairs on our South West Miramichi bridge are being conducted by Messrs. Joins ton and Wilson.

The dance given in the temperance Hall by the young people previous to lent was an evening of enjoyment and pleasure. Vanderbeck's orchestra officiated.

Miss Annie Flett is spending her vacation with friends in Chatham.

Mrs. Alfred Bateman's attention is called to the store of late. Mr. Bateman is attending the Courts.

Mrs. Mary A. Nye has returned from her visit to Chelmsford.

Maud—O Mable have you heard Charlie has broken his nose.
Mabel—Gracious! I shall never get over it.
Maud—I should think not the bridge is gone.

Bridget, you have broken a much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?
I don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages.

Onions & Bran

were very good in their day for Chest troubles, but the modern way is to sprinkle cloths wrung out in hot water, with

Kendrick's Liniment
and apply to the chest when relief is prompt and effective.

Use it for all distress and pains in the Lungs, Chest and Throat.

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We can save you at least 10 per cent on your fire insurance premium.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial teeth set in gold, rubber and celluloid. Teeth filled, etc.
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Treasures of Brookmere

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Jessamine, come in at once!" Mrs. Brookmere called acerbically from the west porch. As her granddaughter rose obediently, but with a little impatient sigh, her companion, Austin Wills, whistled softly, then said:

"Jessamine! What a wax Madam Brookmere must be in! You're always Sunbeam and Fairy and Bright Eyes when she's in a good humor."

"That is to say when the Beveridge thing is around," Jessamine said, with a shrug. "She is in a wax—she always is when you come—and she feels in her bones when you are coming."

"H-m-m! I ought to be flattered, but I'm not the least bit," Austin answered, also rising and catching Jessamine's hand. "She looked agast, but he kept steadily at her side until they were facing Jessamine's dragon. Then he said, with his best flourish: 'Oh, Madam Brookmere, I have brought this young person to tell you why she can't possibly come in. She is to go rowing with me. We will be back by late tea time. The afternoon is too heavenly to be wasted on land.'"

"Jessamine, go upstairs and fetch my embroidery. Be sure you don't forget my glasses," madam said, as though the young man had not spoken. Jessamine made to obey, but Wills held her back. He lifted his hat to the elder lady, turned and walked off, saying over his shoulder: "Send the maid up, madam. It's bad luck to turn back. I can't allow Miss Jessamine to risk spoiling our cruise."

"Oh, what will she do to me?" Jessamine cried as they hurried away. Madam had been too paralyzed by Wills' audacity to say a word. Austin drew Jessamine's hand farther over his arm and smiled down at her, saying: "I hope it will be 'Out of my house, ingrate!' Then, you see, you will have to come to my house whether or no."

"Mercy, you do take a lot on yourself!" Jessamine said, pulling away her hand, her eyes dancing wickedly. "I begin to fear, Mr. Wills, that you have taken our little affair seriously!" "Isn't it to be taken seriously? Really you lift a weight off my conscience," Wills interrupted in her own tone; then, after a chuckle: "Jess, I must lecture you—point out the sinful folly of your course. Here you might be, by taking pains and showing yourself properly devout and submissive, Mrs. Beveridge—possibly Mrs. Bishop Beveridge—I really believe the gentleman has it in him to go high ecclesiastically, he's so suave and silky, just the sort to worm himself into the minds of rich churchmen, not to mention their check books. Yet you are passing him up—passing up the chance of a lifetime—for the sake of—"

"A very commonplace sinner," Jessamine broke in.

Wills gave her a look of pained surprise. "I was going to say 'for the sake of having your own willful way,' he protested.

It was early afternoon, and the long, smooth river reach, flecked with sun and shade, mirrored perfectly the summer world either side. Jessamine hung over the boat side, staring at her own image. Austin watched her with happy eyes, but after a little he drew her upright, saying softly: "Vanity, thy name is Jessamine. I can't have another case of Narcissus and his image upon my conscience."

"Really! Have you a conscience?" Jessamine retorted.

"Pirates even have consciences—about some things," Austin answered, shipping his oars and letting the boat drift toward the other bank. "For example, it goes against their consciences to let treasure manifestly within reach go to some other fellow. That other pirate, Beveridge, shan't have the treasure of Brookmere."

"What is the treasure of Brookmere?" Jessamine asked demurely. "How much is it worth? And how are you going to save it from clerical clutches?"

"Let me see. I believe the Brookmere rating is about three millions," Austin answered reflectively, but with a twinkle of the eye. "Handy millions at that," he went on, "all in gilt edged securities. If you were more than a baby, Jess, you would see a little beyond the end of your nose. Bishop-to-be Beveridge did want you—in fact, he still wants you, being a man of taste, for all his sins."

"Thanks!" Jessamine interrupted. Wills shook his head at her.

"He wanted you rather badly, but not so badly as he wanted the Brookmere money. And that he means to have—in spite of our teeth. Madam is only sixty and young for her years!"

"You can't mean he is trying to marry her?" Jessamine cried, agast.

Wills nodded. "That's his present laudable aim. Therefore he would like nothing better than to have us openly defy madam. Our elopement would be a trump card for him. Now, although we are not mercenary, neither are we destitute of common prudence. Three millions, or even one or two, might come in handy a heap of times. Moreover, we owe madam a certain duty. We can only discharge it by meeting guile with guile. That means, in plain English, you have got to turn from your evil way of preferring my company and smile instead upon the bishop to be."

"I don't understand. How will that help?" Jessamine asked in bewilderment.

"He is mighty near committed to madam. Wait until he is quite com-

mitted, then do your best to take him away from her. You can do it, never fear. He's human. If he is a preacher, and no more man yet born of woman is able to stand against you!"

"Thank you again," Jessamine said, tossing her head. "Oh, I want that clump of cardinal flower," leaning as she spoke toward the shelving shore.

Wills shook his head. "Snakes!" he said laconically, speaking very loud; then, in a low aside: "Here's where we quarrel, Jess. Insist upon getting out. The bishop to be is coming down the path."

"Oh, Mr. Beveridge," Jessamine called eagerly, "do come and pick some flowers for me. I want to pick them myself, but I find I am a prisoner," with a withering glance at Wills.

Beveridge ran down to the water's edge. "Won't you let me rescue you?" he cried, holding out his hand. "Jump! I promise you shall get nothing worse than a pair of wet feet by it."

"She needn't have even them," Wills said boorishly. "If you'll agree to see her to the house I'll be glad enough to put her ashore. Not in the humor for walking myself and still less for botanizing."

Half an hour later Mrs. Brookmere was surprised and, if truth must be spoken, not wholly pleased to see Jessamine sauntering home, her hands full of scarlet bloom, with the Rev. Beveridge at her elbow. Now the minister had been madam's own companion all through the earlier afternoon, and, though he had not said much—quite too little to make madam aware of her own state of mind—he had looked unutterably things. She had found the looking pleasant—she was of the women made to be married, childless, although she had married three husbands, and still possessed of an alert and lively vanity. She liked to see her name at the head of lists of patronesses, especially missionary and rescue bands. Further, flattery was meat her soul loved to feed on. The Rev. Beveridge had found that out at about the second minute and acted upon the knowledge. Indeed, his mind was pretty well made up to marry her before the interview.

It was not then he had not seen Jessamine in this mood. Jessamine upset his calculations; she fairly swept him off his feet.

Madam was sadly puzzled throughout the next week. Wills haunted the house as much as ever, though Jessamine openly flouted him, at the same time smiling shyly propitiation at the bishop to be. He also was in a maze. Jessamine's encouragement was too close to warrant giving over his pursuit of madam, yet sufficiently unsettling to make him at times distrust Wills' glare at him and ostentatiously ignored him. It was that which gave him the strongest hope. Wills must be jealous—madly jealous. If only Beveridge had never begun to court that old woman! She was in the beginning eager to play fair godmother. It was sickening to feel that he had disturbed this pious purpose, making the lady feel that she was not too old to inspire grand passion number four.

Presently he began to see light. He would have it out with Jessamine—ask her plumply to be Mrs. Beveridge, and, if she said "yes," go to madam for her blessing, along with an apocryphal tale of a distant wooer ready to sue for her hand. He could make it appear he had been finding out her mind toward a fourth marriage. It would go hard with him, but that somewhere he would find a man to make good. Indeed, providentially he already knew the man—a college president, poor and pious, entitled to write half the alphabet after his name in honorary distinctions, with children all safely married, and much in want of a good home. So he went straight to Jessamine, begging her to sing to the end of the house, thus well apart. There was small chance of interruption. All the rest were busy with games or flirting or walking in the flower garden under a white moon.

Jessamine went with him, walking high headed and joyous. At the door of the parlors she waved him forward, running back herself upon some errand he did not understand. What-er it was, she did it very quickly. He had hardly found the songs he wanted when she was beside him, smiling at him in the most bewildering fashion. As she reached for the music her hand, a parently by chance, fell lightly upon his. He tried to hold it, but she snatched it away, turned from him and began to sing very softly. He watched her with a hard fast. As she made to rise he put his arms about her and gathered her to his breast, saying hoarsely: "Jessamine, darling, won't you make music for me always? Unless you do my life will be wasted."

"You—you are not in earnest!" Jessamine said, slipping from his arms and averting her face. "You, who are so great, so wise, so good, need another sort of life—somebody who can help you. I—I should be only a burden."

"A blessed burden, one I shall rejoice to carry," Beveridge said, trying to take her hand. She drew away from him, saying as though in despair: "You—you are playing with me. You really want grandmother!"

"Grandmother! Oh, you jealous darling! How dare you name anything so preposterous?" Beveridge said, catching her by the waist. "Grandmother is the most estimable of old ladies, but even if I knew she would take me I could not think of marrying her—not for all the money in the world."

"H-m-m! You've been trying to do it for a very moderate part of the money," grandmother said, stepping through the French window upon Austin Wills' arm. After one look at her the Rev. Beveridge stepped out through the same window. He knew the treasures of Brookmere were wholly lost to him, no matter how they were reckoned.

WAYVERTON

Social and Personal

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Mr. Russell Ward on Saturday March 3rd. The chief amusement of the evening was dancing. The guests present were: Miss Bertha Cain, Miss Violet Way, Miss J. Way, Miss M. B. Way, Miss E. Way, Miss F. Way and several others. The gentlemen were: Messrs. Major S. M. Kerwin R. Mather, E. Mansel, J. Kethro, J. Cooper, W. Mullen, A. Robinson, J. Dower, A. Williston, D. Cain, P. Grenley, A. McKenzie, G. Black, R. Copp, H. Copp, G. Sutherland, W. Caine, C. Way, E. Delano. The music was furnished by P. McGowan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cassidy of Newcastle, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Ways on Wednesday last.

Mrs. John Way who has been very ill is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Henry Allison who has been visiting friends has returned to her home here.

POOR PACKAGE DYES

MAKE Women Miserable and Cross.

Diamond Dyes

Have made Millions of Wives Mothers and Daughters happy and Content-ed.

Women who buy and use any of the adulterated, weak and worthless package dyes put up in imitation of the reliable and never failing DIAMOND DYES, must expect to meet with sad trials and disappointments in many homes.

Crude package dyes with only fancy names to recommend them, and sold by some dealers for the sake of large profits, are the direct cause of much of the feminine bad temper and irritableness manifested in many homes.

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Send your name and address to Wells & Richardson Co., Ltd., Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive free of cost new Dye Book, Card of Dyed Cloth Samples and Booklet in verse, entitled "The Longjohn Trip to the Klondike."

What's a vacuum, ma?
It's—well it's just an emptiness.
I got into my head it was something like that, ma.

A GUARANTEED CURE

For All Forms of Kidney Disease

We the undersigned Druggists, are fully prepared to give the following guarantee with every 50 cent bottle of Dr. Pettinall's Kidney-Wart Tablets, the only remedy in the world that positively cures all troubles arising from weak or diseased kidneys:

"Money cheerfully returned if the sufferer is not relieved and improved after use of one bottle. Three ten-cent bottles effect astonishing and permanent cures if not relieved and cured, you waste no money."—F. R. Dalton, Newcastle, N. E.

Detective—And the pickpocket relieved you of your watch, did he?
The Victim—Relieved me? Do I look relieved?

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Bleed, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. —50c.

Jinks is an odd sort of chap. As to how? I did him a service twenty years ago and he's still grateful.

Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Itch, Ring Worm, Herpes, Barber's Itch.

All of these diseases are attended by intense itching, which is a most distressing ailment. It is cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve and by its continued use a permanent cure may be effected. It has in fact, cured many cases that had resisted all other treatment. Price 25c. per box. For sale by R. G. Vye.

George I notice you always ask Miss Plunipp when you go laughing.
Jack—She can drive.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Be sure the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



To give zest to winter sports, relieve fatigue and ward off cold, take a cup of steaming hot

BOVRIL