IN TICE'S OFFICE.

The purlieus of Squire Tice's little office harbored many quaint characters, who found the shade of the big mulberries before the door a pleasant lounging place in summer and the warmth from the smoky little ramshackle stove very grateful . the cooler weather, when the keen, frost-laden air drove them from the boxes and kegs that served as seats, to the shelter of the dingy little office.

A strange and motley crowd they looked on one rainy evening after a long day of idleness. Near the glazed door, where the light was strongest, sat the old squire himself, intent on the contents of the evening paper. Near the stove the head bailiff, long and lank, out at elbow and down at heel, sat busily masticating tobacco and squirting the juice at a jagged knothole in the old floor and watching a figure near by which was partly hidden in the murky surroundings by the denser gloom of the huge desk.

They were not picking on him to-night. They were listening with listless attention to an oft repeated story of one of the hardened veterans of the gutter, whose would be thrilling denouement was answered by a quiet observation in a squeaky, quavering voice:

"We kin all'n us tell hard luck stories, an' most of 'em a heap harder'n yourn."

"Well, mebbe so; mebbe so," and the somnolent silence that fell on the group was broken by the hasty opening and shutting of the door, letting in with the gust of moisture and chill wind a couple that the practiced eye of the squire instantly discovered to be a wedding party. They unattended by friends of either party and it was plain to be seen by their dress and manner that they were up country folks, probably on their first visit to the city. The bride lingered in the shadow while the groom made known their errand, and the official bailiff lighted the bickering dirty lamp that only served to make darkness more visible. The ceremony was quickly performed, and the old squire, he who had boasted of having kissed 400 brides in that dismal little room, availed himself of the privilege, and the gawky pair, blushing and awkward, but very happy, departed as quickly and silently as they came.

The incident of the marriage, a common one enough in the magistrate's experience, escaped his memory along with similar events that had nothing attached to them to insure them a permanent place, but it was recalled many years after, when by skilful wire pulling and service to his party at the polls the old magistrate exchanged his humble office for the august position of turnkey in the big Atlanta jail.

One morning a batch of prisoners were brought in, consigned to their cells, and their crimes docketed, and before the name of a particular man the charge of "violating the revenue law" was written.

Time had changed both men much, but the prisoner recognized immediately the justice who had tied his nuptial knot many years ago. He was many days a prisoner before his pathetic story was unfolded to the sympathetic ears of the old jailer.

Sad enough, it is still a common enough one in this section of the country.

"You see," he said, "a man is bleeged ter take keer of his fam'ly the best way he kin, after he's done got 'em, an' when he is a-doin' hit he don't think 'bout no law he is breakin'. Along when we was fust j'ined we tried crappin hit, fust on one plantation, then on t'other, but how is you goin to make bread when bread is four times as high as cotton? We couldn't, so we just quit and went up yonder in the mountings. A'ter awhile our boy quit home and went to Clarksville, an he never come back. He knew what I was a-doin up thar in the hills an' hit went agin him. He couldn't josh his dad an' tell him what to do so he just quit.

"'Liza, too, she knowed what I was a-doin', an' hit mighty nigh killed her to think that I was a moonshiner—an' she hated a moonshiner worse'n pizen. Though she never let on like she knowed, the purty color faded from her cheek and she grew old in a'most a month.

"I couldn't bear to see the gal that was once so cheerful an' chipper, an' so I staid at the still till most mornin', creepin' home when her an' the chillen was sound asleep in their beds.

"One night 'bout sundown 'Liza took the trail down the hill from the house. She stopped at the spring, but I wasn't thar. She kept on up the other hill, an' on the t'other side she seed me at the still. Hit was jist what she 'xpected ter find, but hit was enough. Then she crept back an took what little money she had put by in the trunk. She was a-goin' to Clarksville to find her boy. She was a-hurryin' through the dark when she heerd a pistol shot an heerd 'em a-cuttin' up the still, an' then she seed the flames shoot up through the trees and knowed what hit meant. She was by the roadside when the team with the plunder went by, an' she seed the pris'ner. Then the revenous tuck me to Clarksville to catch the early mornin' train."

A woman's love's as deep as the ocean and as lasting as time. Last week 'Liza walked from Clarksville to Atlanta, a matter of 30 miles, and in the narrow cell, with outstretched arms and kisses of love, she forgave and forgot. On the bosom of the rough mountaineer she welcomed back his love, and with the cold jail walls for witnesses pledged anew the vows that for a time had been broken.

Then back to her little mountain home she trudged, to prepare and wait for his coming. In a few more days he will have paid the penalty of his folly and will once more be a free man. With the coming of the golden Indian summer he will join her whose faithfulness had reclaimed him.

"Will you do me a favor, jedge?" he asked. "I want yer ter write 'Liza a letter for me. Tell her that when I git out I'll go straight ter her. I will have ter walk, for I have no money, but hit will be mighty sweet ter see her agin at any cost."

Strong man that he was, strong in body, but now strong in resolution, as he talked of the new life he was going to live, his former happiness seemed but as the morning rays to the noonday brightness when compared to this last in the happy meeting that was to be in his future.—Louise Pike.

SPOKE FOR HERSELF.

Martel du Bois, a young man of good family, but of somewhat limited means, was, at the breaking out of the French revolution, affianced to the daughter of a tradesman named Zoulouche — a man of wealth, but no principle.

Celeste was pretty, artful ambitious and treacherous, and when she thought it to her interest to get rid of her lover she secretly denounced him, and he was arrested and thrown into prison.

Meantime a young widow, Mme. Romaine, who had secretly conceived a passion for him, on learning of his incarceration and its cause determined to save him. She went to the jailer, and by means of a bribe, for money was potent in those days as well as in these, obtained an interview. Du Bois was surprised at her visit.

"I have come," she said frankly, "in the hope that I may save a life for which I would freely give my own."

"I do not know as I understand you madame!" replied the wondering prisoner.

"Probably not, for I am a woman, and women are sometimes enigmas even to themselves. I will not ask you if you know me, for you certainly do not, but do you know my name?"

"Yes; you are Mme. Romaine, widow Jules Romaine, daughter of Gustavus D'Auvergne — young, lovely, accomplished and rich."

"We have ten minutes to converse in private. You must escape from here and fly from France! You may be tried at any hour, and once tried, you will be condemned and executed."

"But who was so base as to denounce me, madame? I would know the name of my enemy, that, if ever I do escape, I may at some future time exact reparation for the injury."

"Oh, perfidy!" exclaimed Mme. Romaine. "Prepare yourself, Martel du Bois, to hear a terrible truth. Where you trusted most you have been most basely betrayed. Celeste Zoulouche is your secret denouncer."

"Impossible!" cried Du Bois, staggering under the mental blow. "Impossible! Mon Dieu! You are but trying my faith."

"We are wasting precious time," said the other, glancing at her watch. "Believe what I tell you. You will have corroborative evidence all too soon."

"Then welcome the guillotine! Why live in a world so treacherous and base?"

"But all are not like Celeste Zoulouche."

"Your own presence here, madame, is a proof of that. But my faith is shaken, and life seem of little worth."

"We should not be too sefish, rejoined Mme. Romaine, hurriedly. "Live, Martel, or one of your friends will henceforth be wretched!"

"Is it so?" exclaimed Du Bois as the truth flashed upon him.

"This is no time for false delicacy" pursued the other with agitation. "Circumstances have caused me to betray feelings you might otherwise might have never suspected, and for which even now I may be receiving your secret censure. But no matter! Let me but know you have escaped and are beyond the reach of your enemies, and I can be happy, even should we never meet again."

"Censure you! Despise you for trying to save my life? Oh, madame, your words give me pain!"

"You will live then? You will escape?"

"If possible, I will, if only for your sake"

"Quick, then, give ear to my plan. Here is a powder, of which you will take a small portion at a time. It will make you sick; you will look pale. Eat little or no food, and you will lose your strength. The physician will be called, and you will be removed to the hospital. Once there, I trust I shall be able to effect your escape. You will obey my instructions?"

"Religiously."

"Then, if your trial should not come on meantime, you may be saved. I go to watch and pray and hope. Adieu!"

He followed the directions of Mme. Romaine, and the third day after her visit he was removed to the hospital. Here he fell under the charge of a lay sister named Agnes.

"I know all!" she said to him at the first opportunity. Julie Romaine is my cousin; I am her confident. We have agreed upon a bold and novel plan for your escape. It is this: You must seem to get worse and worse, and at last, at the proper time, you must feign convulsions and appear to die. I will cover your face, and when the chief physician comes his rounds, announce your death. If he takes my word for it, all will be well; if not, we may fail. That is our risk."

"And suppose he leaves me for dead—what then?"

"Then, after dark, I will pretend to have received an order to have you conveyed to the dissecting room, where you will be provided with a surgeon's suit, in which disguise you must escape."

Near the close of his fourth day in the hospital Martel du Bois was seen by more than one person in convulsions. An hour or two later when the physician made his rounds, he was covered with a sheet.

"There is no more need of your services here," said Sister Agnes calmly, as she intercepted him. "The next patient seems worse. Will be you kind enough to see him at once?"

The doctor passed on. So far all well.

"It was quite dark when the body of du Bois was borne into the dissecting room. The attendants retired in haste, leaving Sister Agnes and a lad with him.

"Now, then, here are your garments. Quick!" said the fair nurse.

In less than five minutes the late corpse looked like a very active and important surgeon.

"This lad will guide you—follow him!" said Sister Agnes, hurriedly. "Linger not a moment! Adieu! Adieu!"

Five minutes later Martel du Bois, guided by a youth, was hurriedly pasing through the streets of Toulouse. On the outskirts of the town the youth led him to an old stable where they found two swift horses prepared for a journey.

They mounted and rode southward toward Spain. When morning dawned, there were 40 good miles between them and Toulouse. The second night they entered Spain and were safe.

"Now, my brave lad," said Du Boies, "go back to your mistress, Mme. Romaine, and tell her my hand, my heart and my life are at her disposal."

"She will accept your hand and heart but begs you to keep your life," returned the youth, with a light laugh.

"She will speak for herself!" rejoined Du Bois sharply.

"She does!" laughed the other.

"How is this?"

"I am Julie Romaine."

They were married in Spain, and at the close of the reign of terror returned to France and lived long and happily.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A French Joke.

A very absent-minded member of the French Institute was reading the newspaper in the casino at Dieppe the other day. He was absorbed by his reading, and with his left hand he unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Each moment he sent them farther from him. Beyond the papers was an inkstand, which at last the moving papers pushed over the side of the table. It fell on the trousers of a Paris banker, who was furious at the accident.

The absent-minded man offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his new trousers were ruined

"But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them. Be good enough to give me your card and I will send the money to your hotel."

"To my hotel, sir. I don't know you. I must instantly have the 30 francs these trousers cost."

The member of the institute drew forth the 30 francs and handed them to the banker. Then he said:

"Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my trousers. You know they are mine, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You have no confidence in me; I have none in you. My trousers!"

In vain the banker protested against such haste. The crowd that had gathered about the disputants said the member of the institute was right, and the banker after sending for another pair of nether garments, surrendered the ink-stained ones amid the laughter of the by-standers.

The Lady Who Would not pay.

Anyone who has investigated the trials of a street-car conducter cannot but feel pity for this unfortunate and much abused class of public servants.

Recently riding well up town I was amused by a little scene in which a lady and a conducter were the dramatis personæ.

A stout and well-dressed woman got aboard with quite a little crowd and was missed by the fare-collector in his first round. Later he detected her and asked for her fare.

"My husband on the front platform paid you," she replied, in quite angry and aggrieved tones—and every time the conductor came around she persisted in her story. The conductor was evidently disturbed, but was loth to make a row. Finally his revenge came. The car stopped at a cross town line. The lady got up.

"Give me a transfer, please," she requested in honeyed tones.

"I gave it to your husband on the front platform," replied the conductor, without a tremor of amusement in his face, and the passengers, who were by this time all on to the joke, snickered, while the lady, very red in the face, left the car.

Strategy of a High Order.

Pugilist—Say, young feller, is you the sporting editor who writ this article calin' me a bully?

Sporting Editor (very much agitated)—No, sir. I didn't write that you were a bully. That is a typographical error. What I wrote was that you were a bully fellow.

Pugilist—Is dat so? Come have one wid me.

A Logical Deduction.

'Heaven can't be a place of rest and peace," remarked Mr. Henpeck, putting down the paper he was reading.

"What makes you think Heaven will not be a place of rest and peace?" asked Mrs. Henpeck, snappishly.

"Because Dr. Talmage says there will be three women to one man in Heaven."

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having any claims against the Estate of the late Thomas P. Gillespie, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, deceased, are requested to hand in their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to John Fotheringham J.P., at his office.

Dated at Chatham, N. B., this 24th day of August, A. D. 1893.

ELIZABETH GILLESPIE, Executrix
JOHN FOTHERINGHAM, Executor

General Business.

TO LET.

The residence and premises on St. John Street opposite the Pro-Cathedral) known as the Hon John M. Johnson property.

Also; the house and premises known as the Letson homestead (suitable for two families) on the west side Cunard Street, (south of Church St.

Immediate possession given. Apply to

MRS. ISABELLA LETSON, or
L J TWEEDIE.

TAKE

IF YOUR HEAD ACHES

THEY CURE

SICK-HEADACHE.
SOUR STOMACH.
BILIOUSNESS.
CONSTIPATION.
JAUNDICE.
TORPID LIVER.

THEY ARE SMALL.
EASY TO TAKE.
SUGAR-COATED.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
DO NOT GRIPE.
DO NOT SICKEN.

For Sale by all Druggists & Dealers

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Manufactured by

THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO'Y, LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

TO LET.

Hotel at Chatham station formerly occupied by Robt Godfrey. Apply to

J. B. SNOWBALL.

SALT! SALT!

For Sale in Bags or bulk by

GEO BURCHILL & SONS,
Nelson.

HOUSE TO RENT.

A Furnished house in a good locality in Chatham. Rent moderate. Possession given 1st November. For further information apply at this office.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

—ON—

Piano and Pipe Organ.

Miss Carter, organist of St. Luke's Church, Chatham (Graduate of the Toronto College of Music) is prepared to receive pupils for instruction in the above, in primary and advanced grades.

Terms on application at the residence of E. A. Strang, Esq., Duke Street, Chatham.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at public auction on Thursday the 22nd day of February, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title, and interest of Enoch Flett, in and to all those several pieces or parcels of land in the County of Northumberland, particularly described as follows:—to wit:—All that piece or parcel of land and premises being part of the grant to Patrick Collins adjoining the O'Hara grant, situate lying and being in the parish of Nelson, in the County aforesaid and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Commencing on the south side of the highway at the centre line of the said Collins' lot, from thence to run south eighteen degrees forty five minutes east, two chains and seventy four links to a stake, thence north seventy one degrees fifteen minutes east, two chains and ninety seven links to a stake, thence north seventy nine degrees thirty minutes west, five chains to the south side of the highway, thence along the south side of the highway westerly to the place of beginning, containing one acre more or less, being the piece of land conveyed by John Flett to the said Enoch Flett by Deed bearing date the 14th day of October, A. D., 1856, and registered in the Records of Northumberland County, in Vol. 46, pages 448 and 449.

Also—All that piece, parcel or tract of land and premises situate on the south side of the South-West Branch of the Miramichi River, in the parish of Nelson, and County of Northumberland, opposite to Beubear's Island, known and distinguished as the upper or westerly half of the Lot granted to Patrick Collins, deceased, containing one hundred acres more or less.

Also all the lands and premises in said Parish of Nelson, bounded on the lower side by lands formerly occupied by John Collins, extending upwards in front twenty (20) rods or to the lower side of the middle third of the lot known as the Turner Cove Lot, extending from the River Miramichi to the rear of the grant, containing ninety acres more or less.

Also.—All the right, title and interest and equity of redemption of the said Enoch Flett, in and to all that peice or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the town and parish of Chatham, in the county and province afore-said, and bounded and described as follows, namely,—Commencing at the south-west corner of Duke and Queen streets, thence running easterly along the northerly side of Duke Street one hundred and thirty-five feet, thence northerly on a line at right angles with Duke street, one hundred and sixteen feet, or to the southerly side line of the lands formerly owned by John Gammon, (now deceased), thence westerly along the said southerly side line fifty five feet, or to the rear line of land belonging to Denis Mahar, thence southerly along the said rear or easterly side line and the rear or easterly line of the land belonging to John Templeton, eighty feet or to the south-east angle of the said John Templeton's land, thence westerly along the southerly side line of the said last mentioned land eighty feet, or to the easterly side of Queen street, thence southerly along the said easterly side of Queen street thirty six feet, or to the place of beginning. Being the same piece of land and premises conveyed by the said Enoch Flett to Marshall Flett by indenture bearing date the 16th day of September, A. D., 1885, and known as the Flett tannery in the said town of Chatham

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court and out of the County Courts against the said Enoch Flett.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 7th day of November, A. D., 1893.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at public auction on Thursday the first day of February next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and five o'clock, p. m:—

All the right title and interest of Michael F Noonan, in and to all that piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Chatham in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, and known as lot number twenty-four in the second tier of lots, granted Alexander Taylor, junior, deceased, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly on the front by the rear of lots fronting on the Miramichi River; On the lower or easterly side by lot number twenty three; on the upper or westerly side by lot number twenty-five and extending to the rear of the original grant and containing two hundred acres more or less, being the lands and premises devised and bequeathed to the said Michael F. Noonan and the late Thomas Noonan, deceased, by the late Michael Noonan, deceased, in and by his last will and testament dated the 10th day of May, A. D., 1858, and registered in the records of the said county in volume 57 pages 330 and 331 of said volume, which said lands and premises are now in the possession and occupation of the said Michael F. Noonan:

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court and out of the St. John County Court against the said Michael F. Noonan.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, 14th October, A. D. 1893.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at public auction on Friday, the 9th day of March next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of twelve noon and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title, and interest of Alfred H. Pallen, in and to all and singular that certain lot or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Town of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, described as follows, viz:—Commencing at the south-west angle of the lot of land conveyed by John Pallen to the said Alfred H. Pallen, by indenture bearing date the 16th day of November, 1881, thence southerly along the easterly line of lands occupied by John Sadler, late (deceased) one hundred and forty five feet to a fence, thence easterly along said fence eighty one feet, thence northerly parallel with the said Sadler line one hundred and forty five feet to the southeast corner of said lot of land so formerly conveyed to Alfred H. Pallen, as aforesaid, thence westerly along the rear of said last mentioned lot eighy one feet, being the place of beginning, and being all that piece of land situate immediately in rear of the dwelling house and premises lately owned and occupied by the said Alfred H. Pallen, located on Howard street in the said Town of Chatham.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court at the suit of George Stothart, and an execution issued out of the Supreme Cour at the suit of George A. Horton, against the said Alfred H. Pallen.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1893.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

PUBLIC NOTICE!

In consequence of the wonderful increase in my business, I have found it necessary to remove my large and complete

STOCK OF GROCERIES, ETC.

to the store adjoining the one so well known as

HARRIS' GENERAL STORE.

Having made this important alteration I will be able to pay special attention to my trade in

BOOTS AND SHOES AND CLOTHING

which is increasing with phenomenal rapidity, and at the same time do justice to my extensive trade in

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage in the past, I hereby solicit a continuance of the same.

W. T. HARRIS,
CUNARD ST., CHATHAM.

LONG WINTER EVENINGS!

Are coming and in order to spend the time profitably as well as pleasantly it is necessary to read a great deal more than in the summer months. To do so comfortably, a great many people old and young must wear spectacles. Don't make your sight worse than it is by using cheap glasses

Mackenzie's are Absolutely he Best

to be obtained and are fitted properly and

No charge for Testing the Sight.

Hundreds are wearing Mackenzie's Glasses now and in every case they give satisfaction:

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Medical Hall - Chatham,

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. ✠ PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

JOB PRINTING

AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE!

ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES,
BILLS OF SALE, DRAFTS,
SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS' BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—
DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

THREE MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running. Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

—AT THE—

DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

AT ST JOHN IN 1883.

Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ARGYLE HOUSE.

FINAL NOTICE.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

of the Noonan stock. Everything must be clearnd off the premises in two weeks, therefore Thousands of Dollars worth must be slaughtered. Prices no object the goods must go.

Grey Cotton, Warps, Reels, Dress Goods, Ginghams, Flannels, Blankets, Carpets, Rugs, Men's Ulsters, Overcoats and Clothing, Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps, Fur Goods and general Merchandize.

The premises must be cleared up for sure, and great bargains given.

THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY

for storekeepers, traders and lumber merchants to secure job lots and money making trade. The shopping public will also please look out.

We mean business, these goods must be given away at whatever they bring.

Chatham, 23rd Nov. 1893.

J. D. CREAGHAN.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

FALL 1893.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 11 until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton and Chatham.

For Chatham. (read down)		For Fton. (read up)
7 45 a.m. lv	Fredericton	ar. 250 p. m.
7 50	Gibson	2 45
8 05	Marysville	2 30
9 35	Cross Creek	1 10 p. m.
10 45	Boiestown	11 50
11 45 ar }	Doaktown	{ lv 10 50
12 00 lv }		{ ar 10 30
1 15 p m	Blackville	9 15
2 10 ar }	Chatham Jct.	8 10
2 30 lv }		
3 00 p.m ar	Chatham	lv. 7 30

FOR INDTON INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLK'VLE

lv 8 10 a m	Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 9 00 "	Indiantown	lv 4 10 "

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9.15 p. m.	1 55 p.m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.45 "	2.25 "
Leave " "	10.00 "	2.40 "
Arrive Chatham,	10.30	3.10 "

GOING SOUTH

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	3.40 a m	10.30 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.10 "	11.00
Leave " "	4.25 "	11.25 "
Arrive Chatham	4 55 "	11.55 "

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 Station—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carroll'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. **AEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager.**

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1893---FALL ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, Sept. 11, 1893, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Picton, (Monday excepted)	4.22
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.15
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	21.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Sept. 1 1893

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

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 GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me 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. HARDEE, 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 advise every weakly person to use this valuable medicine. A few bottles of it has [illegible] consider it the grandest

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-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.