Continued from 1st Page You are through, are you, Jack?". "Terry Denver, your lack of enthusiasm is most aggravating. Say, did you ever feel your heart beat? I wish it would go quick to give you a surprise. Yes, I am through for now; but, Nutsford, that is one of a thousand such

The three lunched. Nutsford left and Terry and Jack returned to their rooms. Jack ran lightly up the stairs, opened the door and laughingly bowed the millionaire in. After they were seated the irrepressible Jack began:

'Terry, are you ever going to fall in

"I have, Jack, with you."
"Tut, Terry, I mean with a woman."
"I do not know, I am sure. I sincerely hope so. You know I lack concentration. I like all women too de voutly to center all in one. The effort would be too great. By the way, Jack, that you say never beats. I will first have to learn concentration, will I not?"

"If it ever does come to you, Terry, it will be hard on you. Do you think you could tell a woman you loved her, or would you slowly pick her up in your arms and just appropriate her?"
"Dear old Jack."

'Terry, we have only two hours be fore you start for Peterboro. Will I ever see you again. I have what women call a presentiment that I will never see the old Terry again. You will be no less

The two talked on until the time for parting came. Jack stood holding Terry's hand while he spoke the farewell the story opens with. The train rolled in with a hissing puff. Shortly a whistle sounded that to poor Jack seemed like demon, and the train moved off, taking his only friend:

The trip to Peterboro was uneventful. It was late when the train pulled up at the station. Calling a cabman, Terry asked to be taken to the quietest hotel that he might begin his trip on the morrow, unquestioned. He selected a

> CHAPTER II. HE sun shone into Terry's window and wakened him early. For half an hour

Poor Jack, who will balance him, and—who will balance me. I need ballast too. What little active interest I take in life! This trip is what I have wished for all my days, yet I could not say so. I do not even feel glad. I wonder what it would be like to feel as Jack does, very glad, or very sorry. Well, I can-not know; let it pass. I am medium, and one thing is certain, if I am not capable of feeling joy keenly, neither do I feel sorrow keenly. Compensation there is in all things. My travels begin to-day. Let me see—Lakefield—that will be my resting place to-night. Nine miles—I will walk it, the road they say

Rising, he took from his valise a suit of flannel of darkest hue. This he don-ned, then took the trouble to view himself in the glass.

"You have an ugly nose, Terry Den ver," was his comment.

He took out another suit of the same material, but grey in color, and lay it in a knapsack along with numerous articles for the toilet. Terry was dainty as the ermine. After all arrangements were made he went down to breakfast He ate heartily then sought the clerk. "Which side of the river is Lakefield

"On both sides, yer honor. Evenly "On which side of the river is the st road, then?"
"That depends entirely on the kind of road you want. The railroad runs

"A good road it is, then. A footpath runs alongside the entire way, and so does the Otonabee. A lovely river it is, too. You will not find another such in all Canada. The people of Peterboro are proud to live by its waters, and well they might be."

Well, I guess it is the wagon road I

Terry sent for his knapsack, slung it over his shoulder, paid his expenses, then started north by way of George "Follow George street," had been the directions; "after the turn be-yond there, it is the Smithtown road." The turn was passed; Terry was on the country road. On he went. He strode with increasing buoyancy to the lapping music of the Otonabee. Now between him and the water rose tier after tier of sweet-smelling pine boards, to the left neat houses and carefully kept gardens, backed by the noted Smithtown hill with its crown of sombre river, almost covered with logs. A small boy paused to look into Terry's kindly eyes; everyone liked to do that, and Terry asked the name of the mills.

"Why! don't you know?" with wide-eyed wonder. "Why! this is Blythe Terry thanked him, and dropped a a quarter into the little hand. Twentyfive cents of the \$2,000 had been spent, and one mile of the two hundred travelled. The river ran close to the road. The board walk was narrower. Soon it dwindled into the width of two boards. For a short distance the two boards went, then one passed over a muddy place, after that the footpath.

What a charming companion the river made! Almost as versatile as Jack. It sobbed, it laughed, it gurgled, and pat ted the shore lovingly. Now a slight ted the shore lovingly. Now a slight rapid, then another dam that irritated the water into anger, expressed by a sullen roar. Terry now found himself in the country. On past Nassau.

Nothing of moment happened. He was
walking faster than he thought, and
earlier than he expected he saw nestling over in the valley, the little village of Lakefield. At the next concession he turned on to the road that led to the village, and was soon ushered into the best room of the best hotel the place boasted. Lazy Terry! He undressed and tum-bled into bed, and fell asleep to travel the nine miles over and over again in

He wakened in an hour, stiff and sore, dressed carefully, then paced slowly up and down the cool broad verandah, enjoying the quiet of the country. So the day passed. Before going to bed he took from his pocket a writing pad, and

"DEAR JACE: I am nine miles north, twen-ty-five cents out, and in Lakefield. Address me here. Yours as ever, TERRY DENVER." This he sealed and addressed to Jack,

This he sealed and addressed to Jack, then went to be.

At breakfast hext morning there was a stranger at the table.

"Mr. Denver, this is Mr. Martin, ranger for a lumber firm. He is going north by Buckhorn. If you are out on pleasure you could do worse than take in Buckhorn. It is a wild locality. He will ride, and starts in ten minutes."

"Can you get me a horse in that time, and some one to bring it back; I may wish to continue north. "I can supply you myself, but it will cost you—well, say ten dollars."
"All right; I am ready when you are

Mr. Martin. I have only to post a letter. If letters come for me, send them on to Buckhorn."

In ten minutes three horses were The hostler was going to bring them back. The horses were in excel-lent trim, and so were the riders. Away they went, out over the bridge, up the hill, then turned north. For some time they kept up a rattling pace; then all drew rein and brought up three abreast. "A wild country back here, but beautiful. This is excellent farming land, but further on the place is barren, with watch Nosey come down. Henever had at eagain, and then wondered where the presentation of the place is barren, with watch Nosey come down.

only an occasional streak of verdu But where growth is, it can't be beat even in the tropics. I often wonder how nature can be so fickle laying such barrenness and such growth side by

Enthusiasm, thought Terry; but of a different kind than Jack's. Enthusiaasm for one's country is not so boring as for one's friends, especially if the vol-ley of words is directed at one's self. Not even for this fair Canada can I feel

my heart stir. I like things collec

"Yes, I am from Montreal."

"I think I will enjoy the trip."

"He thinks me stupid, Perhaps I am. Can it be that I bore people with my lack of words as much as if I talked them to death. I would feel silly, though, to talk as dear old Jack does, even if I could. I like to listen." The conversation proving languid they rode on. They struck rock after an hour and a half, so Terry suggested a slower gait, for the benefit of the

We will soon be there," said Martin, and the road taking an abrupt turn they came into Buckhorn.
"There is only one public house in the place, but this the nearest house, is always open to strangers. We will not

cross the water just now."

They vaulted from the saddle and gave orders to have the horses cared for. An elevation of rock formed the foundation of the house where the two sought hospitality. Ere they reached the door a woman appeared in it, completely filling it with her two hundred gaily into the waves and spray, sped a

"Yes, and here is another just the quoted: "Della, here girl, two gentlemen

hungry as politeness will let 'em be.
Supper right off, child. Ike, you hurry
off and catch a bass for Martin's tea, a
two-pounder, mind, and the rest of you children make yourself scarce. Quick, Terry watched with amusement the

can order what you want and be sure you will get it?"

Nosey took the money, shapped his belt tighter, gave a glance of farewell to his pet, then vanished amid the vines. of a fish from the mud-cat and eel, up to the top of fishdom. Isabella, fetch the chairs. Now, Martin, have a pipe." From her pocket she drew pipe and tobacco. The two cut, rolled, smelled and filled, then lit. Terry looked on, and the nose he had called ugly twiched ominously. Never before had he seen the pipe used by woman. Yet why not, when so many men use it.
"Don't you smoke, stranger?

A look of genuine pity flitted over Well now, to be sure. How old are

"Every one of my boys smoked at sixteen. Didn't it agree with you?" 'I never tried the experiment."
'Fedora, get some of them berries for this gentleman, he hain't learned to smoke yet. I dew love socibility," she continued, with a most expansive smile.

A plate of berries, large and luscious.

Thirty-six."



was brought. Terry had never seen their equal. Buckhorn boasts of its berries. Terry thoroughly enjoyed the fruit in defiance of the fumes of rank tobacco. His thoughts flitted between Jack and the small talk of this smoking woman. A sentence now held his traveling thoughts. The woman had said, "He never came back; his canoe was found tied up in Deer Bay."

"Who never came back?"

"Oh! a young fellow what came this way with Martin on his last trip. Guess it must have been four years back. He took our boat and went for a ride down pines. The piles of lumber now gave place to mills, beyond again spread the couldn't be found nowhere. Queer, ain't it, he was the first of four young men who disappeared just so, down that way. Outside the rapids beyond, there isn't a spot to be feared in them waters.

"Supper's ready. They followed the waddling woman to the house, everything was clean. Even Terry was satisfied to eat of that repast of fresh bass, fresh berries, fresh bread and butter. They were too hun-gry to talk, but the old woman talked for the three. When satisfaction set in Terry left the table and went out to the chairs on the stoop, as Mrs. Jones called the broad verandah. He was joined shortly by Martin, Mrs. Jones and a tall lanky Indian. "Nosey wants to sell his canoe. He

says he will let it go cheap, and teach the buyer how to paddle. He is going down to the Rice Lake reserve, and don't want to take his boat.' "How much does he want for it? I have made up my mind to go down to this land of disappearance you call Deer Bay, just to see what enchanted ground looks like. Of course I will want a boat of my own; we both might vanish." Twenty-five dollars he asks, but don't you give it. The Indians always ask a backdown price."

"I will take it if it suits me. Where "Above the bridge. Nosey, you go

up and shoot the rapids; we will wait below for you. This gentleman will give you twenty dollars if your boat suits him." Nosey grinned, and with that stealthy, slinking step peculiar to the breed hurried off up the river. Mrs. Jones called for her sun-bonnet, put it on, smoothed back her hair under its copious brim, tied the strings under her

double chin, and set off in the direction of the sound of roaring water in the distance. In a few minutes they came to what Terry thought a wall of ivy of some kind. Martin stepped forward, parted the vines, and revealed a flight of rude steps of stone and revealed a flight of rude steps of stone and revealed as flight of rude steps of stone and revealed as flight of rude steps of stone, evidently of nature's make. Past these steps stretched out an arm of solid rock, against which the water dashed in wildest fury. Maddened at its puny strength it turned with a swirl, smoothed itself into an oily, treacherous composure, and ran noise-lessly over the fall, at the extreme of the mighty barrier that had so easily stayed and turned the strength of a river. At the foot of the fall the water broke into a saucy laugh, and tossed coquetishly, flecks of spray at the bar-rier it could not move. Terry watched the water with interest, and a smile moved the calm, noble face. What a moved the calm, noble face. What a man he was. One made to win the love of woman, but without an effort; men strove to emulate him. Women first loved him, then hated, then loved again, and when unable to win naught but friendship, found that friendship from such as Terry Denver was worth

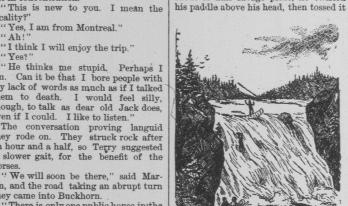
more than most men's most passionate

no fear of anything, that Indian hadn't. He does that trick fine, I tell you."

They descended to the river brink, where the water danced a hornpipe on the rocky shore, and waited.

There, quick!"

They looked up, and at the verge of the falls a canoe of brightest yellow poised itself. The Indian was silhou-The old trouble, Terry Denver, defici-nt in concentration. etted against the sky, and with a wild shout of half savage pride, he twirled



forward he caught it again, plunged it into the glassy smooth water, and with ounds of physique.
"How-de-you-dew, Martin. Hungry quarter of a mile down, then paddled back to the feet of the watchers. Terry

> That was the nearest he had ever come "Nosey, you will do that trick once often. What if you could not catch

our paddle." osey grinned and said, "Yam mum," and beca me silent. 'I will take your boat; here is twentyorders given.
"Are fish so plentiful here that you hosey tool

> CHAPTER III. 1 RS. JONES will you see that a couple of days' provisions is put in the boat, lighting appliances and all things needful. I will try my boat." "Are you not tired, sir? you had a

> Yes, a little, but that will rest me. I will not work. Just get in and drift you again if you go alone."
> "No! will you make haste; I wish to

egin drifting immediately."
In half an hour everything was ready. The elegant craft was pushed from the ore, bearing Terry to scenes revealed to few. The afternoon sun beat down the system is an open question; but that with unusual warmth, and after a mile or two of slow, slumberous floating he change in the blood is well attested on all deer drinking at the water's edge. A squirrel frisked and chattered above them, and high over all an oriole swaved with the branches, singing gaily. The deer lifted their heads and in mild-eyed wonder watched the boat float by. The squirrel sat motionless with erected tail and saucy eyes still for once. And Terry floated on out of sight to the liltng music of the oriole's song. He had stretched himself at full length in the anoe, pillowed his head on the stern so hat with little exertion he could see right and left. The boat would turn and then Terry was going head first, turn again and feet would go first, swing half way around and then he went sideways; but all ways were alike to him as he lay half asleep in the yellow canoe. His eyes closed, and sleep kept them so. Mrs. Jones would have ejaculated, "Enchanted." Terry, why do you sleep? See, a current has set in shoreward, will sense of something was forced into the brain of the sleeper, but it was not a sense of danger. The current swept



the boat around, and before Terry could

as if backed by rocks. He had entered a cave of considerable size. He sat up and without a moment's hesitation down went the hands to the bottom of his pockets. Terry was at last conscious of interest in something. He was a boy again—a boy in a cave, perhaps a rob er's. There was nothing fancy like in this cavern. Solid rock and screened by vines. At the back the roof lowered to the height of six feet, and the sides narrowed to about four feet. The cave continued back Terry knew not how far. Seizing his paddle he guided his boat to the dark opening at the back and peered in. Nothing could be seen. He lit his lantern, placed it on the box conta his food, and began paddling cautiously He looked at his watch-it was six

'Good, I will have two hours to explore. The current seems less. I will have to make better time or spend the night in this stillness and blackness. I can actually hear my blood run it is s intensely quiet. Mythic Lethes mystic windings were not more silent, and the straight and marrow way to heaven a labrynth collossal compared with this. I never understood the word alone before. This is being alone in earnest, and

I like it. "I would like something to eat, too. With his left hand he drew toward him a basket of cut food, that was what Mrs. Jones called the sandwiches, with his right he kept the boat from striking the rocks. He ate enough to quiet nature, then resumed his paddling. The current ceased altogether. The water lay stagnant, not the least sign of life, whether fish, snake, lizard, or bat, ever On! on! and yet on. Again he looked at his watch; it was nine now. "Shall I go back and come to-morrow? No, it will be just as dark on Deer Bay as here, and I will not turn

He counted the paddle strokes, pleaded on his last case, and quoted Goethe; was he not alone? On he went, straight on. Not the slightest turn. What stillness! What thick, black darkness! "I must not sleep here," he said aloud. Again he looked at the time; it

was now twelve o'clock.
"Well, if I never waken I must "Well, if I never waken I must sleep." Making himself comfortable he lay staring into darkness, wondering where he was going to, then he slept. When he wakened the boat was going to.

levil he was going to anyway ested, then you swear; you are on en-chanted ground at last, else why all this. He counted the minutes for one hour. It was now half-past ten. He thought he had come to the Lotus-eaters drowning there than in all the water up and down. A most powerful eddy.

land, as he floated down the river to the music of the oriole's whistle. Now he thought it just possible that the per-petual afternoon had waned to a per-petual midnight. A light at last. He put out his light and away in the distance a faint glimmer of light shone steadily. He dipped his paddle now with strokes strong and regular. In ten minutes he floated out in the blazing light of day to meet welcome of a most peculiar sort. Almost instantaneously with his appearance a full voice said: "By Father Ambrose, if here is not nother victim for Ishmael."

[To be Continued.] A wourded spirit who can heal Victoria Carbolic Salve heals all other wounds, cuts, bruises o burns.

> General News and Notes. nutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotic

Varranted by J. Pallen & Son. Senator Girrard died at his home in oniface, Man., on Tuesday of last week. No child will refuse to take McLean's Worm Syrup, pleasant and effectual. The health of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the

resident, is again very poor.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT romoves a hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemisher om horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the mo wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

Mr. Charles Annand, proprietor of the Halifax Chronicle, died in London, Eng., on

13th inst. A Wonderful flesh Producer. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c, and \$1.00c.

Martin Burke, the convicted Cronin mus d fer, is said to be slowly dying of consump

Up to Date Facts, statistics, information things useful to know, the biggest and best budget of

knowledge, reliable and up to date will be found in a new publication, "Facts and to the land of enchantment you told me | Figures" just issued by Messrs. T. Millburn & Co., of Toronto, Ont. Our readers can "Would you like me to send one of the boys with you. We will never see o'tain it by addressing the above firm and enclosing a three cent stamp.

The seventh child and first daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany was born on 13th inst. Just how an alterative medicine cleans

change in the blood is well attested on all began to feel quiet; but was Terry not always quiet? Elms grew on either side tall and swaying. A little opening on the shore and he saw half a dozen

The proprietors of the paper mills at The proprietors of the paper mills at

Educational Works.

owing to the scarcity of rags due to the

THE work of educating the public to a Burdock Blood Bitters as a cure for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, has been completely successful. The remedy is now known and used in thousands of homes where it always gives great satis-

Nearly all the children of Mechanicsville, N. Y., have been withdrawn from school owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY :- Sout American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatis and Neuralgia radically cure in 1 to 3 days. your bonnie boat stand a bump? Terry did not stir until—thump—his boat had struck the shore with such force that a cause, and the disease immediately dis-

The Anglican Synod of the provinces of realize what was the matter he had Canada began its session in Montreal or

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw berry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhæs, dysentery, colic cramps and all summer complaints or loos

Mr. Skinner, M. P. for St. John, N. B.

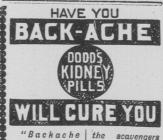
has resigned his seat in the House of Con

Truth Will Prevail.

DEAR SIRS, -I have been afflicted with Chronic Rheumatism for several years, and used numerous natient medicines withou success. But by using six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured. SARAH MARSHALL.

King St., Kingston, Ont. Note-I am acquinted with the above amed lady and can certify to the correct ness of this statement HENRY WADE,

Druggist, Kingston, Ont. For invalids and weak delicate women use Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine; no other, it is the best.



"Backache the scavengers means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief."

"75 per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys."

"To per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys."

"Backache the scavengers of the system. "Delay Is dangerous. Neglicated kidneys."

"To per cent. of the system."

"Delay Is dangerous. Neglicated kidneys."

"To per cent. of the system."

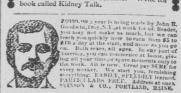
"Delay Is dangerous. Neglicated kidneys."

trouble. Dodd's kidneys is dangerous. Neglicated kidneys."

"To per cent. of disease is first caused by disease is dangerous."

"To per cent. of disease is first caused by disease is first caused by disease is dangerous."

"To per cent. of disease is first caused by disease is garden." the most dangerous of all, Brights Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy."
The above diseases cannot health when the kidneys are clogged, they are Sold by all dealers or sent by mail a mark.



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GENERAL BUSINESS.

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The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

Miramichi Advance.

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE

Seventeenth Year of Publication

1st. Strict adherence to the system of cash in advance for all sub-

2nd. The reduction of the price of the paper to

One Dollar a Year

It is to be particularly understood that all outstanding subscription accounts due after November 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., \$2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE The first is because many patrons who have been given credit,

sary, in my own interest and that of those who do pay, that I should no longer continue to furnish the AD JANCE to those non-paying subscribers. The second reason is, that I wish to meet the competition of the city weeklies, which are made up from the type of the dailies and, therefore, cost little for production in comparison with a local paper fike the ADVANCE, the type of which must be set up especially

Having now published the Advance for nearly 19 years, and endeavored to make it a creditable representative of Miramichi and North Shore enterprise-a paper which may be taken into any household without fear that it has catered to sensationalism at the sacrifice of that cleanliness of matter, which is too often neglected by the press of the day-I have reason to hope the foregoing announcement will meet with general approval and be the means of largely increasing the circulation

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER.

Card to the Public.

Having purchased the Business of Mr. E. A. Strang and the goodwill therewith, I respectfully solicit a continuation, for myself, of the liberal patronage given him in the past. A Similarly large stock of General Merchandise will be kept on hand.

Flour, Meal, Hay, Oats, Shorts, Brans, Pork, Beef, Herring, Codfish, Lard, Butter, Cheese. Molasses, Oils, Teas, Tobaccos, Beans, Barley, Rice, Sugars, Raisins, Currants. Crackers, Canned Goods, Confectionery, Apples, etc. etc., Staple Dry Goods and Ready-made Clothing, a Full Line of boots. Shoes, Slippers, Overshoes. Rubbers, Moccasins, etc.

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Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS. Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate. WM. JOHNSTON,

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Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B. formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Gregan

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FRUITS

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VEGETABLES IN THEIR SEASON.

THE USUAL STOCK Fresh Groceries, Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, &c.

ALEX. MCKINNON,

PIANOS.

WANTED.

Legal Notices.

The same having been seized by me under and by true of an Execution issued out of Northumber-and County Court at the suit of Robert Taylor ainst the said Malcolm Taylor. Skeriff's Office, Newcastle, this 16th November,

Date I this 3rd day of March, A. D., 1892.

The above sale is hereby further postponed thursday the 4th day of August next, then to tak bee in front of the post office, Chatham, at thour above named.

Dated this 5th day of May, A. D., 1892. JOHN SHIRREFF.

The above sale is hereby further postponed to sturday the 5th day of November next, then to take ace in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour ove named. Dated this 4th day of August, A. D., 1892. JOHN SHIRREFF.

CITATION. To the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland of any Constable within the said county greeting:

Whereas William L. Allain of the Parish of Northumberland Feacher, hath by his petition dated the twenty sixtley July A. D. 1892, represented to me that Thoma Allain late of the city of New York, in the United States of America, departed this 1900, 1800.

(I. S.) spd G. B. FRASER, (Sgd) SAM'L THOMSON, Registrar of Probates, for said County. Judge of Probates, Co. North'd.

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Chatham, Aug. 11, 1892.

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