Clarence Northall's black brow contract ed as he turned carelessly toward Pierce Melton, leaning comfortably back among the carriage cushions.
"Let me tell you, as a friend, that you're all wrong in the matter we've been talking about—wrong from beginning to end. I may be mistaken, but I was certainly un-

may be mistaken, but I was certainly under the impression that I discerned something of the Othella type of character last night, when all the innocent enjoyment of Miss Nina's evening was overclouded by the grave annunciation from Mr. Northall that he considered it a very improper thing for an engaged young lady to waltz."

"Well, I don't waltz myself, and who wants to see his finicee whirling around a baltroom with the deuce only knows who?"

Mr. Gray's conservatory was a pretty place. The afternoon sun was showering

lace. The afternoon sun was showering

Art. Gray's conservatory was a pretty place. The afternoon sun was showering its golden drops of light among the polished japonica leaves and clinging passion wines in this little section of the tropics when, had Mr. Clarence Northall been able to take a peep among its buds and blossoms, he might very easily have discovered "what Nina was doing."

For she stood embowered in geraniums and Cloth of Gold roses, her apron full of flowers, engaged in the important business of selecting a fitting bouquet for the evening soirce, while her cousin, Warner Gay, was standing half way up a little rosewood stepladder, armed with a pair of garden scissors, clipping off blossom after blossom as the pointed them out.

And Charles Browning stood beside her playfully commenting on her selections.

"Now cut me that sprig of heliotrope, Warner," said Nina gayly. "I'm particularly interested in that, for you know heliotrope is Clarence's favorite flower."

"Heliotrope, eh," said Warner, and deftly insinuating his scissors amid a thicket of drooping stars he lightly tossed the purple plume of fragrance through the flowering arrubs that interposed between him and Nina.

"What a splendid chance for me to dis-

What a splendid chance for me to display what little chivalry I possess!" said Browning, stooping for the sprig ere Nina could recover it, and sinking melodramatically on one knee to present it.

"Fair damsel, deign to accept the floral offering from the hand of one of the humblest of your adorers."

"What nonsense!" said Warner Gay, laughing. "I could have done better myself!"

It was nonsense—then why did Nina turn so suddenly pale and gaze with such mute, startled earnestness toward the door!
Browning sprang to his feet in an instant, and turning just in time to catch a glimpse of Clarence Northall's lowering brow and

fiashing eyes.
"Come in, Northall!" he exclaimed. "We "Come in, Northall" he exclaimed. "We are having a tableau comique."
"Clarence!" appealed the soft, tremulous voice of Nina. "He is gone—oh, do go after him and bring him back, Mr. Browning!"
But ere Browning could reach the door Northall walked out of the house in a tumple of contanding emotions, first and foremult of contending emotions, first and fore-most among which stood out the "green

"Don't mind it, Miss Nina. Just let him alone until he is ready to apologize for his very absurd conduct, and then matters will be all right again."

be all right again."

So Nina sat down to her desk and wrote a little tear stained note that would have melted the heart of Gibraltar itself and dispatched it by Warner Gay.

Northall opened it, glanced over the contents and quietly laid it aside.

"Come now, Northall," said Gay good humoredly, "don't keep up the farce any longer. Put on your hat and come round to our house. Nina's in the slough of despond."

spond."
"I am very sorry," said Clarence stiffly,
"that it will be impossible."
When Pierce Melton lounged into Northall's room as usual toward twilight to
smoke a cigar, Clarence handed him asmall
folded note. "What is it?".
"Only a few words to dissolve my engagement."
Melton started from his chair, dropping

both note and cigar in dismay,
"Clarence Northall! you're not going to
give up the sweetest girl in New York rough a mere phantasy!"
"Give her up? No," said Northall, with
cold, sneering smile. "But I am going to
ach her a lesson that she will not soon orget."
"If you do not give her up, what is the ning of this note?"
Simply that it will do her good to fancy engagement definitely canceled for ite. When I think she has come to her

senses, the matter is easily replaced on its Northall calmly reached over and pulled the silken tassel of the bell. A servant answered the summons after a moment or two of delay. 'Vance, take this note to Mrs. Gay's.

There is no answer."

Two weeks crept slowly by—three, and at length the month came around with its beautiful crescent moon. "I think it's getting to be high time to call around at Nina's," said Northall to himself. "She will be penitent and sub-missive enough by this time, I don't don't."

Nina came forward to greet him, looking exceedingly lovely, but her manner was strangely self possessed. Instead of bursting into a self convicted shower of tears, and pleading humble for him to be self-convicted shower. and pleading humbly for his gracious par-don as he had fully expected she would do, she quietly sat down and awaited his "lead."

Nina."
"Yes," she answered simply, with the black brown eyes fixed on his face.
"Nina," he said huskily, "I have come here prepared to forget the past and to overlook all minor indiscretions. My darling, you are forgiven."
"Forgiven? I ask no such boon at your given? I ask no such boon at your

"Forgiven? I ask no such boon at your hands, sir. Your forgiveness is no longer a matter of moment to me."

"Ah, that belongs to the past," said Clarence magnanimously. "We will allude to it no mea." Nina frigidly withdrew the hand he had

Nina frigidly withdrew the hand he had ventured to take.
"You are too late, Mr. Northall," she said. "Your own act has long ago destroyed whatever faint vestige of liking I may have felt, or fancied I felt, toward you."
She opened the door of an adjoining room "Charles, will you tell this gentleman that we are engaged?" that we are engaged?"
Clarence Northall had taught Miss Nina
Lenox a lesson, and she had learned but too quickly.—Boston Globe.

An Application of It. Jim—Love laughs at locksmiths.
Tom—That's will t your flanceesaid when
I was holding her hand and saw that lock

racelet you put on her arm.—Life. Until very recent times marriage among the Turcomans of Central Asia consisted in capturing a bride by main force.

HARDY'S REVENGE.

At the hour when fortune seemed most propitious there came to the little village one summer eve a visitor from the great town, a violet eyed damsel, with cheeks as pink as wild roses and clustering golden locks—a little entrancing vision all sufficient to turn the head of every swain in her vicinage. James Hardy, dark, handsome and graceful, fell at once a victim to her coquettish wiles. And then, ah, sad the day and hour! John, too, was thrown in her way, being likewise enamored of her fascinations.

Susan Joyce, finding herself supplanted, made no murmur of her pain, silently bearing as well the torturing jibes of her relentless sister, who had never had a lover and lost no chance to deride the weakness of those that yielded to the folly of trusting perfidious man. Between the brothers there never had been anything like real affection, though to all intents and purposes agreeing upon questions concerning their mutual welfare. The siren at first smiled equally upon them, driving both to the verge of madness with doubt and passion. James announced one morning to John, as they loosened the oxen from the sied at the meadow bars, that he had won the promise of the blond beauty to be his wife. John turned pale with rage and jealousy

least sater, who had never had a lover and loat no chance to decide the weakness of those that yielded to the folly of trusting perfidious man. Between the brothers there never had been anything like real affection, though to all intents and purposes agreeing upon questions concerning their mattal welfare. The siren at first smiled equally upon them, driving both to the verge of madness with doubt and passion.

James announced one morning their money now than you know what to do with, and I should only lose the capital you promise of the blond beauty to be his wife.

John turned pale with rage and jealousy and said nothing, but he went without delay to question her about the truth of the story. Learning the fact from her own lips, he denounced her trifling as despicable, like many another man forgetting his own infamous betrayal-of innocent love, and concluding:

"I doubt not you will have all the happiness you deserve. My revenge can wait, but remember that it will come when it is least expected and hardest to bear."

Then he bade his mother farewell, assuring her he would return a rich man. A settlement between the brothers had resulted in the knowledge that John would become entire owners of the place rent free, with the solemn must be done. But Jack was easily distance at him, and his gay chums in prospents. The head his mother farewell, assuring her he would return a rich man. A settlement between the brothers had resulted in the knowledge that John would become entire owners of the property at his mother's death, but James was allowed the question the resulted on the street, and when approached politiefy told him they could not assist this: "Please excus me. Very busy," etc.

Jack's finds ran low, his spirits kept pace, and it was obvious that something must be done. But Jack was easily distanced to find the knowledge that John would become entire owner of the property at his mother's death, but James was allowed the pace and it was obvious that something must be done. But Jack was easily distanced to the

promise exacted that the mother should be well cared for until the former's return. Then John Hardy set his face toward the new Eldorado of the west and was heard of no more until Mark Madison, in passing through the neighborhood a year after, told how "poor John Hardy had died at Black Cat canyon and was buried under a great rock at the mouth of the mine."

And now as Susan Joyce, 10 years later, came through the dewy meadow she saw smoke curling lazlly upward from the chimney of James Hardy's kitchen, where she doubted not a goodly supper was in course of preparation, for Josephine was a notable housekeeper, though the neighbors called her proud and extravagant besides.

sides.

When the great railway was surveyed through the little farm its situation proved a key to adjacent land, and so was bought at a fancy price, exclusive of the little cot-tage, and James Hardy was thereby en-abled to build a handsome house for his stylish wife and furnish it to her satisfac-

But the aged and feeble mother was left But the aged and feeble mother was left in the old home, now almost a wreck, for the haughty Josephine had no desire to in-clude the queer old woman who had al-ready proved such a burden on her hands in the new plans, and James, seeing only through his wife's eyes, agreed in the con-clusion that the place where she had lived so long would be the happiest spot for her declining years. declining years.

Left to the half careless attention of a

Left to the half careless attention of a servant of the house, her condition, incident to bodily infirmity and weakened mind, would have been pitiable in the extreme but for the unswerving devotion of Susan Joyce and a few kind neighbors who had known her in her happier days. Susan Joyce came through the garden gate that hung on one rusty hinge and stopped again when she heard that dolorous chant. It was not new to her, but always pathetic. The slight, swaying figure in the unsteady armchair, crooning mournfully to the baby on her breast—a rag baby that she always "sung to sleep" in the twilight and placed in her bed at night.

There seemed to be such real comfort in the care of the rag manikin that Susan Joyce had not the heart to undeceive her even if it had been possible to do so. "John is asleep," she would say, smiling vacantly. "Yes "slaways apswered Susan this king of the state of the rag was this king was an and the same this late."

"John is asleep," she would say, smiling vacantly.

"Yes," always answered Susan, thinking of that lonely grave under the great rock in Black Cat canyon.

One balmy afternoon in June death, stalking abroad, found James Hardy in the full flush of manly vigor and straightway summoned him to the final bar of account.

"Heart trouble," they called it, but no matter for the cause or name of his off-taking, Josephine and the twin boys were suddenly left alone.

Fate seemed to have pooled with John Hardy to furnish the revenge he had wished and prophesied. He had not died at all in the canyon, as Mark Madison had said, that mendacious friend withholding the fact of the wanderer's prosperity.

canyon, as Mark Madison had said, that mendacious friend withholding the fact of the wanderer's prosperity.

"Mother," said John Hardy, now rich and portly, "I have come back to you," kissing her withered cheeks.

Perhaps her poor dazed brain might have been better able to understand the quality of her good fortune had he been more considerate in years past of her happiness. "I have never forgotten my promise to see you at some future day," he said to Josephine. "Try your luck at happiness in the cookery, where my cowardly brother and you consigned our old and feeble mother. I was a dastard, Susan, quite as cowardly as my brother, but I want you now. I have truly repented of my infamy. Come with mother and me, and we will try to pull along together in the pretty house that my brother generously provided for us."

Never quite did the knowledge come to the mind of the half imbecile mother that John of flesh and blood, her best beloved, had come back to her, and yet the little old woman crooned less dolorously as she rocked in her easy chair in the pretty bow window playing with her rag baby on her breast.

Susan Joyce was a foolish woman per-

breast.
Susan Joyce was a foolish woman perhaps to so easily condone John Hardy's sin, but she had always loved him, he was re-pentant, and Sister Judith's tongue was so sharp!—Exchange.

His Signs Misunderstood. "I would not have broken my pledge," said a backsliding tippler recently, "but for an infernally stupid barkeeper.
"The man was stone deaf," he continued, "and I had grown tired of drinking sarsa-parilla and ginger ale. I wanted a lemonade and tried to order it, but couldn't make him understand.
"He talked to me in the mute language,

"He talked to me in the mute language, and I tried to answer him and made signs of mixing a drink with a shaker. He nod-ded and smiled and made me a milk punch. "I didn't want to hurt his feelings nor admit my inability to understand him. So admit my maonity to understand him. So I drank the milk punch and made more signs for a lemonade, but somehow or other I always got milk punches. That unset-tled me, and that is how I broke all my promises."—New York Herald.

THAT 100 FRANCS.

My first wife and I spent our honeymoon traveling in Europe. We went the usual round and after several months of it found ourselves one day at Monte Carlo. We visited the Casino, and my wife became so interested in watching the play that at last she said she would like to try her luck. "Very well," said I, laughing, "I'll just time you and see how long it will take you to lose this." And I got a hundred franc note changed and placed the money in front of her. The hundred francs lasted exactly half

A few weeks after this we returned to America, and a year later my poor wife Three years afterward I married my present wife. She had traveled extensively in this country, but had never been in Europe, and as she was anxious to go, of course we

knowing the intruder would have the door to break before reaching her, Caroline Katherine deliberately put on one shoe to the accompaniment of two knocks. When America to win back the money which my first wife lost at that identical table just four years ago!" I told Clara about it as we walked back to the hotel. She is inclined to be superstitious, and I was not surprised when she said:

"Something ought to be done with that money, John. It seems to me that it doesn't belong to us, but to that poor dead girl," and then she conceived the idea of sending it to some poor relation of my first wife.

"As far as I know," I said, "the only living relative is her brother Jack. You might send it to him if you like. Constance was very fond of him."

When we returned to New York and got settled in our new home, my wife asked me for Jack's address. So, to please her, I wrote to the lawyers in Boston who had settled up the Corey estate and obtained the address. Clara inclosed a \$20 bill in an envelope and mailed it to Jack.

Some years previously, when Jack Corey left Harvard and returned to his home in Boston, his father increased his allowance, which was already more than most youths of his years enjoyed, and Jack, who had been the leader of the fast set at college, was soon in a whirl of gayety. "Let him have his fling," the old man said; "hell soon get tired of it and settle down."

From what I have heard I a minclined to believe that Jack was very well pleased with this arrangement. At any rate, at the end of a couple of years, when his father intil the same of the old of a couple of years, when his father intil the marked in the foot of the bed. "They have been a couple of years, when his father intil the marked in one bracing himself and sound as of some the room af ast as her trembling limbs whe had the torshoe on and started across the room as fast as her trembling limbs whe had the room af das had the room as fast as her trembling limbs whe had the room as fast as her trembling limbs whe had to the room as fast a

couraged, and I suspect, too, that an unfortunate love affair had a very depressing influence on his mind. It will hardly be believed, but he became so desperate that one day, having come to the end of his resources, he actually determined to take his own life. He stretched himself on his bed, placed the "cold muzzle" of a revolver to his temple and cast a last look around. As he did so he noticed a letter lying on that he within reach. The handwriting waths of a lady. To his astonishment he found the envelope to contain a \$20 bill—nothing else. The postmark—New York—gave no clew to the sender.

"Well," said Jack, putting on his hat, "Pill put off my departure for the present. I think a good dinner will be in order."

After the death of my first wife I had lost sight of Jack. I had written to him after his father died, but had not heard from him in reply, although Jack afterward told me he had received my letter and answered it, but not hearing from me again thought I had "gone back on him"

and answered it, but not hearing from me again thought I had "gone back on him," like the rest of his fair weather friends.

Well, after Jack "postponed the entertainment," as he expressed it, he made the best of his way to a restaurant not far

from his lodgings.

As he was about to enter the place an old gentleman in front of him stumbled on the threshold and would have fallen heavily threshold and would have fallen heavily had not Jack promptly seized him round the waist and lifted him to his feet.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, "you have done me a great service. Will you join me at dinner?"

"With pleasure," said Jack.
"My name," said the old gentleman, "is Stanford."

Stanford."

"And mine is Corey."

"Indeed! I once had a great friend named Corey. Was at Harvard with him. Remson Corey."

"My father," murmured Jack.

"Bless my soul" cried Mr. Stanford.

"Glad I stumbled on you. Ha! ha! literally by Jove! But how is your father, and what are you doing in Chicago?"

Jack related his adventures. When he ha...nished, the old gentleman said:

"Well, if you will call at my office, I'll see what can be done. There is a vacancy see what can be done. There is a vacancy which you can fill, I think." One day I met Jack on Broadway. His face wore its old time happy smile, and he looked well and prosperous. I took him home to dinner, and he told us his story. Then my wife related the story of the hundred francs. Mr. Stanford took a great liking to Jack, who has developed a wonderful aptitude for business, and I venture to predict will be a rich man in a few years.—Dowling Davies in Once a Week.

The City Autocrat Bridget—There's a gentleman at the door wants to speak to the boss. Mrs. Thirdflat—Run, Robbie, quick, and see if the janitor will see the gentle Chicago Inter Ocean.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The following items appeared in the so-ciety column of the morning paper of Manou Springs, Colo., on July 2: "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey S. Trumbull and daughters are sojourning at the Manning cottage for the season." "Mrs. Taylor of Pueblo and her aunt, Mrs. Tunnicliff of Kansas City, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull." By the middle of the month this gay par became familiar with the beauties of the surrounding country. Manitou, shielded rom every rough wind, lies nestled among ntains like a babe in its cradle. The hangings of its cradle are in green

Mr. Trumbull was bookkeeper for the Hiawatha clubhouse. When the financial crisis came, he was ordered to draw all the firm's money from the bank and deposit it in the safe of the clubhouse. This necessitated his sleeping on a cot beside the safe with enough ammunition to hold a fort.

This unhappy maneuver made the ladies at the cottage very uneasy. Like a feelat the cottage very uneasy. Like a flock of sheep, each had drawn from the bank her

That every burglar in Colorado knew each home to be a small bank, and that they would be invaded, was a fact no one had the courage to refute. With no man in the house, each woman considered it her duty to keep her nerve in a convenient place for impredictance. It would have been well had they further imitated their money matters and tucked their nerves under the ash pan. But Caroline Katherine, the elder daugh-ter of Mr. Trumbull, posed as a brilliant

exception to the rest.
"Why need she be afraid?" asserted little
Trot Trumbull as she and her brother fled
across the hall one morning at 2 o'clock
from a phantom thief. "If she'd just throw her name at a man, it would mash him like I forgot to mention that the cottage was a double house, and the other half was

empty.

Caroline Katherine slept in the rear room next to the empty half of the house. There was a great closet in her room, with a window opening months room. dow opening upon the porch. Thus the window of the closet and the side door of the empty house were adjacent. Every few nights the scene was repeated of Trot and Mrs. Trumbull fleeing in their robes de nuit to the protecting care of the two old ladies, Invariably they would shake Caroline Katherine and "in syllable fire" announce, "Some one is in the house sure this time!" And she as invariably settled herself for sleep with the remark, "It is nothing, But somehow on the night of July 19 her brave assertion did not produce the

usual sleep.
After lying quietly for about two hours she was suddenly startled by a step on the porch, quickly followed by what seemed a knock on a panel of her closet door. Although the property of the pro Went.

We happened to be in Nice one day, and Clara thought she would like to see Monte Carlo, as it was so near. We went.

As we entered the Casino my former visit with my first wife suddenly recurred to my mind, and I was surprised to see Clara walk directly up to the same table at which my first wife had played.

Clara began playing with a few francs which she took from her purse. She won steadily, and in half an hour left off playing and found she was the winner of exactly 100 francs.

After lying quietly for about two hours she was studdenly startled by a step on the porch, quickly followed by what seemed a though paralyzed with fear, a happy though flashed across her mind. When the others had been prowling around at half after 1, Mrs. Taylor spied the bolt on this very closet and had said the bolt on this very Knowing the intruder would have the door to break before reaching her, Caroline Katherine deliberately put on one shoe to

Kotels.

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ors.
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AMHERST. N. S. This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for trave. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that prices are right.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

Stomach 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 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

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 strength-ener 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

Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females,

Nervousness of Old Age,

Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart,

Failing Health,

Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles. Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa,

Delicate and Scrofulous Children,

Debility of Old Age

Heartburn and So

Loss of Appetite,

Fainting,

Frightful Dreams,

Indigestion and Dyspepsia

Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,

Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,

Weakness of Extremities and

Summer Complaint of Infants.

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 supply and 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 the supplied of the body are carried on the supplied of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. tain 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.

To the Great South Admerican Medicine Co.:

Dean 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 meany 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-Troms. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. Crawfordsville, Ind., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a licted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nerwine 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, \} 88:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. Chas. W. Wright, Notary Publica 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. 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, Indigeatin,
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."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for tall forms of falling health. It never fails to
cure Indigestion and Dyspepsis. I thever fails to cure Coroea 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 middie 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
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Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON, CHATHAM, N. B.