SAND.

I observed a locomotive in a railroad yard one day.
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey; it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their traction they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track.
If your road is rather heavy and you're always sliding back;
So if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade,
And if those wig-wags gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost
That you're liable to slip under a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

ROMANCE OF LA ROSINE

The day was done, night fell upon the city, a breeze stole over the roofs; houses were for the time being deserted; those who possessed gardens carried their chairs thither; the less fortunate occupied doorsteps, and complained languidly of the heat.

Out on Rosine square, where every house opened on the street, and where one might chat with the neighborhood from one's own doorway, discussion ran high. M. Jacques, the shoemaker, had observed that rain was at hand, whereupon Vasson, the jeweler, had seen fit to sneer. "Rain," he repeated scornfully; "ma foi! a storm, more likely. I remember in 1844—"

"Hush!" said monsieur, "mademoiselle and her fiancee are merry to-night."

"There is a proverb which I no longer believe," murmured Vasson, "the course of true love sometimes does run smooth."

"Ah! When people are rich," put in a woman's voice.

"He is handsome," said M. Jacques, "in the American way. It is a pity he is not creole."

"Mademoiselle is an angel. Now if monsieur were a prince."

"A prince! and why should a paltry prince— Come, monsieur, it is too hot to quarrel; let Marie be. What say you, Marie, to a walk in the square?"

She rose and followed Pierre, her life-long friend, her half-avowed lover, down the quiet street. Beneath the de la Maure balcony they paused; behind the vines they distinguished the figures of the lovers. The two heads, one so fair, the other dark and smooth, were close together.

"It is a good thing to be rich," he said, pouting over his shoulder.

"O, Pierre," cried she, "it is not money that makes us happy."

"What then?"

"You know. I need not tell you."

"But that is it," he cried. "I will hear it from you and no one else; come, we will finish our talk here."

He led her into the square to a seat beneath the myrtles; while they chatted the wind sent the blooms quivering to the grass; one of them drifted to Marie's shoulder. She caught it and studied it lovingly.

"Myrtle!" cried Pierre, guessing her thoughts, "that means a wedding."

"Charles," Jeanne de la Maure was saying at this moment, "do not go to-morrow. Last island seems so far away, and Pere Francois says that, in rough weather, the journey is full of danger."

"In rough weather, perhaps."

"But you must not laugh; everyone thinks that a storm is brewing; don't you feel it in the air?"

"My love, did I follow my wish, nothing could drag me away; but poor Raid's letter was so despondent, I think I ought to go to him; he was very good to me once. I can't bear to think of his dying out there alone."

"Dying!" repeated Jeanne.

"Yes, and his life is ebbing away to the music of flutes and the laughter of the thoughtless."

"Dying," she said again, "so young!" Her eyes filled with tears. "Poor, poor fellow. Go to him, Charles, I shall not keep you; tell him how sorry I was; but, my darling, I shall miss you so; do not stay long."

He drew her to him, and promised that nothing should keep him from her; the neighbors saw her, in her white gown and scarlet ribbons, lean over the railing to wish him a last good-bye.

"You will not be long, mon cher?"

"A fortnight, and I will return."

But, a few days later, the country thrilled with the tidings from Last island; a storm, unparalleled in violence, had broken upon the resort; the hotel and cottages were scattered like houses of cards; the pleasure craft along the beach destroyed; the island itself submerged.

The adjacent islands were strewn with corpses; many perished never to be heard of again, among others Charles Deane, Jeanne de la Maure's lover. The survivors, a broken-hearted band, were eloquent in praise of him; he had saved many lives before losing his own, and was last seen swimming toward the life-saving boat with a child in his arms. Being a daring swimmer, but little fear was entertained as to his safety; he was, at first, thought to have found refuge on one of the gulf islands, or to have been picked up by an outgoing vessel, but as time went on, bringing no tidings, days drifting into weeks, weeks into months, his death was reluctantly accepted by his friends.

Even Jeanne de la Maure, whose faithful heart refused to despair, realized that further hope was a mockery.

One balmy evening about a year later Pere Francois, walking down Royal street, heard his name called softly. A carriage had drawn up to the curb and a girl in deep black was beckoning to him.

"Jeanne de la Maure!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I," she answered. "We have just returned from abroad. Won't you get in? I have something to say to you."

He obeyed wonderingly.

"Now, my father," speaking in quick, eager tones, "who are so wise and good, tell me, will I be doing wrong to enter a convent?"

"You?" he said, protestingly.

"Oh, why not? I am so weary of the life we lead."

"My child," said the priest, "we must consider. To act upon impulse would be wrong; there must be preparation and probation. Should you hesitate before taking the last vows there will yet be time for you to withdraw."

"I shall never wish to do that."

They were nearing home; a sudden turn had brought them in sight of the square; the syringas were in bloom; the long grass white with clover; the air was full of cheerful sounds.

Pere Francois, most grateful of men, turned impulsively to his companion.

"It is a beautiful world!" said he. She averted her face, but the tears so resolutely fought back could be restrained no longer; his idle speech was the last straw upon an already overburdened heart. The carriage stopped before her door, and the little priest, overwhelmed with remorse, lifted her out and led her weeping up the steps.

"Poor mademoiselle, if one could do anything!" The voice was the woman's who had once spoken bitterly of "the rich." Marie and her husband gazed wistfully from their shop door.

"Think of it," said the young wife, "we used to envy her."

"It was I who envied her," cried Pierre, "you, who said that love, not money, brought happiness; and it is so."

"Yes," she said absently; her eyes were not on him, but on the balcony opposite, where a black-robed figure paced slowly to and fro.

The church was crowded to suffocation; the ceremonies attendant upon the solemn function known as "taking the veil" were wont to be impressive; a fashionable audience always witnessed them; to-day offered no exception to the rule. Aside from the religious features, rumor had whispered that a young girl of wealth and beauty—none other indeed than Jeanne de la Maure, the belle of many a ballroom—was to renounce the "pompa and vanities of this wicked world" forever.

The organ was playing softly; the priests and novices had entered the building; a hush lay over the assemblage, when an interruption so unlooked for occurred that the congregation might be pardoned for rising in an outburst of amaze.

Down the middle aisle, to the foot of the chancel, rushed an agitated man. He was tall and magnificently built, his rough curls were fair, his eyes deeply blue. As people gazed they recognized and thrilled with wonder.

"Pere Francois, don't you know me?" he cried, passionately. "I am Charles Deane, Jeanne de la Maure's promised husband; surely, my father, you remember me? They told me she was here, that I would be too late"—his voice broke. "Say I am yet in time!"

The bishop advanced and laid his hand on the young man's arm.

"She is not here," he said, "but it is not as you think. Acting upon our advice, she has resolved to devote the rest of her life to secular charities, in which you can help her."

"Where is she?" pleaded Deane.

The bishop whispered a few words. Deane knelt a moment in prayer, then, rising, made his way out of the church.

"It reads like a fairy-tale," cried Vasson, "carried out to sea; picked up by Malays; treated as a slave; finally helped to escape by a native he had befriended—one does not hear such a story every day." Marie and Pierre assented.

"Monsieur is a hero," said the young wife, "you remember my saying — a prince."

"A prince!" broke in Vasson, "and did not I—"

"Hush!" said the little shoemaker—from the balcony opposite came the murmur of voices—"monsieur and mademoiselle are happy to-night."

Occupied a Lifetime.

The translation of Quintus Curtius by Vangelas occupied thirty years. The translator rendered every sentence five or ten different ways and finally chose that which pleased him best.

"FITZMAURICE."

The above well known Clyde Stallion will travel during the coming season between Chatham and Doaktown, also standing at Douglastown, Newcastle Nelson, Derby, Indiantown, Barnaby River, Black River, Bay du Vin and Blackbrooke.

Terms made known by groom.

GEO. E. FISHER,
Woodburn Farm.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
THREE TRIPS A WEEK
FOR BOSTON.

Commencing April 20th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.00 a. m. (standard.) Returning, will leave Boston same day at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m.

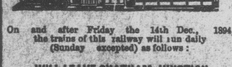
On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LARCHER, Agent.

INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY



On and after Friday the 14th Dec., 1894, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4.18
Accommodation for Moncton	11.14
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35
Through express for Quebec and Montreal,	21.45

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager

Railway Office, Moncton N. B. 19 December, 1894.

JUST ARRIVED
AT
APOTHECARIES' HALL.

THE MOST DELICATE
PERFUMES AND SACHETS,
CHOICE TOOTH POWDERS AND TOOTH WASHES
FINE TOILET SOAPS AND TOILET POWDERS,
TOILET, BATH AND WAGGON SPONGES,
SPONGE BAGS, SPLENDID VALUES IN
HAIR, TOOTH AND NAIL BRUSHES, COMBS AND WHISKS,
CHAMOIS SKINS, LADIES' AND GENTS' SHOULDER BRACES.
CENTURY CREAM,
HIND'S HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.
Apothecaries' Hall.
C. HICKEY, - - PROP.

CARDING.

The Subscriber will receive, at his store, Black Brook, wool to be carded at the

DOAK CARDING MILL,

Doaktown, and deliver it back again, carded at the same place, at the usual rate for carding—no extra expense being charged for conveyance to and from the Mill.

F. W. RUSSELL,
BLCK BROOK

CHATHAM
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH WORKS

CARRIAGES,
HARNESS AND
FARM IMPLEMENTS
OF ALL KINDS

I wish to make known to the public in general that I have on hand the best stock of carriages and farm implements ever offered for sale in this country. They consist of the following:

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES of different styles,
PHEATONS
MIKADOS,
JUMP-SEAT WAGGONS, open and with tops,
CONCORD WAGGONS, (one and two seats,)
EXPRESS WAGGONS and a number of other styles too numerous to mention,
ALSO TRUCK WAGGONS, (one and two horse,)
I have both the IRON AND SKANE AXLE WAGGON,
I have a SPECIAL LINE OF HARNESS MADE TO ORDER,
I handle the world-famed MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS,
I have always an ENDLESS SUPPLY IN STOCK suitable for the different seasons of the year,
I also keep THE DAISY CHURN on hand,
I have a few SECOND-HAND WAGGONS for sale.

I would ask intending purchasers and others to call and examine my stock, as

I Can Sell Cheaper

and on as good terms as any other person in the County.

I GUARANTEE ALL THE GOODS

I sell to be first class, All goods sold by me proving defective in stock or workmanship will be made good

FREE OF CHARGE AT MY FACTORY,

St John Street, Chatham, N. B.

Carriages made to order.
Repairing and Painting
executed in first class style and with despatch.
Correspondence solicited.

ALEX. ROBINSON.

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

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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,
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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 awa ded both

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA
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DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
AT ST JOHN IN 1883

Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ALEX. LEISHMAN

Has been appointed agent for
ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND,
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and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of people's patronage.

PROFESSOR LEICESTER,

organist of St. Luke's church, professor of the

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and whose pupils have taken the highest honors including the Bronze Medal and Sterndale Bennett Scholarship Royal Academy of music,

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FOR TERMS, APPLY AT RESIDENCE, QUEEN ST

HELP WANTED!

WANTED.—ACTIVE, HONEST GENTLEMAN OR LADY to travel representing established, reliable house. Salary $65 monthly and traveling expenses, with increase, if suited. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE DOMINION
317 Omaha Building, Chicago

FOR SALE.

The dwelling and property on Hill Street at present occupied by Robert McLean adjoining the property of James McLeod; apply to

W. S. LOGGIE.

HOUSES TO RENT.

Part of the two story double house on Foundry Lane and part of the large two story house on Muirhead Street. For further information apply to

JOHN FOTHERINGHAM.

Chatham Sept. 5, 1894.

YEAR WITH A DEAD MAN

You may remember that, at the time the Old Beau told the story of "The Man Who Changed His Name," he admitted that there were also one or two others in the club who were somewhat under a social ban. Not that these had done anything dishonest or ungentlemanly, or that could even be openly criticised; only the club had not quite approved their course in certain matters, deeming it not up to the high standard by which, individually and collectively, it sought to be governed. It was jealous of its reputation in this respect, and the mere suspicion that the conduct of any member could bring discredit upon it was sufficient to make him feel heavily its disapproval.

One of these men had attracted my attention to such a degree that the Beau could not help perceiving my curiosity, and, one night, he set himself—rather grudgingly—to the task of gratifying it. This man's name was Richardson, and he was a common enough looking fellow, had it not been for a certain likeness to a dead man, which one could not help seeing in his face.

"Let us find as cheerful a place as we can," said the Beau, "for the tale is grewsome enough."

So we drew our chairs in front of the wood fire that sparkled and snapped in one of the little, quiet smoking rooms. Then the Beau called to the steward to bring us some good brandy.

"It's a cold night outside," he said, "and this is a cold story. Let us fortify ourselves."

After we had fortified, the Beau sank into a deep study for a little. Then he reached forward and poked at the fire so that it blazed up more brightly.

"Have you ever noticed," he asked, suddenly, "how one's face and manner may grow into a resemblance of some other one with whom he is much in close companionship? How a husband and wife, for instance, may grow to look and act, and even think, alike? That is what we call family likeness; the members of one household growing consetantly to resemble each other in feature and action. Now note," he continued, not waiting for me to answer, "that the strongest face, the strongest personality, in such a case, always dominates the other. A weak face will grow stronger; but a strong face will never grow weaker from this contact.

"That man Richardson, whose face fascinates you like the face of Death"—I started as he put my thought into words—"had, as a youth, a weak, uncertain, good-natured face. You see in it now certain elements of strength, but most unpleasantly accented. That is the result of a single year's close companionship with a certain face—a face which, during that year, I fancy must have been present every moment to either his bodily or mental vision—the face of a dead man."

"Was it a crime?" I asked.

"No; not as men reckon crime. But it was a crime against his own manhood—what little he possessed."

The Beau paused and swallowed a glassful of the brandy.

"I don't like the story," he said; "it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. An uncle died, whose heir Richardson was very certain he should be. But it seems the uncle was none too fond of him, believing the fellow deficient in certain manly attributes by which the old man set great store. I mean this, the uncle thought the nephew a coward. There was some one else in question, too; a far-away niece, or cousin, or something. But the old man seemed to think it would be only right to give the one who was nearest him in blood a chance for the money. And he did it."

There was a grim smile about my friend's mouth at this, and I waited anxiously for the next words.

"Yes, he did it. Knowing that he was about to die, he caused a tomb to be built in a lonely spot. He planned it elaborately. A fine, marble sarcophagus for himself in which he was to be placed—after being thoroughly embalmed—with his face up. A glass lid was to be over him, and the whole to be sealed tightly, so as to be impervious to the air. In this, the old fellow rightly guessed, he would keep a long while.

"Now, here was his plan for finding how far this nephew would go for his money. The will provided that he should live in this tomb for a year. There was plenty of room. He was to live there—day and night. His food would be brought him. He was to be allowed books and writing stuffs. For an hour before sunrise each morning, and for an hour before sunset each night, he could walk abroad. But he must have no communication with any human being. If he faithfully observed these provisions for a year, he should have the money, otherwise it would go to the girl. Now a sensible man would have done one of three things. First, he would have given up the money; second, he would have sought out the girl and married her; third, he would have contested the will.

"Richardson did none of these, but set himself to earn the money."

The Beau paused so long at this point that I finally asked:

"Did he succeed?"

"Aye. But it was a strange thing to name success. He stayed in the tomb for a year. What that year was no man will ever know. If you have a s[illegible] imagination in you, you can guess a little at his thoughts in those long hours. I only know this: when he came out, and into the world once more his look was that of a dead man. Men kept away from him. Women turned their faces from him when they met him in the street. Children ran shrieking when they saw him. It is not quite so bad now. Association with living beings has begun to have a humanizing effect. But it has been many years now. I fancy he has paid rather dearly for the money."

"And the rest of the story?" I said, seeing that my friend was apparently forgetting the finish.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "Now here is the curious part of it. It seems that Richardson had been in love with the girl all the while. But he thought he would stand no chance if she had the money and he had none. So he determined to secure the money and then offer himself and it.

"And did he?"

The Old Beau laughed long and silently.

"No, young man, he did not. When he came out of the tomb, she was married to her heart's true love. And let me tell you," here his voice grew grave and his manner impressive, "let me tell you, my son, that a man is a fool to let a year's silence interpose between himself and the woman he would marry. Or to let money—or want of it—interpose. Or to think that any factor counts—if she is worth having—but love, honesty and true manliness. Women who are worth winning are won only by these."

He drained the last drop in his glass lovingly as though it had been a kiss from the lips of the woman of his thoughts. Who that woman was I could not help wondering—and I believe he will tell me some day. For, as I have said to you before, I think the Old Beau has a story of his own.

As we rose to go, he said a last word.

"She is a darling woman. And to have won her a man might have done something of more worth than to live a year in a tomb. We will go around and see her some evening."

Crown of Catherine the Great.

The Russian crown and other state jewels are valued at the enormous sum of $11,000,000. The crown itself is reckoned as being worth at least $6,000,000. It is adorned with hundreds of diamonds, individual specimens of which are valued all the way from a few dollars up to enormous sparklers worth thousands upon thousands of dollars. Besides the diamonds, which make this costly headdress look as if it had been buried in a shower of falling stars, there are thirty-four pearls, each without a flaw, set around the rim, a ruby of extraordinary size and brilliancy being used as a centrepiece. The crown was made by Fanzie, the old-time Genoese court jeweler, and was first used by Catherine the Great.

ATTENTION!

Wanted 10,000 bushels wheat.

RUSSELL McDOUGALL & CO,

have started their

GRIST MILL

and are now prepared to give quick returns to a large amount of customers

They will also be prepared to grind buckwheat in a short time

RUSSEL McDOUGALL & CO

Oct17, 1894 Black Brook

FARM FOR SALE.

That desirable property situate near Saint Paul's church, Upper Chatham, known as the DesBrisay property, running from the river to the rear lots and containing about ninety five acres There is a good house and barn and a good deal of wood land with some ten acres cleared in front. There is also a good fishing privilege in front.

The subscriber wishes also to sell the marsh lot at the mouth of the Tabusintacvivet known as the John Murray Marsh Terms moderate.

Chatham, 26th March 1895.

MARY CHALMERS.

J. F BENSON,
TYPEWRITER, &C. &C.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR "NEW YOST" TYPEWRITING COMPANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.

OFFICE:

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
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Manchester House.

XMAS & NEW YEAR 1894-1895.

Our stock of general dry goods is full and complete in every line and we have on hand all the new cut goods for the Holiday season.

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STORE TO RENT.

The lower store in the Pierce Block lately occupied by R. Murdoch. Immediate possession given. For further information apply to

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WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
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Laths,
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I am now prepared to offer my customers and the public generally, goods at

REDUCED PRICES

in the following lines, viz:—

Mixed Candy, nts, Grapes, Lemons Raisins, Currants, Citron and Lemon Peel, Flavoring Extracts and Pure Spices, and other Groceries,

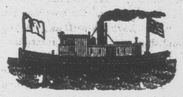
—ALSO—

A nice line of
gift cups & saucers,
Mugs, Lamps, and a General assortment of
Glass and Earthenware &c.

ALEX. MCKINNON.

December 18th 1894.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.



THE STR. NELSON.
CAPT. BULLOCK

will run between Chatham and points up river as follows—

Leaving Chatham at 9 and 11 a m and 2, 4.30 and 7 p m

Leaving Newcastle at 10.15 a m, and 12.15, 3.15 5 30 and 7.45 p m, solar time

Making the usual calls at Douglastown, Bushville and Nelson, carrying freight and passengers.

The Steamer Miramichi will leave on her first down river trip on Saturday, May 4th, at the usual hour.

W. T. CONNORS.
Manager.

JAMES HUDSON ESTATE.

All persons having any just claims against the state of the late James Hudson of Weldfield parish of Chatham, Northumberland Co., deceased are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for payment; and all persons, indebted to the said James Hudson are requested to make payment to the undersigned within three months from date.

ROBERT REINSBORROW.

Chatham March 14 1895

5,000 HIDES!

Five Thousand Hides Wanted.

I will pay cash on delivery for all the hides I can procure; also, I will buy one thousand calf skin either for cash or for exchange.

Parties in any part of the County needing plaster ing hair can be supplied by sending in their order to me.

WILLIAM TROY

SMELT SHOOKS.

Smelt shooks on hand and for sale by

GEO. BURCHIL & SONS

Nelson Dec. 22nd, 1894.

[ESTABLISHED 1852.]
THE GILLESPIE CHTHAM FOUNDRY,
CHATHAM, - - N. B.

The subscriber having leased the above
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,
is prepared to meet the requirements of Railway, Mill and Steamboat owners and other users of Machinery, for all work and materials in his line.

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

will be made a specialty. Stoves, Plow-castings, etc., always in stock
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Estimates for work furnished on application.

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MERCHANT TAILORS,
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N. S.

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

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN
NERVINE TONIC
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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, '93.
To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR SENTS:—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. HARDER, 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 and[illegible] weakly person to use this valuab[illegible] few bottles of it has [illegible] consider it the grand[illegible]

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.