



COTTOLINE advertisement with logo and text: 'What is it? It is the new shortening taking the place of lard or cooking butter...'.

Miramichi Advance. THE SENATE. The filling of two existing New Brunswick vacancies in the Dominion Senate is being discussed...

THE PAUPER INSANE. An attempt to make capital against the local government on account of the municipalities it ought to pay the cost of keeping their pauper insane in the provincial asylum...

THE NEW SHERIFF OF CARLTON CO. Respecting David Irvine lately appointed sheriff of Carlton county, the Woodstock Sentinel says:— With regard to Mr. Irvine, it is to be said that, apart from any personal claims, he has won this recognition by public service...

THE VIOLATOR'S MARE-LUCK. Almost a calm followed. A change was about to come, so it was said. The northerly breeze which had been blowing since the morning was gone...

THE TROUBLE RACE. The latest despatches obtainable at 7 p. m. last night, respecting the third race, stated that the Vigilant was a quarter of a mile ahead within three miles of the home line...

THE ROAD NOW IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER AS FAR AS CAPLIN—NOTES ABOUT THE ROAD. Within the last week that trains have started to run right through to Caplin, the distance of 50 miles, the station is not yet built there but will be completed in a few days...

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY. Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes and the Grand Lottery of the present State constitution...

YACHTING. Yachting is fast becoming one of the exact sciences. Europe and America have been "in it" last week and this of New York harbor, and America seems to have had the best of it...

BRITISH IMPORTS OF WOOD GOODS. The British Board of Trade's returns for eight months of the year, ending with August contain, amongst other important items, a statement of the import and sawn timber imported into all the ports of the United Kingdom during that period...

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE. The race between Lord Dunsraven's Yacht Vigilant and Mr. Iselin's Yacht Valerik for the America Cup are being sailed off New York harbor...

THE VIOLATOR'S MARE-LUCK. The Vigilant meanwhile was lucky enough to catch a light streak of air and the west on to her reefing. By this stroke of luck the Vigilant spun out a lead of one mile over the Vigilant before the latter got breeze enough to give her storage way...

THE TROUBLE RACE. The new road is already proving a great boon to the country. Farmers are beginning to ship their potatoes and oats right through by the railroad...

FOR SALE. The old pipe organ belonging to Church of St. John the Evangelist, Bay View. For particulars apply to JOHN C. WILLISTON, 100 St. John Street, Montreal, N.B.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING. Capital Prize, \$75,000. 100,000 Numbers in the Wheel. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 PRIZE OF \$75,000, 2 PRIZES OF \$10,000, 3 PRIZES OF \$5,000, 4 PRIZES OF \$2,500, 5 PRIZES OF \$1,000, 10 PRIZES OF \$500, 20 PRIZES OF \$250, 50 PRIZES OF \$100, 100 PRIZES OF \$50, 200 PRIZES OF \$25, 500 PRIZES OF \$10, 1,000 PRIZES OF \$5, 2,000 PRIZES OF \$2, 5,000 PRIZES OF \$1, 10,000 PRIZES OF \$0.50.

INCORPORATION. The question of incorporating the town of Chatham is one that has, for a good while, been in the minds of the citizens, and was the subject of two or three public meetings a number of years ago...

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TRAINED NURSE. Miss Marshall, Graduate of the "John" training school in Boston, Mass. Address, Miramichi, N.B.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. All persons having any claims against the Estate of the late Thomas F. Gillespie of Chatham, in the County of Miramichi, New Brunswick, are hereby notified that the said estate is being administered by the undersigned, and that all claims should be presented to him immediately, and in no case later than the 15th day of November next. Dated at Chatham, N.B. this 24th day of August, A. D. 1893. ELEANOR GILLESPIE, Executrix. JOHN PATTERSON, Executor.

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Jettisoned Lumber FOR SALE. By authority and on behalf of the undersigned for the purpose of disposing of the lumber on hand, the undersigned hereby offers for sale, at public auction, on Monday, the 12th day of October, 1893, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described lumber, to-wit: 100,000 feet of sawed lumber, including pine, spruce, fir, and hemlock, of various sizes and lengths, and also a quantity of shingles and clapboards. The lumber is situated on the premises of the late J. B. Conroy, at St. John, N.B. For further particulars apply to F. E. NEALE, representing U. W. for cargo per S. S. Montserrat. ST. JOHN, N.B.

Miramichi and the North Shore etc.

DOUGLASSVILLE property and farm for sale. See Advt.

A NEW BRIDGE has been erected across Jacques river, Restigouche county.

NEWCASTLE STEAMER Lady Dufferin has been repaired and is again in service.

RECEIPTS.—Mr. A. B. Swesey is to give receipts in Blackville public hall this Thursday evening and in Millerton public hall on Friday evening. He is to be assisted at Millerton by Mrs. J. W. Miller.

BADLY CUT.—A young man named Keenan, one of a gang who were doing the town last Thursday night, was badly cut in a melee with some sailors in a place kept by one Johnson, near the ferry on Water Street.

DIYORCE.—Mrs. J. D. Stafford of St. John has instituted proceedings for divorce from her husband and it is said that the case will come to trial at the next session of the court. The papers have been served on Mr. Stafford, who is now in Chicago.

THE MIRAMICHI DOWN-RIVER TRIPS will commence this week for the remainder of the season and will run to Restigouche on Wednesdays and Fridays only. See advt.

THE GRAND DIVISION of the Sons of Temperance of New Brunswick will meet in the Temperance Hall, Newcastle, on Wednesday evening, October 25th. A large attendance is expected. A public temperance meeting will be held in the Masonic Hall, Newcastle, on Thursday evening, 26th, at which leading visiting members are expected to deliver addresses.

DR. ANTHONY F. SMITH, 50 Main St., Waterville, Me., U. S. A. has received great success from several operations from the use of Harkins' Nerve and Stomach Tonic, and can heartily recommend its use to any one requiring a bracing and invigorating tonic.

THE OFFERS ENJOYED a very pleasant time on Tuesday evening, their rooms being visited by a number of lady friends, who tested their new piano, procured from Messrs. Miller of Moncton and were recipients of beautiful bouquets.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Miss Eliza Hickey, who up to three years ago, was one of the most accomplished teachers in the county, will regret to hear of her death, which is announced in another column. At the time mentioned she was attacked by grippe, from which she never fully recovered, although she subsequently attempted to resume school duties, but was physically unable to perform them. The funeral is to take place at 3 p. m. to-day from the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. J. Hickey, Chatham.

NEWCASTLE'S NEW ACADEMY.—Mr. McDonald and his men are making good progress with the erection of the stone building for the new Harkins' Academy here, and with fine weather the work would proceed more rapidly than of late. It will make a handsome appearance when finished, there being no better freestone for such purposes than that from French Fort Cove Quarry. By the time winter sets in the building will show up considerably. The building is to be completed and ready for occupation by the first of September next.—[Advocate.]

DEATH OF A SEA CAPTAIN.—Capt. Clillich, of the Austrian barque Sofia B., owned in Chatham by Brailly, who sailed here on Tuesday, 3rd inst. in Mr. George Watt's ship chandlery store on Wednesday afternoon, when he was observed by Mr. Watt to be very weak and prevented from falling to the floor by that gentleman. Dr. J. S. Besson was summoned, and sent Clillich to the Hotel Dieu hospital. He was quite conscious until five o'clock Thursday morning, when he died Friday morning at 3 o'clock. He leaves a wife and four children who live at Orbec, Austria. The funeral was quite largely attended by representative citizens and members from the ship import.

NEW MILLS.—The Advocate says that the firm of Messrs. Clark, Skilling, and Co., of Glasgow and Boston, dealers in mill supplies, have decided to erect a mill at Newcastle for the sawing of spoil wood. They have purchased a piece of land near the deep water terminus and intend erecting a large mill to be roofed with iron, thoroughly equipped by the best machinery and driven by an engine of one hundred horse power. The mill at Orbec was the first next winter will be done in Newcastle. This will be good news to many, as the mill is expected to run winter and summer. Mr. Charles D. Mandy is the representative of the firm here.

THIEVES ABROAD.—Mr. Roger Flanagan's St. John Street store was burglarized last Thursday night, an entrance being effected by means of a small window in the north wall of the office, which was hinged and swung inward and secured by a button on the inside. The thief broke a pane of glass from the sash which enabled him to reach and turn the button, after which he had no difficulty in entering. A quantity of ready-made clothing, cloth and other articles were taken, together with between two and three dollars in cash from a drawer, although two drawers were undisturbed. An exit was made through one of the side doors in the warehouse at the rear of the office with the store. Paper wrappings which were found in a part of the stolen goods were found in a certain quarter of the town, testified by the police and it is hoped that the guilty parties may yet be run down.

NORTHEMBERLAND DIVISION No. 37 Sons of Temperance was recently reorganized by Rev. J. D. Murray, G. W. A. The following officers were installed into office by acting D.G.W.P. W. J. Miller, assisted by acting D.G.W.P. John Menzies on Friday evening last:—

- W. P. G. Stothart; W. A. W. M. Saller; R. S. E. B. Bennett; A. R. S. D. McLellan; F. S. Alex. McKinnon; Treas.—La. Firth; Chap.—Rev. Geo. Steel; Com.—L. H. Abbot; A. C.—W. S. Loggie; I. S.—Alex. Leishman; W. P. F. O. Patterson.

It is encouraging to find the old and reliable order of S. T. thus holding its own. A NARROW ESCAPE.—On Friday the 29th ult. Mr. James Troy had a narrow escape from being instantly killed. He was engaged at the sawmill factory of Mr. Henry Niven in preparing material to be used in finishing his contract of erecting and completing the new Methodist Church in Derby. While thus engaged a piece of board was accidentally dropped upon a rapidly revolving circular saw which threw the board away from it with the rapidity of lightning, one end of the board striking Mr. Troy a few inches just below the heart. It was at first thought he was killed but he gradually rallied and was taken to his home and a doctor summoned. He is slowly recovering from the effects of his knock out. Had the

blow been a couple of inches higher it is thought he would have been killed instantly. Misfortunes are said to come singly, and his oldest son, Sherman, is now laid up with a severe cut on the ankle. We hope both will soon be able to get to work again.—[Advocate.]

A DRY GOODS BONANA! The old "Argyle House" next to the new Dominion Public Building, Chatham, is to be a great centre of attraction to buyers of dry goods, etc., as Mr. J. D. Creaghan has bought the whole bankrupt Noonan stock, under the circumstances stated in his advertisement elsewhere, and is to give the buying public the benefit of his great bargain.

THE ASSAULT ON FRANK CURRAN. Mr. Frank Curran, who was assaulted by Joseph Morgan of Fredericton, on Parliament square, in that city a few weeks ago and for whose testimony the grand jury of York county has been waiting for some days, arrived in Fredericton on Monday night and was examined by the grand jury Tuesday forenoon. The jury found a true bill on indictment for assault causing actual bodily harm, and the prisoner Morgan was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. His trial commenced in the afternoon.

Why is it? Mrs. Phillips who acted as telegraph operator at Point Beauséjour during the present season, left the other day after giving due notice of her intention to the proper authorities. The telegraphic instruments have been taken from the Point to the Lewis office—six miles away—and the shipping community here are without the usual reports as a season of the year when they are most needed. Will somebody who ought to know give some information as to what the meaning of such management is?

The Gaitious Wreck. The baggage Gatineau, particulars of the stranding of which on Huckleberry Island were given in last week's ADVANCE, was surveyed by Mr. H. A. Muirhead, Capt. J. J. Brown and Capt. Dudley Walls and condemned. Capt. Quail acting under instruction from the underwriters who are represented here by Mr. E. Hutchinson, superintended the arrangements for the sale of the vessel, cargo and effects, the sale taking place on the Maitland wharf—Wm. Wyse auctioneer—on Tuesday forenoon.

The cargo of dead, said to be 430 standard, was knocked down to Mr. Hutchinson for \$1200. Mr. Hutchinson also bought the hull, together with masts, spars, rigging sails, and 3 boats etc., as well as the anchors and chains which he wore shipped in the bay, for \$450. A life-boat and the vessel's stores and materials, consisting of beef, pork, peas, etc., rope, hawsers, lanterns, life preservers and other items brought \$200 to the several purchasers being Messrs. F. E. Neale, Allan Ritchie, Theo. Power, W. Lutalim, Dudley Walls, Geo. Watt, Robert Allen, Alex. Barr, Benjamin Flood and Andrew Brown.

The Rustler Accident. The preliminary examination of Capt. John Russell before police magistrate John Iron, Esq., was concluded on Saturday last, the evidence being substantially the same as was taken at the inquest.

Hon. L. J. Tweed, Q. C., counsel for Capt. Russell, first addressed the court, followed by Thomson, Esq., Q. C. Mr. Nevin said he considered there was sufficient evidence to put Capt. Russell on trial, and he gathered from the evidence, particularly from the latter part of the trial, that the captain was guilty of negligence, although it was an accident. Captain John Russell was then committed for trial before the County Court which opens here on Tuesday next, October 17th.

Doys Industrial Home. Lady Tilley submits the following statement in regard to the Doys Industrial Home, and will be obliged if the papers in other parts of the province (where subscriptions have been obtained) will kindly copy it.—Received by Lady Tilley on account of contributions on Doys Industrial Home:—

- General contributions.....\$6,340 69 Amount voted by legislature.....1,000 00 Contributions on Doys Industrial Home:—Net proceeds old iron.....25 00 Books for library.....150 00 Paint, Montreal Paint Co.....25 00 Messrs Gurvey, reduction on furnaces 46 66 \$8,065 33

Mason and carpenter work, workshops, cottages, barns and outbuildings, \$4,800 84 Furniture, including beds, tables, chairs, etc., 912 75 Plumbing, heating and introducing water.....1,147 57 Painting and color washing.....336 05

New fencing.....190 00 New iron gates.....20 25 Lamps for grounds.....8 00 Insurance one year.....75 50 Books for library.....150 00 Sundry expenditures.....74 70 Waggon and other agricultural implements.....70 70

Balance in hand to be used on grounds and additional furniture \$68 96 An organ was presented by Messrs. C. Flood & Sons, and a red granite tablet by Messrs. Sleeth & Co., Carleton.

Campbellton Notes. (Continued.) Mr. Byron Call, formerly of the I. C. R. office here, but lately of the Western States, is in town renewing old acquaintances.

The sporting fraternity are at present agitating for a trotting track and if suitable land can be secured, will push the matter to a certainty this fall. A good track here would be well patronized, and a great boon to those training young stock.

The potato crop throughout Restigouche and Gloucester counties is first class this year, the yield being large and the quality the best for years in some districts. Prices, though not high yet are likely to advance quickly and no doubt all the farmers who grow potatoes extensively will have no reason for complaint this season.

Who Could be Spitter? Our neighbor, the great "Commodore" was being quite "off his base" this season on the subject of yachting, and in yesterday's World charges that "a press correspondent with the personal spite to vent against Mr. Stewart" has misrepresented the Orana and her previous record. We are quite sure that the correspondent referred to, instead of being at all in a spiteful mood, admired the excellent work of the Orana in Monday's race and was glad to observe that her captain and part owner is really gaining some practical knowledge of yachting and doing so well with the limited experience he has had. The correspondent was also very close third. As usual the windward work was entered upon by the Orana and gradually increased her lead. Orana had a little the best of Maude in the windward work until the wind freshened above

the time of the afternoon tea and again and sometimes to the same person who had already listened to it. "Who wouldn't be in sympathy with a man so much in love with himself and so easily pleased?" The man who would have any "epic" in his heart against a creature so easily made happy would be capable of the same feeling towards the little prattler in its baby carriage, crawling over the sight and jingle of the first new rattle. We quite agree with the hearing of the commodore's special to the Sun which said "Commodore Stewart closed the season in a blaze of glory." It was raining at the close of the race and raising while the reception was going on at the office, but the commodore felt like one of the pictures of the old gods, with an aureole enveloping him and filling the doorway, and he was perfectly oblivious to the dripping rain that fell upon his M. Y. C. cap and tickled down his sun-burned visage.

Public Installation. The officers of Newcastle Division No. 45 Sons of Temperance were publicly installed on Thursday evening last by F. G. W. P. Esq., presiding, assisted by James Falconer, D. G. W. P., acting as D. G. Conductor. The following were the officers installed:— W. P.—W. C. Anslow, W. A.—Smith, R. S.—Edward Johnson, Treas.—Daniel McGuffee, Chap.—D. J. Falcorer, A. S.—Warren Craig, I. S.—Bej. Malby, S. S.—John B. Robertson, P. W.—Margie Dunlop. After the installation was concluded, the following program was presented:— Opening remarks by the W. P., Opening Chorus—"The Prohibition is Marching on," "A Shaving Exercise," by Wm. Johnston, "Duet and Chorus—"Who hath Voice?" Dialogue—"The Prohibition is Marching on," Rev. Geo. Steel, P. G. W. P. Solo—Miss Mary Russell. Recitation—Mr. A. B. Swesey. Solo—Mr. Simon McLellan. The collection was then taken up amounting to \$57.35. Then the division was closed in the usual way, and refreshments handed out. The attendance was small, the night being wet. [Advocate.]

Toughs on the Rampage. A telling example will soon have to be made of some of the young hogs belonging to Chatham, who are getting to become so bold and dangerous as to require drastic treatment. They are emboldened to take charge almost, of certain corners of the public streets with their dogs and their mouths of blood and profanity, often forcing cleanly citizens, and especially ladies to either justify against them or go off the sidewalks in order to enjoy the right of way which they are thus taking. And, yet, such a thing as a complaint against or arrest of one of these loafers for loitering upon or obstructing the sidewalks is unknown in Chatham, Great Britain.

Mr. Scott Farley's health remains quite well, his attending him is quite hopeful. Mr. Charles McDougall is going with his arm in a sling, the result of an accident which occurred on his way to work on Tuesday afternoon, when three young toughs—Michael Jardine, Dan Murphy and Michael Connor started out to enjoy themselves. Between three and four o'clock Mr. Joseph Travers, of Douglas Hall, accompanied by his wife, who is in poor health, and his young son, was driving home from Chatham, he saw three young toughs on the road ahead of him near the Noonan homestead. He observed these picking up stones, but thought little of it until two of them, Jardine and Murphy, began to throw them at his horse and buggy. One large stone was hurled with such force that it smashed the glass in the buggy-top, passed the heads of the occupants of the vehicle and fell upon the horse.

Mr. Travers jumped out and grabbed the two young rascals who had thrown the stones and says he vainly called upon John Irving of Chatham, who, with another man was standing by, to assist him. He also called upon the boys to tell him their names, but Irving said he didn't know who they were. Mr. Travers was, finally, obliged to let them go, as he had his sick wife and horse and wagon to look after.

They next proceeded to Mr. Edward Wall's, whose house they had broken into, and made both ends of it, and then returned to Mr. Travers' house. Mr. Travers was made aware of their presence by the excited cackling of the fowl in his barn, and on going towards it he was met by the master, who, in reply to his questions, said they were runaway sailors from the Hiawatha and were making their way to Ivory's Crossing in order to get to the factory of Messrs. Gaynor for some bread. He did not like their appearance, but went to the house to get them some bread, returning as quickly as possible, but while he was about they apparently made another attempt upon his fowl, without success, however, as the one on the watch had evidently warned his fellow thieves to restrain of the barn, as Mr. Gayne's return. The latter, after giving them some bread, told them that he did not believe their story, and they went away into the woods, where it is supposed they remained all night. The conduct of these two young men is more than a little reprehensible, but more than that the bigger one who is their ringleader, and who is ready to act with them, are far too many and desperate loafers now in the town and good many citizens are beginning to feel that they must go around armed to protect themselves and their property against them. In some places the citizens at once go gaining for such characters as these, but in this town, on Tuesday, robbed Mr. Wall and attempted to rob Mr. Gaynor. We have officers and the machinery of the law, however, and it is to be hoped these will be equal to the emergency.

As we go to press we learn that Jardine and Murphy have been arrested.

A Good Race. The last of the Miramichi Yacht Club's races for the season 1893, was sailed on Monday in a fluctuating N. W. wind. The course was from a line off the Maitland wharf, Chatham, with a free sheet, to a turning-point off the Snowball mill wharf, thence to windward to a turning point nearly off the Sargent mill above Newburg, thence down-river to the first turning-point and to a finish at the starting-line—about twelve miles. The boats in the contest were Leary, Orana, Maude, Kitchoo and Starling. Orana went over the line first, followed by Leary, Maude and Kitchoo with Kitchoo well behind. Leary passed Maude and overtook and passed Orana before reaching the turning-point, but it was not sufficient to get around first, the consequence of both boats contesting for the advantage just here being that they fouled, and, consequently, Orana had the right of way, being nearest the stake-boat and she rounded it very prettily, as Leary also did, Maude being a very close third. As usual the windward work was entered upon by Leary and Orana and gradually increased her lead. Orana had a little the best of Maude in the windward work until the wind freshened above

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FORGIVEN.

All the people in the house—great beehive of workmen—situated in the Rue Delambre, where Tony Robec had occupied a room for six months, took him for a widower lately bereaved, for his little son with whom he had lived alone, a small child, dressed as nicely as though he had a mother, was hardly 6 years old. However, neither the father nor the son wore any craps either on their caps or sleeves.

Every day, early in the morning, Tony Robec, who worked as a typesetter in a printing shop in the Latin quarter, went off with his little Adrian, still half asleep, on his shoulder, and would leave him at a school in the neighborhood, where after his days work was done, he would call for him, and leading the little fellow by the hand would stop at the butcher's and milkman's and take home in the child's schoolbag, just as a woman does for her dinner, and then would shut himself up in his room till the next day.

The tender-hearted gossip of the house, who worked as a seamstress, was a still finer looking man scarcely 40 years old, but with such a sad pale face, his beard already streaked with gray and his earnest eyes looking like those of a lion in repose, and they said as they looked after him:

"That man ought to marry again. He is a good fellow and never drinks. He could easily find a nice girl to take care of him and his son. Have you noticed how clean he keeps the little boy? Never a hole or spot on his clothes. He is an orderly man. You can see it at once, and seems he earns 10 francs a day."

They would have liked to have made his acquaintance. Generally it is not difficult to make friends with one's neighbors in these popular houses, where they live half the time with their parents, and half with their own families. They had a reserved air, a polite way of bowing to them on the stairway which intimidated them.

Every Sunday the father and son clean as two new pennies, went for a walk. They had met them in the museums in the Jardin des Plantes. They had also seen them before dinner time in a little cafe of the quarter, where Tony treated himself to his sole luxury in the week, a glass of wine, which he drank slowly, while Adrian, seated by his side on a leather covered bench, looked at the illustrated papers.

"No, mesdames," said the concierge of the house, who was sentimental to her friends, "that widower will never marry again. A Sunday or two ago I met him in one of the paths of the Montparnasse cemetery. His wife, no doubt, is buried there. I made me to see him with his motherless child. He must have adored his lost one. It is rare, but he is inconsolable."

His history was a very simple and not a happy one. He was a conscientious workman, but only moderately clever at his trade, and it was not before a long time that he succeeded in setting type well and in earning his livelihood in a small way, and that was why he never had thought of marrying until he was over 30 years of age. He should have chosen a serious minded girl, acquainted with poverty, as he had been himself. But love laughs at reason, and Tony lost his heart to a young flower girl 19 years old, who, although she was virtuous, had a very frivolous character, thinking only of dress and knowing how to make herself look like a princess with her lovely face, a few bits of ribbon and some bright colored stuff.

He had put by a small amount of money, sufficient to furnish the apartment quite well, and besides the usual furniture, had bought a wardrobe with a looking glass in it for 80 francs in the Faubourg St. Antoine in order that his sweetheart could see herself in it full length, and then he married his Clemanine, and at first they were blissfully happy. How they did love each other, to be sure!

gardens, rolling her baby before her in a little straw carriage. But, although Tony toiled harder than ever, working besides in a newspaper office at night, he could not earn enough for their expenses and fell into debt. Then, when the child became strong enough to wean and was left during the day at the children's refuge, the mother, who was often unoccupied, fell into the dangerous habit of gadding about in the streets alone.

You can imagine the difference between the poor man, grown old before his time with care and worn out with hard work, and this frivolous girl, only 23 and as pretty as a picture of Greuze. One evening, on coming home with his little boy, for whom he had stopped as he passed by the refuge Tony Robec found a letter on the mantelpiece for which he opened the envelope, Clemanine's wedding ring fell out. In this latter the heartless creature bade him and her son good bye and asked their forgiveness at the same time.

The romantic jurnymen of the present day, who always acquitted outraged husbands who kill their wives and their lovers under the pretext of "passionate crimes," would have no objection to Tony, and even a little despising if they knew that he felt more sorry than angry. He wept a great deal, and when little Adrian said to him: "Where is mamma?" he kissed him on the forehead, and the little fellow passionately replied: "I do not know."

Clemanine had gone away at the beginning of May—ah, me, and how much she owed him! Responsible sometimes—and Tony, when the July rent day came sold nearly all his furniture and paid his debts and went to live in the Rue Delambre, wishing to be as far as possible from his former home. And there he lived quietly and honorably with his little boy, and his neighbors took him for a widower.

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife, four lines long and departing pages, whereon the ink was all blotted with tears. Her lover, a medical student, had gone away for his vacation to his family far down in the south, and he did not write to her or give her any sign of life. She, the traitress, was abandoned, betrayed in her turn, and she repented and begged and implored to be forgiven. This made poor Tony suffer terribly. But do not get excited, ferocious jurnymen, who have all of you, a heart like the Moor's of Venice, and give back, if you please your esteem to the poor fellow, for he was proud and did not answer his culpable wife's epistle.

He heard no further news of Clemanine till one Christmas day. Now, for many years he had had the touching custom of going on that day with his wife to carry a humble bouquet—a few half frozen violets, with a little rose-bud in their midst—to their firstborn's little Felix's tomb, who had died when he was out at nursing, and for whom, wishing to have his grave near to them, they had bought a right of burial for five years at Montparnasse, the concession of which had been already renewed.

For the first time Tony Robec had to make this pilgrimage alone with his little boy Adrian, and as he passed through the gates to the cemetery under a funeral winter's sky—and now, cruel Othello of the jury, you will again despise this weak-hearted husband when I tell you that he suffered more than ever as he remembered his absent wife, the fugitive.

"Where is she now?" thought he. "What has become of her?" But on reaching Felix's tomb, which he had some trouble in finding, he stopped surprised.

There was laid on his tombstone two or three playthings, such as a rattle, a wooden rattle, a wooden trumpet, a polichinelle and a wooden dog—which had just been placed there, for they were quite new and had evidently been bought that very day at some cheap street stall.

"Oh, playthings," Adrian exclaimed as he saw the poor offerings. "But his father, having perceived a piece of paper pinned to one of the toys, stopped and picked it up and read there these words, written in a handwriting he well knew: 'For Adrian, from his little brother Felix, who is now in heaven with the Christ child.'"

Suddenly Tony felt his son press up against him and heard him murmur in a frightened voice, "Mamma!" and Tony saw a few words of kneeling under a clump of yew trees a woman clad in a beggar's dress and shawl, and, oh! so pale and with such sunken eyes, who stretched her clasped and supplicating hands toward him. Between ourselves, sanguinary gentlemen of the jury, I do not believe that Tony Robec thought of them when he taught us both by words and by example to "forgive offences," for this workman was really religious. But his plebeian heart was ignorant of self-love and rancor. He trembled less from anger at the memory of the outrage he had suffered than from pity at seeing the woman he had so tenderly loved in such a miserable state, and he pushed his little son gently toward her.

The concierge of the house Tony inhabited stood at the door. "Madame," he said, "this is my wife who has been for six months in the country with her mother, who was very ill, and who has come home again. And as they went up stairs he was obliged to support, almost to carry, the wretched woman, who had burst into sobs and was nearly fainting from emotion and from joy."

When he reached his humble room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair he possessed and placed her son in her arms again. Then he went to his bureau, opened a drawer, from which he took out a small paper box in which he had kept Clemanine's wedding ring and went and replaced it on her finger, and then, for the first time, without a word of anger or reproach about the past, with the great generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her silently, reverently on the forehead, so that he might be sure he had forgiven her. —Francis Coppee in Philadelphia Press.

Imported Jokes. The surgeon major goes the round of the sick ward. "Well, No. 6, how are you getting on?" "Oh, doctor, I'm as hungry as a horse!" "As hungry as a horse? Very good (turning to the sergeant in attendance); put down half a gallon of hay for No. 6." —Il Corriere dei Bagni.

"What will you do when you are grown up, Toto?" "I shall be a soldier." "But you will run the risk of being killed." "By who?" "The enemy." "Toto, after a moment's reflection. —Then I'll be the enemy." —La Tribuna.

"How dare you take off your hat to that fellow?" "Why not?" "You ought to know that he was mixed up with a very dirty gambling story." "Indeed? Tell me all about it." "The fact is, I don't remember whether he was the swindler or the victim." —El Liberal.

Turacoletti has discovered a stratagem for saving himself from annoyance on certain occasions. He pretends to be deaf. Yesterday he met a friend who said to him: "Will you lend me five francs?" "What? I didn't hear," said Turacoletti.

"Lend me 10 francs." "You said five the first time." —Il Motto per Ridere.

A Prospector's Luck. We were camped alongside of an emigrant train in Nebraska, and just after supper a woman about 40 years of age, who was smoking a pipe, came over to our fire and seized the crowd up, and said: "I've got sunthin' to say. I'm a plain-spoken woman. When I've got a thing on my mind, I don't beat around the bush."

"I've been a widder for three years. Over that I've got a span of mews, a good horse, a new wagon filled with housekeeping stuff, and I can rake up about \$80 in cash. I cum along with the party to take up a claim. I'm good-tempered, healthy, and can swing an ax or hold a plow with most anybody. As I said, I'm a plain-spoken woman. If there's a critter among you who wants to get married, let him stand up while I take a look at him."

The eleven of us promptly stood up. "Get into line," she continued, with a wave of her hand. "I hain't after beauty or eddiness, but I can't take up with a fellow who'd skeer a wolf to death."

She passed down the line and then returned half way and said to a middle-aged man named Remington: "You'll do. I reckon. There's a preacher in camp, and 'twon't take fifteen minutes to settle things. All of you as want to see the marrying come on."

We followed the couple, who were made man and wife inside of twenty minutes, and next morning as we passed the wagon on the road to town the woman looked out and bowed and said: "Sorry for the other ten of ye, but perhaps you'll meet with another train soon and strike luck." —Louisville Commercial.

My own sweet whippoorwill, and I'll bet a penful of hogs agin an ox-yoke thou art."

He could not tell her. A man with 'Inspector' on his cap stood a little way from me. A woman who had purchased a ticket halted a minute, and then walked up to the inspector and said: "I don't want to waste any steps in walking around. I do get so awfully tired. Can you tell me where the building is that has the artificial human beings?"

The inspector stared at her a minute and then said to her: "No, madame, I cannot tell you. I have never heard of them." A man near who had heard the question said to her: "I have heard of them. They are over in the woman's building. Just ask for the lady managers.—Chicago Inter-Ocean."

With the Children. BITS OF WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES. One day after a race in the garden with the birds and butterflies, Lottie came in flushed, happy and out of breath to her invalid mother's side.

"What lovely pink roses my little girl has in her cheeks," said mamma. "I would give a fortune to have them on my cheeks." Lottie affectionately patted her mother's faded cheek. "O, mamma dear, you have roses, too," young ones. "And I love pink ones!" —Youth's Companion.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE. Mamma—Come, little daughter, you must wash your hands after playing with the cat. Little daughter—Yes, mamma; but I'll jus have to rinse 'em this time. I've been playing with the kitten.—Harper's Young People.

PANSIES ARE NICE, BUT—Little Mary had been playing hard all the morning, and when the dinner-bell rang she ran in quickly and took her place. She found only some flowers on the table. Looking at a dish of pansies, she placed near her, she said: "Pansies are awful nice, but oh, I wish it was hash." —Youth's Companion.

BIG THOUGHTS IN LITTLE HEADS. Tommy—Papa, you tell me to have big thoughts. If the thoughts I have fill my head, how can they be any bigger? Papa—I don't think they fill it, dear, when they slip out so easily.—Harper's Young People.

She Was a Taragon. "Yes, there was one girl who lived right along with us for twenty-two years," said the old lady, with a reminiscent sigh, "and she might have been with the family yet if she had wanted to stay."

"She must have been a jewel," said one of the callers. "Yes, we never had any trouble about her about wages or after-noon out or anything of that kind." "Good cook?" "Excellent. She could play the piano beautifully, too."

"Did you let her do that?" "O, yes. And she read the papers to us and kept the library in order, and could keep accounts and paint on china and embroider on silk as nicely as anything you ever saw."

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Importance Notice! Just entered at Custom Houses, Chatham and Newcastle, direct from Great Britain, marked J. D. C. per SS. Demara from London; SS. Assyrian from Glasgow; SS. Sardinian from Liverpool.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY. FALL 1893. On and after Monday, Sept. 13, until further notice, trains will run on the above route as follows:

Between Fredericton and Chatham. For CHATHAM. For FREDERICTON. Connecting with the I. C. R. GOING NORTH.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1893—FALL ARRANGEMENT—1893. On and after Monday, Sept. 13, 1893, the trains will run CHATHAM JUNCTION WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.

CANADA HOUSE. Corner Water & St. John Streets, CHATHAM. LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

REVERE HOUSE. Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

Sample Rooms. GOOD STABLES on the premises. Daniel Desmond, Proprietor.

TO LET. The residence and premises on St. John Street (opposite the Protestant) known as the Hon. John M. Johnson property.

FOR SALE. That pleasantly situated house, lot and premises situated on the site of the late St. John Street in the Town of Bathurst, in the County of Gloucester, at the corner of King and St. John Streets.

HOUSE TO RENT. A furnished house in a good locality in Chatham. Rent moderate. Possession given 1st November. For further information apply to this office.

LOST. Taken from Boleston station 7th September being the day of the Extension, a handbag containing 20 francs and a watch, and a small box containing a few articles of clothing.

SALT! SALT! For Sale in Bags or bulk by GEO. BURCHILL & SONS, Nelson.

W. T. HARRIS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER, CHATHAM, N. B. IS OFFERING AT LOWEST CASH PRICES:— FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, HEAVY FEED, OATS, BARLEY, BEANS, SEEDS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEEF, HAMS, BACON, BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, LARD, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, RAISINS, CURRANTS, RICE, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, SPICES, VINEGARS, PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, BIRCHETS, SOAPS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, MATCHES, PARAFFINE, PAINT, AND MACHINE OILS, TURPENTINES, LINSEEDS, WASHBOARDS, BROOMS, BRUSHES, ROPE, PIPES, NAILS, FORKS, HOES, RAKES, SCYTHES, SHOVELS, CROCKS, TEAPOTS, MILK DISHES, LAMP CHIMNEYS &c. &c.

DRY GOODS. SEE OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES. LADIES' AND GENTS' TANNED SHOES, FINE OXFORD SHOES, SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &c., SHOE FINDINGS. READY MADE CLOTHING. "BEST -- VALUES -- IN -- TOWN."

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC AND Stomach and Liver Cure. The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years. It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Finest Milk.

This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nerve 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.

It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of falling health from whatever cause. It performs this by its great nerve 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 Nerve 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 Nerve 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.

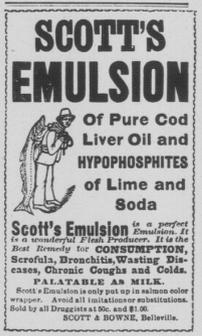
IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headaches, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Tremblings and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Bile and Catarrhs, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia and Chronic Cough, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Falling Health, Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Nervousness and Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Bile and Catarrhs, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Debility of Infants.

NERVOUS DISEASES. As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve 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 Nerve Tonic 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.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDVILLE, IND., June 20, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three one-half bottles of South American Nerve Tonic 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 an sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Falling Health, from whatever cause. JOHN T. MIZZELL, State of Indiana, Montgomery County.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nerve Tonic. Which we now offer, 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 afflicted by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and only great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of intractable disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nerve Tonic. HANLEY E. HALL, of Westport, Ind., says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nerve Tonic. My system was completely shattered by the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general debility of all parts of the system. I had tried every kind of medicine, but in vain. I began taking the Nerve Tonic, and continued to use it until I was cured. It is the greatest remedy in the world. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I have never known it to fail." No remedy compares with South American Nerve Tonic as a cure for the Nerve. No remedy compares with South American Nerve Tonic as a cure for all forms of falling health, nervousness, and general debility. It is 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 Nerve 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.

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