

CHAPTER XIII. In the May of the year 1882 the London newspapers made a tremendous boom about the arrival in town of that intrepid and distinguished Asiatic explorer, Mr. Ronald Morton. Some of the journals gave biographies of the celebrity, but were uncertain as to his early days. They were agreed that he had narrowly escaped death in the first skirmish he had witnessed in the Russo-Turkish war, that after his recovery from his wound he had done brilliant service as a special correspondent, and that, at the close of the campaign, he had set out upon a journey of amazing difficulty and danger. The fascinating volume, A Ride from the Caspian to the Pacific, told the rest of Mr. Ronald Morton's experiences. The returned wanderer was the hero of the hour, and his table was covered daily with bushels of letters and cards of invitation from distinguished and undistinguished

people.

If the celebrated traveller had chosen to go into society and get his lionizing over, it might have been with him as it is with so many others who become the objects of the world's amiable caprices. He might have had his month or six weeks of wonder and adulation, and have got it over, falling back into the unnoticeable crowd. But the obstinate privacy in which he veiled himself gave a zest to curiosity and the whole town

was agog at him.

He had two rooms at the Westminster

Hotel, and received nobody. His secretary opened for him and assorted the enormous correspondence which poured in daily, and a lithographed form, beginning with "Mr. Ronald Morton regrets," did duty for hundreds of answers.

One morning his secretary laid before him, with a respectful grin a curious docu-"This came this morning, sir. It is very peculiar, and I thought you might like to

"Willie, we have missed you," ran the curious epistle. "One little pig went to market, and one little pig stayed at home, but where's my share? Will you walk into my parlor? G. C. G." The celebrated traveller smiled, and drop-

ped the letter. "Some madman," he said lightly. "Perhaps an error, sir, in enveloping letters," suggested the secretary. "It looks as if it were addressed to an intimate

"Well, yes," the traveller allowed. "It has that air." with a hundred or two others, but next morning the secretary primly crumpling his lips from a smile, laid before his employer a second letter in the same handwriting. "Won't you walk into my parlor, William? Gilead. Balm of Gilead. Might

Nothing doubting as yet that the bruit about his name had attracted the attention of some eccentric madman, the distinguished traveller confided this letter also to the flames. It was one of those levely days in late spring when London casts off the mantle of ugliness it wears for nine-tenths of the year and clothes itself in beauty. The returned wanderer had nothing to do, knew nobody, and was alone in the midst of his fame. The thought of the sunlit green of the parks drew him with a pleasing compulsion, and he dressed for the open air. The light seam of a scar which ran transversely from the right side of the forehead to the left cheek made his sun-burned face remarkable without greatly disfiguring it, and the frank blue gray of his eyes contrasted strongly with the dark hue of his skin. The slim figure of youth had set and broadened and thickened through a life of rare toil and purity, and a crisp, full beard and heavy moustache lent a manly dignity to his face. He was attired like any other British gentleman, but his costume offered the thinnest of disguises. The dullest eye might see in him the signs of wild travel and perilous adventure.

He was walking along the corridor, drawing a glove over one sunburned hand as he went, when a spare, bearded man threw a door open, and came out with so unguarded a vivacity that in half a second he and the great traveller were mingled in what looked like the fondest of embraces. "Oi beg your pardon," said the slight man, recovering the perpendicular, and bowing with an overflowing politeness. "I saw ye too late to save meself.'

"Hogan, old man," said the traveller. "Upon me word," returned the other, scrutinizing him, "ye have the advantage of

"I dare say I've changed. It's seven years since you pulled me out of the grave, Hogan. Take another look. Don't you

"Begad!" cried the doctor, "'tis Morton!" And there ensued a mighty handshaking. "Come into my room. Iv'e a consulting chamber here. I'd just got my morning's work over and was away to see my patients. But they can wait. 'Twas no wonder I did not know you. What a mass of a man ye've grown! What's your chest measurement now? Ye'll have a drink now, won't ye? Upon me soul, I'm delighted to meet ye. I've read your book. Why didn't ye tell me you were goin'? I'd have given a leg to be with ye. When I came to that adventure with the old Khan I though I'd die with laughing. What's your beverage? Put a name to it. Really, upon me soul now, I am delighted." The returned wanderer stood smiling down on him; holding both his hands, and every now and then giving them a solid

when I think about it. Twas the gunshot practice did it all. Oi was staying with a friend in the country, and as good luck would have it a burglar put a load o' lead into Sir Miles Sinclair. D'ye know 'im? A foine eld English gentleman, one of the olden toime. Ball traversed the shoulder, and lodged behind the shoulder-blade. I whipped it out with a pen-knife. Simplest operation in the world. Sir Miles swore I was the Napoleon of surgery, and called me in a month later to attend her ladyship. I've half the aristocracy now, and no word of a lie about it. The very minute I ran into ye I was off to see Lady McCorquodale, sister of Lord Hounes, and the daughter of the Earl of Bridgebourne. She's stayin' at his lordship's house in Eccleston Square, and my broom's waiting at the door

The distinguished traveller's heart leapt uestions, but gave no sign.

"Her leedyship was speakin' about ye,"
Bogan pursued, "only yesterday. Ye're the talk of London. I told her that I'd sitting-room at noon next day. We're due already, but I've been kept waiting by a contient."

ing rather joylessly. "Perhaps I have been out of society so long that I might be a little ill at ease and un-at-home in it." "That's trew too," said Hogan gravely, and rang the bell. "We'll have just a pint of Monopole and a touch of angostura. "Me is Now ye can't refuse me. I prescribe it. I know your constitution from of old, and I know what's good for ye. You won't think me shabby in ordering a point?" is an excellent thing of a morning, but a quart's too much. There's always duns and old chums, and that sort o' people, wantin' money of me, and if I had my share of a full bottle I'd be too generous." The wanderer drank his wine sadly, though he made no show of sadness. He would have liked to question Hogan about Lady McCorquodale and her household, but he was unused to pretences, and before he had found a subterfuge the small bottle was empty, and the doctor was on

his feet prepared to go.

"Ye'll dine with me to-noight?" said
Hogan. "Won't ye now? We'll have a talk about old times, and I'll beat up one or two of the old boys. Seven sharp.

Don't fail me now. Ye'll come, won't ye?" "Let us dine alone to-night, Hogan," said the traveller. "We shall have plenty

It was agreed to, and they parted. The distinguished wanderer sauntered into the park, thinking of conversational devices by grew at that moment. means of which he might lure on Hogan to self that he knew much of the great world shortsightedly at the visitor. ef human nature. He had elected to immure himself in savage solitudes, and Lady McCorquodale began to question had given himself but little opportunity for tudy of the human heart. He was faithful to his old remembrances, but questioning himself he found a reason for it. In long, lonely marches and companionless night bivouacs Inthia had been the constant com-

rade of his thoughts, and he had given her no rival. If he had mixed with the world things might have gone differently, and she had remained in it. Then again she had thought him dead this seven years. A girl of her position, her beauty and prospective wealth could never be without suitors, and he thought it strange that she had not married long ago. He dismissed, as a sort of coxcombry, the thought which would intrude itself, that she had been faithful to his memory all these years.

panied that gesture with a little deprecatory wave of both hands, which seemed to make light of the matter. "We are very sensible," her ladyship continued, "of the favor you do us in coming here. You knew poor Harry?"

The old lady's severe voice trembled. She had meant to put the question in her usual ceremonious fashion, and had introduced it solemly enough, but it touched her heart when it came. The handsome, wrong-headed, foolish lad was dead, and being

his memory all these years. He had so long since resigned her, and had so completely obliterated himself that these thoughts were pensive rather than these thoughts were pensive rather than these thoughts were pensive rather than painful. The boyish ardor of desire had faded and he was contented to be alone. But none the less was she a saint to him, an object of worship, the embodiment of all that was true and pure and good and beau-tiful in womankind.

wiles, deliberately prepared, on Hogan.
"Poor young Wynne," he said, "was in love with your patient's ward, I fancy."
"And that's no wonder," Hogan answered, "though she could have been no more than a child when he knew her. She's not more than four-and-twenty now, and to my mind she's just the loveliest woman in

Hogan's companion knew nothing of that masterpiece of fiction, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, but without its guiding aid he recognised Beauty's Dog in Hogan, M.D. Beauty's Dog excites no jealousy in the mind of any lover, and when Hogan chanted Inthia's praises Harry Wynne listened in grave and tender assent. A crowd of Hogans might have worshipped her, and have awakened no sentiment except one of acquiescence in his mind.

that intelligence everywhere. was a feather of such exceptional brilliancy in his cap that it made an arrival and turned their backs upon him, and had left him to his own fatal devices. She thought piteously. "If they had only had been the members of all his house had turned their backs upon him, and had left him to his own fatal devices. She thought cap that it made que a personage of him. That distinguished Ronald Morton, after whom the whole of London was running in vain, was his own private and particular prey. Dukes and earls, duchesses and

prey. Dukes and earls, duchesses and ladies of inferior title smothered him with ladies of inferior title smothered him with invitations, and he declined them all to sit over a bottle of simple claret and a plain chop with an old chum.

"She's a fine stately old lady," continued Hogan, naturally unconscious of his hearer's superior knowledge of his theme, "and I suppose she's always been a bit inclined to be hard about the poor boy that ran away, but when she learned that I'd just come hot from the man that was shot down by the side of 'm, she got out her handkerchief.

side of 'm, she got out her handkerchief, the poor old dame, and wiped her glasses."

Hogan blew his nose and his eyelids grew a little red. "I tell ye," he said, defiantly, "I was affected, and when her ladyship his character."

"We caused," said Lord Lounes, in his dry-as-dust parliamentary tones, "we caused the strictest inquiry to be made into his way of life, and could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, which militated against his character." asked me to use my best influences to bring

you up to Lord Hounes's house to have a talk with her I promised I'd do my best." This was more than the returned exile had bargained for. There lay there a danger of detection, and he stammered "Unused to the society of ladies. What

should I do in a drawing-room?" "Me dear fellow !" cried Hogan. "What are ye talkin' about? Ye'd have all the girls at your feet, like a Sultan. Not that that matters, for ye're mightily changed since the old days at Tashkesen if ye've grown feather-headed. But now really ye can't refuse. Here's an old lady that wants news of the last days of her great-nephew, and a young one that wants to hear about her young sweetheart. Your own chum, too, Morton. You can't find it in your heart to say no. They live just as quiet as mice, and ye're bound to like them. Come up with me to-morrow morning when I pay my visit. Ye needn't stay twenty minutes, and ye'll be doing me a personal service."

It was so slight and natural a thing to ask, and so easy to accede to, that the wanderer was troubled. He took refuge in a social fib, and being unused to that sort of exercise, boggled over it wofully.

"Not to-morrow. I am too busy."

"Ah, well!" said Hearty Hogan, "there's no trouble about to-morrow. We'll go up the next day, and to-morrow I'll tell them that ye're coming."
"No, no," cried Harry. "Tell them nothing of the sort. I—I would rather not meet anybody whilst I'm in town. "What am I to tell them at all?" Hogan demanded. "That ye won't come and exchange a word with two ladies that loved an old comrade that was shot down at the side o' ye? It's not like ye, Morton!

Hogan had been so sure of his friend's consent beforehand that he had actually pledged himself to bring him, and had even indulged in some harmless flourishes about the intimacy of his friendship with the great traveller and his influence over him. so that the refusal was doubly a disappoint-

"I'll think of it," said Harry. "We'll speak of it later on. I don't like to refuse you, Hogan. Leave it there for a little When the two parted for the night Harry Wynne set a candle on either side his looking-glass, and, sitting down, stared steadily at his own reflection for a long time. He tried to call to memory the slim shoulders and the beardless ingenious face of youth, but he failed signally. He could not tell how far he had changed, but the scar, the tanned complexion, and the beard must, he thought, afford him an almost im-penetrable disguise. He pondered long as to whether he dare risk the experiment of a visit, and at the thought of meeting Inthia again his heart sounded a mad alarum. It had been steadier a hundred times when he had held his life in his hand, and had expected at every second to have it wrested it difficult too to sit by and give no sign from him. He went to bed half determined when a casual phrase informed him of pected at every second to have it wrested

secrecy. "I'm a world's wander to meself school for rapidity and firmness of decision. His vacillation worried him, and he told himself that he was growing effeminate in London, and began to long for his wilds again. Hogan, having once promised the famous traveller to Lady McCorquodale, was relentless in pursuit of his game. He was in and out of Wynne's chambers a dozen times a day, and at last he quite unwittingly

clinched the nail of argument. "It's no use going to-morrow," said Hogan, "because Miss Grey's going into Harry discovered precipitately that tomorrow was the one day in the year that would suit him. He felt that he could encounter Lord Hounes and Lady McCorquodale without fear of recognition, and with

no temptation to self-betrayal. The more he feared to meet Inthia the stronger grew at these familiar names. He longed to ask his desire, and the more he came to wish

I was ass enough to forget that she was poor young Wynne's great-aunt, and I spoke about the boy being killed in the same scrimmage. The old lady said nothing, but Miss Grey, that's a kind of niece to her, gave me a warning glance, and after that I had the good taste to hold my tongue, and to change the subject. Everybody says ye're hiding yourself. Why don't ye go into society?"

"I don't knew," said the traveller, laughing rather joylessly. "Perhaps I have mounted the innocent flight of steps before him. But he was in for the business now, and must needs stiffen his Great and timely wisdom is shown by

business now, and must needs stiffen his nerves and go through with it. Almost before he knew it, Hogan's voice, in oiliest suave medical tone, was introduc-"Me friend, Mr. Ronald Morton, the

world-famous Asiatic explorer, Lady Mc. Corquodale. Mr. Morton, Lord Hounes." Lord Hounes, dried and sour, and withered to an extraordinary degree, bowed with his own frosty dignity, and waved a hand towards a wonderful old figure in an June 2, 1866, assembled last Friday at armchair.

"My father, the Earl of Bridgebourne."
The Earl of Bridgebourne had never been a big man physically, but in the extreme old age to which he had lived he seemed to have shrunk away to nothing. The skin cluag tightly to his withered old temples as if it had grown too small for the skull. The toothless mouth fell in, and the nose and chin peaked beyond it, threatening to meet. Not a nerve or a muscle of his face seemed to have motion in it, and only his eyes were alive. They had grown amazing large and

The unknown visitor's heart fluttered with a sudden unexpected tenderness and pity. The stately old man had been kird of Gloucester, Ma to him when he was a lad, had patted his Liabilities \$50,000. head and advised him, and on two or three to talk about, and I don't care about a memorable occasions had tipped him a fivepound note. It was wonderful to himself to notice how near and keen and fresh the past from which he had severed himself

had not married Humphrey Frost and his looked softened, gentler, and less masculine. millions after all. He did not flatter him- She had taken to spectacles, and looked

"We understand from Dr. Hogan, Mr.

when it came. The handsome, wrong-headed, foolish lad was dead, and being night of peritonitis.

"Where did you first meet him," asked ber ladyship. "He went straight to the Byzance Hotel on the night of his arrival at Constantinople." He tried to avoid the lie direct, Dinner-time came, and he was punctual to the hour. He played his conversational wiles, deliberately prepared, on Hogan.

"Poor young Wynne," he said, "was in love with your patient's ward, I fancy."

"The tried to avoid the he direct, and hesitated from what his hearers took for shyness or long disuse of social habit. "We met there for an hour or two," he went on, forced to admit the situation frankly. I believe he joined the Polish

"We heard," said her ladyship, inter-rupting him, "some confused story of his having saved an Englishman's life from the Circassians. Did you know of that?"
"It was Ronald Morton's life he saved." The quaint form passed with the rest of

the stranger's oddities.

"Your life?" cried the old lady, trembling. "He risked his own?"

"I am sure," said the pretended Morton, shrugging his shoulders with an incomprehensible modesty, "that he never thought Corner Water and St. John Streets, "He was brave," said the old lady. Her

"I wasn't braggin'," said Hogan, "but I mentioned to her ladyship that I'd met ye this morning, and that you were going to dine with me this evening."

The excellent Hogan had indeed carried

"He was brave," said the old lady. Her tremulous lips told more and more of pride and affection, and perhaps something of repentance. Harry had been very young when the members of all his house had turned their backs upon him, and had left more generous!"

"Did he often speak to you of home?"

Lord Hounes asked drily, "and of his own

affairs?" "I knew his reasons for leaving England. You must let me speak of this. I am per-suaded—I know it as well as I know that I am sitting here—that he meant honorably all along, that rogues took advantage of his inexperience of the world, and gulled him.' "I have always said so," the old earl broke in with shrill and wavering pipe. "I have always said so. His Uncle Percy maintained it to the day of his death. The

boy was duped by rogues."

"We caused," said Lord Lounes, in his dry-as-dust parliamentary tones, "we caused the strictest inquiry to be made into his way of life, and could discover nothing, "If he could have guessed," said the visitor, "that his family would have taken so

much care to do him justice he would have stayed, and faced the hollow charge against him. An able counsel could have blown it to the winds in a minute." "If I had not been certain," said the old earl in his trembling falsetto, "if I had not been certain of the boy's honor I would never have paid the debts he left behind

The visitor looked up, with a glance at once keen and troubled. There was a momentary hoarseness in his tone as he re-"I wish poor Wynne could have known. It lay upon his mind like lead." "He seems to have made you his confi-

dant," said Lady McCorquodale. "I do not think," Harry answered, "that he had a secret from me. A ring of the outer bell and the opening of the outer door had passed unnoticed, but at this instant a figure entered the room and brought him unconsciously to his

"Inthia!" cried the old lady. "I thought you were forty miles away.' "Roberts was mistaken as to the time of the train," she answered. "We were twenty minutes late. I called on Lady Mabel as I drove home. "This is Mr. Morton, my dear," said Lady McCorquodale. "The great traveller in Asia, whose book you have been reading.

Mr. Morton was with poor Harry when he died. My neice, Miss Grey, Mr. Mor-The girl looked gravely and sweetly up at him, and their eyes met. In a second-in less than a second, in a flash of time-her calm expression changed to one of unutter-able bewilderment. She had no eyes for the man who actually stood before her. bearded, massive, sun-burned, and scarred. The face that met her gaze was Harry's as she had seen him last. It was like a light. ning flash for suddenness, and was gone as soon as there. The two stood eyeing each other strangely, and Lady McCorquodale, rising rapidly, took Inthia by the hand.
"Sit down, dear," she said tenderly,

and whispered in a swift aside, "I startled "No," said Inthia's eyes. She was herself again, but wondering still at the vision she had seen. "My great-grandson," said the earl, "died like an Englishman, Mr. Morton." The whole interview had weighed upon him from the first, and now that Inthia was here he felt it intolerable. He thought he had come with a pardonable pretence, but now he felt as if he were steeped in in-

famy. He could not speak without evading lies. If he had found the people of his blood as he had supposed he left them, cruelly indifferent and cold, his position would have been easier. But it hit him hard to know that they had been sensitive of his honor, and that in spite of appear-ances they had believed in him. He found "You're looking prosperous, Hogan."

"Pros'prous, me boy," returned the doctor, in a whisper of almost awe-stricken fancies. His life of late had been a rare fancies. His life of late had been a rare fancies. The colonel had been like a father to him. The colonel had been like a father to him. and had stood next in his heart to Inthia. He had a purpose in mind, and could not yet afford to betray himself. He felt that ne must harden his heart, as Joseph had done before his brethren thousands of years

> gone out and wept. (To be Continued.)

ago, though like Joseph he would fain have

Headache and Constipation vanish when Burdock pills are the country, and 'tis she I specially want to used. They cure where others

General News and Notes.

At Samia last Friday the London conference passed emphatic resolutions condemning the Sunday opening of the Chicago World's fair.

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MANY symptoms of Canadian cholera are similar to these of the real Asiatic Lady McCorquodale's hair was white, cholera, such as vomiting, purging, intense talk of his patient and her companion.

In this was Miss Grey still, it seemed, and less majestic than of old. He thought she looked softened contler and less majestic than of old. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a safe and sure specific. Price 35 cents at health when the exist where kidneys are Dodd's K'dney

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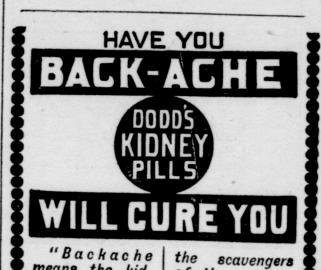
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Containing: - Latest Spring Styles and Patterns, in Dress Goods, prints satins, silks, carpets, rugs, 1 to 4 yds. wide, floor oil cloth, window hangings, general household goods and spring novelties.

Every department is full with the latest products of the great centres of trade-London, Paris and New York-where cash cuts prices, styles are created and inventive conceit feels the fickle pulse of

Received from London, England, and New York, 569 doz. gents scarfs, ties, bows and four-in-hands.

Received direct from Paris and Grenoble, France, 734 doz. ladies and gents' Lisle thread, silk and Perrin's kid gloves every pair guaran-Received from Boston, 37 cases men's and youths' fur, felt, hard

Received direct from Canadian Mills, 141 cases and bales cotton goods, woolens and general domestic staples, all personally selected for our trade and now offered at close cash prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. CREACHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM 2nd March, 1893.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER WINTER	1892 & 93.
ON and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. I'Railway, daily (Sundays' excepted) as foll	AY, OCT. 17th, unt further notice, 'trains will rup on the above 'excepted) as follows: Ind Fredericton. FOR CHATHAM. (read up) Accom'n. 10 5 20 10 1 5 5 20 10 1 1 30 p. m. Arrive Chatham, 10 25 10 10 35 10 10 25 10 10 25 10 10 25 10 10 25 10 10 25 10 10 25 10 10 26 11 10 25 11 10
Between Chatham and Frederic	ton. Connecting with the I. C. R.
FOR F'TON. FOR CHAT	
(read down) (read up	EXPRESS. MIXED
	Arrive Chatham Junc., 9.55 " 2.30 "
9 10 a. m	Arrive Chatham, 10.25 3.05 "
12 25 p. m Doaktown,	p.m. GOING SOUTH
2 40	Leave Chatham, 3.50 a m 10.40 a. m Arrive Chatham June n. 4.15 " 11.10

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmstord, Frey Rapi'ls, Upper Blackville, Blissfield McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Passengers with through tickets to points on the I. C. R. can go in to Chatham and return to meet next Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings

but not Monday mornings.

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY C.P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley. Allfreight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge. J. B. SNO WBALL, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892---WINTER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, October 17, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows : WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted) - Accommodation for Moncton and St. John, Accommodation for Campbellton, Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 26, 1892. Chatham Foundry, CHATHAM

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty-for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Babbit Metal, etc. Machinery. Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms. T. F. GILLESPIE. - -Proprietor.

HALIFAX JAMES A. MORRISON, COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT.

TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES. ----AGENT FOR----DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOES, W I., &C. &C. Reference:-Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia

SFECIALTIES:

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. without sewer- "The above Dunlap, McKim & Downs,

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

the prices are right.

WALLACE, N. S.

AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE& CO. MERCHANT TAYLORS.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS. AMHERST, N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Ci oths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employ ed 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

W. T. HARRIS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER,

CHATHAM, N. B., IS OFFERING AT LOWEST CASH PRICES:-

BRAN, SHORTS, HEAVY FEED, OATS, BARLEY, BEANS, SEEEDS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEEF, HAMS, BACON, BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, LARD, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, RAISINS, CURRANTS, RICE, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, SPICES, VINEGARS, PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, BISCUITS,

FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL,

SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, MATCHES, PARAFINE, PAINT, AND MACHINE OILS, TURPENTINES, LINIMENTS, 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

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 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

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 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 Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Nervous Chills, Paralysis,

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,

Catarrh of the Lungs, Nervousness of Old Age, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhea, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Failing Health,

All these and many other complaints cared by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

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 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 de-To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my 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 sur- good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever prised 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 few bottles of it has cured me completely. I

not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. Harder, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co. consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a dicted with St. Vitus' bance 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.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \}ss: 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.

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 even because the place of freshness and health and the product of the state. 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.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Coffee Grown.

Kerr & Robertson,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

BOTTOM PRICES.

PROMPT SHIPMENT.