THE VIOLET.

Once, when dissolved was winter's snow,
A violet in doubt
Looked timidly about;
Then, feeling vernal breezes blow,
She ventured out.

"Ah! Spring has come at last," said she;
"No more in earth encased,
I soon shall be embraced
By some stray April wind, and he
My lips shall taste."

Woe's me; Old Boreas from the north
Came roaring coldly by;
I heard a piteous cry—
The violet that had ventured forth
Came but to die.

A BEAR'S PRISONER.

Midway between Madison River and the headwaters of the Yellowstone, along a broad but broken wagon trail, which wound through a dense forest, or jungle, and each succeeding mile of which seemed to grow more rugged and uneven, we were slowly pursuing our way to the northwest.

"We" comprised a small party of young hunters and explorers, three heavy road wagons, and as many teams of mules. I, being the guide, occupied the foremost vehicle, together with our captain, Bob Rolane.

The latter was now driving, while I was seated in the rear part of the wagon, and as it lacked but a short while until nightfall, was somewhat anxiously watching for a suicide camping place, or some marks or signs which would indicate the presence of water.

We traveled a mile further, however, without even passing a mud-hole, and as we had now crossed the bottom where I had expected to find the desired beverage, but which was now as dry as the Desert of Sahara, I began to grow decidedly uneasy. Finally, I determined to scout along a narrow, deep ravine, which I knew of about a quarter of a mile east of us, and which ran almost parallel with our line of march.

Accordingly, after telling Bob of my intention, I shouldered "Old Reliable," a long-barreled gun of the latest improved pattern, and sallied forth.

Although I had been over the ground before, it was with no little difficulty that I picked my way through the underbrush, and when, after half an hour's dodging and turning, I came to a narrow gully, which I knew led down into the ravine, I was greatly relieved, to say the least. Dropping into the gully, which I found grew deeper as I advanced, I cautiously descended; cautiously because at places where the earth would meet at considerable distance over my head, it was so dark I was unable to see distinctly, and had I stepped boldly forward, it was probable at any time I would tread on nothingness, and fall to an unknown depth, which calamity I desired to avoid if possible.

But in spite of all my care, I was destined to come to grief. I had just entered one of the dark places mentioned, when I was suddenly forced to a halt by my path abruptly terminating. Of course I knew it was only a "jump off," but just how far down it was to solid earth, I was unable to tell.

Stretching myself flat on the ground, I felt downward with my rifle, and was thus engaged when I felt something else. It was the earth giving away beneath me, and my heart almost stood still when I realized that I was slowly going down! I dropped my rifle and clutched wildly in every direction, but my hands met nothing but space. In a moment I struck the hard earth, having fallen only about six feet. I was wondering if I really was alive, when I discovered that my perambulations were not to end just then. As I turned over on my knees, I kept on turning, and was soon rolling down an angle of about thirty-five degrees. I closed my eyes, but that did not stop me, and I continued my revolutions for fifty feet or more, at last landing against something soft and yielding. For fully a minute I remained perfectly still, fearing even to open my eyes. Then I looked around and found that I was lying in a soft bed of sand in the bottom of the ravine.

Slightly bewildered, I arose to a sitting posture, and as I wasn't killed, considered myself a lucky fellow; but when my eyes fell upon Old Reliable, lying half burried in the sand near the mouth of the gully, the thought came to me that I was indeed fortunate.

The rifle had simply descended in the same manner I had. I seized the gun with almost brotherly affection and arose to my feet, in order to more readily form an inventory of my injuries. But I found I was none the worse for my rough experience, save a few slight bruises and the shock to my nerves.

So, after pausing long enough to make sure of my bearings, I set out again at a swift pace, for the shadows of evening were rapidly gathering and if I found water before nightfall it must be within the next half hour. And if I didn't? A great lump arose in my throat as I thought of our poor, faithful mules. We needed no water, having plenty in our canteens. It was our mules we were thinking of.

I traveled half a mile down the canyon, looking in every place where water could possibly be, but always finding nothing but dry sand and rocks, and was growing somewhat disheartened when I heard a sound, two sounds, which gladdened my whole heart.

Two rifle shots came echoing through the forest, the signal which my companions or myself were to give if by either water was discovered. Pointing my rifle heavenward I fired one shot, the answering signal, and immediately began to look around for some way or means by which I could get out of the canyon and join my friends. But I now saw what in my anxiety I had not noticed before, that it was not as easy to get out as it was to get in, for the sides of the canyon at this particular joint, although not over twenty feet high, were smooth and perpendicular, and formed almost entirely of solid rock.

However, I pushed on feeling confident that I would presently find a place where it would be an easy matter to climb up, or at least where the wall was of softer material, and I could get out by cutting footholds as I ascended.

But I searched a quarter of a mile further and found nothing on either side but the high, barren rock, and as it was now quite dark. I began to think that I would be compelled to remain all night in Bear Canyon, which, as its name indicates, was a kind of rendezvous for bruin, as well as many other four-footed animals. Such a thought was an unpleasant one, and like a fool I raised my rifle and emptied its contents in the air, with a view of conveying the information to my comrades that I was in some kind of a predicament. My rifle was now useless, and I had no ammunition about me.

Inwardly cursing my stupidity, I sat down to think. I knew in about two hours the moon would rise, and I could then continue my meanderings. I now regretted needlessly alarming my friends, for what could they do until the moon rose, and even then if they found me it was quite probable they would not be prepared to help me, for how could they know the kind of a scrape I was in?

Thus reflecting, I rolled over in the sand and—slept. I was awakened by the moon shining brightly in my face, and a peculiar tingling in my left arm. Mechanically, I turned my head, and every drop of blood in me seemed to turn to ice, for lying at full length across my arm was an enormous bear! At the same moment I heard the low whining of young cubs, and turning my eyes in that direction, found that the sounds came from a dark aperture in the canyon's side.

Then I realized that I had gone to sleep in front of the entrance to a bear's cave, which the darkness before had prevented me from detecting. It was evidently the mother of the cubs that now had me pinioned to the ground, she, although thinking me lifeless, deeming it prudent to remain outside as a guard for her young ones. Still, I knew it was a very uncommon occurrence for a bear to be so intimate with a dead man, and the fact that there are exceptions to all rules was my only explanation of the circumstance.

However, the question which held principal sway in my mind just then was how to escape from my peculiar but dangerous position. When I discovered that I was held down by a bear, my hair certainly did rise, and even as I turned my head to see from whence came those low whines, my lips parted to give vent to a cry, which, had it been uttered, would have been my death signal. But in a second's time it dawned upon me that by such a cry I would seal my own doom, and my lips closed quickly and tightly. So long as I was perfectly still I knew I was in little danger, and began to more calmly think over my situation. But suddenly that shaggy body became animated with life and arose to a standing position.

Then, for a moment, I felt a hot breath in my face, which caused my heart to almost cease to beat; but when I cautiously opened my eyes again, the bear was standing about twenty feet from me, her outline dimly revealed in the moonlight.

I immediately began stretching and doubling my arm, that it might regain some of its vigor, and had drawn a long breath preparatory to springing up and running for it, when I saw the bear, my eyes being constantly upon her, turn around and come slowly toward me. I had barely time to assume my former position before she was near enough to be able to note my movements. After a little nosing around my head, which indignity I submitted to very quietly, she deliberately threw herself across my arm, with her back toward me, as before.

To say that I was astonished at such unusual proceedings on the part of a bear would be expressing it in mild terms, indeed.

For five minutes she lay there, a dead weight on my arm, at the end of which time she slowly gathered herself up again and walked about twenty feet up the canyon and back.

I would have tried to escape then had I not thought of a better plan. I wanted to get away without the bear knowing it if possible, since to do so would preclude the possibility of immediate pursuit.

My idea of escape arose from the fact that while my body was on the sand my arm was resting on a wide, solid rock. I therefore concluded, when the bear was lying upon the rock, and I in the sand, with our bodies entirely separated, that a quiet movement on either's part could not very readily be felt by the other. So when the bear walked off the second time, I patiently waited until she returned, when, with nerve which I never before thought I possessed, I permitted her to again lie down beside me: not on my arm, however, but on the barrel of Old Reliable, which I had placed in the sleeve of my hunting jacket, after withdrawing my arm, I had also emptied the other sleeve and was now simply lying on my jacket and not in it.

For full two minutes I waited: two long, dragging minutes. Of course I was impatient. Who wouldn't be; alone with a bear as I was, and almost entirely unarmed. I had a knife to be sure, but I certainly had no desire to risk a hand to hand encounter with the bear, in which case I would probably only wound her, and thereby but double the fierceness of the battle. But all my reflections ceased when the slow, regular breathing of my big companion told me that she was resting comfortably; and with the caution which only a man in the presence of probable death can assume, I rolled off of my jacket and continued to turn noiselessly over and over for thirty feet or more.

Then I stood up, with a quiet chuckle of congratulation; but the next moment was running for dear life down the canyon, with the bear's nose almost brushing my heels. In some way she had discovered the trick I had been played upon her and was now evidently bent upon revenge. But how I did travel! I actually believe I covered a rod at every step; but the bear was always about three yards behind me. Although I now passed places where I could have easily climbed out of the canon, I had no desire to do so. My only object was to get as far away from the bear as possible. And I thought that the moment I attempted to climb up on either side I would feel the teeth of my pursuer in some part of my anatomy.

Away we went; over huge rocks as if they were pebbles, and I especially encountered all obstacles with little or no inconvenience. I was beginning to wonder how long the mad race was going to last, when upon turning a bend in the canyon a man suddenly confronted me.

"What's ailin' ye?" he demanded, and I recognized the voice of our captain.

"O Bob!" I yelled, as I passed him like the wind. "Shoot that——"

Bang!

Bob had comprehended the situation instantly, and a pair of fierce eyes, gleaming in the moonlight, affording an excellent target, the ball took effect in the centre of the bear's forehead.

"A good shot, Robert!" said Will Ward, stepping out from the shadow of the rocks, and I agreed with him.

The two boys had been searching for me, having left the others in charge of the camp.—Perry Quartz in the Detroit Free Press.

A Solemn Fact.

If a man is at church when the fire-bell rings he is more apt to think the fire may be in his house and rush home than when he is at a dollar entertainment.—Atchinson Globe.

MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset-lit,
Peaceful and wide its spaces lie,
And purple shores encompass it,
A little slender silver boat
Upon its bosom is afloat.

This craft unstayed by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar;
Through rosy ripples soft she glides,
Led by a single pilot star;
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowers.
And Love, and Hope, and Happiness,
Will aught of what she brings be ours?
Ah me! if we could only guess!
She rides elusive and remote,
This little slender silver boat.
—The Spectator.

AN ABORIGINE.

"Sally, you are a saint to help me out in this way. If I had not known your angelic disposition do you think I should have dared to send for you at the eleventh hour? Of course, it is that wretched Mrs. Parker who has given out."

"Of course. I knew it when your note came. Who has been suddenly carried off this time? Not the grandmother, I hope, for that poor woman has died on at least six different occasions this winter to my certain knowledge. Oh, Kate, what a blessed thing it is to have relations living out west! Well, here I am clothed and in my right mind, but I never dressed in such a hurry before. It was good practice in case of fire. Do you see any errors or omissions about my gay and festive attire?"

"No, it is charming—perfect as usual. I believe if you wore your gowns hind side before you would look better dressed than any woman in town, you witch! Now prepare for a treat. You are to be taken into dinner by a very distinguished person, Algernon Godwin, son of his father, who is a real live lord. He brought a letter to me. He has only been here two days, and this is his first taste of American society, so you will represent for him the typical American girl on her native soil."

"My dear, you are too good," Sally's blue eyes sparkled with fun. "Depend upon me. I will do justice to the role. Has the conquering hero come? In hasty survey of the room, as I came in, I didn't notice anything startlingly new."

"Here he is this moment. See, his godlike form advances. Oh, Sally, he is an Apollo. Look out for yourself. Good evening, Mr. Godwin. I was very sorry to miss your call yesterday. I shall not begin our acquaintance by asking what your impressions are of America, but by presenting you to Miss Emmet, who has undertaken to pilot you through an American dinner. She will remind you of Mrs. Micawber, I dare say, for, though her form is fragile, her grasp of a subject is inferior to none."

"Does that refer to a British subject, Miss Emmet?" said the honorable Algernon, glancing down from the altitude of a grenadier guard upon the self-possessed young woman beside him, and conscious of an entirely new sensation. Instead of being crushed at a blow into blushing confusion, she was smiling at him impersonally, apparently not a whit overcome by either his pedigree or his good looks.

"I cannot answer for that," returned she. "My experience with British subjects is very limited. I have only met one Englishman, and he was a peddler. He used to come to our house when I was a child, and when I saw his red waggon crawling up the hill I always flew down to the kitchen as fast as I could go, just to hear him drop his h's. He seemed to me the embodiment of English literature. I hope you drop your h's, Mr. Goldwin."

"Can't say I do, as a rule. You see, I'd no idea that sort of thing would be popular over here, or I'd have taken some lessons. It's considered most awfully bad form at home, don't you know?"

"O, is it really? We have always heard that the royal family never use an H when they could help it, but those stories will get about. Mrs. Wendell's butler puts on with an artless grace that has made her the envy of every woman in town. Did you notice him as you came in, by the way? Isn't he a dream? So English!"

Mr. Godwin laughed and offered his arm to his pretty partner, for the dream had at that moment announced in deliciously cockney accent that dinner was served.

"Do you know this is all so different from what I expected?" said he involuntarily. "Where is your local color? I might easily believe myself back in London except for a few trifling customs of your people."

"Local color? Ah, you mean the Indians, I suppose. Boston has become too civilized in the last few years to offer you much in that way. Did you expect that braves in war paint and feathers would come out in canoes to take you off the ship in the harbor?"

"Something like it, I confess. But I have not seen an Indian since I arrived. Where do the noble red men keep themselves?"

"O, when the electric cars were introduced they fled to the suburbs. Now, in Ponkapog, where I live—have you ever heard of Ponkapog?"

"Never. Is it near Tchickago?" His pronunciation of that celebrated city was so new and original that Miss Emmet glanced up from her little-neck clams admiringly, feeling obliged to own that a handsome guardsman in a Poole dress coat is a pleasing object to contemplate.

"I should like to see Ponkapog uncommonly. I dare say it is not at all like one of our English villages."

"Oh, not at all. At least, it is not like one of Anthony Trollope's. The wigwams would be sure to amuse you."

"Are there really wigwams?"

"Why, certainly! I live in one myself. Should you think I had Indian blood in my veins?

Her voice was low, as she made her confession with a sigh. "Shall you despise me if I tell you I am a down east Yankee!"

The son of his father felt a sudden chill at being brought into contact with anything so aboriginal. Yet she was as fair and sweet to see as a hothouse flower, with a skin as white as his own.

"I don't remember that Cooper speaks of that tribe at all," he said presently after an embarassed pause. "But I had no idea that the Indian races had become so highly civilized. Would you think me very rude if I ask whether or no they are all like you?"

"Well! You see, I have had exceptional advantages. My father is a medicine man, who made a corner in pork, and he sent me away to be educated. So I learned the paleface ways, but at heart I am a Yankee still. Oh, I have seen many a stirring time in Ponkapog, I assure you."

The honorable Algernon was lost in wonder. Nothing but admiration was possible in connection with that charming creature, full of refinement and intelligence. Her voice alone was a patent of good birth, gentle and carefully modulated. He had to admit that the honorable Misses Godwin, his sisters, descended from Edward the Confessor and, kept unspotted from the plebeian world, would have cut a pretty poor figure if set down beside the little squaw, who, according to her own account, had no better antecedent than a copper-colored savage daubed with gaudy clay.

"But I have understood," he said presently, determined to get as much information as possible in this interesting case, which was certainly quite as characteristic of American queerness as anything he could hope for, "I have understood that the Indians were comparatively quiet now and that there are so few in comparison with the whites that they realize the folly of opposition."

"True. You never hear of great general uprisings now, such as there were in the time of King Philip of the Narragansetts—peace be to his memory! But the Indians fight among themselves, and the warwhoop is still heard in the land. I have seen too dreadful work done with tomahawk and scalping knife even to mention them without a shudder," murmured Miss Sally, picking the truffles daintly out of her pate de foie gras.

"What, do you know any one who has been scalped?" Algy grew excited. Perhaps there was rarer sport in store than the buffalo hunting he had promised himself, especially after the depressing information of the cowboy he had met on the ship, to the effect that there was only one herd of buffaloes left in the west, and only one buffalo in that herd.

"Mercy, yes, indeed! Scores of people. Look at Mr. Wendell, across the table. Can't you see that he has on what they call a scratch? He is very sensitive about it, but when he knows you better he may tell you an interesting tale." (Poor old Mr. Wendell had a very bald head and a very young and pretty wife, hence the scratch). "And I myself, I was scalped when a child, so that I am forced to wear a wig."

Never was there such a successful wig before. Its bright chestnut curls and ripples would have deceived a hairdresser.

"By Jove," cried Mr. Godwin, "it's an uncommonly good imitation of the real thing."

"Yes," agreed Sally. "Paris, you know, the Rue de la Paix. I really don't mind at all, because I have them to match all my gowns, which gives me a great advantage over the other girls, and in summer, when the mercury boils over at the top of the thermometer, as it often does in this climate, I can take it off altogether and be delightfully cool and airy. I always say that I have as nearly as possible realized Sydney Smith's idea of taking off one's skin and sitting in one's bones. Besides, it is considered quite a mark of aristocracy here—like a strawberry mark on the right arm with you."

"It must have been very painful," mused Mr. Goldwin, "the scalping, I mean. I should like to hear how it happened, if you don't mind."

"I hardly know. I was not more than 3 years old at the time, a little papoose by my mother's side. We were picking up fagots in a wood when a band of Wampanoags fell upon us from an ambush and walked off with our scalps at their belts, shouting the battle cry of freedom. I have only a confused recollection of the fray, but my mother often speaks of it as the most unpleasant surprise of her life. But there! let us change the subject. I do not care to talk about those harrowing experiences. You must come out to Punkapog and see for yourself what aboriginal existence is like. My father will lend you a mustang and we can ride over to Chicago some afternoon to give you an idea of the prairies. Now tell me something about England. You are very intimately connected with Queen Victoria, I hear. What size shoes does she wear?"

"Number 11s," said Algy, with another of his jolly laughs, which to hear was to adore. "We are descended from Edward the Confessor."

Miss Emmet gasped.

"In my history," said she, "Edward the Confessor was a sort of monk and never married."

"Can it be possible! There, you see, is an instance of the way in which stories get perverted across the Atlantic. In England it is a matter of history that he had four wives—a good deal of a mormon, in fact. By the way, I should like to see a mormon."

"Next but one to you at this very table sits one in the flesh, Mr. Phillips. He has only two of his flock here tonight."

"Poor old chap! I'm sorry for him. Half a dozen sets of milliners' bills have apparently seamed his noble brow with care. I know what it is to have a crowd of women in a house."

"Have you six sisters? I believe every Englishman has."

"No."

"What a glorious exception to the general rule!"

"Glorious indeed, for I have nine."

"How dreadful! Are you appreciating this dish? It is our famous terrapin, imported from Baltimore for your benefit."

"Ah, yes! The terrapin is the bird of freedom. I remember that well. I like it. Its praises have not been too loudly sung."

At this point pretty little Mrs. Cartwright said:

"Have you been listening, Dick?" she murmured demurely.

"Yes, but I will never betray you. I should like to read his first letter home."

Sally shook her curls. "He has gleams of intelligence," she said, with a long-drawn sigh.

"You won't forget to come to Ponkapog," said she. "Mrs. Wendell has promised to bring you, and I will see if we cannot get up a war dance for your benefit. Good night. Give my love to Queen Victoria when you write."

And off she went. Half an hour later Hon. Mr. Godwin and the young man called Dick went out into the bright avenue together.

"I say," broke out the former, involuntarily, as they neared the public garden' "do you know that Miss Emmet at all?"

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"Is she a down-east Yankee?"

"She is, indeed, if there ever were one, but an uncommonly nice girl for all that. Here I must leave you. Don't forget you are to lunch with me at the club to-morrow at 2. Good night."

"Good night." Algy reached his hotel in a brown study, which no amount of brandy and soda could dispel, and while the midnight bells were ringing he got into bed, still shaking his head dubiously. "Most extraordinary!" said he.—Boston Herald.

Thorough digestibility and Nutritive value are two strong points in favor of Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites.

General News and Notes.

The funeral of Gen. Beauregard at New Orleans on Thursday was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in that city.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY:—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Fallen & Son.

Prayers against the home rule bill have been offered in all the protestant churches of the diocese of Down in Ulster.

A Cure For Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such disease as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with best results.

The Italian chamber has rejected a proposition by Signor Agnini to submit the Rome bank scandals to a parliamentary investigation.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer

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

Algoverment bill taking steps towards the ultimate disestablishment of the Welsh church has been adopted in the British commons by a vote of 301 to 245.

For Sprains And Bruises.

No other remedy cures sprains, bruises, cuts, wounds, chilblains, sore throat, rheumatism etc., so promptly as Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is an old standard remedy that has given perfect satisfaction for 30 years.

Friends of the Hawaiian annexation treaty are losing hope that it will become law during the present session of congress.

A Valuable Hint

When you are attacked by cough or cold do not delay, but commence at once to use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. This old standard remedy removes all irritation, loosens the phlegm, and heals the mucous surfaces, curing coughs and colds of all kinds.

An Ottawa despatch says: Mr. Maclean gives notice of a resolution to the effect that with the object of encouraging the use of native products a nickel coinage should be substituted for the present copper coinage.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Fallen & Son

The Dominion Government sold $1,775 worth of Sable Island ponies last year and cranberries, seal oil and calf skins brought the sale of the isle of sand product up to $2,354. The exp uses amounted to $240 ,20.

A Cure for Headache.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood dyspepsia or liver complaint. It is naturally the must successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

Kill the Worms or they will kill your child, Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm killer.

NERVE BEANS NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in—

CHATHAM BY J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

F. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq
CHATHAM - - N. B.
All Kinds of Cloths,
Suits or single Garments.
Inspection of which is respectfully invited.
F. O. PETTERSON.

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
ETC ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM N B

G. B. FRASER,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Warren C. Winslow.
BARRISTER
—AND—
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Solicitor of Bank of Montreal,
CHATHAM N. B

Salary and expenses weekly from start. Liberal commission to local part-time agents. Permanent position. Good chance for advancement. Exclusive territory. Largest growers of Nursery stock in Canada, and only growers in both Canada and United States. Clean, hardy stock true to name, and fair treatment guaranteed. No substitution in our orders. No competition from other houses, on account of low prices and peculiar advantages. We can interest any one not earning $75 per month and expenses. Don't hesitate because of previous failures in this or other lines. We can make you a success. Outfit free. Address for particulars, BROWN BROS. CO., Continental Nurseries (This house is reliable.) TORONTO, ONT.

CANVASSER

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee

SEAL ESTABLISHED 1894 TRADE MARK

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

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

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

Miramichi Advance.

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1892, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Nineteenth Year of Publication!

The publisher continued the change in the terms on which the paper is furnished to Subscribers. These include

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

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

One Dollar a Year!

It is to be particularly understood that all outstanding subscription accounts due after November 10th, 1892, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., $2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE for two reasons.

The first is because many patrons who have been given credit, have abused the privilege to such an extent as to make the business of publishing the paper a non-paying one, and it is necessary, in my own interest and that of those who do pay, that I should no longer continue to furnish the ADVANCE to those non-paying subscribers.

The second reason is that I wish to meet the competition of the city weeklies, which are made up from the type of the dailies and, therefore, cost little for production in comparison with a local paper like the ADVANCE, the type of which must be set up especially for it.

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

D G. SMITH, PUBLISHER.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

WINTER 1892 & 93

ON and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 17th, unt further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays' excepted) as follows:

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For F'ton. (read down) Accom'n.		For Chatham. (read up) Accom'n.
9 10 a. m.	Chatham	5 20
9 45	Chatham Jct	4 55
10 45	Blackville	3 40
12 25 p. m.	Doaktown	2 20
1 20	Boiestown	1 30 p. m.
2 40	Cross Creek	11 55
4 00	Marysville	10 35
4 10	Gibson	10 25
4 15	Fredericton Lv.	10 20 a. m.

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9 30 p. m.	2 00 p m
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.55 "	2.30 "
Leave " "	10.00 "	2.40 "
Arrive Chatham,	10.25 "	3.05 "

GOING SOUTH

	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	3.50 a m	10.40 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.15 "	11 10 "
Leave " "	4.22 "	11.15 "
Arrive Chatham	4.47 "	11.45 "

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station- Nelson, Derby, Siding Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, 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 train free of charge.

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 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 on the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge.

J. G. SNOWBALL, 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)	4.21
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.15
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	22.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct 26, 1892.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

K. & R. AXES,
MADE WITH "FIRTH'S" BEST AXLE STEEL,
ESPECIALLY FOR US.
EXTRACT FROM A NOVA SCOTIA CUSTOMER'S LETTER.
"The K. & R. Axes are giving good satisfaction and as I will be buying quite a quantity, I would like you to limit their sale to me in this locality, as they suit my trade."
NONE BETTER.
KERR & ROBERTSON,
WHOLESALE HARDWARE.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF
ANTI-DANDRUFF
GUARANTEED
D. L. CAVEN.
Toronto, Travelling Passenger Agent, C. P. R., Says: Anti-Dandruff is a perfect remover of Dandruff—its action is marvellous—in my own case a few applications not only thoroughly removed excessive dandruff accumulation but stopped falling of the hair, made it soft and pliable and promoted a visible growth.
Restores Fading hair to its original color.
Stops falling of hair.
Keeps the Scalp clean.
Makes hair soft and Pliable
Promotes Growth.

Chatham Foundry,
CHATHAM - - - - - N. B.
ESTABLISHED 1852.
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.
Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.
T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE OFFICE!

The best Equipped

and only Job Printing Office in New Brunswick outside of St John that has ever won both

Medal and Diploma

AT A

DOMINION EXHIBITION,

IN A

Competition open to the whole of Canada.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Amongst the work that our presses are running on are the following:—

BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
POSTERS,
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
REPORTS,
BYE-LAWS,
RULES OF ORDER,
BILL-HEADS,
CUSTOMS FORMS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
SCHOOL FORMS,
VISITING CARDS,
STOCK CERTIFICATES,
PROFESSIONAL CARDS,
TICKETS.
NOTE-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
ORDERS,
DRAFTS,
NOTES.
FISH INVOICES,
RAILWAY FORMS
FISH RECEIPTS,
LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS,
SCALERS' CARDS,
MAGISTRATES BLANKS,
SUNDAY SCHOOL CATALOGUES,
SAW BLANKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

WE KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF

READY-PRINTED BLANKS,

Which we mail prepaid or deliver promptly on receipt of orders Amongst these are the following:—

CUSTOMS BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 125
For Duty,	20 cts.	75 cts.	$1 25
Free Entry,	15	60	1 00
Free for Fisheries, (Nets, etc.,)	15	60	1 00
For Warehouse,	20	75	1 00
For Duty ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Free ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Report Outwards,	15	60	1 00
Report Inwards,	15	60	1 00
Entry Outwards	15	60	1 00
Warrant for Delivery,	10	35	60
Locker's Receiving Order,	10	35	60
Locker's Delivering Order,	10	35	60

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Justice's Letter to Debtor	10 cts.	35 cts.	$ 60
Summons to Defendant,	10	35	60
Summons to Witness,	10	35	60
Summons to Debtor,	10	35	60
Warrant for Defendant,	10	35	60
Warrant for Witness,	10	35	60
Execution for Debt,	10	35	60
Execution for Poor and Co. Rates,	10	35	60
Execution for Road Taxes,	10	35	60
Execution for School Rates,	10	35	60
Venire,	10	35	60
Subpœna,	10	35	60
Affidavit for Capais,	10	35	60
Capais,	10	35	60
Return (to Council) of Sum. Convictions,			5 cts. each

LAW FORMS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Supreme Court Bail Bond,	15 cts.	50 cts.	$1 00
" " Execution,	15	50	1 00
" " Writ,	15	50	1 00
" " Affidavit of Service,	15	50	1 00
County Court Bail Bond,	15	50	1 00
" " Execution,	15	50	1 00
" " Writ of Capais,	40	1 50	2 50
" " Writ of Summons,	40	1 50	2 50
" " Subpœna,	10	35	60
" " Appearance,	10	35	60
" " Notice of Trial,	10	35	60
" " Affidavit of Personal Service,	10	35	60
" " " " House Service,	10	35	60
Confession of Judgment,	10	35	60
Jury Summonses,	10	35	60

SCHOOL FORMS.

Teacher's Agreement,	5cts. per set
District Assessment List,	5 cts. each
School rate bills in books of 25, 50, and 100	60cts. per 100

SHIPPERS' BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100.
Railway Receipts,	10 cts.	35 cts.	$ 60
Invoice of Merchandise,	10	35	60
Invoice of Fish (all Rail)	10	35	60
Invoice of Fish (Rail and Steamer)	10	35	60
Wood Cargo Charter,	50	2 00	
Bills of Lading,	15	40	75

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Bank Notary's Protest,	40c.	$1 50	$2 50
Mortgage, (with Ins. Clause,)	50	1 50	2 50
Mortgage, (without Ins. Clause,)	50	1 50	2 50
Deed,	50	1 50	2 50
Lease,	50	1 50	2 50
Bond,	40	1 50	2 50
Bond for Public Officer,	40	1 50	2 50
Bill of Sale,	50	1 50	2 60
Road Surveyor's Notice,	10	35	50
Drafts in books of 25, 50 and 100,			60 cts.