BUSY SPRING Such a flurry, such a scurry,
Such a hurry in the trees;
Such a whirring and a stirring,
Birds as brisk as busy bees;
Nests are building, 'tis important,
If you please!

Such a tripping, such a skipping,
Such a slipping o'er the stones;
Such a flashing and a dashing,
Such a melody of tones;
Brooks are hasting to the ocean,
Where it moans,

So much learning, so much earning, So much tracing mete and bound; So much telling, counting, spelling, Till the dizzy head turns round;
Patience, child, it is important;
So is knowledge found.

A DIVIDED CONQUEST.

"Of course it is," said Ingram, readjusting the chrysanthemum in his buttonhole; "there never was such an independent age
as this, and probably never will be again.
But the point I make, and the one which
I am prepared to cling to like grim death,
is that independence does not make a woman the least bit more charming."

"That is for you men to say, certainly,"
returned the pretty girl on the other side
of the room, with a decisive snip of her
scissors as she trimmed a dying leaf off one
of the geraniums in the windows, "for, of
course, we cannot judge for ourselves. But I never knew a girl who became really independent to lose one iota of the fascination she first had, no matter how charming she was at first; and even you won't deny that independence adds greatly to our stock of common sense and worldly

"Undoubtedly, but the man doesn't want to come home to his 'woman folk' feeling he has to keep his brightest wits about him unless he wants to be picked up every word he says, or to be reminded that his sister or his wife really owe him very little. It gives a man the pleasantest feeling in the world to think that someone is dependent upon him all the time, he feels a responsibility which would otherwise be absent. What he wants and what he usually marries for is a place where he may find sympathy and love, and nothing much

"What an intellectual household you must have in mind!" she cried. "Why, would you drive us back to the mental slavery we once endured—to be mere pup-pets with simpering manners and pretty faces?"

"We would," answered Ingram, "if we could thereby rid the world of this overdeveloped idea of the eternal and complete independence of womankind. It is right and proper for you girls to know how to turn an honest penny in case the necessity presents itself, but when it comes to earning your own livings whether it is necessary or not, when you go out into the mer-cantile world and mingle with the coarser elements of it as you have to do, it brings you to the level of the men who constitute that element, and the inevitable result is that women are not and cannot be looked

up to as they once were."
Miss Lovelace turned on him with a scornful little motion, and he hastened to add, "I am quite aware that my ideas are very old fashioned and not to be given an 'independent' thought, but they are none the less sincere.

"Then the only way, in your opinion, that we may obtain and hold the respect of mankind is to return to the blankmindedness of our great-grandmothers— to the clinging vine about the towering oak idea, as it were? How unreasonable of you, Mr. Ingram! A man of such otherwise progressive ideas should certainly be more liberal and advanced upon the subject of the rights of women."
"If it goes much further," he answered,

laughing and quite ignoring the compliment upon himself, "the cry will change to that of 'Men's rights.' From the manner in which the girls are filling the places formerly occupied by men_____"
"There! I knew we would come to the meaning of it all soon. The truth is you fear of 'Othello's occupation,' do you not?

Is this not the reason why you are so severe upon the 'weak women' who desire to live and to earn that living?" Ingram colored angrily. "It is quite plain you do not choose to understand me," he said shortly. "I think you will in the end, however. "Please do not be offended," she beg

ged, as they moved toward the door. "Yes," he answered. "Is there anything I can do for you down street? On are we too independent even to send men on errands of importance?"

"No-o, I suppose not, though man's memory wisually of man's life a thing apart—far apart," she said smiling. believe everything is ordered for the day, Ingram was looking down at her as she

"What a girl you are," he said, thoughtfully, and then before she realized what he was doing he had caught one slim and flower stained hand in his and kissed it gently. She turned upon him blushing angrily, but he was already out of the room. As he disappeared into the crowd upon the platform her anger and color, together with the independent air she was fond of putting on for his especial benefit, went away and she looked down at her hand for a moment in dreamy silence.
"What if he knew," she whispered,

"what if he knew!" All way downtown Ingram was silent and thoughtful, and before he reached the office he had gone over the little conversation and its abrupt end many times. He acknowledged he had rather surprised himself at what he had done. He had wanted to speak as he had done just now for many months past, for what man who cares for a woman likes to see her drifting away from him, whatever the cause? He thoroughly expected to come home, almost any night and find she had accepted a position with some lawyer as a stenographer or typewriter or both. He thanked heaven, at least once a day, that she was of good blood and family, however reduced in circumstances they might be-her mother had a small pension, and he roomed there and he hoped and prayed that she would resist this ultra independent temptation long enough for him to get upon his feet financially and ask her to marry him. He nodded briskly to the men about the counting room and hurried up to his

upon the Investigator, and he was well ination in geology to secure an appointknown and thoroughly liked by every attache of the place. As he dropped into his chair and began to sort the mass of manuscript which had accumulated from the night mails-he was nominally the literature editor—a small boy hurled to last about two months. himself into the office with that reckless abandon known only to a printer's devil, and laid a handful of proofs beside him. "Mr. Forster says please correct that 'Fashion' galley right off, sir," he said, half way to the door again as he spoke, "he wants to run it on the second page today, and I'll be back for it in a minute," "Fashion's Foibles. Something About the Latest Styles in Woman's World," he

said, reading the headlines-which were separated at the bottom of the column from the other matter by a wide black line, "and all written by Walter Ingram. It's a poor question that hasn't two sides—but what would she say if she knew?" It was several days before Ingram saw her again for any length of time, for during the evenings she was either out—at the theatre or some other social function-or else in her room, writing, her mother said. The second day after their talk he had sold several large lots in a successful Southern boom town and the round sum he had realized from the sale had cheered him up greatly and had thrown some much needed light upon the path which he hoped was leading to the church doors. But now that there seemed to be no prospect of his finding the opportunity he sought to speak to her—an opportunity which he felt was his right—he asked her one morning at breakfast if she would witness a new opera that evening with him. She hesitated before answering, and he wondered for a moment what problem it was she seemed to be turning over in her quick mind; then she answered "Yes," and that night found them in his old seat at the National. Then

Ingram felt better. On the way home he had fully determined to tell her of his love, and he had even gone so far as to plan just what he would say, as we poor men are apt to do in the innocence of our first love affairs. What was his consternation, then, to find that

the conversation had drifted around to the old subject of discussion between them. "Do you not really think," she said, as they turned into the little gate and he began to search for a latchkey; "that it is mill down below them, they saw flames So Harry Adams visited the Grand Canfor us to assert a man is womanly when he has to-to sew a button on for in-

stance?" "Yes. But did you ever know a man to sew a button on for the mere amusement of the thing, or just because he wanted to

"It may be, as far as sewing goes," she said. laughing at his earnestness of mansaid, laughing at his earnestness of manner, 'but there are other things, where necessity doesn't enter into the question.

Mr. Clarke was telling me to-day of a man—he didn't say who—who writes the fashion page in one of the big daily papers in this very town. He makes his living by other newspaper work, but simply to add a little to his income he entrenches on a department of work that some woman must be much better fitted to do than he can ever be better fitted to do than he can ever be. Her place being taken, she is obliged to get what work she can and probably it is something which you would call a man's position. Where is a man's position, pray?

And what do you think of one who would

And what do you think of one who would do such a thing, Mr. Ingram?"

"Beneath contempt, Miss Lovelace. But I have a circumstance which quite equals yours," he continued. "I heard it just yesterday. Old Morely—you don't know him, I suppose—was on the Times for ten years as theatrical and musical critic; he was one of the best man they ever had but was one of the best men they ever had, but he made only a shabby-genteel living, though he was sober and as conscientious in his work as you can imagine. The other day some young woman came along and applied for his place, and, of course, the managing editor was as potter's clay in her 'independent' fingers, and inside of ten minutes the faithful servant of many years' standing was out of his position standing was out of his position.

man out of work?" stairs, and as Ingram came forward to her side a queer little feeling came into her heart and unconsciously she put her hand than ha

either, because you would not, and I-Marian, I love you!"

worthy of it, indeed I am not."

spise me—you said so—or at least you meant to say so—and I—you would never forgive me. I—" She stopped, and the next minute had sank down upon the stairs, and had buried her head in her arms. But as she did so he heard the end of her sentence: "I am a wicked women!" of her sentence: "I am a wicked woman!" Where "Big Tom" Rider had failed it The shadow of a smile flitted across his seemed useless for anyone else to try.

lips. "You?" he said. She nodded her head vigorously and began a trembling search for a dainty handkerchief to stay the tears. "This is terrible," he said, coming a step closer, and striving hard to suppress the laugh in his voice, "and it pains me to think how deceived I have been. But, still, it will hardly change my love for you, dear, because—I am the Fashion's Foibles

nantly at him through her tears. "I knew it all the time," she said, triumphantly, making way for him beside much on skill and knack.

The day following the Times' gray-haired old critic was peacefully reinstated in the place he had been so unceremoniously ejected from. The same day Miss Lovelace bought, with the last proceeds from her work a recently issued cook book. In the afternoon Ingram dropped into the managing editor's private office and, for a moment, found him at leisure. "Frank," said he, "I have a favor to ask of you. That fashion column is getting way beyond me, and I'd like to have you

turn it over to some woman, if you've no "No-guess not. I'll see about it." Then, as Ingram closed the door behind him: "I'll bet you \$10," said the managing editor to his blue pencil-a constant friend of his-"that he's going to be mar-

ried. Lordy, lordy, what won't these

women bring a man to?" EVERARD JACK APPLETON. Union of Two Famous Families. A marriage will take place in Rome that will interest the Italian aristocratic circles. It will unite the families of Trivalzio, of Milan, and Somaglia, of Rome. The former house dates back to the twelfth century. the Countess Somaglia is one of the Queen's ladies, and her daughter, the bride, a charming girl, is about twenty

To Relieve a Bee Sting. One who has been stung by bees a great deal puts the part stung in water as hot as can be borne for about ten minutes. It provents swelling.

Before the Bar Preferable. No criminal would object to the laws if he were only barred out. TWENTY TIMES A DAY.

> Twenty times a day, dear, Twenty times a day. Your mother thinks about you, At school, or else at play, She's busy in the kitchen, Or she's busy up the stair. But like a song her heart within Her love for you is there. There's just a little thing, dear.
> She wishes you to do, I'll wisper, 'tis a secret, Now mind, I tell it you. Twenty times a day dear,

And more, I've heard you say, "I'm coming in a minute,"
When you should at once obey. At once, as soldiers, instant At the motion of command: At once, as sailors, seeing The captain's warning hand. You could make the mother happy By minding in this way. Twenty times a day, dear,

Twenty times a day. A PLUCKY CLIMB.

"I am very sorry, Harry, but, as business is now, I can't afford you the trip." "I understand, father," replied Harry; "and under the circumstances I wouldn't want to go, even if you gave me the money." The young man spoke bravely enough, but a lump rose in his throat, and his lip trembled, though he was a full-

fledged college sophomore. Harry Adams had just returned from desk, next to that of the city editor's. For many years Ingram had held a position fortunate enough in a competitive examment as one of a party of ten that was to few words as his father Harry felt it was explore the Grand Canyon of Colorado in quite enough. search of fossils and other epecimens for the college museum. The party was to be in charge of Prof. Wilson, and the trip was a day or two later to see Harry. He want-The funds provided by the museum,

however, were insignificant, and it was understood that, wherever possible, the successful competitors were to pay their own expenses. This made an appointment seem rather an empty honor. But Prof. Wilson's reputation as a geologist, together with the glowing reports of expeditions by previous classes of the beauty of the scenery, the excellent hunting and the fun and excitement of "roughing it," so aroused the enthusiasm of the class that more than 50 students took the exami-

Harry had never been regarded as a scholar, but rather as a leader of athletics in his class. He had set his heart on the Western trip, however, and had devoted all his energies to securing an appointment, even going so far as to give up his exercise in the gymnasium. His success was a great surprise to those who did not know how hard and faithfully he had been

Now, however, his efforts seemed to have been all in vain. His father had met with severe business reverses, and Harry had the sense to see that even the comparatively small sum he would require would add to his father's embarrassment. As for the museum fund, even had he been disposed to take advantage of it, that had already been disposed of. With a heavy heart, therefore, Harry wrote to trip. Professor Wilson resigning his hard earned

On the Saturday after his return from college Mr. Adams and Harry took advantage of the half-holiday for an afternoon's fishing. Three miles from Law-rence, where Mr. Adams lived, was Penn's Mill, and Harry had heard reports of fine catches of pike above the dam. They secured a boat, rowed a short dis-

tance up stream, where, in the course of ter with the miller, but the latter was oban hour or two of good sport, they landed a fine mess of the big-mouthed, gamy fish.

Just as they were provided, gamy fish.

Just as they were provided gamy fish. Just as they were preparing to return they heard a loud shout and then a consider for the second to large that the young man was fusion of cries. Looking toward the big forced to keep it in spite of himself.

With all haste they rowed ashore and hard work with pickax, shovel, hammer hurried to the mill. By the time they ar- and chisel. rived the first floor was all ablaze, and the flames were spreading to the second. There had been an explosion of some kind,

from near by could only look on helplessly and watch the building burn. "Is everybody out?" asked Mr. Penn, the owner of the mill. He was congratulating himself on having recently insured his

property.
"All out," answered the foreman. "Every man accounted for." But there was another answer to the question.

"Papa! Papa! Come and take me down!" cried a child's scared voice. The mill was a high, four-story building. On the fourth floor, which was used as a loft, was a front door through which grain was taken as it was hoisted from the wagons below. The hoisting apparatus, which was rather old-fashioned, consisted of a rope and an arrangement of pulleys fast-ened to beams projecting from the roof.

In that upper doorway stood the mil-ler's only child, Freddie, a bright little fellow 3 or 4 years old. He had climbed into the loft on an exploring expedition, and after playing about for awhile had fallen asleep there. Now, suddenly awakenened, without knowing exactly what his danger was, he was thoroughly frightened and crying bitterly.

'My little Fritz! Oh, save him!" cried

Mr. Fenn. The frantic father would have rushed to certain death in the burning mill had he not been restrained by force. ininutes the faithful servant of many years' standing was out of his position.

"Did she really do that—drive an old man out of work?"

"Exactly."

She was standing at the foot of the ling, else the rope would have been restrained by force. There was but one way to save the boy, and that was by means of the hoist rope, which hung from the roof beams to the ground. The flames fortunately had been confined chiefly to the rear of the building, else the rope would have been

Freddy's voice had no sooner been heard heart and unconsciously she put her hand over it.

"I should be very sorry to have the woman I love do such a thing as that," he went on, lowering his voice and looking into her eyes steadfastly, "and would you blame me Marian? I know she would not either heaves you would not either heaves your would not either heaves your would not either heaves and most athletic hand in the mill. Seizing the rope, he began to draw himself up hand over hand.

But the man had not got twenty for above the ground before he found that "Hush!" she cried, slipping past him as he held out his arms to her. "You must not speak to me like that. I—I am not he raised his hand it covered a shorter distance, and after five or six feet more, "Why, Marian, what do you mean? Not worthy of my love?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes—no—oh, can't you understand? I am a wicked, hateful girl, and you de-

> Nevertheless, several others of the most active attempted the rope, but in each case without success. The fire meanwhile was making rapid headway, and puffs of smoke began to

come from the door where Freddie still stood, screaming at the top of his lungs. Now H rry Adams, both at his preparatory school and at college, had devoted a great deal of time to athletics. He had always taken part in the winter meetings in the gymnasium, and had competed success-She raised her head and looked indig- fully in the rope-climbing contests, a game which, though it seems to depend entirely on strength of muscle, depends quite as

Harry was among those who had rushed to the rope when Freddie's cry was first heard. While Tom Rider was making his attempt, he threw off his coat and shoes, satisfied from the clumsy manner in which the mill hand went about it that, no matter what his strength, he would never reach the fourth floor. When Rider came down Harry tried to get hold of the rope, but was shoved aside. It was not until all the others had failed that he got a chance.

Harry's heart misgave him somewhat as he estimated the distance he had to climb. He was not in condition, and besides, the length of rope on which he had practiced in the college gymnasium was but twentyfive feet, while the hoist rope was more than forty feet long. He started up, however, at an even pace

and the crowd saw at once from the smooth way in which he progressed and from the upward kick of both legs each time he raised himself, which relieved the arms for a moment of their weight, that he understood how to climb a rope. Harry also avoided the mistake which the other would be rescuers had made of trying to do nearly all the lifting with the upper hand. At each raise he distributed the weight as equally as possible on each arm.

The crowd, which had become almost breathless when it saw the scientific manner in which Harry began the ascent of the rope, gave a great cheer when he reached the point where Rider had been forced to give up. Harry, however, was tiring fast. His

lack of condition told against him. His arms felt heavy as lead, and an iron band seemed tighting around his chest. But the sight of the frightened little face, now but a few feet above him, nerved him to a desperate effort. In a few seconds more he had reached the door and swung him-

Then another great shout went up from the crowd. The rest was easy. First taking an empty flour bag in his hand, he lifted Freddie in his arms and told him to hold fast around his neck, an order which the choked his rescuer. Using the bag to protect his hands. Harry caught the rope. and, taking a twist in it with his foot, slipped swiftly and safely down upon the

shoulders of as many of the crowd as could gather under him. The heat by this time had become intense even in the front of the mill, and Harry and his burden had hardly reached the ground when the flames burst from the fourth story floor and set the rope

Mr. Penn's joy and gratitude knew no bounds. He kissed and hugged Fritz and Harry alternately, and then both together, and even Mr. Adams came in for a share of his demonstrations.

Harry, as soon as he could, escaped from his rather embarrassing position, and, with his father, returned to the boat, where they gathered up their fish and then drove

"Are you all right, Harry?" asked Mr. Adams, anxiously, as soon as they were "Didn't even raise a blister," answered

Harry, exhibiting the palms of his hands. "Well, I'm proud of you," said Mr. Adams, and that was the only praise Harry ever got from him. But from a man of so

Mr. Penn, who was an old acquaintance of the Adams family, drove into Lawrence ed to show his gratitude to the young man in some more practical manner than by words alone, but was at a loss to know how to go about it. He was relieved of his uncertainty in an unexpected manner.

While he was waiting in Mr. Adams' office Harry's youngest brother entered. "Harry ain't going out West, after all," began the youngster, after exchanging greetings with the visitor. Mr. Penn was surprised, for he knew Harry had secured an appointment. "Why not?" he asked "Oh, papa hasn't got enough money just

now," was the frank but rather startling answer, Mr. Penn changed the subject, but he had received an idea. "Harry, my boy," he said, placing his hands on the young man's shoulders as he entered the office, "I've come to thank you again for saving all I have held dear in the

atter all, except climbing a rope, and I'm used to doing that for fun. Poor Tom Rider is the fellow who suffered." "I've looked after him," said Mr. Penn. "Now, see here. I understand you are going West with the University expedi-I want you to let me give you that

It required a great deal of argument on Mr. Penn's part to persuade Harry to accept the offer. He "gave in," though, finally, after a talk with his father. That night he wrote to Prof. Wilson withdraw- Ladies Spring Jackets; Harry received a check from Mr. Penn next day for \$500, more than twice the amount he required. He at once drove out to the mill and tried to argue the matpouring from one of the windows on the yon, after all, and a jollier time he never had in his life in spite of a greet deal of

WALTER C DOHM. Paper Serpentines in Paris. and the men had barely escaped with their the Paris boulevards of the paper serpenbe independent of his wife or sister? Isn't lives. Saving anything was out of the it always a case of dire necessity?"

and the men had barely escaped with their lives. Saving anything was out of the question, and the mill hands and farmers at mid-Lent. The clearing away of these CHATHAM,

flimsy ripbous has injured the buds. Nothing can be prettier than a tree freshly covered with serpentines, particularly in a strong electric light. But after a few showers the effect becomes as ugly as it was lovely, and the trees look weather-stained

Wit of a Condemned Man. A French paper is responsible for the statement that an Italian criminal, condemned to death, was encouraged to make the necessary effort by the assurance of the judge that kings and popes must also die. "That is true," replied the afflicted gentleman, "but they are not hanged."

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"Why, of course not, Mr. Penn," answered Harry. "It really wasn't anything, past favors, I remain,"

JOSIE NOONAN, WATER STREET,

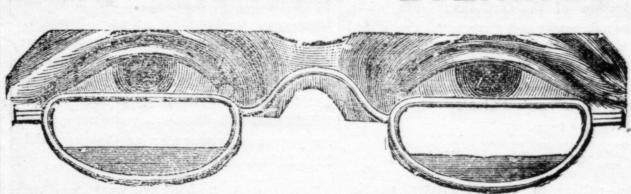
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AMHERST, N. S. N. S. This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trace. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has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

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

AND

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

general public. This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen

bottles of the remedy each year. IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness. Nervous Prostration, Debility of Old Age, Nervous Headache. Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Female Weakness, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Nervous Chills, Loss of Appetite, Paralysis, Frightful Dreams, Nervous Paroxysms and Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears. Nervous Choking, Weakness of Extremities and Hot Flashes, Fainting. Palpitation of the Heart.

Neuralgia,

Impure and Impoverished Blood, Mental Despondency, Boils and Carbuncles. Sleeplessness. Scrofula, St. Vitus' Dance, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Nervousness of Females, Consumption of the Lungs, Nervousness of Old Age. Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough. Pains in the Heart,

Pains in the Back, Chronic Diarrhoea, Failing Health, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants.

Liver Complaint,

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tomic. 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.: REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I says: "I had been in a distressed condition for have suffered for many years with a very serious three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the 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 stom- did in my life. I would ad-

ach and general nervots system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. JOHN T. MISH. State of Indiana,

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

Montgomery County, 88:

A third class female teacher for No. 5 school disdiscovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of N. N MOUNTAIN. 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: | Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana, 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 the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for ine 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."

through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely eured. 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 cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon: if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.