

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of the day.

MARBLE WORKS.

The subscriber has removed his works to the premises known as Golden Hill corner, Chatham, where he is prepared to execute orders for...

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Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Table-tops, Garden Vases, Etc., etc.

For Sale or To Let. The Dwelling House and premises situate on St. John Street, in the Town of Chatham, near the R. C. Chapel, lately occupied by H. S. Miller, Esq.

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 MERCHANTS FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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TIN SHOP.

As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, comprising Japanned, Stamped AND Plain Tinware,

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F. W. RUSSEL'S, BLACK BROOK. JUST RECEIVED. I have just received a large supply of PATENT MEDICINES.

TOILET SOAPS, HAIR BRUSHES, WHISKIES, TOOTH BRUSHES, SHAVING BRUSHES, TOILET POWDER, AND COMPLEXION POWDER.

A Fine Lot of Pipes and Cigars always on hand. Newcastle Drugg Store, E. LEE ST. STREET, Newcastle, Oct. 7, 1894.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 20. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 21, 1894.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance

Miramichi Advance, CHATHAM, N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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J. D. B. MACKENZIE.

During the last two years I have sent out a great many accounts for small amounts at considerable trouble as well as expense in the way of postage, etc., the greater number of which have not yet been settled.

On or Before the 1st July, next, as on that date all accounts remaining unsettled will be sued for without further notice.

I will be glad in the future as in the past to accommodate customers who do not find it convenient to pay for their medicine as they require it, but I must first insist that all outstanding debts be paid.

J. D. B. MACKENZIE.

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Cut out this coupon and forward, together with 10 cents to the Art Department of this paper, and you will receive one part of CANADA, as per number in upper right-hand corner, by mail, post-paid, or bring the coupon and 10 cents to this office and receive Portfolio.

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GRAND OPENING SALE!

Dress Goods, Household Goods Clothing & Spring Novelties. J. D. CREAGHAN.

Great Slughter of High Prices all along the Line. Axminster, Moquette, Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, Dutch, Jute and Hemp Carpets and Mattings, Linoleums, Crumb Cloths and Furniture Coverings, Window Hangings and Parlor Draperies, Moquette, Smyrna and Velvet pile Rugs, Mats & Squares.

The above high-class and stylish goods must be moved off. Housekeepers, this is the time and place. We offer you unprecedented advantages in price and quality. Come and see. The sight of such goods will delight and refresh you after the toil and worry of house-cleaning.

We are showing the latest shades and styles in Ladies' Dress Goods, Cloakings, Trimmings, Capes & Jackets

A special drive in New Prints and Challies. All wool French Challies 15c. to 25c. sold elsewhere at 30c. to 45c. per yard. Sweeping reductions are the order of the day and will strike every department of our immense stock at Chatham and Newcastle.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. J. D. CREAGHAN.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. JUNE 21, 1894.

JENNY'S GIRL.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Something had gone wrong—utterly wrong—with the gas pipes in Wheatstheaf Street, Whitechapel. The main had taken to leakage, or the pipes had suffered from too much hard work—like many of the denizens of Wheatstheaf Street itself, for that matter—and the narrow road was open from end to end.

The pavement—that there was of it—was still intact and open to pedestrians, and, indeed, the place at night was brighter and lighter than it had been known for years, being gay with lanterns placed at various dangerous corners and angles of the earthworks, to warn chance wayfarers from slipping off the footway into cavernous depths below.

There was a gas standard burning where the work had stopped for the day, and where a reckless disregard of the consumption was evinced by a ragged flame of fire a yard and a half in length—a blazing flag that lit the street till daybreak; and there was old Spurrway, to look after the gas, the lanterns with the red glass and the candles behind the red glass, the rusty lengths of old pipe, and the speak and span new pipes that were to replace the old, and which were cumbering the pavement just at present, over which those careless folks who never will look where they are going plunged now and then and kept old Spurrway lively.

For a back street there was plenty of life in it, too; shadowy figures of men and women were for ever flitting down it, some unnecessarily fast as if in dread of a 'run in,' or of being caught red-handed with somebody else's watch or handkerchief or breastpin in possession, figures of police, in uniform and out of uniform; boys and girls homeless, or turned out of home to make room for lodgers; honest people and dishonest, some living in Wheatstheaf Street itself, and bearing patiently, as a rule, all the difficulties of getting in or out at the street door; people up late or out early, men and women very hard up, and men and women very drunk and reeking with prosperity.

It was real February weather; cold and rainy and comfortless, with frost off and on—generally on in the small hours, when late wayfarers glanced wistfully at the bright fire burning in the rusty brazier, before which Mr. Spurrway, the watchman, warmed his hands, getting himself well warmed through in his most important parts before toddling back to his artfully constructed shelter works. A few folks might speak to him en passant but he did not always answer them and when he did it was after a fashion that did not encourage conversation. Conversation at that hour meant standing before his fire and intercepting the warmth, and taking up his time, and hindering him from dozing off a bit; but sometimes there were people who would not go away for good, and who were as much a part of the dark night as he was.

One was a child—a gawky girl of nine or ten years of age, who was evidently growing very rapidly out of everything she had on—and that wasn't much—a shoelace, stockingless girl, with a pinched dirty face that looked like a little old woman's, set back as it was in the recesses of a bonnet which had belonged to her mother. Between her and Mr. Spurrway words had been exchanged—on the first evening somewhat high words on Mr. Spurrway's part, as the young lady had coolly opened a lantern at the red candle, taken a lighted candle out, scraped off the melted tallow round the wick, 'sleeked' her hair with it, returned the candle to the lantern, and gone quietly down the street, deaf to all the strong language which had followed her till she turned the corner. On the second evening she appeared again, and Mr. Spurrway, boiling with indignation—which was not a bad sensation considering that there were six degrees of frost registered in Whitechapel that night—was prepared to pounce upon her this time and shake her, had she once more interfered with those properties of the Consolidated Eastern Gas Company over which he kept faithful watch and ward. But she went past in a hurry, with her big bonnet very much on the back of her head, and took no notice of him or his lanterns; she was absolutely running—skipping over mounds and gas pipes like a mad thing, and panting as she ran. Mr. Spurrway sat down again; he was an apathetic old gentleman and not easily surprised, and he wondered a little why she was carrying about in that wild fashion in Wheatstheaf Street at that hour. The next night she was brought to his mind again by passing on the opposite side of the way slowly and painfully. She seemed in a depressed condition of mind, and was very lame. He kept his eye upon her and his

lanterns, but he was doing her a gross injustice in suspecting her on this occasion of and felonious intention in the little matter of candle grease.

James Spurrway, though he would not have cared to confess it, had been asleep—dozing quietly at his post, and actually dreaming of his daughter Betty's cottage in the country—down at Elton in Hunts—a three-cornered little place, to which he journeyed once a year at Bank Holiday time, when trains were extra cheap—and he woke up with a jump and a shiver at finding this black shadow of a girl between him and the fire.

'Hullo, there! what are you up to now?' he asked roughly. The girl sprang aside in her turn but her foot down, turned round, and looked at him. 'It's all right, old un, she said. 'I was only havin' a bit of a warm afore starting off ag'ain. It don't hurt you, I s'pose?' 'Who said it did hurt me?' snapped Mr. Spurrway. 'I ain't a robbin' you of much, am I?'

'Not if you ain't been after them cardies again, you young hussy,' he said, suddenly remembering her first offence, and how deeply she had aggrieved him. 'I saw you a couple o' nights or so ago acollerin' my candle, didn't I?'

'Did you though? Well, you see, old un—' 'Don't you keep calling me old un,' said the caretaker, who was evidently punctilious on this point: 'you know better than that, I suppose.' 'I ax your parling, Mr. Watchman—if so be as it makes you thirty-like—but I'll tell you all about it. It wasn't going to fake myself up a bit, you see, I sneaked the fat. I wasn't going to a hevening party, or any beno of that sort—it was just to cure the wind.'

'What are you talking about?' growled Mr. Spurrway. 'Not the wind on the chest, I don't mean that; old un—but the wind in this blessed street, which won't keep a gal's hair straight when it's as long as mine is. Look here, now, how it plows about and it's nuffink to last Tuesday's wind. That was all over the shop, and seemed to come out of those beastly holes you've been adiggin—that did. But just look here.'

And off went the child's bonnet, and sure enough a mass of tangled hair was caught by the breeze stirring in Wheatstheaf Street that early morning, and streamed from her head, as the great flame of fire from the upright gaspipe was streaming further down.

'Put your bonnet on, said the old man; don't you see it's drizzling with rain; or are you blind as well as saucy?' She pulled her bonnet well over her head on being thus adjured and said: 'Oh! I shan't get cold—I'm used to cold—although it does catch at your toes sometimes—my eye.'

'Haven't you any shoes—or stockings?' he asked, curiously now. 'Haven't had any stockings since last August twelve month. Boots I had—had—prime 'uns, too. But that was a Christmas offering from the swells at the mission shop—and mother had to sell 'em sharp.'

'How was that?' 'Mother's theory.' 'Oh—is she?' 'When she's in reglar tip-top health, I mean, she's drefful thisty. She isn't now—oh, no—not by a long chalk, poor old gal,' said the child staring gravely at the fire. 'How's that? the old caretaker felt somehow compelled to say. 'Oh, is she?' 'Seven days this time. Hard times ain't it?'

'Shouldn't care for it much myself.' 'You see there'd been a Barney—a reglar fight—a night or two ago, didn't you hear a row down that court yonder?' 'Not more than usual.' 'Ah! they took her to the station out at 't'other end of the court. There was too big a scrimmage to come this way. The whole kit and 'em would have been down one of these guilely holes. I had to cut and run myself, too. Jen said he'd kill me if I gave him any more of my cheek, as if I was going to see my mother knocked about by him. As if—'

'Who's Jen?' 'I don't know. Mother's feared on him, they say. Best if I shouldn't like to jab a knife in him myself. I should—I should—really. And, by gosh, I will, some day. You see?'

'See here, gal,' said Mr. Spurrway in a stern, parental way even, 'you'd better go indoors than make a play-acting silly of yourself.' 'Indoors—oh! ah.' 'Why not? What are you rambling about the streets like that for, night after night?'

'I ain't got no money to pay the rent, and they won't have me in till mother comes back. There ain't no roomed.' 'Oh, that's it.' 'Yes, that's it; that's why I come here for a bit of a warm, old gentlemen. I wish I was you, though.'

'What for?' 'Yours must be a jolly life—taking care o' things and a fire allers handy, and nuffink to do.' 'I ain't dead set on it myself, he muttered. 'Have you been minding gas pipes and big holes all your life?'

'Thank God, no.' 'Where were you afore this game, then?'

'I was in the country. What a kid to be asking such a heap of

questions!—and what a rum kid, too!' he muttered to himself.

'Oh, I know the country. My mother was a reglar country woman once—down at Elton.' 'Eh, what did you say?'

'Splendacious, the country is, if it doesn't rain. Then its orful so, and spoils your clothes an' an' Jen, hundreds of times.' 'Don't tell no lies, gal. You can only hop once a year, can't you? I don't know. Some of us about here allers on the hop and—'

And before concluding this remark, which Mr. Spurrway might take as a pun or as a piece of information this child of the streets darted suddenly and rapidly away. She had seen some one advancing from the shadows of the court—it was very little that escaped those dark piercing eyes of hers—some one whom she feared; and she had, forgetting her lameness, sped away into the distance.

'There's Jen?' 'A big burly man came slouching along with his hands in his pockets—a man in a torn corduroy jacket, and with a cap, that looked made of corduroy also, pulled very tightly over his head and ears. 'Here—hi—' he called to Mr. Spurrway, 'have you seen a girl about here to-night?'

Mr. Spurrway thought he would take time to consider, but Jen was not quite sure that the watchman had not gone to sleep with his back against the poles that held the lanterns, he picked up a clod of earth and threw it at him. 'Hallo,' said Mr. Spurrway, 'here, what the devil are you up to? Just stop that.'

Jen repeated his inquiry, and the caretaker said evasively, 'Yes,' he thought he had seen someone answering to the description. 'How long ago?' 'Oh, I shouldn't like to say exactly.' 'Well, looks here, said Jen, coming by degrees close to Mr. Spurrway's coil of vantage, 'if Mag comes this way ag'in—tell her her mother's got back—and so she had better look sharp.'

'Have they let her out before time?' asked the watchman. 'Oh! you know all about the row, then? Well o' course you would. Yes, she's back home.' 'How long has she been back?' 'An hour or so—all their cussed artfulness letting her out afore her time to bother us. They knew what was up, well enough. Trust 'em.'

'Knew what?' 'Well, she's dead now. But don't you tell the kid that,' he added, with the most malevolent of glances at the caretaker, 'cos it wouldn't be good for the likes of an old man like you to blow it. Mag wouldn't come back—I know her—and me and one or two men to have her back now Jenny Spurrway's hooked it. Beces'—what that—'are you bossing at me like that for?'

'N-n-nothing,' grasped the old man. 'All right. I thought it was a fit. Tell the girl to look sharp—tell her mother's werry anxious-like to see her, and that she has brought home some rum. Mag's sure to come along here in an hour or so. She's nowhere to go.' 'Poor girl! Nowhere?'

Mr. Spurrway laid his short clay pipe on a pile of loose timber, and Jen took it up and put it between his front teeth, and slouched away with it in the direction which he had come from. Before the man was out of sight, Mr. Spurrway had flopped down all of an ungraceful heap in the chaotic roadway.

'Jenny's girl! My Jenny! After all these years—like this!' There was true emotion real despair, and tragic force in this man, who took care of open roads and gas-pipes, and no one on earth witnessed the display. When Mag came down Wheatstheaf Street again—which she did very cautiously and almost on tip-toe—she was not able to detect any difference in Mr. Spurrway, save that he seemed to have a fresh cold in the head, and that was natural enough in such weather.

He beckoned to her, and as she approached he said: 'He's been a-looking for you—the big man in corduroy—Jin.' 'An ugly dog, all face?' she inquired. 'The same as you ran away from a little while ago.'

'That's him—I know. He came and spoke to you. I was a watching.'

'You're to go home, he said.' 'No fear,' said Mag with a shiver, 'not me, till mother comes back.'

'Would you—would you like to go into the country till your mother does come back, Mag? to hide like, and to be taken care of—by people I know?'

'Oh! lor sakes, shouldn't I though?'

'Well, then take hold of this bit o' paper. That's where I live. Go there and wait till I come home to breakfast; tell 'em I sent you—it's net very far from here—will you?'

She took the paper, and was gone like a flash of lightning with a large bonnet on.

Hours after, when it was daylight, and Mr. Spurrway was off duty, he paid a visit to the den in the court off Wheatstheaf Street. The door hung upon one hinge, so there was no difficulty in gaining admittance. The trouble was always how to get out again in the face of violent opposition at the levying of black-mail. There were two or three women in the narrow passage, and Jen was standing at the open door of a

room on the left smoking Mr. Spurrway's pipe.

'Oh, I called to ask—just to ask—if the girl has come home?' said Mr. Spurrway. 'No, she ain't and when she does she'll catch it, hot.'

'Is her mother in—there?' Mr. Spurrway asked in a husky whisper. 'Yes, she is.' 'Ah! and she don't look bad either,' cried a shrill voice from within—a voice that was a little tipsy in its tones, perhaps, but had a true ring of sympathy with it. 'Poor old Jenny Spurrway—would you like to see her, guvnor?'

'I should, very much. 'Will you pay yer footin', like a gentleman?' asked Jen, with a short laugh. 'I'm hard up just now, and a copper or two.' 'There they are,' said the old man tendering him the money for the show. He passed in. The room smelt like a charnel house already, with the fumes of spirits inextricably mixed with it. On the floor, on some loose straw, was the dead woman. In the room—on the bare boards—lay other folks, sleeping calmly; and there was one or two awake. Mr. Spurrway after having 'paid his footing,' went and looked at the show. The dead woman lay very peacefully there—very white and still. Mr. Spurrway knew her again, despite the lapse of time. Yes, it was Jenny, sure enough. 'And so heaven rest her soul,' he whispered to himself.

The next day, Spurrway's daughter down at Elton, Hunts, received a letter by hand. The bearer was a dark-eyed girl, fairly clad, with sound boots and stockings on, but wearing a most tremendous bonnet. 'Take care of her,' the letter said, 'till I come down next Sunday. Don't ask her any questions. Jenny is dead, and this is Jenny's girl.'

And Jenny's girl throve apace from that day, and did justice to the rough but simple hearts that had turned her, as by a touch of God's hand, from the deep and darker way.

General News and Notes. Canada has one million miles of unexplored territory. RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American 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. Fallon & Son.

England has won eighty-two per cent of the wars she has engaged in. ICHU, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted. J. Fallon & Son. Over eight thousand varieties of postal cards have been issued in the world within thirty-five years.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINDERMER removes all hard, soft or callous Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. It eradicates the most wonderful Blemish Ever known. Warranted by J. Fallon & Son.

In the British Museum, according to the catalogue just issued, there are 2,700 complete Bibles in all languages. A Wonderful Flesh Producer. This is the little 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 it also acts as a powerful food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

The metals which have been proved to exist in the sun are iron, sodium, nickel, copper, zinc and manganum. A ton of steel made up into hair springs, when in watches, is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at public auction on Friday the 29th day of July next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of twelve noon and 2 o'clock P. M. All the right, title and interest of Murdoch Sutherland in and to all those several pieces of parcels of land and premises situate in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick and particularly bounded and described as follows:—

All and singular that certain lot or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the County of New Brunswick in the County and Province aforesaid, commonly called and known as the "Chapelle Mountain" tract, and one half acre wide on the south side of the north-west river, conveyed by "Nellie F. Mac" by "George" one of "Charles Mac" the dam of Joseph White, deceased, containing four acres and one half acre, being the lot number 12 lately purchased by the said Murdoch Sutherland of one James Park, and being the lot of land and premises on which the said Murdoch Sutherland at present resides.

The above land was seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme and County Courts at the suit of the Bank of Nova Scotia, at the suit of John Ferguson, at the suit of W. E. South, Manly Company (Ltd.) and at the suit of James O'Brien, against the said Murdoch Sutherland. JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, N. B., this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1894.

HIGH CLASS HORSES FOR SALE.

The thoroughbred blood mare "Carric C." from the famous stallion "Judge Curtis" which was by "Lexington" out of "Lina," she was imported "Yorkshire" out of "Victoria," by imported "Margrave." Carric C. is a fine large chestnut mare which won several races in Ontario, running a half mile on the Woodbine track in Toronto, in 62 seconds, and a mile in 1 minute and 45 seconds. She is an excellent driver, very ambitious and game, and will make a first-class breeding mare, being sound in every particular.

"The Duchess" is a dark brown filly, foaled on the 20th Jan. 1893. She is from "Carric C." by "Redemption" which was by "Redwood" out of "Nellie F." She is "Gordon" out of "Chesney Man" the dam of Maud Miller 2:30. "The Duchess" is of large size, and gives promise of being a grand mare in every particular.

These along with a buggy, sleigh, harness and side-saddles will be sold at public auction in front of the Post Office, Chatham, N. B., on Tuesday 5th June at 11 a. m. if not disposed of previously. Terms, four months credit will be allowed on the purchase, to parties furnishing approved notes. A discount of 5% will be allowed for cash. Property can be seen on application to the subscriber. WM. WYSE, Auctioneer.

Chatham, 2nd May 1894.

COULD HARDLY WALK ON ACCOUNT OF RHEUMATISM. P. H. FORD

Quachita City, La., After TWO YEARS Suffering IS CURED BY THE USE OF Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. Of I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and the treatment helped me for the time being; but soon the complaint returned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. FORD, Quachita City, La.

ALEX. MACKINNON, WATER ST., CHATHAM. I am now prepared to offer my customers and the public generally, goods at REDUCED PRICES in the following lines, viz:— Mixed Candy, uts, Grapes, Lemons, Raisins, Currants, Citron and Lemon Peel, Pickling Extracts and Pure Spices, and other Groceries.

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

WOOD-GOODS WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE Laths, Pailings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles. THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON.

SATURDAYS ONLY. SOMETHING NEW AT THE GOGGIN BUILDING. In future on every Saturday all goods in the Hardware line will positively be SOLD AT COST. Remember those prices are for SATURDAYS ONLY. It will be useless to ask or expect goods at Saturday prices on other days through the week. TERMS - CASH. W. S. LOGGIE

Manchester House. WE HAVE OPENED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF ALL WOOL GALLIES NEWEST PATTERNS. Samples Mailed on Application. W. S. LOGGIE

B. R. BOUTHILLIER, MERCHANT TAILOR, CHATHAM. Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best. British, and Canadian Makes, Trimmings, etc. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS if all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable rates. LADIES' COATS & SACQUES on to order. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

UNDERWEAR FOR FALL & WINTER. Our present season's stock will be found complete in all sizes and quantities and at very low prices. A FULL LINE OF FLANNEL AND KNITTED TURTLE NECKS, Hosiery, Gloves and Caps always on hand. W. S. LOGGIE, Manchester House

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED SHAVING PARLOR (Reason Building) Water Street, Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Goods generally