WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

When Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head Gives token that it's weary and would like to go to bed, An air of death-like stillness 'bout the house And everybody's silent when the baby goes to

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath—
If I chan e to make a bit of noise it scares me mos. to leath;
When from neath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-From big blue eyes, when baby has almost

And when at last a twinkling of a tiny smile On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dreaming nears,
I give a sigh of gladness, that is full of thanks,
and deep,
That the world can once more move on, for

baby's gone to sleep.

-Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.

WAS IT STEALING.

"Speaking of the disabilities of women, some people would have you believe there were none nowadays because women are more favored in this land than men are more favored in this land than in others, that their rights are well enough protected and they have nothing to wish for. Why, it was only this morning I heard of a woman knocked down by her husband and called a thief for taking money from his pocket, as if it had been his money only and not hers that she had worked hard for. Her little boy, with other children, had got into some trouble—some petty offense—and it was to release him that she was hunting around for money. Her husband never gave her any, although a well-to-do man and she a hard-working women."

The speaker paused, and there were many questions asked and a general buzz of conversation. Through it all Mrs. Arens sat and listened. She heard no names, and she was very attentive. What if it were Ellen, the sister who had been like a mother to her, married to such a penysions man? She should to such a penurious man? She should not feel easy till she saw her. At the first good opportunity she ordered her carriage and, putting in some cushions, almost smiling at her fears, she told Dennis where to drive.

It was at the other end of the town, at the foot of a lane leading up to a small, shabby looking house that he stopped the horses, and she got out to walk. The window shades were down, and she walked around to the back door, pushed it open, and passed into the kitchen. On an old lounge was the prostrate form of her sister, with suffering in her face.

"Ellen, is it true," she said, "what I have heard? Did he dare to raise his hand against you, after all these years! Tell me quickly. Where are you

"Oh, no! Oh, no! It was only the words. They startled me so. It was what he called me. I hit the table the sharp corner. I hurt my side. I believe I did fall, and it is very sore; but I am going to get up. She made a resolute effort, but fell bach with a white face and an exclamation of pain. "You must go home with me. You are all worn out, and there is no one here to nurse and care for you properly. Lie perfectly still, my dear, till I come

Mrs. Arens called to Dennis, who drove away for help. Then she went about the house picking up what would be needed, and when Dennis returned, her sister, quite unresisting, was lifted into the carriage, carefully wrapped up and driven away.

Hiram Blake, on coming home that night, found no fire, no wife, no supper, no son. Such an experience had never happened before in the whole course of his married life. He had been hard at work all day, and had had no time to think of the occurrence of the morning, but no, it came back with a troubled insistence. He went to a house not far away, where lived a woman known as "old Emeline," who sometimes came to help his wife. He hired her now to come and get him something to eat. Then as he moved uneasily about the room, from window to table, trying to read, and putting his paper down again, little Paul came in with a scared look. He said his mother was at his Aunt Ruby's, and that the doctor said she would be sick a long time.

"Don't wonder!" sniffed old Emeline, casting a black look at Hiram Blake. "It's a wonder she wa'n't took sick a while afore. She had work enough or three women to do here!" At the end of a week the man acknowledged to himself that he had never been so miserable in all his life. He dismissed the hired men after the day's work, for the faithful wife was no lorger there to feed them. Paul remained at his aunt's much of the time, only coming home now and then to report the slow progress of the patient.

Loitering in the lane one evening,

Hiram Blake saw some one leading a horse very carefully, who inquired if there was any hotel near, as something was the matter with his horse, and he wished to find a veterinary surgeon to examine it. Mr. Blake did an unprecedented thing for him. He asked the stranger in, while he went for a neighboring doctor skilled in the treatment of animals. He prescribed some remedies, and the stranger, who said his name was Dixon, was invited to stop with Mr. Blake, such was his utter loneliness. He accepted gladly for a few days. The old housekeeper grumbled at having another "to do for;" but after the first day she made no further complaint, saying: "Mr. Dixon was a likely man, and pleasant spoken; some difference between him and Mr. Blake -"

and she prophesied "they would not pull together long."

Mr. Dixon was so solicitous for his horse, and worked so persistently for its comfort, that it excited his host's

"But that is my religion," Mr. Dixon answered, "to make everything around me as happy as it is in my power. You have a good beast there," and he pointed to a strawberry roan named Peter.
"My wife is fond of that horse." Hiram Blake's voice sounded strangely

"He looks overworked." "Yes, He has been doing the work of two horses lately. I must let him rest a bit, or he will be no hing but skin and bones; but there is no other way to get along. One can't do as he would

like to, but as he can." "I wish you would let me take down the part.tion between these two stalls. they are too narrow for Peter to rest A horse needs plenty of room, and I shall sleep better for it, too." Once a proposal like this would have been met with derision, but Mr. Blake was surprised at his own readiness to assist, and, while one bathed the stiff legs, the other brought an extra measure of meal. "You would soon spoil

the critters." He spoke jocosely, and a little awkwardly. "Oh, no," said his companion, earn-

estly, "I am only pleading for their rights."

"I didn't know they had any such particular rights." Mr. Blake brought the words out slowly.

"Oh, yes, every living thing has rights we are bound to respect. We can make a heaven for him here, if we will, faults she had, they remained undisand for ourselves, too." "I thought heaven was a long way off, with an angry God to rule it.'

Heaven is right round us, or we can make it the other place, as many do. I see no anger in God's dealings with us. He has given us this beautiful world. It is the most boundless love day after day; but we are slow to learn the lesson, and to do by each other and by every living creature even as he is doing for us all the time.'

Hiram Blake thought a long while over these words. He had never heard anything like the ideas expressed in

One evening, seated on the piazza, the two men quite alone, Hiram cited the case of a woman who took money from her husband's pocket, and asked his friend if he did not think it was taking what did not belong to her. Mr. Dixon inquired into the case-if she worked without wages-if she rece!ved half of the income regularly; and, havthought it was a plain case of stealing. Hiram shifted uneasily in his chair. He did not exactly like to have the woman branded in this way, although he had invited the criticism. But Mr. Dixon

"Yes, a man that will force his wife to have resourse to such extremities—a wife who is only a toiler, not a sharer in the products of a home—that man is a thief of the worst type. For what should he live but to make her happy?

astead of that, he is laying up bitter-ness for himself, and sorrow for all around him."

Hiram Blake shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He had not expected this climax, and he hastily chang-"I have been thinking of building on to the kitchen, and putting more windows in. My wife always said it was

"I should build a new house, and move this one away, if I owned it, and could "I hadn't thought of that; but I guess

too small and dark. What do you think?"

Hiram took so kindly to this view of the situation that the next time Paul came home and told his father he had heard his Aunt Ruby say his mother was never coming to this house again, Hiram only rubbed his hands and said, cheerily: "She's right, Paul; your mother never will."

He had an architect to draw the plans, and Mr. Dixon gave many suggestions. In time the house was finished and furnished, even to a row of plants in the broad bay window. The old housekeeper knew the names of some favorites, and even contributed a few herself, with much pride. At last, Peter, harnessed to a low, easy carriage, was sent for the long absent wife. Little Paul was the driver, and could scarcely contain his excitement. His father had cautioned him to say nothing about the new Louse, for he had planned a surprise. Paul began to tell about the horse. "It's yours, mother, your own. No one else can drive Peter unless you say so. Isn't he fat? And the new carriage is all yours. Isn't it

soft and springy?"

Mrs. Blake could hardly believe her eyes. Of course she had heard something about the new building, but that anything so fine had been prepared for her it would have taken great faith indeed to believe. Her husband fol lowed her from room to room with a delighted face. Quite tired out with going over the house, she sat down in the spacious living room before the plants, one mass of bloom and frag-

"Some of them were Mr. Dixon's gift to you, and this is mine," he said, put-ing into her hand a deed of the place and a bank book made out in her name, with a cash account of several thousand dollars.

"It is heaven on earth, Hiram!" Those words again! At last he felt he had done something to be worthy of

A Cautious Young Man.

There is one young man in this town who doesn't propose to be caught in the trap of any designing woman. He is rich, inclined to mixed company, and a willing entertainer when present in the body, but he does hate to let one of his lady correspondents get a scratch of his handwriting. He has a morbid dread of its turning up in the shape of evidence in a court of law at some time. Whenever he writes to them he disguises his hand so that no one familiar with his writing could be led for an instant to

And he carries this habit so far that the other day, when he went to send a telegram, making an appointment for a ride on the lake and a supper afterward the girl at the telegraph counter could hardly read the message. She looked at him curiously. He seemed like an educated man; looked as if he knew what culture meant, and wore the clothes of a man who was able to conduct his own correspondence. So she concluded to try him. "Can't you write any better than

that?" she asked. "Yes, I can write better," he said. 'But I don't care to put that message in my own handwriting." was the frank

"Well, I couldn't telegraph the hand-writing if I wanted to," sighed the girl wearily, as she sat down to the key, and proceeded to click away a portion of his income.—Chicago Herald.

Saving One Fare. Getting into a third-class carriage at a suburban station, a gentleman found the only other occupant was a traveling minstrel with a large harp in a green baize covering. Presently the station where tickets were taken was reached. and as the train journeyed on the gentleman was startled at hearing a sort of muffled whisper issue apparently from the harp. Seeing him looking rather curiously at it. the man in charge of it remarked: "I'm sure you are a gentleman who won't cause trouble. The fact when I haven't made much money it comes cheaper for my little girl to travel with the harp;" and, hastily undoing the baize covering, out stepped a business-like young damsel of about ten.

—London Answers.

NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then there comes a day When all our skies are bright, And all of life's appointed way Is bathed in golden light: When roses hide no thorns beneath; When love has no alloy; And zephyrs full of perfume breathe From out the hills of joy.

The present is a fleeting thing-The past will live for aye, And all its store of treasures bring : Forever and a day, And softer shall the echoes come From time's receding shore ; Each day will glean a pleasure from The days that are no more.

Oh, memories of such, awake! And glad the weary now; A wreath of recollections make To crown the dreamer's brow. Oh, silent voice and vanished hand, Bring back the golden sheaves! The ripple of the waters and The laughter of the leaves.

-Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal. A JEALOUS WIFE.

"I wouldn't marry her, if I were you!" That was the gist of his friend's counsel, spoken or implied. They all admitted her graces of person, heart and mind: But the undeniable fact of her

jealousy remained. "A jealous woman," his aunt assured him, "can make any man miserable." "A jealous wife," declared his near est friend, will make you wish you had taken my advice, which is that the immortal Weller gave to his son. 'Don't marry a vidder,' he said. Go hang yourself first, an' you'll be glad on it arterward!' I am presumptuous enough to paraphrase that: 'Go hang

yourself before you marry a jealous

woman, and you'll be glad on it arter-

But Harold Groves had only laughed. When was a man or a woman in love ever apt to listen to anything so disa greeable as common sense? And he was in love, honestly, sincerely and passion. ately. So he married Norine Hale, and was most ridiculously happy for two covered by him. One day he summoned courage to tell her the remarks that had been made concerning her jealous dispo-

She looked up at him with grave. shining eves. "I do love loyalty," she replied, sim-

And it may be he would never have discovered at all that Norine was jealous if it were not for the burglary. Harold Groves was a lawyer. He transacted much of his business at home, and had in his study a large desk, in which he kept papers of importance. deeds and memoranda relating to the affairs of his clients. The desk looked sadly untidy, and, in the opinion of Norine, was a decided blot in the exquisitely neat little room, where some of their pleasantest hours were spent.

"Harold," she said to him one evening learned the facts, declared he ing, as she leaned over his chair, and happiness, she never did.—Kate Cleary, smoothed back his dark locks caress- in N. Y. Weekly. ingly with her pretty white fingers, "I really shall tidy up that desk one of these days. The litter of dusty papers,

books and pipes is positively disgrace-He gave her a glance of alarm. "Don't-for mercy's sake, dearest! I know now where to put my hand on

But the fear that she might do so in-

everything I want-don't!"

duced him to lock his desk, and keep it locked thereafter. Norine noticed it

"At least you have shut the disorder out of sight," she avowed gayly. "My threat was efficacious to that extent. Indeed, dear, how you can ever tell one of those tiresome documents of yours

from another is a mystery to me." A certain blue, starlit March night they went upstairs, leaving the cozy apartment in dainty order. During the night Norine was awakened by what sounded like a click. She sat bolt upright in bed. "Hark!" she breathed. "Listen,

Harold!" Both listened intently. "It is a very cold night," he said, at length. "You merely heard the frost cracking on the window pane. Go to

sleep, love." Reassured, she did as bidden, but, on being aroused early by the servant's cry of dismay, she hastened down to find the lower rooms in a state of extreme confusion. Drawers had been pulled out, the desk of the master forced open, and papers were scattered broadcast in an evident search for valuables.

"My ruby ring!" cried Mrs. Groves. 'I left it on the mantel last night. And my watch was in the Chinese cabinetwhere I put my pocketbook. Send for the police, Harold! They have all been

"I shall go," cried Groves.

And he started off on a run. For several moments Norine stood staring around in bewilderment. Then, mechanically, she began to arrange the disordered apartment, She picked up the pieces of a shattered vase, threw them in the grate, straightened a twisted drapery, lifted some scattered sheets of paper, laid them on the leaf of her husband's forced desk, and suddenly retreated a step, turning very white. Open before her, having evidently been wrenched wide, in the hope of finding money, was a square morocco box. In the box was a bundle of letters and a photograph. The letters were in a woman's hand, and the smiling pictured face was that of Norine's dearest friend.

She held tight to a chair-back, to keep from failing. Her temples throbbed. A ot flush drove the pallor from her heeks. The buzz in her ears was leafening. She put out her hand, took p one of the letters, read it through. t was just such a love letter as any fined, affectionate girl might have ritten. It began "My Dearest," and aded "Your loving Annie." It bore he date of the year previous to Norine's rriage. She took up another folded sheet, opened, glanced through it, A

brief, sad little note it was. "My dear," it ran, "f te has been hard to us. It is good by we must say-we love each other so ! But not good-by forever. We must ke p on believing in each other, and hoping for ultimate happiness together. It shall surely come. —Your desolate "An-

Hark! There were footsteps-voices! The young wife hastily replaced the letters, drew back from the desk. The next instant Harold, accompanied by policemen and detectives, was in the room. He went directly to Norine. "My love," he said, "what a shock this has given you! You are white as a ghost.

She thrust his gentle hand away. "I am very well," she said.

And all the time she was going over and over in her mind the details of her husband's acquaintance with Annie Hubbard. He had known her from childhood-long before he met Norine. She recollected his telling her they had gone to dancing school together, but she had never dreamed that he was in love with Annie, or she with him. Now she knew that it was so, since he treasured her letters, her picture. She understood why he had locked his desk. He had married her for her money-loving Annie Hubbard all the time. That fact was patent and plain.

All day long she went around like a woman in a dream. She was very pale, and her lips were rigidly set. Her changed appearance and demeanor her husband attributed to the fright she had high, had. And the whole time one terrible thought was beating itself in upon her brain, "You love them loth. You stand in their sunshine. Move out of it!" Toward evening she left the house, walked to a drug store, entered, asked for a certain powder, at once caressing

and deadly. The clerk looked at her curiously, she fancied, as he gave her the package and her change. She went home. Harold was out. She sat down and wrote him a few lines.

"You accused me of being jealous," she wrote. "I don't think I was-I know I am. I have read Annie's letters to you. If I had dreamed before I married you that you cared for each other I would have 420,000,000 miles and in circumference of done then what I am about to do now." It seemed a long time before the drug took effect, but at last she felt the de sired sense of unconsciousness creeping

It was almost eleven o'clock when Harold, who had been on a wild goose chase after the burglars, reached his own door. A voice out of the shadows spoke to him. "Mr. Groves, I've been waiting for

you. I'm Jim Dinand. "Oh, yes-of course. Wait, and I'll get this door open."

"No-I only wish to speak to you a moment. You did me a good turn last year, when I was miles deep in that lawsuit, and couldn't pay you. I think I've done you one now. Your wife came into my drug store to night. She didn't know me, but I knew her. She asked for morphine-an amount that would be a fatal dose. She looked wild and strange. I gave her a harmless sedative powder. I may have been mistaken in regard to her evident intention,

but I don't think so." "My God!" murmured Groves. 'Thank you, Jim," he said then. He let himself in, went quietly upstairs, noiselessly entered the room. Norine lay asleep; the note she had written was on a small table beside the bed. He took up the sheet-real a few calm, desperate words. Then he dropped the note on the floor between the table and the bed. It was late next

morning when Norine lifted her heavy eyelids. "Well, you lazy girl!" cried a dear, familiar voice, "I'm tired waiting breakfast for you. I never knew you to sleep so late. I hear they've caught our intruders. I hope so-although they didn't get very much. I suppose they thought they had a great find when they broke open the locked box which Dave Harding gave me to keep for him, when his folks broke up the engagement between him and Annie Hubbard, and sent him out west. However, in a letter I got from him only this morning, he writes me that the course of true love is running smoothly again, and that he is coming back to marry Annie next month. Make

haste, dear. The chops will be like leather." He left the room. She looked wildly around for her note, picked it up. "The draught from the window must have blown it off the table. Was ever anything so fortunate? But how did that young druggist happen to make such a mistake? Oh! I have been wicked -wicked! Forgive me, dear God, my jealousy, my rash attempt, both dark sins! I will never again doubt your love,

And, in the sweet humility of her

"I am very much puzzled about

"I don't find him so interesting as all that," replied another. "It takes an emergency to develop character. We went rowing together

Dickie Doddles," said one young wo-

"Certainly. I don't know whether to attribute it to intelligence or indolence."

His Sorry Load. He placed his hand upon his heart. "You cannot imagine," he protested, "what a terrible load I carry, and yet give no sign to the world."

"Believe me," she faltered, "the world knows." A subtle something in the way she raised her handkerchief to her face impelled him to surreptitiously take an-

other clove or two. EUROPEAN ECHOES.

She turned away her head.

Just before his election the president of the French republic was learning to ride the bycicle. He has had no time to give to it of late, but M me. Casimir-Perier and her children are good riders. It sems likely that the Eiffel Tower will be taken down. The committee in

in charge of the competition for the buildings for the Paris exposition of 1900 has just agreed that the architects may discard the tower in their designs. Of 820,000 children wi hin the school RAILWAY BILLS, age in London, between 450,000 and 500 -000 are elucated in schools controlled by

the London school board. They are taught by 7,800 teachers, one teacher to more than sixty pupils, at a cost for instruction of \$13 a year per child. Hallelojah lasses in Paris have lately made a sensation by appearing on the boulevards in a new style of headgear. Instead of the scuttle-shaped "kiss-me-nots" they wear round white straw hats with

slightly upturned brims, exposing their

profiles and back hair. Two Russians, MM. Menkhoudjinoff and Onlanoff, recently arrived at Shanghai after a journey of two years and nine months through Thibet, in the course of which they visited Lhassa and had an interview with the Dalai Lama. It is the first time since 1811 that Europeans have accomplished this feat.

according to the report of a French consul. The wood, which was originally a pine forest, was swallowed up by the earth, which covers it to a depth of eight yards. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter; the wood is imperishable and is sold to the Chinese for coffins.

IN HEATHEN LANDS.

The ancient Ethiopians salted the bodies of their dead and hung them up in a smokehouse to be dried and cured. They were thus kept for a year, when, perfectly preserved, they were turned over to the

Many Chinese temples are provided with a bell at the entrance, and when the worshipper enters he gives the rope a pull and rings the bell in order that the Diety may be notified of his coming, and be on hand to attend to his business. The favorite headdress for ladies in

China is the figure of a bird, composed of copper, silver or gold, the wings are made to droop over the temples, the tail covers the back of the head, the head and breast plumage are just above the brow. Horseback weedings, in which the bride

and groom, mounted on horseback, run away from the attendants, who ride after them in hot haste, were common in many countries, and may still be seen in Russia and parts of Tartary. A Roman victor was accustomed to give a great feast by way of celebration. At the feast given by Julius Cæsar after the

twenty-two thousand tables, each accomodating ten guests, and each table was POINTERS FOR US ALL. Sirius, the fixed star, now in the ascendant, is computed to be 100,000,000,000

Gallie wars the people were feasted at

miles distant fr in the sun. The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 500 miles long, 70 wide, and from 7,000 to nearly 15,000 feet Lieut. Bersier of the French navy has

invented a compass which does away with

a steersman, as the compass steers the The hair has a growth of its own apart from that which animates the human body. This accounts for the growth of the hair in the dead long after inter-

Seasoned timber is but little liable to decay under the influence of a dry atmosphere, and will resist decomposition for an indefinite period when kept totally sub-

The aerial space within the limit of our vision is calculated to have a diameter of 1,329,742,000,000 miles. And this is only a fragment of the im nensity of space.

Dr. Schaff, of Vienna, has applied photography to the study of the human skin. A bright light is projected on the part of the skin to be examined, and by direct exposure many small details of the skin, including markings not usually discernible are photographed.

FRUIT BUDS.

Doesn't your orchard want manuring? For apples and pears autumn planting is

Albinos or white spots among huckleberries and blackberries are hardly rare enough to deserve much fuss to be made The complaints of the authorities about zinc found in America dried apples, seems

to be "much ado about nothing." The English walnut may be a semitropical fruit, and not entirely hardy. But it flourishes and bears well in pro tected spots, especially in the the suburbs of cities, as far north as western New York

and lower Canada. Corn stalks cut in pieces two feet long (whole or split), set around the tree and tied top and bottom with willow or binder twine will stay on for three years, and protect the tree from sun-scald, borers, mice and rabbits. At least this is what one of our contemporaries says.



offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address The Cook Company. Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold in Ch tham, by J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE, Dauggist.

Shanty, Campand Boat Stove.

the same time, have a stove on which they can do

quite a range of cooking to place their orders with him, as early as possible.

[From Miramichi Advance of Oct 11.] Mr George Marquis of Chatham will be looked upon as a benefactor of smelt fishermen, sportsmen and others who may have the good fortune to pro 500 CORDS cure stoves of the new pattern designed by him the first sample of which was put together at his well known shop at Chatham on Tuesday afternoon and shipped yesterday to Neguac It is to be used in a goose-shooter's camp at Tabusintae and for that purpose as well as for heating and cooking in

smelt-fishermen's shanties it is just the thing It s about 20 inches long, 14 inches from front to The subscriber has for sale on the line of back and the same from bottom to top The bottom, op, door and dampers, etc are of cast iron and the sides and ends are composed of a sheet of 16 gange sheet steel. It will hold nearly twice as much wood as a star stove while owing to a new and peculiar form adopted in the bottom, it will burn either a It may also be fitted to burn coal There is a draft for forcing the fire and a damper for lessening the heat at will The top has two pot-holes and these Maple, Yellow Birch and Beech may, by the removal of the dividing centre-piece, which is of the usual form, be converted into an oblong hole for a big boiler or oblong pan Alto-gether, the new shanty-stove seems to meet a requirement that is more than local, and the cost, \$5, places it within almost everbody's ability to buy it Mr Marquis has just begun to fill orders, and it will be well for those who intend to fish smelts

freight rates from \$3.00 to 10.00 per car.

the other evening—he employed a man to handle the oars—and do you know he never attempted to rock the boat." "Is there anything puzzling about MITAMICHI Advance,

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less variety, all of the best stock which I will

Please take notice that all payments for fire wood must be made to Henry Copp, foreman in charge or to my office Payments nade to teamsters will ot be recognised J. B. SNOWBALL

Z. TINGLEY. HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED

-HIS-SHAVING PARLOR Water Street,

He will also keep a first-class stock of

Smakers' Goods generally

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,

Has been appointed agent for ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND, NORWICH AND LONDON CO OF ENGLAND, ONTARIO MUTUAL COOF CANADA and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of people's patronage.

Hardwood and Softwood, cut in lots to suit purchasers and delivered to any place in Chatham. Orders GEO. E. FISHER, Woodburn Farm. [ESTABLISHED 1852.]

CHATHAM.

The subscriber having leased the above

AND MACHINE FOUNDRY is prepared to meet the requirements of Railway, Mill and Steamboat owners and other users of Machinery, for all work and materials in his line.

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

will be made a specialty. Stoves, Plow-custings, etc., always in stock ORDERS IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Estimates for work furnished on application.

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Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS,

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS, AMHERST.

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N. S. AMHERST, 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 stable 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

Stomach Liver Cure The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk. This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestic a 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 curetive 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

Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Temale Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance,

Nervousness of Females,

Nervousness of Old Age,

Pains in the Heart,

Neuralgia,

Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,

Consumption of the Lungs,

Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,

Catarrh of the Lungs,

Liver Complaint,

Broken Constitution.

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

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

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 corried 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, 62 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 s. omach and nerves. I tried every Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me health was gone. I had been doctoring conany 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 advise every weakly per-

ach and general nervois 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. | consider it the grander A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a ticted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half botues 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 Mervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \ 88: Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publica INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the

wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic. HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: | Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana, "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, torred express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shat-Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered | tered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting 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 Nerv-through several generations. I began taking ine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. about six months, and am entirely cured. It believe it is the best medicine in the world. I is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and can not recommend it too highly.' lungs I have ever seen No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy com-

compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the midile aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boor If you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South America. 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.

pares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all