They seem to have a jolly laugh.

When they're raised a peg or two They smile as bashful children do. They're quite as sober as a judge.

When they're shut and will not budge Look up and down the street and see If they laugh at you as they do at me.

### AUNT CALISTA'S WAY

This was the letter Aunt Calista Jones stopped washing her dishes to

write one May morning: JONES' STATION, 5, 13, 1894 DEAR JIM AND JANE: I have a trick of asking favors of folks and it is right and proper that your turn should come to do you are just well enough to come down and look after the farm, and see that hired man doesn't loaf away more than half of each day. And there are the Jerbad luck and never "get on" in the world as we both know he deserved to.
And speaking of being a carpenter—I will mention this for fear I shall forget it when you come, for come you must, as I shall not take no for an answer—I wish, Jane, you would remind Jim to build a new grape arbor and flower stand for my geraniums. You will find paint to smarten them up in the tool house over the door. You see right away that I intend you shall be kept busy while I am gone, and which, laws a me. I haven't said a word about yet. But there is time enough now. The taken the world a bit easier and treated himself to a picnic now and then. There is a lonesome, homesick feeling creeps into my heart when I reflect what a lonely old woman I am. Jim dead and the children scattered; you must come and give me a chance to pick up and throw off this melancholy. There is no telling where I shall go when I once get started. I may develop into a great traveler yet. It is possible I may even visit your city and stop at a hotel and put on more airs than a few. There is no guessing what capers an old wo man may cut up when once she gets fairly on her mettle. Inclosed find railway fare, and enough besides to buy whatever you think you may need. And I wish you would bring me a Jardinier for my Anna Maria pellargonium. Such as I want will cost a dollar. Your lov-CALISTA JONES. The world had been very kind to Aunt

Calista and it was highly proper that it should be. She deserved a fair share of the good that was going. She was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter -if this geneological coincidence counts for anything-and in the light of circumstances it is reasonable to believe that it did, for she was so agreeably different from all of her sisters, except Aunt Jane. They were an average lot and very like the average of mankind, or womankind. They were ambitious and thrifty and married well one after another; grew more thrifty and money making and money saving, and all were comfortably settled in comfortable homes, which they very gingerly enjoyed, which was as much as their narrow, selfish natures would permit them to do. All married good, substantial farmers, possessed of a fair amount of intelligence, but whose highest ambition was to make money But poor Aunt Jane! Poor Jennie

was the one black sheep of this generous fold. "She lacked hard horse sense." her sisters said. (All said so but Aunt Calista.) She had married badly, just as might have been expected, they all agreed. (With but one dissenting voice, Aunt Calista's.) She had taken her chickens to a poor market and was now enjoying the discomfort of a bad bar-

gain. All were unanimous in this conclusion, with Aunt Calista counted out. She had in a marner defied Providence. had Jane, when she recklessly married Jim Hanly, with his handsome face, his warm, true heart and his kit of carpenter tools which he had just learned to use. Jane might have married old man Brewster, with his eighty acres of land and nearly years enough on his stubborn old head to match every one of them; his bank, barn, and his windmill and club foot, and a temper not conspicuous for its mildness. But she wantonly declined this rise in life, brilliant and ornate as it was, married Jim Hanly and moved away to the city, with not much to begin life with except their love and courage and Jim's tool chest. But they had not prospered as the world reckons prospering. There was never a day when their courage failed or their love let go, but many a time came when Jim and Jennie sat hand in hand wondering what misfortune would befall them next. Children were born to them and each last one was the most welcome. each bringing them added love and care. But sickness came and swept the city; neither rich nor poor were spared. It was a cruel monster, that red-breathed fever, but it showed no favor, and in Jim's and Jennie's home in the pleasant suburb of the city, it claimed all. Not one was left. The sad old story of the vacant chairs and the empty hands and desolate hearts was repeated in all its sorrowful details. The little half-worn clothes on the nails behind the door, and

And when sickness and trouble had once found its way into their home, it kept coming and coming as if it liked the pathway that led up to the neat little cottage. Now it was Jennie now it was Jim, and with this came loss and distress, and poverty stood gaunt and grinning just outside the door with almost courage to raise the latch. The little home in which their children were born had long since ceased to be theirs. and yet they held to it as something too sacred for strangers to pass over its

the little worn shoes in the corner, told

their silent and worldless story to their

bereaved and stricken hearts.

But never in their direct need had there been a complaint or had they asked for aid or betrayed their want, and it was only by chance that the sisters discovered their condition, and they each said as with one voice (all except Aunt Calista): "Jane has made her bed and now she must sleep in it," and they closed their hearts as they had ever closed their doors and thanked God they were not as she, and had been wise and wary in their day and generation. But rent day had never come to Jim and Jennie for many a year without a letter from Aunt Calista, and so they lived on in their little cottage, poor but unmolested. Aunt Calista was their anchor and hope, the one glimmer of sunshine in their cloudy, rainy sky, and when her letters came there was no thought of doing otherwise than as she wished. There was not much to "get ready" for the journey. A new a pair of shoes for Jennie and a hat for Jim; the taking down of the children's photographs and dence permitting and nothing hinderputting them tearfully away in the ing. Now, for the first time in fourteen bureau drawer, a bit of tidying up, a last lingering look at the rather dismal home, and locking of the front door, a brief walk to the depot and the journey was almost accomplished and twenty-four hours later they were seated in Aunt Calista Jones' pleasant parlor, receiving her last instructions before she set out upon her trip, for which somehow she seemed to have no very definite plans, which was sadly unlike her usual bustling business habits. But whatever her

carefully guarded as she assumed tantalizing ignorance of what her future her very queerly as she beat her rugs movements might be.

"It's a wild goose chase I'm going on, she remarked to Jennie as she tied up her stiff rustling bonnet strings under her chin. "I'm going in search of adventure, a female Don Quixote if you | for Sunday's dinner, so she went out to please, and shall probably come home with the rheumatism and a temper like a saw. But take care of things and aldid most of the work-and dug a peck low this lonely old lady to have her whirl and see a bit of life from a different point of view than the back kitchen windows six days in the week and the front porch on the seventh." And Aunt Calista was driven to Jones' station by laughing rudely. Mrs. Snively felt the hired man, who remarked on his re-

turn, "I swan, what'll happening next?"

The next thing that did happen that
was greatly out of the usual was the something for me, I want you to slip down here and keep house for me a spell. You write Jim that you have been sick. I take it that by this time the least satisfactory, and Jim and Jen making all that racket about the house the least satisfactory, and Jim and Jennie declared that Aunt Calista was | this morning?" growing unwholesomely mysterious. It was date dfrom the city in which Jim and taken the opportunity to get a little Jennie lived, and simply said that she ahead in my work," faltered forth meek seys to look after and the current Jennie lived, and simply said that she bushes to spray, and I fancy it will seem had grown weary of meandering around mrs. Snively. "I'm sorry I disturbed good and old fashioned to you. Jane, to in an aimless, miscellaneous way, and you." be on the farm once more. To have chickens and pigs about you and make butter and sell eggs and things and take care of the garden as you used to before you married that Jim of yours, who insisted upon being a carpenter instead of a farmer and live in the city and have had lively and never "get or" in the where she proposed to stay a spell if they would come back and entertain her. perating and would they pack up and which she always read before eating. could keep house alone for a week. It lacked an hour till the western bound train arrived, but when it came, Mr.

and Mrs. James Hanly were among the handful of passengers who "moved on" his six weeks of country life, free from care, and Jennie's cheeks were plump and rosier than they had been for many a year. Aunt Calista was at the crowded railway station to meet them, and, snatching their luggage from them, truth is I hanker for a change and a resting spell. I find I am getting worldly and rheumatic and I must declare a halt before it is too late. I have enough money and to spare and I yearn to squander it. My James might be lives they had had the luxury of such a ride, with springy velvet cushions, a driver with brass buttons and an uncomfortable hat, and they sat back how they afford it," muttered she as a specific promitting.

It was a beautiful summer day, and strangely quiet. "How pleasant it is," chirped Mrs. Snively to herself, "and how every one smiles at me. This is a cheery world after all, if I am a forlorn woman in it. How finely people are getting to dress. I'm sure I don't see how they afford it," muttered she as a among the luxury vaguely wondering what would happen next. They were driven directly to their home and landed in front of it, as a bright lamp on a new post by a new gate showed. A new fence flanked the gate on either side and

> led up to the house. The house! What a change. The old one transformed into a perfect picture of a cottage-a veritable, tangible dream of modern, modest architecture. Aunt Calista opened the door and touched mysterious button and the house was flood of light, and if it was a picture outside it was a poem within. Such pretty carpet, such pretty curtains, such pretty walls and such pretty pictures upon them, and such pretty furniture!

a neat gravel walk bordered with flowers

It all seemed like a dream to Jim and Jennie, and as Aunt Calista pulled aside the curtain to lay her coat and bonnet on the bed she handed them a bit o paper, which, standing arm in arm under the pretty chandelier, they read. And this is what they read, with foolish

tears dimming the page: DEAR JENNIE AND JIM: Please accept the home you worked so hard for and loved so well, but lost, from me, your eccentric but loving old sister, Calista.

You will find the deed in the drawer of plenty good enough for school. But the table you are standing by. Six weeks | money's getting abundant nowadays, of living here for some one else, besides my lonely self, has made me wish to live here always, and you, Jim, shall begin my house on the lot adjoining as soon as you can sharpen your tools and wits enough to make me as pretty a home as yours. I think we shall always be have twice as many holidays as ordinary neighbors. My pen is poor, my ink is pale, and when you have figured out too! Now I do hope his wife isn't dead, this come into the dining-room on the left. Supper is ready.

SISTER CALISTA. I am one of Aunt Calista's numerous nephews; not by birth or blood, but because she allows me, as she does many others, to call her that, because she our ideal of a dear, loving, kind old woman. She is always doing strange, good things, and there is no way of doing kindly acts so perfect as Aunt Calista's way. -S. B. McManus. in Ram's Horn

FOLDED HANDS. In her cradle baby lies,

Folded lilies on her breast. Little hands are gently pressed—Folded hands. At the altar, as a bride, With her lover side by side.

Sleep has closed her sunny eyes;

Hoping happiness they stand, Heart to heart and hand in handr'olded hands.

On her bed of peaceful rest, Tired hands folded on her breast No more knowing false or true, No more work for them to do-

### MRS. SNIVELY'S SUNDAY

Mrs. Snively had always kept a boarding house. At least, I have never been able to find out when Mrs. Snively began to keep a boarding house. Though she had a house full of lodgers who paid well, she was always poor and did all of the work, cooking, sweeping and the gling at, you impudent little brat?" rest of it. I have heard guesses concerning a departed Mr. Snively, who did not carry his debts with him, but that's

neither here nor there. The night before Mrs. Grant had told her that she proposed to spend the next day with her daughter in a neighboring village, and would Mrs. Snively have an early breakfast, so that she might catch the train? (The train left at nine, but Mrs. Grant was nervous). Strangely enough, old Mr. Grumpy had informed her that he also would be absent on the morrow, being invited to dine with a friend, and would she feed his parrot in

his absence, precisely at noon? Then at breakfast, early breakfast, young Mr. Lovelace had said in a very hesitating way with rising color, that he had an engagement, oh!-er-that he would not be there at dinner, would be elsewhere, that is, in fact. Furthemore, Mr. and Mrs. Gowell and their three children were observed making preparation for departure about ten o'clock. and when Mrs. Snively ventured to ask them their plans she learned that they proposed to drop in on the minister's family at dinner. And wouldn't they be

That left no one in the house but old Miss Le Croix, and she was confined to her room with rheumatism, so that Mrs. Snively washed up the breakfast dishes with a strange feeling of leisure. Thus

"Let's see. What's to-day? Day before yesterday I made bread. Or was it yesterday? Yesterday. So to-day's Saturday and to-morrow's Sunday. Let's see. Last March a year ago, it's fourteen lasting months since I've been inside a church. (The hard-working little woman's memory was not good, but this was undoubtedly true.) How good it would be to hear the benediction again, 'Now unto him who is able to keep,' and to see them take up the collection, so pleasant like. Ank let's see. How does Coronation start?" and the cracked voice quavered through the grand old tune, as the dish-wiper polish-

"I'll go to church to-morrow, Provimonths, I have a chance to get a day's work ahead. We can have a codfish dinner to-morrow. How can I manage now? Chicken I can warm up in a minute. And pie, too." Here Mrs. Snively's meditations entered a sacred realm

into which I do not dare follow her. What busy hours succeeded, preparing for the expected church-going on the morrow! She swept and dusted and of the general staff. tidied up the house for Sunday, because "the folks wouldn't be back till too late | was fifteen years old. He became an en-

plans were-if plans she had, they were | to muss things up again, thanks be to goodness!" People in passing looked at out of doors and washed the parlor windows. "I suppose I am a sight to be-

hold," she confessed, looking down on an indescribable housekeeping uniform. There were not quite enough potatoes a large garden back of the house-a garden in which the thrifty old woman of the very best. "Didn't folks ever see a woman handle a hoe before?" she indignantly soliloquized, observing how people in the street stared at her and turned around to look back at her. lonely and ill-used as she tugged the basket back to the house and began to prepare the Sunday potatoes.

She took up her dinner on a neat tray making all that racket about the house

"The folks were all away, and I've

"Huh! You'd better make your apologies to the Lord," grunted Miss Le Croix, taking up the prayer book which She wanted to rest up from her reculary beside her reclining chair, and in

Mrs. Snively thought that a queer remark from Miss Le Croix, but bowed herself confusedly out of the room, carrying Miss Le Croi'xs vase to fill it with fresh flowers. When this was done, and Mrs. Grumpy's parrot fed, "Now," said Mrs. Snively. 'I'll do my market-Jim had grown stout and well with | ing for Sunday, and then cook what I can all ready for to-morrow.

So she put on her marketing garb, a uniform only less wonderful than her housekeeping attire, and with an immense basket on her arm, sallied forth. It was a beautiful summer day, and how they afford it," muttered she as a group of young ladies passed her in beautiful gowns of shimmering summer goods. And then she thought of her Sunday silk, lying undisturbed for fourteen months in the trunk at home, and wondered wbether it had become spotted. She would examine it as soon as she got home.

Her cheery mood was dampened by an encounter with the pastor of her church, Rev. Dr. Bookster, who seemed to answer her hearty bow rather stern ly. "He needn't look so mad," she grumbled to herself. "Goodness knows I go to church as often as I can. If he had to keep house for nine cross-grained mortals as I do, he wouldn't go to church but once in fourteen months.

Mrs. Snively soon grew jolly again, as a laughing, happy crowd of children came jostling toward her, books and papers in their hands. "School's out early this afternoon," thought Mrs. Snively. "And dear me, what sweet little darlings. But I don't think it's right to dress children up so, just to send them to school. Now do look at that 'cepting in a certain tin box I know of.

A square or two further she began to come to the stores. "What's the post office closed for? Some government holi-She was real bad, last I heard. Why,

Here Mrs. Snively's surprise became inarticulate, for she turned a corner on a long row of stores, all closed and the curtains down. Here was the market where she must go first, all shut up and the door locked, for she tried it. "What's wanted, Mrs. Snively?" said the owner. a jolly young man, who lived above his shop and who chanced to come out at this moment very neatly attired. "Getting contributions for the heathen, Mrs. Snively, in that big basket?"

"I want to know, John Boardman," began Mrs. Snively, smartly, "why all these business houses are closed. What sort of a new fangled holiday is this You'll have it next so that one can shop only one day in the week." "Why, Mrs. Snively, don't you believe

in keeping Sunday?" "Sunday! John Boardman, are you telling me that this is Sunday?" "Of course, it's Sunday! Why, what

But Mrs. Snively, big basket, marketing and all, a scared, fluttering, comical little figure, was already half a square

away, scudding along with a sore heart. half shrinking, half defiant. "Well, no wonder," groaned she, "The same life, week in, week out. One day like the rest. No one to talk to except the lodgers, and then only about eating. I have no Sunday in my life. and that's a fact. What are you gig-This to an urchin trotting from Sunday school who stopped to gaze in undis guised wonder at the big basket.

Mrs Snively went home through bystreets, feeling woefully conspicuous. and quite like a feminine Rip Van Win-

lonely house, she set the big basket down on the kitchen table and herself on a kitchen chair, and, stout-hearted till then, indulged in a good cry. It was not merely the loss of the benediction and Coronation, great as that disappointment was; but the incident so clearly disclosed her sad, isolated, mo

notonous life. By supper time, however, she had regained her natural, brave content, and as all the lodgers returned in good humor from their various Sunday relaxations. she was led to relate with spirit her ex

perience of the day. Now it chanced that Mr. and Mrs. Gowell were, like the most of us, selfish only from laziness and carelessness, When opportunity for a kindness was pressed upon them they were warm of heart. And Mrs. Snively's comically sad experience set them to thinking to such good purpose that they got all the lodgers to agree to a cold lunch, instead of the usual elaborate Sunday dinner, and quite electrified Mrs. Snively by saying to her at supper the next Satur.

"We want you to go to church with us to-morrow, Mrs. Snively, and we'll all be well pleased with a cold, late lunch. Our carriage will call for us at

So the black silk came out from the trunk, the placed old face found itself inside a Sunday bonnet once more, the worn hands proudly dropped a ten-cent piece into the contribution box, and, strangely enough, the cracked voice got a chance to quaver through "Corona-And the benediction, "Now unto him who is able to keep," rested, with the exception of the Gowells, upon no more blessed spirit than hers. Thereafter Mrs. Snively's life had

Sunday in it.-Prof. Amos R. Wells, in N. Y. Observer. WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIPS.

Officer Who Commanded the Ill-Fated Elbe for Three Years, Kurt von Goessel, captain of the foundered North German Lloyd steamship Eibe. was born in Ratibor, Prussian Silesia, where his mother still lives. The Von Goessels are connected with many of the most aristocratic families Germany. Capt. von Goessel's only br ther is a general in the German army, an under Emperor William I. was a member

Von Goessel ran away to sea when he

thusiastic sailor, and eventually con manded a fine sailing ship. More that twenty years ago he passed the examinations required by the Lloyds, and entered their service as a fourth officer. He tool



command of the Elbe about three years ago. For three years previous to that time he was captain of one of the company's vessels that went from Bremen to Singapore, through the Suez Canal. Before that time he commanded a Lloyd boa that sailed from Bremen to Rio de Janeiro. and from that port to Baltimore. Capt. von Goessel's family consists of his wife and three children-a girl, seventeen years old, and two sons, one twelve.

the other three years old. They live in

Bremerhaven. They formerly lived in Hanover, but moved north to be nearer the Captain when he was in port. The Captain was forty-four years old, fine-looking and stood 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet. He was broad-shoul-dered, well-built. He had bright blue eyes, and wore a full flaxen beard.

Among the Lloyd's vessels Kurt von Goessel was second officer of the Mosel, which was blown to pieces by dynamite a its dock some years ago; was first officer of the Saale and commanded the Sachsen. There was no more popular captain in the Lloyds' service. A march—the "Elbi-ata"—was dedicated to him less than two weeks ago, and he spent quite a little time when he was last at New York at the Liederkranz Society Club-House. He was an economic as well as a popular captain, and time and again received premium from his company for the economical administration of the affairs of his boat. Thoroughly jolly, good-natured man, he

of the Teuton. Withal he was a solid, substantial man, with lots of nerve and plenty of good common sense. He was a man who never lost his head, one who could be depended upon both in an emergency.

always had a pleasant word for everybody.

In looks and bearing he was the best type

Could Say "Truly Rural." This is a story about a congressman from Indiana, and, according to the Washington Post, it is perfectly true. One night, or to be exact, one morning, not long ago, the congressman came home in a condition that might have given rise to remark. He was not intoxicated-oh. dear no! And to prove it he said "truly rural" all the way up the stairs-a thing which, as everybody knows, is an infallible test of sobriety. The light was turned low in his room, but he dimly perceived a large gray cat perched on a chair, The Indiana congressman detests cats, "Scat!" said he, sharply. The cat didn't stir.

"Scat!" repeated the congressman. The cat took it good-naturedly, and sat perfectly still. The congressman shook the chair. The cat only rocked to and fro and then settled against the chair's back. "Well, that's the blamedest cat," remarked the congressman, as he pushed it And it was. It had no fur. The con

gressman heard a subdued snicker, and turning met his wife's eyes. It was a calico cat, and his ability to pronounce "truly rural" was of no avail.

Niagara Falls 32,000 Years Old. For more than 100 years the scientists of the old and new world have been figuring out the age of the great falls. Elliott in 1790 fixed the age at 55,000 years; Lyell in 1840 claimed the falls could not be over 35,000 years; Woodward in 1886 even reduced the figure to 12,000 years, and still more recently Gilbert, after learned arguments about the matter, estimated their age at sixty-seven centuries. Now Professor Spencer comes forward and says that all calculations so far had been based upon the retrogressive movement of the soil through the action of the water. While this recession is nearly regular, he alds a new element of valuation-that is. the different phases of the formation of the river itself and its greater or lesser force of erosion exerted both on river and bands. Spencer argues that the river has existed for about 32,000 years. During 1,000 years or more it had drained the Erie basin without having formed a cascade. The waters of Lake Ontario getting lower and lower, the falls resulted, but were formed slowly and gradually until they reached their present height. The Niagara Falls as we know them, or nearly so, will last at least 5,000 years longer.-La Nature.

Banishing the Pig From the Parlor. It is gratifying to learn from the report of the congested districts board for Ireland. that the efforts to banish the pig from the parlor are calculated to benefit both the pig and his master. Having noted that the board have offered in the Kiltimagh district inducements to small occupiers to provide out-buildings for cattle, as under the present system cattle and pigs spend the night and part of the day in the san: apartment as members of the family, the report goes on to say that injurious effec must have to spend many hours amid t effluvia of cattle, while the animals; doubt suffer from the sudden chan: from a close atmosphere at night to c or moist breezes in an unsheltered field an exposed hillside during the day.-Lor don Daily News.

The Beater Beaten. "Since Christmas I've begun to have my doubts about Santa Claus," ruefully exclaimed the boy who smokes cigarettes. "I tried to get an extra share by fooling the old fellow, so I got up in the night and out a big hole in the toe of my stocking, with my fishing net under it, so he wouldn't hear the things drop out." "Wot wuz de net result?" inquired the boy who couldn't help being funny. "I found the hole darned just like those in my other stockings-and mother gave me a terrible licking for nothing that morning."

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AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS,

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS, AMHERST.

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 prices are right.

Stomach Liver Cure

It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

gestion 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

Nervous Choking, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting,

Impure and Impoverished Blood. Boils and Carbuncles. Scrofula. Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs. Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,

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

NERVOUS DISEASES. As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied.

for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-To the Great South American Medicine Co.: REBECCA WILKINSON, c? 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 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

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 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.

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

"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 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 Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy com-No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. 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.

-AND-N. S.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

# AND

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years. It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.

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 indi-

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 curstive 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

Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness. St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age,

Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart,

Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea,

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful

This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts

several bottles of it I must say that I am sur-prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom-did in my life. I would advise weakly per-

ach and general nervous 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 grande

JOHN T. MISH. State of Indiana, te of Indiana, Montgomery County, \}88:

wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: | Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana,

walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and can not recommend it too highly."

GEO, BURCHIL & SONS