TO MY DAUGHTER.

- O, little one, daughter, my dearest,
  With your smiles and beautiful curls,
  And your laughter, the brightest and cleares O gravest and gayest of girls:
- With your hands that are softer than roses, And your lips that are lighter than flowers, And that innocent brow that discloses A wisdom more lovely than ours;
- With your locks that encumber, or scatter In a thousand mercurial gleams, And those feet whose impetuous patter I hear and remember in dreams;
- With your manner of motherly duty, When you play with your dolls and are wise; With your wonders of speech, and the beauty In your little imperious eyes;
- When I hear you so silverly ringing Your welcome from chamber or stair, When you run to me, kissing and clinging,
- So radiant, so rosily fair; I bend like an ogre above you; I bury my face in your curls;
  I fold you, I clasp you, I love you,
  O baby, queen blossom of girls.

  —Archibald Lampman, in Youth's Companion.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

As I sit by the fire in my quiet room and recall the episodes of a stirring life, I seem to realize that for years together it was little else than one continuous series of narrow escapes. Then, in not a little bewilderment, I ask myself which was the narrowest of the hundred

and one narrow escapes the details of which rise up before me as I ponder. Was it my rescue from the broken and battered timber-ship from Quebec. water-logged in mid-winter on the banks of Newfoundland, on that bleak morning when the worn and gaunt remnant of us had abandoned hope, and when the gallant Yankee, Moses Taylor, ranged up alongside and took us off in her lifeboat to warmth, comfort and safety? Was it on that afternoon before Saarbruck, when my compatriot Batty dashed out into the open in front of the Prussian picket, and opened fire single-handed on a whole French brigade? As he was, in the natural course of things, promptly shot down, my Scottish comrade and I ran out and brought him in through the gust of chassepot bullets. Was it on that lurid afternoon of the struggle to the death between the Paris Commune and Mac-Mahon's Versaillist troops, when I was stuck up against a wall to be shot by a Communist firing party, and five minutes later underwent the same experience at the hands of a Versaillist detachment which had put to flight the ferocious entlemen of the Belleville quarter? Was it on the hillock in front of Zaitch ar in the Servian campaign, when for ten minutes Gen. Docktouroff and myself were the targets for a battery of Osman Pasha's Krupp gnns, and when the atmosphere about us seemed a chaos of whirling shell-fragments? Was it in the Afghan pass, where, as I knelt beside a wounded soldier, pressing my thumb on the orifice of his bullet-wound that he should not bleed to death, he and were for some minutes the mark for the fire of the Afridi picket from the top of the over-hanging rock? Was it, again, on my long, lonely night ride over the Zululand veldt from the battlefield of Ulundi, through a country rife with hos-tile natives, when I followed a track on which an officer and his escort were

butchered the same night? I put aside altogether the casual risks of battle. The escapes in action are naturally frequent and narrow, but one is conscious of but a very small proportion of them.

I have had a man killed immediately behind me, and the bullet that slew him must have passed between my left arm and my side. That might be called a narrow escape, but I did not know of it until after it happened. Then the axiom that "a miss is as good as a mile" came into force. After the attack on Le Bourget by the Prussian Guards, I counted fourteen bullet-holes in the greatcoat of Major von Altrock, of the Queen Elizabeth regiment; but that gal-lant and burly soldier, who had shown the way over the barricade, was not in the least impressed by those evidences of the narrowness of his surprising immunity from scathe, because his escape was over and past before he knew how close it had been. In that he differed from the weak-nerved Scottish farmer, who, going home drunk one dark night, rode across a crazy footbridge overhanging a precipitous cataract. Returning next day to look at the place, he was so scared by the danger he had escaped that he died on the spot! Perhaps I may best fulfil the tenor of our editor's requisition, by narrating an experience, throughout which I quite realized my

sian and Eleventh Bavarian corps.

When about to enter the French capital,

the regiments of the chosen contingent.

since early morning, had been streaming

the ravine of Gravelotte, of the bloody

men with recollections of the fathom-

Valerien. Yet they were men brisk,

hearty and healthy now as if fresh from their home quarters. From the top of | now all over with me, and when I felt the mill of Longchamps near the Cas- my senses leaving me I had no other cade, I looked down on the gradual formation of the long, glittering line facing toward the Seine, with St. Cloud and Mount Valerien in the farther distance. I beheld the glint of the bayonets, the rounded by a number of soldiers. I dancing banners, the shimmer of sunlight from steel helmet and breastplate. the swart sullen guns. The great staff and suite of the Imperial Crown Prince gathered in the centre of the foreground. The saluting guns thundered, and the air throbbed to the measured cheering of the soldiers, as the stalwart | ten out in full a description of the Longold monarch of the Teutons galloped across the sward, greeted his son, and then rode slowly along the sorried lines. All the princes of the German empire followed the pair-a great mass of gorgeousness. The infantry marched past to the music of the massed bands; the cavalry charged with flashing of sabres and thunder of hoofs and then the heads of columns struck through the allees of the Bois de Boulogne in the direction of the Porte Maillot, the gate of entry. Traveling swiftly and by a more direct route, I reached the Arch of Triumph in advance of the heads of the marching columns. Staying to witness the review had thrown me much too late to see a historic feat. It was that of a young Bavarian, who, with six troopers, had headed the first entering detachment. He leaped his horse over the chains surrounding the arch, and rode under the structure commemorating so many French victories! Hours ago the quartermasters had quietly come in with their escorts, and by this time had finished the task of chalking on the doors of the quarter to be occu-

ing to their sedate, unemotional wont.

Frenchmen were abroad, and no ladies.

But on the broad sidewalks swarmed

tatterdemaloin gamins in wild profusion -young rascals of extraordinary pan-tomimic faculty, yelling like demons, and emitting from time to time a concerted shrill whistle that killed or discorded the music of the Teuton bands. Already the versatile rogues had learned to mimic the harsh words of command, and the somewhat clumsy gestures of the soldiers. The impudent varlets had thus early gauged the temper of the hussars who kept the ground, whom they mocked without ceasing, in apparent assurance of impunity. As I sauntered down the main avenue of the Champs Elysees in advance of the German infantry, I met the Crown Prince of Saxony, the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Meuse, riding at a walk toward the Arch of Triumph. During the last three months of the siege of Paris I had for the most part lived in the Prince's headquarters, and had experienced kindnesses at his hands. I had been anxious to obtain permission

ity to ask the favor. A short colloquy on the subject ensued between him and his chief of staff, with the result which ward the Place de la Concorde. Suddenly there was a clatter of galloping hoofs on the asphalt, and Count Vitz-hum, an aide-de-camp of the prince, reined up his horse on the sidewalk in front of me, bringing from his highness the courteous message that my old seat at the headquarters table was still being kept for me. Right from the arch

to telegraph copiously in the evening from the army office in the forest of

Montmorency, and as he pulled up with a cheery greeting I took the opportun

lowing me pretty closely. They were respectably dressed, perfectly quiet, and might have been either honest but conspicuous citizens, or professional spies. They hung about during my brief interview with the prince, and were close up to me when Vifzhum which had considerably increased, came to me. He civilly enough made the request that I should accompany them to a police office in the Faubourg St. Honore, for the purpose of giving an account of myself; since, although in civilian attire, I had been marked as be ing in suspicious familiarity with "the enemy." The request struck me as opportune, because I had been apprehending some difficulty in getting out of the quarter in German occupation, since all the egresses were barred by French troops under arms. As my passport and journalistic authentication were quite in order, I did not anticipate any bother at the hands of the police. Telling the French person what I was, and showing him my passport, I replied that I should be glad to accompany him, but that I could not do so until I had seen the German infantry now marching down the Champs Elysees, in the full occupation of the Place de la Concorde, and the garden of the Tuilleries. He bowed and joined his friends, who, leaving a couple in close observation of myself, strolled a little way apart to where a group of very sinister looking Frenchmen stood about a German officer in Cuirassier uniform, who was sitting quietly in the saddle under the shadow of the crapecovered statue of Strasburg. I knew the man, and they knew him, too. Their lurid upward glances at the mas-

sive form on the great war horse were changed with baleful meaning. Bismarck, with a little receptive gesture of his gauntleted hand, bent over his saddle-bow and requested "Monsieur" to oblige him with a light for his cigar. The man writhed as he compelled himself to comply. I felt sure that in his heart he wished that the lucifer were a dagger, and that he had the courage to use it. Presently I informed my friends that I was at their service, and they es-corted me toward the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, across the neck of which extended a line of French soldiers with a seething mob behind it. My escort and the officer had a brief parley; a gap was made, and I behind the line and in the very heart of the frowsy mob. My estled away, I never knew which. But I did know that I was alone in a dangerous and venomous throng, from which rose fierce yells of 'Prussien!" "Cochon!" etc. The nearest rascals and buffeted me.

Paris, Bismarck insisted that part of free. The people were so compacted room; but it clicked distinctly, and my Paris should be temporarily occupied by about me that they had no space to German troops. The entry was fixed maul me badly. But the throng grew for the first of March, and the force of denser; I was being crushed, and my occupation was to consist of 80,000 men, head was swimming because of the was sending it? drawn from the Sixth and Ninth Prus- | blows from the sticks. I made a wrench | to one side and got my back against a higher, seized my fountain-pen and street door. Now, for what it was | made ready to copy. The message ran those troops were reviewed by the ven- worth, my enemies were in my front. erable German emperor. From their In a rough way I could box a bit: and I siege quarters on the Seine's left bank | believe I spoiled sundry of the nearest faces. I know I cut my own knuckles to the bone. But the thick sticks kept | K. C. on to the Longchamps racecourse, on the hammering on my head; bottles began edge of the Bois de Boulogne. They to fly; and at last either a stick or a bot were men with the memories of the tle felled me to the ground. Then my hand-grapple in the woods of Worth, of legs were clutched with shouts and yells of triumph, and I found myself being plateau over against Sedan. They were dragged along the gutter on my back by genial enthusiasts, who loudly proless mud and the appalling mortality of claimed their intention of dragging me the siege of Metz. They had met Duc- to an adjacent fountain and drowning of a locomotive broke upon the night rot's fierce battle on yonder slope of me in its basin. Other cheerful pa-Fort Champigny, and Vinoy's last detriots now surrounded me, making vigspairing sortie from the shoulder of Fort orous kicks at my body and head. One whole souled person jumped on my chest. I honestly believed that it was

thought than that this was the advance of death. When I recovered conscious ness I was lying on a wooden guard bed, all blood and mud and in rags, surwas in a French military post. Its garrison had rescued me at the point of the bayonet, and I was now their prisoner. They gave me some brandy, and washed off me some of the blood and mud. As I revived my first thought was to search for my note book, in which I had writchamps review. To my horror it was gone, along with the coat tail in the pocket of which it had been. While I was internally bewailing myself, a citicen in a fine glow of triumph rushed into the post. "Here is evidence that the villain is a spy! Here are his notes -the lies he has been writing about our unhappy Paris!" I could have embraced the man, frowsy as he was. His face was a study when in the gladness of my heart I offered him a 5 franc piece. The implacable patriot accepted it. By and by, under the escort of bayonets, for the mob was still dangerous, I was taken, my rags covered by a soldier's greatcoat, to the bureau of a sitting magistrate two streets off. My com-

not been reft from me by the mob. He released me, and with an inimitable shrug and gesture of eloquent patriotism begged of me to excuse "the pied the specific detail of men little inconvenience" I had experienced, as I had ample time, I would go out to which each house was to accomoon account of the "not unnatural exdate. Ahead down the Champs citement of the Paris populace had ta-Elysees were long lines of caken a good deal of the skin off me, but fortunately had broken no bones. The valry horses standing at their picket lines still saddled, while the troopers, good magistrate took me to his dressing sword on thigh, lounged about or sat room, and lent me a coat in which to walk to my hotel. In the afternoon I away toward the river. on the doorsteps, taking in Paris accorddrove to the Crown Prince of Saxony's The windows of the houses in the headquarters, and later the same even-Champs Elysees were fairly occupied, ing started to London with my budget though scarcely any respectably dressed of news. - Archibald Forbes, War Cor-

respondent, in Youth's Companion.

panions in duress were a man who had

stolen an ink bottle, and a woman who

had been caught speaking to a German

soldier. I had no difficulty with his

worship. Fortunately my passport and

credentials were in a pocket which had

A FEW FLORAL TYPES.

It has been woman's blooming luck, in every less flower; The garden and the wilderness, the meadows Have been ransacked and overhauled for And never was there lover yet, as everybody knows, Who didn't think his sweetheart very like

In other days, the world beheld the gentle, Who ever staid by mamma's side, of wicked Who worked out funny "samplers," and made the spinnet sound, Who blushed whenever spoken to, and fainted if you frowned And yet the poets of that day her praises chose to pipe, And made the modest violet her floral proto-

Given many generations, and a "peasantry" resigned, There develops the aristocrat, of quality refined, Lithe, long of limb, with broad, low brow, and finely-chiseled face, That shows its owner is the daughter of a rul-

ing race; Cold, calm, the envied cynosure of poor plebeian eyes--How well her regal air the stately lily typifies. Now, next there comes the modern maid, who's "simply out of sight,"

The hustling girl of mannish style and rarebeef appetite.

The girl of high and strident voice, and space-

devouring stride, Who dons man's coat, his "four-in-hand," and other wear beside. I had hoped. Then the prince and his staff rode on, I strolling downward to-

-From Indianapolis Journal.

### THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

It was the summer of 1888, known as the wet season. It rained continually from the 1st of April till July, and on every third or fourth day the drizzle had observed three or four persons fol- changed to a heavy shower. Roads were impassable, and even railway traffic came to a standstill I was employed by the Great Western Road, and stationed at Westgate, a beautiful town, not very large, but the centre of a piece of magnificent scenery. To the north a majestic grove of oaks towered up from the banks of the Big Stowe River which flowed sullenly along momentarily blocked the sidewalk. on its south-westerly course, leaving the Down the Champs Elysees they kept dogging my heels, and at length, near the Rond Point, one of their number.

On its south-westerly course, is aving the character and culture of the periods of their production. This is equally true of that rarest specimen of humanity, the synapsy silver medal—the oldest school-house which was lighted up by the | Syracusan silver medal-the oldest pleasant face of the postmaster's only daughter Stella, made up the public buildings of the place, with the addition of the depot and grain warehouse where

> About a mile northward the railway bridge spanned the Big Stowe, and I had been requested by the bridge foreman to make a trip out to the structure every day just before dark to see that the ap proaches were safe, as in every sever storm the river, already swollen to full banks, would lap the end of the long bridge and whirl fiercely around the

I slept in my office, as duty compelled and it was but little trouble to change my lounge into a bed. I had also a corner occupied by a pony instrument on which at odd moments through the day I instructed a young student in the art of telegraphy, feeling thankful for something to help me to pass away time in such dull weather.

One sultry evening, after a few hours of clear sky, I placed my railway-tricycle on the track preparatory to making my evening trip to the bridge. Heavy banks of clouds could be seen in the west, and there was an ominous stillness in the air that made meanxious

to make a speedy trip.

It was a toilsome journey, and the perspiration gathered on my forehead, and my breath became short, before I finished it; but although I found the water higher than it had been, it was

not more dangerous to the bridge, Upon my return I took care to have my switch-lights trimmed and placed out earlier than usual, and hastily partook of supper, for already the low mut-tering of distant thunder foretold a heavy storm and a bad night. When it broke at last I was alone in my office, and the cracking of the telegraph in-struments, as the lightning played around them, resembled the firing of a small pistol. The rain fell in torrents. and the wind blew as if it would demoi

ish everything before it. I sat listening to the efforts of the despatcher to make his train orders plain, and when his continued repetitions made me nervous, fell back on my guitar for consolation. After playing every mournful melody I could think of, I sprea Gut my bed and dropped on it, to rest, if not to sleep. For some time I heard the rain beating against the window and the wind rushing under the cornice of the depot and creeping along the rafters with sobs like those of a child; then I dozed off to sleep, and nothing troubled

I awoke suddenly to find myself sit-ting up in bed, and to hear the pony inimminent danger, and in which, toward its close, I had resigned hope of escaping with life. After the capitulation of simply tried to bore through and get main line, and there was no one in the room; but it clicked distinctly, and my blood curdled as I recognized the call that is used on the wires only for those messages that are always sent to an of China. operator's ear-the "death signal." Who

> I sprang out of bed, turned my lamps "From Austin to C. W. G., Oelstein. Number Four Night Limited went down at Big Stowe bridge. Fifth and sixth

I read and re read this till my own writing looked strange to me as it lay on the desk, and then glanced at the clock. It was a quarter to one. Number Four was due at Westgate at half-past two. So the message was sent an hour and a quarter before the train would reach the place of the wreck!

trestle wash out. Seventy-three killed.

air. I glanced from the window and saw the red light of an approaching train some fifty yards away. Throwing on my coat and picking up my lantern made my way to the platform, saying

"The bridge was all right last night It is surely all right now. I stood a long time waiting for the stopped at Westgate, but it came no McCarthy. nearer and it made no sound. Then I saw that it was going at full speed through a country with which I was not familiar. The faithful engineer stood guiding through the darkness the human | Field. in that was trusted to him for safe delivery; and the fireman, in the shadow, looked out with a pallid face. They crossed streams and halted at a station; the bell rang and the whistle echoed, but there was no rumble of wheels.

By and by I began to recognize the stations as they came to them. There was the New Hampton depot, with the passengers crowding about the steps, and friends meeting and parting at the

Next came Fredericksburg, then Sumner, and then-O terrible fate!-I could hear the humming roar and the panting of the engine; I could see the turbulent waters of the Big Stowe lashing the approaches of the long bridge. The train was slowing up to cross it. I held my breath. It was in the centre of the great structure. The engineer was calling for brakes. I could hear the escaping steam; and the next instant it had plunged headlong into the black, seething water beneath!

I dropped on my knees and gave, not a scream, but the wildest yell that ever came from mortal lips. A moment later, I was fully awake, lying on the office floor, where I had fallen during

Some time elapsed before I could determine that it was all a dream. turned up my lamps, examined the little instrument that had clicked off the warning message, looked for a copy of it on my desk, and at last resolved that, Stowe and examine the bridge before Number Four was due. If everything was right, no one on the trip need ever

know of my dream. It was but the work of a moment to get out my tricycle and light up the head-lamp, and I was soon whirling As I drew nearer, the hoarse voice of the Big Stowe became a roar, and I found the track covered with water. The tricycle had to be abandoned, and I continued my way on foot through still

deeper waters till I reached the bridge,

I passed easily over the first four trestles, and was angry to find that I had such faith in the mysterious message that I was expecting danger in the fifth and sixth. When I stopped and swung my lantern out ahead of me, its gleam, aided by the moonlight, showed me thirtytwo feet of rail vibrating to and fro over a yawning chasm, where the mad waters laugh and leap and shriek as if a demon controlled them. The fifth and

sixth trestles were washed away, and I

knew by a warning scream of the locomo

tive that Number Four had just left There was no help for it; I must cross that gap on the rail and flag the train that was coming through the darkness to death and destruction. I crouched down and began my passage for life, taking my lantern between my teeth, that I might have the use of both hands The least dizziness or weakness, the slightest loss of balance, would plunge me into the waves below, and the train would be lost.

I crawled carefully along; now I was moving successfully, now I was tremb ing-now the swaying of the rail was turning my head! I was two-tuirds of the way across when I heard the train coming; a few steps more, and the head-light of old Number Four came swiftly around a curve and bore down the long

I was like a madman; in my excitement my teeth shut themselves tightly on the wire handle of my lantern, and I crept like a beast of prey to the firm footing that lay before me, where I stopped long enough to take my light in my hand and wave the danger signal. As I ran lightly up the track, I waved it in a dozen shapes and shouted at the top of my voice, though I knew no one would hear me. The terrible strain on my nerves gave way when I climed up on the engine and tried to explain matters to the engineer, who had halted three hundred feet from the bridge. I got through with an incoherent sentence in which "message" and "phantom train" repeated themselves, and then I believe I cried-at least the boys say I did; but they never called it babyish; and the whole crew called my dream a wonderful coincidence.

Coins and Medals. The rudeness or perfection of coins and medals furnish testimony of the character and culture of the periods of known to collectors-and the latest tri umph of the graver's art in gold, the

It is not generally known that the rarest portraits of famous heroes are but little business was transacted during found upon coins and medals. The historian, especially the historic artist, is indebted to this source alone for the portraits of Alexander, Ptolemy, Cleopatra, Mark Antony, Cæsar, and many other celebrities. Perhaps the valuation of a rare coin or

medal may be estimated by reference to one piece in the Philadelphia mint. It is an Egyptian coin, as large as a halfeagle, and has on the obverse the head of the wife of Ptolemy-Arsinoe-the only portrait of her yet discovered. Incidents of history are not alone re corded; and as an example of a very different nature may be cited, the medals commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem, and the whole series marking

that episode, especially those classed

"Judaea capta."

They tell sadly of a people's humiliation; the tied or chained captive; the mocking goddess of victory, all made more real by reason of the introduction, on the reverse of each piece, of a Jewess weeping bitterly, and though she sits under a palm tree, the national lament of another captivity is forcibly recalled An interesting specimen of the series above mentioned was recently found in the south of France, called Judæa Navillas, valuable particularly because it strengthens Josephus' assertion which had provoked some comment—viz., the fact of the escape of a large number of Jews from the Romans by means of

ships, at Joppa.

Coins and medals mark the introduction of laws; for example, an old Por-cian coin gives the date of the "law of appeal," under which, two centuries and a half later, Paul appealed to Cæsar.
Another relic dates the introduction of the ballot box; and a fact interesting to the ballot box; and a fact interesting to the agriculturist is established by an old silver coin of Ptolemy, upon which a man is represented cutting millet (a variety of Indian corn) with a scythe. Religions have been promulgated by coins. Islamism says upon a gold coin, "No god but God, Mohammed is the prophet and God's chosen apostle." sian coins in mystic characters symbolize the dreadful sacrifice of the Fire Worshippers. Henry VIII. shows his characteristic egotism in Hebrew, Greek and Latin upon a medal,

### NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS. In 1813 there were 38 papers in London

G.B.G.

-8 morning and 7 evening, 7 every other day, 16 every Sunday. Last year the United States and Canada published 19,573 papers, with an aggregate circulation of 3,481,610,000 copies. The little island of Iceland, with about seventy thousand inhabitants, has the same number of newspapers as the great empire

Types are not used in printing Persian newspapers. The "copy" is given to an expert penman, who writes it out neatly. Then his work is lithographed. The first English book was printed in 1474. In 1891 the publishers of this country issued 4 665 new books, with an average of 1,000 copies each. During the same

year there were 4,429 new books printed in

England expends annually on pictures at least three million pounds. A statue of Marshal de MacMahon will be erected at Autun. It is to be thirty feet

Miss Rose O'Halloran is the only woman member of the Astronomical society on the Pacific. She was nominated to that honor by Prof. Holden.

The memorial statue of the late Right Hon, Sir John A. Macdonald, which is to be erected in Toronto, is now ready for train to pass by. Number-Limited | the casting. It was modeled by Hamilton

Two lions in bronze modeled by Edward Kemeys, and cast in Chicago, have been placed in front of the new art institute. in his cab, with his hand on the throttle. They are the gift of the widow of Henry



covered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who 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.

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## NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT

Thomas Leahy of Bathurst Village, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, Merchant, has assigned all his estate and effects to me, the undersigned trustee, for the benefit o The trust deed now lies at my office in the town of Bathurst. Creditors desiring to participate in the trust estate are required to execute the same within three months from this date Dated at Bathurst, the 21st day of August, A. D JNO. J. HARRINGTON.

the year.

Newcastle, 24th Dec., 1894.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above company, will be held at the secretary? office in Newcastle, on Thursday the tenth day o January next, at two o'clock p. m. for the purpose of choosing directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may be deemed The directors will meet in the same place on the same day at eleven o'clock a m., to audit the treasurer's accounts, and wind up the business for

ALLAN RITCHIE.

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Manchester House. XMAS & NEW YEAR 1894-1895. Our stock of generol dry go ads is full and com-plete in every line and we have on hand all the new

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

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SHAVING PARLOR Water Street,

He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes. Smokers' Goods generally

Has been appointed agent for ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND. ONTARIO MUTUAL CO OF CANADA and hopes by strict attention to businees 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.

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AND FOUNDRY MACHINE SHOP. 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-castings, etc., always in stock ORDERS IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Estimates for work furnished on application.

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THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for

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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 indigestical 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

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

Mental Despondency,

Nervousness of Females,

Nervousness of Old Age,

Sleeplessness,

Neuralgia,

St. Vitus' Dance,

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

Liver Complaint,

Chronic Diarrhœa, 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 carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-

CRAWFORDSVILLE. IND., Aug. 20, '86. REDECCA WILKINSON, c? Brownsvalley, Ind.,
To the Great South American Medicine Co.: Says: "I had been in a distressed condition for 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 somach and nerves. I tried every Stomach, Dyspesia, 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 South American Nervine. which done me more 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 perach and general nervols system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

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

## A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. State of Indiana, te 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, 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 ne Tonic improved me so much that I was able to the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use fo 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 No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy com-

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