has just completed her 99th year. She is

over 100 years old, yet it is reported she

can walk five miles without experiencing

Hosea Brown of Wildermere, Ore., is

Israel D. Condit, of Milburn, N.J., who

has just celebrated his 92nd birthday, is

the only living charter member of the

Marshal Canrobert, probably the oldest

living holder of a baton, recently cele-

brated his 86th birthday. He is the pet of

his aunt, Mme. Wilkinson, who is hale

Thomas Gormley, aged 104 years, was knacked down and had his shoulder brok-

en by a horse car in New York recently.

Elijah Bryan, of Nevada, Mo., who is now in his 95th year, as a youth helped to defend the homes of the Missouri settlers

against the raids of Black Hawk's war-

iors. His family is related to that of

Daniel Boone, and he owns an old flint-

LOOKOUT FOR BIRDIE.

Hard-billed birds are those which live

Soft-billed birds do not live on seeds, but

digestion, and then the bird's health is

Hard-billed birds need little for food

Moulting cannot be called a disease since

it is a natural process of providing the bird

A bird should be given its bath, its food

After a bird takes his water bath he

should have a sun bath if there is a spot in

Cuttle bone is an important article of

diet for hard-billed birds. There is a

salty taste to it which seems to be a tonic

The health of all birds depends upon

three things, regularity in being fed and

given its bath, good food and absolute pro-

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

The "devil's looking glass" is a smooth

stone formation one hundred feet wide.

and rising two hundred feet out of the

The Hindoo god of marriage is repre-

sented with a human body and elephant's

head, seated on a throne resting on a circle

Thirty-five years ago Mrs. Milton Steven-

son, of Georgetown, Ky., ran a piece of

broken glass into her hand. Last week

The New Jersey society of Cincinnati

devotes the income of a fund of thirty

thousand dollars for the marking of places

in that state made historic by the war of

There is a wild flower in Turkey that is

the exact image of a humming bird. The

breast is green, the wings are a deep rose

color, the throat yellow, the head and beak

At the lunch given by the municipality

of Rome to the physicians who attended

the recent international congress, six

thousand bottles and three hundred and

THE GREAT ARTIST.

Mignard was a doctor who abandoned

Correggio, in spite of the greatness of

Falcone was the first great battle-paint-

er. He was a turbhleut character, and

more than once was expelled by the auth-

orities of Naples for participating in re-

Cimabue's Madenna, new in the Church

of S. Maria Novella in Florence, when

finished, was carried from his house to the

church in solemn procession, with bands

Udine was the greatest fruit, flower and

animal painter of the fifteenth century.

He gave the same attention to botany and

zoology that Michael Angelo gave to anat-

HINTS FOR THE CUISINE.

Veal cutlets are improved by a tomate

Fish and eggs are the diet for summer,

as nature plainly intimated when she pro-

vided them in such plenty at this season.

tender, and put them into a saucepan, al-

lowing an ounce of butter to a pint of peas.

hot, add a little chopped parsley and the

Set on the stove, stir gently till thoroughly

Velvet Cake. - One pound of flour, one

pound of sugar, half a pound of butter.

five eggs beaten separately, then poured

together and beaten again, half a tea-

spoonful of soda, a teasp-onful of cream

of tartar; flavor with vanilla, wineglass of

MISSING LINKS.

The lungs hold five quarts of air.

England has a tax on gravestones.

volutionary movements.

of music and great pomp.

sauce poured over them.

yolk of one egg, and serve.

wine or brandy.

000 taxes on land.

るの意味を

Sold in Chatham, by

please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

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 of his creditors.

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.

Part of the two story double house on Foundry Lane and part of the large two story house on Muirhead Street. For further information apply to

Chatham, Sept. 5, 1894

The Wood Company,

OF ASSIGNMENT.

JNO J. HARRINGTON.

JOHN FOTHERINGHAM.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE, Druggist,

Windsor, Ont., Canada.

omy, and with the same results.

his works, lived and died in almost pitiful

his pill boxes for the palette and brushes.

sixty flasks of wine were consumed.

the glass was taken out at the elbow.

Nolachucky river in Tennessee.

and a clean cage at the same hour each

besides seed and occasionally a bit of let-

on insects and prepared food.

day, and by the same person.

the house where the san shines.

tuce, apple or celery.

with new plumage.

for feathered bipeds.

tection from draughts.

that he will recover from the accident.

said to be the only survivor of the war of

1812 on the Pacific coast who draws a pen-

a daughter of a revolutionary soldier.

undue fatigue.

frontiersman.

on seeds.

sion. He is 101 years old.

Morris & Essex railroad.

and hearty in her 102d year.

A QUEER CLUE.

There are certain buildings which re-There are certain buildings which repel you, just as there are certain people. Martin Swift's wholesale liquor store was one of the sort. It was dingy, unclean and out of place among its betters. As a newspaper man I passed it twice a day for nine years and never caught sight of the proprietor. True, the door stood open in summmer, as do the doors of other business house, but Mr. Swift was not one to be seen. In the right hand window was a pyramids of jugs and demi-johns, in the left a pyramid of brandy kegs and bottles.

I am free to say that this building, with its unseen and unknown proprietwith its unseen and unknown proprietor, annoyed me, and yet I rather welcomed the annoyance. I called it my
mystery, and I passed many an hour
wondering who Martin Swift was,
where he came from, what about his
family, his age, what he looked like and
so forth. Why didn't I go and see for
myself? Well, very many times I was
on the point of entering the store and
solving the mystery, but somehow I always retreated at the last moment. Call
it whimsical, but that's the way it was
with me. Take it in your own case.
There are certain streets and buildings
you object to. There are shops and stores you object to. There are shops and stores within a few doors of your house which you pass by to go to other shops and stores no better. You have an aversion; but you cannot give a reasonable excuse for it.

I repeat, nine years passed away, and I never entered the store or saw the proprietor. Then one day I made a sudden resolve. I would walk right into the place and see and speak with Martin Swift. This was in November, and the doors were shut, I got up from my work, rode half a mile on a street car and walked into the liquor store as if I had legitimate business. There was an aisle 10 feet wide down the centre of the store and on each side were rows of store, and on each side were rows of kegs and barrels. Near the rear end was the stove, but it was cold. Close to the stove was an old desk, with papers seattered over the top. Five feet away a flight of stairs led to the second story.

The interior of the building was about what I had pictured it through all those what I had pictured it through all those long years. I stood looking around for a minute and then picked up the poker and rapped on the stove. Mr. Swift could not be away, or the front door would have been locked. If upstairs my alarm would bring him down. As time

passed I rapped again and again, but I seemed to be alone in the place. The first idea was to abandon my quest. The door might have been left unlocked by He recognized it accident, and Mr. Swift might not return for hours. I had started to go out, when I suddenly remembered that there were blinds to the two window of the second story and that I had never seen them open. I had always figured that Mr. Swift had rooms up there. The blinds never being opened, I had deduced that he was a single man and eccentric in his habits. in his habits. I not only had a curiosity to see the upstairs part, but as I stood at the foot of the stairs it occurred to me that the old man might be lying in his bed up there too ill to come down.

I found the second story divided off by a plank partition. The west half was devoted to empty bottles and cases, while the east half, which looked down on the street, was divided into two rooms—a sitting room and a bedroom.

Each room had a window. The door of the sitting-room was open, and on the floor lay the dead body of Martin Swift.

There was a gas jet burning at full head, and I could see plainly. A second glance told me that the man had been murdered. It would have been the right thing in me to rush downstairs and out and give the alarm at once, but I did not do so. I leaned against the door casing and carefully took note of every-

Yes, Martin Swift was an old man-old and gray and wrinkled, as I had pic-tured him. Some of his front teeth were gone, and on the floor beside him lay a pair of steel bowed spectacles. The room was not only plainly furnished, but the dust and cobwebs and general slovenly look proved that he was not of tidy habits. I could see the bed in the other room and took notice that it had not been slept in the night before. I took out my notebook and carefully jotted down the position of the body—the position of two chairs at an old table in the centre of the room, a pipe lying on the floor besides a stove yet warm and a dozen other things.

Mr. Swift had had a visitor the night before, and that visitor had murdered him and left the store by the only entrance and exit. That was why I found the front door unlocked. Who was the visitor? I knew the sex before I entered the room. The carpet was old and had not been swept for weeks. In the dust on its surface was the print of a woman's shoe—a No. 2 shoe. She had found the old man in the store below and come up with him. The two had sat down facing each other beside the table. When I inspected the table, I discoved in the dust on its surface a square representing the bottom of a hor The box was not to be found. The two had sat down to overhaul the contents of a box of papers. In front of the wo-

The old man had been killed by a bullet through the heart. On the hearth of the stove was a little heap of tobacco ashes. As they sat talking he was smoking. Having finished his pipe, he reached out his right hand and knocked out the ashes. That brought his left side to her, and as she fired he pitched out of his chair and his pipe relied out of his chair, and his pipe rolled away. One leg had been drawn up and one hand clinched, but he had died almost instantly. I wandered about the sitting-room and into his bedroom, but nothing seemed to have been disturbed. On the shelf in the bedroom was a tin box containing over \$500 in cash. By the light of a match I saw that it had not been moved. His trunk had not been opened, and hanging from a nail was his gold watch. His murderer had

not come for money.

Had anything been left behind which could be made use of as a clew to unravel this mysterious murder? The chair in which the woman sat was an old-fashioned splint bottom. Clinging to the splints I found a few threads of blue dress goods. That only corroborated the footprints, however. I got down on hands and knees, crept back and forth across the floor, and under the stove I made a singular discovery. I found what I at first took for some sort of toy, but which I soon figured out was a golden crown or cap for a human tooth. It had been made to slip over a tooth and be kept in place by cement. It could not have belonged to the old man. but did it belong to the woman who had called? Such things are sometimes lost, but it would be strange enough if she

lost that crown there. As near as I could figure, she had simply taken the box and walked out and downstairs as soon as she was satisfied that he was dead. She had not entered the bedroom. She had gone no farther than the table.

I was investigating for at least an hour before ready to go. The stove burned soft coal. The fire was all out, but the iron was not yet cold. The body of the old man was cold and rigid, and I migh figure that he had been dead since 9 o 10 o'clock of the night before. He dis no cooking up there, and it was for me to find out where he boarded. I ha three cheap restaurants in mind an within an hour I had learned that l had taken his meals in one of them for the past five years; yes, he was there a supper time the evening before at 6:15 He always closed his store at 6. At o'clock he had finished his dinner an was ready to return to the store. He would reach there at 7:12, or 7:15, an the woman must have been waiting for him. As he did not smoke on the streethe must have lighted his pipe as the went upstairs. Eight o'clock would lie close to the hour of his killing.

Did I give the alarm? No. 1 said no. a word. I passed down and out into the street in broad daylight, and no on gave me a second glance. As Marii Swift had been my mystery in life, so meant he should be in death. The wo der was that someone had not discover ed the murder long before I did. In deed, as I may tell you, I had not bee: forgive me, for-give-me-and forget gone 15 minutes when a customer entered to pay a bill, made an investigation, and the alarm went out that Martin Swift had been murdered. I don' dear, I can never forget you. You spoken of. I obliterated nothing. The ly not playing with me?" position of the two chairs and the marks to them. They found no footprints in the dust. The finding of the \$500 in the Tom have pity, have pity." box satisfied them that the murdere.

had become alarmed and fled before se curing any booty. The murderer must be a man, of course. Before 9 o'clock that evening three different men had

that evening three different men had been arrested on suspicion.

While I entered and left the store in broad daylight no one came forward to say they had seen me. It was regarded as a plain, straight case. Someone suspected the old man had money upstairs, invented some excuse to get up there with him and then shot him dead. Doesn't it occur to you that it would have been more natural to kill him down in the store, where he would not have been more natural to kill him down in the store, where he would not have been on his guard, and that in leaving a man would have locked the door and taken the key to prevent discovery as long as possible? A woman wouldn't have thought of it, but a man would, especially one who must have plotted and planned for days. Five arrests were made by the police and all the suspects set at liberty after a few days, and in the course of a fortnight it was an "old" case. There was no cine was an "old" case. There was no clue to work on, and in a month the affair

was out of sight. I made no move until the detectives had dropped the case. The clue was in that bit of gold. They might not have found it at all, or in finding it may not have regarded it as I did. The first thing was to take the crown or cap to a dentist. He looked it over and then said: This was made for an upper front tooth. It was made for a woman, of course, and I should say she was young and had a pretty mouth. It's a neat piece of work. The dentist is a first class one, whoever he is."

of sable, and the rain is pouring with merciless fury from the inky skies. But tempestuous as is the night Tom Wrayton, with a traveling valise in his haud, feels it not. He walks, unheeding the downpour, as though nothing could stay his purpose. On and on, far from the busy haunts of everyday life, far into the quiet country. Until at length he reaches a quiet "God's Acre" shrouded by giant trees whose far reaching arms seem to protect the quiet sleepers like those of some fond all mother.

As he walks through this quiet "city"

class one, whoever he is." In 100 dentists how many do you suppose rank as first class? I mean those patronised by wealthy people. Not over 10. The murderess must be well to do to patronize a first class dentist. As one photographer will recognize another photographer's work, so will one dentist. When I had visited six dental offices, I was sure the crown was not made in the city. In a week I had the names of the leading dentists in Boston and Philadel phia. In two weeks my letters to them had been answered. I only got a crumb of information. A Boston dentent said he believed the work was that of a dentist who had removed to Pittsburg. I wrote to Pittsburg, but receiving no answer, then made a trip to that city to find that my man had located in Buffalo, I walked into his office one day

and asked: "Did the young woman for whom you made this crown ever advertise for it?" "By George," he exclaimed as he looked at the shell of gold, "but I thought I

He recognized it at once as his own handiwork, told me the name of the young lady, gave me her street and number in Boston, and two hours later I was following up my clew. Thirty hours later I sat talking to the young lady herself. The lost crown had been re placed, but by a new dentist whose name I did not get with my list. She had no idea where or when she had lost the crown. She had no idea of my errand until I told her where I had found it. Then she turned as white as death, came near falling to the floor and it was five minutes before she got

"Yes, I shot him. He was my stepfather. He married my mother when I surrender her property to him he beat her and shut her up. I have the scars of wounds he inflicted on me. My mother's only brother was a defaulter to a bank. He ran away and died in a foreign land.

There was a constall land foreign land. There was no scandal, because mother paid up his default, but Martin Swift had letters and made threats, and for 12 year he has levied blackmail on us. My mother is old and passes for a widow, but she was legally bound to that old wretch. I went there to plead with him. He took down the box containing the letters and gloated over them. Instead of having pity on us, he yowed that the blackmail must be increased. I had gone armed to protect myself, for he was cowardly enough to strike a woman. It came to me all at once to shoot him, and he was dead before I realized what I had done. Yes, I am his murderer. Call in the police!" "This is the only clue," I said as I

laid the golden shell in her hand. "Well, I don't deny it was mine." "Put it carefully away. My work is finished—good day." "But-But--"Nice winter weather we are having

-good day!"
That is all. I have lost the number of the house, the name of the family. might find the street again, but for what reason? Murder should be punished, but some killings are simple retribution. Plenty of men deserve killing for deeds

Here take before him. Then he waits a few seconds, and once more applies the wonderful power.

Quietly, dimly, as the first pale streaks of dawn flash athwart the east-

A Census Note New York state has 412,422 families. FRETTING AND WAITING.

To those who fret Lest the next hour be set With sudden grief or care, Promise seems never fair, And Hope, a stranger-guest,
Makes not their haunts her nest,
Fear proffers all her debt
To those who fret.

To those who wait Content to contemplate Their present joy or woe, There comes no silent foe Out of the mists to mar

The inner calms that are.

Peace comes, though it come late,
To those who wait.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Aside life's curtain and looked through." -Joaquin Miller. "But my dear fellow, I am as confident of what I assert as I am that my name is what it is," and James Benyon

darted a keen questioning look at his "Really, Jimmy, you have got hold of a most unaccountable fad now. Whatever suggested such an idea I cannot make out. You are usually so full of

Gwen would say if she could listen to your scientific diatribe." "Now, Tom, all joking aside, just listen to me for a few moments, and I will try and convince you of the truth of what I have said. It is my firm conviction that the power of electro-magnetism in such a case as I have stated is absolutely almighty, and that, properly applied, and due precautions being taken, it is possible to hold converse with those who have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' as you put it, and, mark you, not only hold converse, but providing the vital tissues are not impaired by disease

or old age-bring them back from the gates of death, and place them ouce more among the living, breathing mul-"I should be rather chary of attempting the experiment, old man, unless I and-" was sure of my subject," said Tom Wrayton, rather nervously.

Why, Tom, what possible danger could there be? There might be a certain distaste, in the case of a relative or dear friend, that would be minimised. take our own friendship for instance what objection could you have to holding a chat with me after I had left | hackney.

"None that I can see." "Oh, darling, you cannot mean it?" "I do, Tom.

From the adjoining room came the sounds of a valse, the melody softened and mellowed by distance. Gwendolen Howard remembers that air for ever after. She turned now, and regarded her companion with tearful eyes. His face was sunk in his hands, and his breath came heavily. "Why don't you speak?" she cried at last, impatiently, "if even but to chide

Tom Wrayton raised his face, and looked at her steadily with his sad and "Gwen, if you can tell me you will be happier as you are, I will utter no other

word; but not if-" "Of course I shall be happy," she an swered quickly, "or, at least as happy as I could be without James. Oh, Tom I do wish you could see what I mean. I feel somehow that it cannot be right to do as you wish me. I sught never to have promised such a thing. Oh,

say that it was any easy case for the de have my whole heart, and oh, I thought tectives to work, but they certainly you did love me. Did you not all but missed nearly all the "signs" I have promise to be my wife? You were sure-"No, no, no, I did mean it, oh, I did, of the box on the table signified nothin; but then I began to think of my poor-

"Gwen," he whispered, in a voice choked and hoarse with emotion, "my darling, must it be so, must I leave you, be nothing to you, I who love you

Again the slow dreamy valse melody floated towards them; whilst a mutual friend approaching Gwendoline mentioned that their dance came next on the programme. She rose and put her hand on the newcomer's arm, and as they turned to

leave the conservatory, with an imploring look Tom Wrayton said: "Goodby, Miss Howard. I may not see you again, so allow me to wish you every possible happiness."
Then he left the conservatory by another door—firm resolve written plainly on his handsome, kindly face, and a softer, more tender light shining

from his eyes—without so much as a backward glance; and Gwen entered the ball room, with difficulty restraining the tears that were perilously near The earth seems overhung with a pall of sable, and the rain is pouring with merciless fury from the inky skies. But tempestuous as is the night Tom Wray-

As he walks through this quiet "city of the dead" varied thoughts float through his mind. He thinks of the past, the happy past, which for him has left nothing but sadness; then thoughts come of that recent night of terror when his best loved friend was taken from beneath his wrecked dog-cart, and brought to his home a silent corpse; then a tender look takes the place of the sadness as a girlish face smiles into his own, and this seems to renerve him, for with quickened steps he threads his way carefully between tall monuments and lowly graves, until he stands at last before a massive mausoleum in a retired corner of the "cleeping city."
Taking a dark lantern from his

pocket, with a small key he opens the heavy door of the vault and enters the chamber of death. How still and awesome! Placing the lantern in a position to throw its leams round the vault he stands for a moment and looks around him. On one side rest the oaken receptac'es which hold the moldering remains of the long departed, whilst standing in the centre of

the tiny room, upon a stene foundation, is that for which he is looking. He goes straight up to the beautiful casket, and reads the inscription: "JAMES BENYON-AGED 28."

"Till He Come."

With a face from which every vestige of color has vanished, he unscrews the massive lid, and then turns away, his face working pitifully, and his hands clasping each other in a frenzied man-

Calmly resting, apparently in quiet repose, lies the friend who so recently fell on sleep. The handsome face is composed, and wears a smile, the heavy was but five years old, and because she would not put me away from her and and the white, blue veined lids fall

> battery and appliances, with several scems so long ago-to adjust the apparatus with reverent fingers upon the Though more than life is at stake, he is coolly professional, knowing that weakness now would spoil all. But the calm face often hides deep emotion, and the suffering of those few minutes was to Tom Wrayton an

eternity of anguish. After all his arrangements are complete, a strange eerie feeling creeps over him, and he hesitates to add that single touch, which, though once so sceptical about, he now feels assuredly will send the revivifying electric current rushing and pulsing through the form of his

At length pulling himself up with a start, he places his finger on the knob of his battery and so completes the circuit. Counting the seconds he gazes on the quiet face before him. Then he waits a

Quietly, dimly, as the first pale streaks of dawn flash athwart the eastern sky, a change comes over the sleeping countenance before him. It is as if some master hand had breathed into the sculptured stone and made it live. The white shroud of death gives place slowly to the tinge of crimsoning life. All this time Tom Wrayton stands with set face, gazing upon his

Does one thought of what might be, but for this, intrude itself upon him? Does one single wish to leave his work incomplete occur to him?

No, no, from that manly, honest heart arises nothing but thankful praise to the Omnipotent for so much suc-

But see! Slowly, very slowly, the lips of erstwhile dead unclose, and a weak sigh issues therefrom. No time must be lost now, and without a moment's delay Tom Wravton administers a cordial from one of the bottles with which he has provided him-

Then the blue-veined eyelids twitch and flutter, there is a short gasping. fight for breath, and for the first time a traveler has returned from "beyond the gates of death." Electricity has achieved one more triumph-science is once more victorious, and James Ben-

"Tom!" There is triumph and thankprosaic common sense. I wonder what fulness as well in the voice that speaks, after so long a silence. Tears stand in Tom Wrayton's eyes, as he replies: "Jimmy, we have con-

"Thank Gol!" replies the other, leaning on his friend, "for this sweet hour! Tom, I wish I could tell you all the solemn mystery-but I cannot. I do not regret it, it was worth the loss." Then sitence fell upon the friends, and nothing but the wild tumult of the storm outside disturbed the quiet of the

tomb. Then Tom spoke: ',James, the world will not believe this.' "When did the world ever believe anything out of the ordinary course of events? No, it will not. I shall go back into the world under another name. The strange secret of my double existence will be buried between us;

"And Gwendolen? She is still faith-

The Horse. Fine Percheron horses sell for twelve dollars ahead in the far Northwest. Messenger, the great ancestor of all the trotting stock in America, was a

A Wisconsin horseman has sold eight standard bred trotting stallions for exportation to Germany. The Glasgow, Scotland, Tramway Company has placed an order for 4,000 horses with Canadian buyers. A ration of one part cracked wheat, one part cornmeal and two parts whole oats constitute an excellent grain food. The feet of the mule are not so liable

to injury as those of the horse. The animal itself is hardier and less dainty in its 1.od. Hence it is to be preferred

Transparent Leather. Transparent leather has lately been perfected and placed upon the market in Paris. It is considered that the process of letting light through the hide of an ox does not unfit it for footwear, and it is expected that the new material will soon appear as the latest fashionable fad. Transparent shoes may be welcome by those who enjoy cold feet and are anxious to give the medical faculty and undertakers a little encouragement.

New Japanese Steel. It is reported that a new steel of wonderful temper has been produced by a Japanese navy arsenal official, Yamana, Hannojyo, Several experiments are said to have been made with the new steel at the navy arsenal, the Yokohama shipyards, the Tanaka factory and other Government establishments in Japan, with results that are described as excellent in all respects.—Iron Age.

Mrs. Lucy Healy, of Charlestown, R.I., has just completed her 99th year. She is MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, THE CILLESPIE CHATHAM FOUNDRY,

CHATHAM, N. B.

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DREAMLAND OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND

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Our stores at Chatham and Newcastle present a regular parorama o Toys, Nic-Nacks, Notions, Japanese Goods, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mantle, Chair and Table Drapes, and goods suitable for Xmas presents, such as children dream about, ladies delight to select from and men purchase in order to make one and all happy and content this holiday time. We are opening this week a new lot of Ladies Dress Goods, Coats, Jackets and Furs, Boys Youths and Mens Clothing, Fur Caps and Gloves. Our prices always defy competition.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

J. D. CREAGHAN.

# All young meats should be well cooked. Veal cutlets are improved by a tomato auce poured over them.

vided them in such plenty at this season.

Peas a L'Anglaise.—Boil the peas until GENERAL INSURANCEAGENT FOR

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Our stock of generol dry goods is full and com-plete in every line and we have on hand all the new A heavy dew is the precursor of rain. Queen Anne invented newspaper duties. est goods for the Holiday season. A flash of lightning equals 12,000 horse W. S LOGGIE Co. LTD. A single hair will bear a weight of 1,150

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Ladies Spring Jackets; WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. The Great English Remedy. Six Packages Guaranteed to Capes and Mantles; promptly, and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all reflect fit guaranteed; men's and boys work will effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use

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The subscriber having leased the above FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP. is prepared to meet the requirements of Railway, Mill and Steamboat owners and other users of Machinery, for all work

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AMHERST, N. S. N. S. This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. 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

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

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

Broken Constitution,

Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams,

Fainting,

Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia,

Heartburn and Sour Stomach,

Weakness of Extremities and

Weight and Tenderness in Stomack.

Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears

Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Temale Weakness. Nervous Chills,

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

Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Nervousness of Females, Catarrh of the Lungs, Nervousness of Old Age. Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Heart, Chronic Diarrhoea, 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 diges tion. 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 derangement. CRAWFORDSVILLE. IND., Aug. 20, '80. | REBECCA WILKINSON, 61 Brownsvalley, Ind., To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I 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 South American Nervine. Which done me more everal 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 stomach and general nervots system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

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

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

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. State of Indiana. Montgomery County, \ ss:

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:
"I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic, and the interior and continued its use for the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for the Nervine Tonic. Tonic improved me so much that I was able to the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use to 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 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 ciand 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.