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Part of the two story double house on Foundry
ed to the other side of him and pointed to the wood, where, within a dozen
paces, the glaring eyes of a wolf were seen
like two balls of fire. ALEX ROBINSON. | Chatham Sept. 5, 1894

Miramichi Advance.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick and stone and gold, And he inherits soft, white hands. And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
A bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares, And soft, white hands could hardly earn A living that would serve his turn; A heritage, it seems to me. One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants; His stomach craves for dainty fare; With sated heart he hears the pants And wearies in his easy chair; A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee. What doth the poor man's son inherit

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart, A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee. What doth a poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things, A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit, Content that from employment springs, A heart that in its labor sings; A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee. What doth the poor man's son inherit? A patience learned of being poor; Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,

A fellow-feeling that is sure To make the outcast bless his door; A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee. Oh, rich man's son! there is a toil That with all others level stands; Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state; There is worse weariness than thine In merely being rich and great; Toil only gives the soul to shine, And makes rest fragrant and bening; A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being poor to hold in fee. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod, Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage it seems to me A heritage, it seems to me, Weil worth a life to hold in fee.

A VENTURESOME GIRL.

A party of English tourists were one day viewing a snow-covered ridge, a spur of the great Rocky Mountain chain, which stretched a sloping mile from base to summit, when a bright-eyed, merry girl ex-"What a charming hill for coasting! How I should like a slide down from its

"Too dangerous, Nance," returned a empanion. "I would not risk my life in "That's the fun of it," she retorted. 'A little danger makes one's blood tingle

and gives a zest to the sport. If I had a sleigh and a companion courageous enough to go with me, I would try it." "I take you at your word, Miss Helford, said another of the party, a young man who was in love with the dashing girl. "I can procure a sleigh at yonder dwelling and shall be happy to be your escort." "Come on, then, Mr. Milton," said Nance, with a gay laugh, "let us start at

The other members of the party did not approve of this wild, foolish venture, as they regarded it, but sought in vain to get Nance Helford to relinquish the pro-As they had arranged to remain over night in the valley, there could be no plea as to want of time, so Nance persisted in carrying out her whim.

It was late in the afternoon when she and Clarence Milton set out to ascend the hill, he well armed with revolvers and knife, and drawing the sleigh after him.

The snow was soft and yielding when they began their ascent, so that their feet could easily keep hold; but they were obliged to take an oblique course, which doubled the distance, and carried them a mile away from the point where they in-tended to begin their sliding descent. This increase of calculated distance not only seriously delayed them in reaching their destination, but the weather grew suddenly colder, froze the snow to a crisp,

made the footing slippery and even dan-gerous, and so fatigued them as to materially diminish their ardor, especially that of the young man, who, as the two finally stood panting on the summit, where the wind cut like a knife, said to his fair com-

"Miss Heltord, I very much fear we have set out to do a foolish thing." "Do you repent, Mr. Milton?" "Well, I honestly wish we were again safe at the bottom of the hill." "Are you afraid!"

"On your account, Miss Nance, I feel "I notice,' she laughed, somewhat ironically, "that some people are always afraid on somebody else's account."

He colored to the temples. "That sounds like a reflection on my courage," he gravely said. "Please do not construe it in that way. But tell me what you fear on my ac

"It is near sunset, and will soon be dark. We have a mile yet to go to reach the place where we intended to descend. The snow is now frozen so as to be like ice, and down the long and steep declivity the momentum of the sleigh will be something terriffic. If we should chance upon any obstruction, I fear the consequence to us would be serious." "Why did you not think of this before

"Because the same danger was not then apparent. The snow was then soft, the sleigh would have been controllable, and I expected to make the venture before dark." "Very well, then, Mr. Milton, I don't wish to be considered foolhardy, and will be governed by your advice."

"Thank you, Miss Nance; and to be sure that I may not have fears without a cause, I propose that we hasten along the

ridge to our intended coasting-point." This ridge, which was open on one side, had a dense wood growing on the other, and the crowning fir-trees rose skyward within a few feet of the adventurers like a dark wall.

While on their way to the point men. tioned the sun set, the sky became overcast, and an omnious roaring sound was heard from among the wooded hills. "Heaven save us from a blizzard!" cried Clarence Milton, with a shudder. "Do you think there is danger of one?" anxiously questioned Nance.
"I do indeed fear there is one almost upon us. That roaring sound draws nearer.

and yonder there is a white mist of snow.' "Hark! what is that?" cried Nance suddealy grasping his arm and showing new "That is the howl of a wolf, I judge, and not far off," returned Clarence, as he hastily drew a revolver and looked sharply in the direction from which the sound pro-

ceeded. "Ha! there is another and an-

other—yes, a dozen at least!" he quickly added, as the disagreeable voices of the beasts rang ont upon the blast. "Will they strack us?" queried Nance. seeming to shrink at the thought. "They sometimes do, I am told, these mountain wolves, attack haman beings when pressed by hunger and there are many together; but they are more cowardly than wild beasts in general, and if they come too near, and in sight, I shall shoot the foremost and hope to frighten the rest

before you reach your friends again, that

because I have happened to suggest pru-

dence and caution, I am not altogether a

"Ah, Mr. Milton, I see you feel hurt at my careless remark; but please don't consider it personal! I-She broke off with a cry of terror;

Clarence made a sudden spring towards the beast, uttering a loud yell, and the animal quickly disappeared; but it was heard shortly after giving sharp yelps, in which it was joined by a dozen others. "You see the beasts fear us," observed Clarence, "but we have no time to lose here. Let us hasten to reach the point determined on, only a few rods further now.

may be necessary for us to try the coasting danger as the least fearful of the three. They gained the point they had so long struggled for, and as they glanced down the hill, millions of fine particles of snow began to swirl round them, stinging like needle punctures and almost blinding

To escape the blizzard and the wolves, it

"Yes, Miss Helford," hurriedly pursued Clarence, "we must make this coasting venture now as our only possible salvation. We are caught in a terrible blizzard, and heaven send us speed to reach the val-ley and our friends before being buried under a mountain of snow. Quick, now-

He assisted her upon the sleigh, feeling her tremble with excitement and fear, and was about to seat himself in front of her. when she uttered a scream of terror. He turned quickly and beheld the fiery eyeballs of a wolf, whose teeth were closed in her wrap, at which the beast was tugging with savage growls.

A glance around showed Clarence a circle of fiery eyes, and his ears were at the same time saluted, above the roar of the

tempest, with yelping snarls and savage growls, that were well calculated to unnerve the stoutest heart. Life or death now depended upon the action of the next few moments. Thrusting the muzzle of his revolver in-to the very face of the beast that was assaulting his fair companion, he pulled the trigger and lodged a bullet in his brain. As the wolf relaxed its hold and fell over dead, Clarence turned again, just in

time to encounter another beast in the act of making a spring at his throat. Quick as thought he fired again, and shot away the animal's under jaw. It fell back with a yelp, bleeding and cowed, and then with his heavy, sharp bowieknife, the young man quickly slashed a third wolfe across the throat, severing an artery, so that the blood poured forth in a stream. All this was the work of a moment, so to speak, but this gallant defense, and the falling back of their leaders, checked the advance of the rest of the pack, and the more timid slunk off to a safer distance. "Are you hurt, Miss Helford?" anxiousy queried Clarence.

No, thank heaven, I am still unharm-"Are you ready to go now?

"Yes, now-quick-before another at-"Down it is then, and heaven save us!" At that critical moment there came a frightful outburst of savage growls, snarling yelps, fierce contention and wild con-fusion among the almost famished wolves, which, having got the smell and taste of the blood flowing from their wounded companions, were now tearing them to pieces, devouring them, and fighting among themselves each for the lion's share. With one more glance and silent prayer

for safety, and the warning words, "Hold on for your life, Miss Helford!" Clarence Milton forced the sleigh over the verge of that steep declivity, when it, with its human freight, shot downward like a falling weight. It was a momentary relief to the adventurers to be clear from the hungry wolves, though rushing through a blinding storm. Dowd they went with a velocity they had no means of calculating, their eyes were so blinded with the fine, frozen, whirling snow that they could not see their

course, and therefore Clarence had no way of guiding the vehicle, which was bearing Once the sleigh seemed to take a leap into the air, and drew a frightened exclamation from Nance; but it soon struck the surface again with a shock, and continued its speed without overturning. At length the two adventurers found

themselves plowing through a bank of snow which completely enveloped them, and there the sleigh came to a stop. "Oh, are we at the bottom of the hill!" cried Nance, struggling to get her head up through the choking snow.

"Let us hope so," answered her companion seizing hold of her. Then they struggled to get their heads above the drift, and when they did so, be lieved themselves to be down in the valley,

but knew not which way to turn or go to reach their friends. They struggled and floundered and shouted for help, and so continued, with no cheering result, till, benumbed by cold. they were ready to faint with fatigue. Clarence found Nauce almost a dead weight at his side, and himself sinking

into a drowsy stupor.
"Don't sleep, Miss Nance—don't sleep for sleep is death!" he fancied himself And with the words on his lips he pitched forward, felt his hand touch some hard substance, which almost instantly gave way; and then light shone in his eyes, and strange voices filled his ears,

They were saved; for the hand of Clarence Milton had struck against the door of a log dwelling at the very moment the owner was opening it to what he believed was a human call or groan. "Yes," said vivacious Nance Helford. some days later to her companions, "you expected at one time to be called to my funeral; but I am most happy to invite you to my wedding instead. To the brave soul whom my folly drew into peril, but

who, uncomplaining, stood between me

and death, I give my hand, my fortune,

and, more than that, my heart and life de-

yotion! Need I say more?"

Proof Positive. "What makes you think he is so in "Oh. I know it because he is so attentive to other girls when I am present.'

WHITE VIOLETS. How easily your heart forgets What once could thrill it through and

My tribute of white violets,
All sweet and wet with morning dew
Meant more than other flowers then,
As I meant more than other men. My heart c. hearts, to you, And yet to-night you send them back
Crushed, alas, within your letter's fold =
Do withered leaves and rittle stems,
And tiny, scentiess, hearts of gold,
'Bereft of sunshine and of dew—
Mean less than nothing unto you?

Mean less than nothing unto you? How easily your heart forgets, O violet or violets!

MAKING AN INJUN.

Hidden away from the riotous world is rustic little Moose Village. Everybody in the Ottawa Valley knows it. The brown river flows slowly past as if sorry to leave it; the inhabitants are wont to remark that nothing but death or a bear hunt "way back on the nation" can ever draw them away; and last, but not least, when "Injun Joe" fixed up his wigwam on the Point, although he didn't know it, people concluded that they might reckon on him as a permanency. The Point was about half a mile above the village, and its silver sands ran a long way out. Just at the extreme edge, within a few feet of the lapping water, and sheltered by one majestic sugar maple, Injun Joe's quaint little tent drew the attention of wandering artists as they went down in the boat. All sorts of stories were invented about Joe, but none really knew where he had been dragged up. Some said that he was an Indian sachem of the Iroquois come to life again because he had misconducted himself in the happy hunting grounds. This, howstore as an elaborate fiction invented by away. As I intend to stand as much as that blonde young humgrist Barney Mapossible between you and danger, Miss guire. "You see, boys," that worthy possible between you and danger, Miss guire. 'You see, boys,' that worthy Nance, I may be able to prove to you, would observe to the crowd, "it's this way: That there Injun's been let loose by one of them Montreallers who go about diggin' in the mountains for Indian graves. An' now they've let him out, of course he no whisky. You bet your boots that's about the size of it." and Barney, absently taking a plug of his neighbor's tobacco, went out into the night. It was a lovely summer night. The air was filled with dancing fireflies, weaving

and winding in and out the long grass, and waylaying one another in the whispering leaves of bushes. In and out, their little lamps went flickering through the night in such heedless, happy merriment that Barney stopped to look at them. All the world was full of fireflies. He seemed to be treading on them, and with drunken

gravity began to lift his feet high not to crush their little lives out. At this moment, a bigger light gleamed up before him in the distance. It seemed to be an enormous firefly beckoning him on through the village and into the cool languorous depths of the summer night. Close by "the river wandered at its own sweet will." Only the voices of the raftsmen, as they made for the falls, broke the stillness. Barney pulled up and listened to them. "That's so," he said, with drunken gravity. " reckon you've about fixed it. Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast. The fireflies are-No, that's wrong. That's

wrong, Barney. I say it's wrong. If you don't believe me, catch one and ask him. He set off in a sidelong kind of run, sat down on nothingness, and suddenly collapsed in the middle of the road, "I've got you," he said in triumph to an imaginary firefly. "Excuse me sittin' on you, but you are such slippery little critturs. You've only got to poggleise, an' I'll git."

The firefly didn't apologize, for the simple reason that it was a hundred yards

away. This suddenly dawned upon Barney, and he followed it through the long The ripple of the flowing tide sounded more loudly in his ears, and, insensibly drew him to the river shore. Right out on the Point, the big firefly glowed steadily but not like the others. It was a fixed

light. When the others closed their tiny wings the lights disappeared, but this monstrous firefly was visible all the time.

Barney followed on, keeping in the shadows of the willows which fringed the shore. He didn't want to go on, but some irresponsible power impelled him to do so. Suddenly he found himself within twenty yards of the point, and-sober! He slunk down behind the bushes in amazement, for the firefly which he had followed was the light of lnjun Joe's camp fire, and Injun Joe was there; but not the Injun Joe the laugh and scorn and mock of the village, but another being altogether
—a full-blooded brave in his war paint,

with tomahawk and rifle by his side, and his copper-colored cheeks glowing in the firelight and vermilion. A long scalplock hung from his shaven crown. "Gosh, what's this?" said the perplexed Barney. "The boys will think I'm dream-The Indian did not stir or give one sign of life. He looked across the river at the long range of the Laurentian hills, as if

marking the dark sweep of the pines which crested their summits. He seemed to be Barney crept a little nearer. Suddenly a birch bark canoe shot out from a little island in the middle of the river and glided noiselessly through the night. It was paddled by a squaw. She was clad in deerskin, and a toque of eagle feathers rose from her long, flowing tresses. "Come, my white brother, come," said Injun Joe, without looking around. "Lelota waits."

laugh. "I reckon, old Fenimore Cooper, you'll have the judge down on you if you're up to any of your larks."
"Come," said Injun Joe, gravely, and "Come," said Injun Joe, gravely, and
Barney stepped into the canoe, which sank
nearly to the water's edge. The squaw

This is the ittle given to Scotts Emul
sion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands
who have takeit. It not only gives flesh paddled noiselessly, with swift, rapid strokes, across the river till they reached

Barney came forward with an uneasy

the opposite shore. They got out and beached the canoe. "Come," said Injun Joe, leading the way, and Barney, humoring the joke, fell into single file. They went on through the dark night, treading upon the noiseless needles of the

pines. The boughs beut down and hid the moon. Barney began to shiver. Was it a phantom in front of him, or only a drunken. Iroquois bent upon some mad folly inspired by whisky? Presently they began to climb the mountain side. Injun Joe went in front with

catlike activity. Barney began to feel blown, but followed his guide until they emerged into a little glade or clearing entirely free from pines, and covered with a short, smooth turf. The moon sailed overhead, an owl cast a slanting shadow on the grass as it swept up into light. In the centre of the glade was another camp fire, and around this were sitting four Indian braves. Paint, scalp locks, weapons—ali were there. A little to one side of the fire was a post sunk in the ground. It was chipped and scarred and stained with cark streaks. Could they be blood? Barney turned to flee, but he felt that he was covered. "I didn't count on this yere

war dance? I'm not the one to spoil fun. | mysterious. It removes at once the cause They went ahead in a most unpleasant The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Go ahead." manner. Barney was dragged to the post and tied to it with deerskin thongs in a sitting posture. The Indians resumed their seats round the fire. Barney took out hands. his pipe, and began to smoke. A grunt of

approval went up from the grisly forms by the fire, "I kin wait if you kin, gentlemen," said Barney, his blue eyes dancing with fun. "Mebbe you'll make up your minds what you're goin' to do with me." The squaw appeared with a little birch basket, and each Indian cast a black beau

"I don't seem to take a hand in this yere game," said Barney, with unabated good "Say him prayer to Manitou," said Injun Joe, "him come heap soon." He touched the handle of his tomahawk in a sufficiently grim manner to be unpleasant.

It suddenly occurred to Barney that it

wasn't a joke and a cold shiver ran down

Injun Joe watched him keenly. "Where French Lefebre?" he said. "Got him He produced a handful of black hair, clotted with blood. It was incredible! Barney remembered that French Lefebre had suddenly disappearad some months ago, but as everyone supposed he had gone into the lumber camps no one but his creditors took any interest in the matter, or associated his departure with the half dozen or so of miserable Indians who lingered out their lives in holes and corners of the Ottaws Valley, Barney had often bought baskets from the squaw, and once when the boys tried to stone her, he had covered her body with his own. There was still a scar on his cheek from the blow of a stone which one young rascal had flung at him. French Lefebre had once struck this very woman, who was still young and good-looking. Was it possible that these remnants of their race had met to avenge their wrongs? No one would ever dream of such a thing. They would doff their paint and go slouch.

and ensuare fresh victims. And there was the judge's daughter, too! "Got to say, may him quick," said Injun Joe, fingering his knife with an artistic precision which was not nice to witness. "I reckon if you've made up your minds, gentlemen," said Birney, "it's no use my spoilin' this yers funeral." Injun Joe sprang at him with the knife. and Barney thought of the judge's daugh-ter and said a little prayer. If he had to go und r to avenge the wrongs of this last remn int of them race it was no use attempting to argue the matter when they held all the cards.

ing about in their usual noiseless manner,

Injun Joe made a slight gash in Barney's arm and drew back. The other four Indians did the same. Then, the woman came forward, bound up his arm and out Barney continued smoking with undis-turbed gravity. It had all flashed upon him in a second. This was the Indian

method of showing appreciation of the way in which he had saved the squaw, He had become a blood-brother of the last of the Iroquois. He wondered if they would expect him to sell Indian toys in Moose Valley or to shoot at (he was sure to miss them) five cent pieces with arrows. "Him heap brave," said Injun Joe, with a painful disregard of Fenimore Cooper's studied and grammatical phrases. heap brave. Him white man." "An' the show is over?" asked Barney,

stretching himself. The others had dis-appeared. Only Indian Joe and the squaw

remained. They fell into Indian file and marched down to the beach, through the long somber ranks of the pines. Then they entered into the little canoe and paddled up to the Point.

Barney met Injun Joe in the village next day. That worthy was loafing round with a string of fish. Barney thought he must have been dreaming, and that it would be better to avoid Davis' pain-killer as a stimulant in future. It was a little too powerful in its after effects. But he sat on the veranda that evening with the judge's daughter, she gave a little shriek, and turned white. "Seen a mouse?" asked Barney, trying

to reassure her. "Your sleeve is slashed, and there is blood on it," she said. "Barney, Barney, you have been quarrelling again. "I sorter remember fallin' off the wood pile," said Barney, with unblushing mendacity. "I reckon it shook me up, an' I'll

go early to-night." "Curious folk, wimmen are," mused Barney, as he wended his way in the direction of the Point. "She'd never believe I'm an Iroquois brave if I talked for a month. She'd say it was all that Pain-

Injun Joe was sitting by the fire, making nets. "Why does my red brother toil for the paleface?" said Barney, calling up recollections of Deerslayer, etc. "He is a squaw-a catfish. Ugh!" Injun Joe's spinxlike gleamed faintly for a moment at the word "brother."

Then he went on quietly making his nets.

But French Lefebre was never seen again. Vaccination and Smallpox. It may be of interest to the opponents of vaccination to learn the following facts from the epidemic of small-pox in Penn-sylvania. There resided in Danville, a family consisting of father, mother, three sons and four daughters. The parents were protected by vaccination when the recent epidemic broke out; none of the children had ever been vaccinated. One of the local physicians, in whose store one of the daughters was employed, becoming acquainted with the facts, advised the girl to be vaccinated and send her brothers and sisters to him for the same purpose. The sisters all came and were vaccinated. The brothers all refused. All seven children contracted the disease within a short while. All four girls had mild attacks of the disease and recovered without any bad effects. All three of the boys died. It is family Groceries a Specialty. to be hoped that those who publicly talk against vaccination may be able to reconcile

General News and Notes.

such facts with their consciences. - Phila-

delphia Press.

Korea is to have a trolly. Ireland has eight paper mills,

China has no native telegraphers. Dog farming is a Chinese industry Windsor Castle has two silver tables.

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Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emuli
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Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00. Pittsburg will have a 15-storey edifice. 'Frisco has a lady commercial drummer.

A necklace brought \$100,000 in London. ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 byuse of one bottle. Warranted the mos wonderfu Blemish Cure ever known. War

anted by J. Pallen & Son. New York boasts a Chinese directory. London is to have a 300-foot high wheel. "Nicotine blindness" is a new ailment.

At Parnell, Md., butter is seven cents a RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY :- South American Cure for Rheumatism and Neu picnic, gents," he said with reckless ef- ralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its frontery. "Mebbe you're reckonin' on a action upon the system is remarkable and

> Warranted by J. Pallen & Son Queen Victoria's household employs 1,000

The states contain 216,017 telephone subscribers.

A fender factory will be established at Elwood, Ind.

ITEH, on human or anials, cured in mautes by Woodfod's Sanitary Lotions, Warranted J Pallen & Son. American men pay \$3,000,000 annually

Cambridge, Wis., has a railroad that has

of flour daily.

QUININE WINE AND IRON.

THE BEST TONIC AND **BLOOD MAKER** 50C BOTTLES

WE GUARANTEE IT AT Mackenzie's Medical

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I have just received a large supply of

PATENT MEDICINES consisting part of the following: Sarsaparilias, Emulsions, Cough Syrups, Linime nts Maltine Preparations, Hawker's Preparations, Quinine Wine. Quinine Iron, Quiuine Iron and Wine, Shiloh's Consumption Cure, Groder's Syrups, Anti-Dandruff, etc.,

TOCETHER WITH THESE I HAVE ON HAND A FINE ASSORTMENT OF TOOTH BRUSHES,

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TOOTH POWDER, AND COMPLEXION POWDER, Fine Lot of Pipes and Cigars parish of Chatham, Northumberland Co., deceased. always on hand. Newcastle Drug Store,

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THE USE OF Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. 02 I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., Or and the treatment helped me for the time being; but soon the complaint re- C turned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely

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desirable hotel for a profitable business. The hotel is pleasantly situated, fronting the harbor and is well patronized by summer tourists. Possession given 1st May, next. Apply to Bt hurst, March 25th, 1895. JOHN SIVEWRIGHT.

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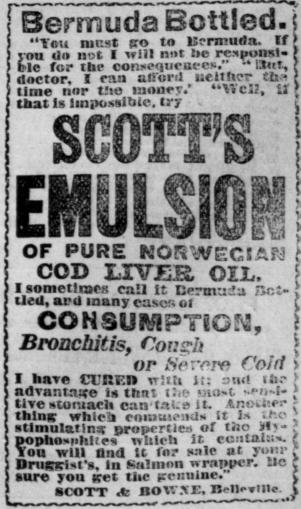
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of al trains. GOOD STABLING, &C.

Corner Water & St. John Streets, MAHTAHO LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM. Every attention paid to

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A Minneapolis mill makes 20,000 barrels REVERE Year Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B. formerly the Union Hotei, kept by Mrs. Grogan

> Sample Rooms. GOOD STABLING on the premises. Daniel Desmond,



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are hereby requested to render the same, duly attests ed, to the undersigned for payment ; and all person, indebted to the said James Hudson are requested to make payment to the undersigned within three months from date. ROBERT REINSBORROW. Proprietor Chatham March 14 1895

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