HERITAGE:

A lily raised its spotless head Proudly above its natal bed. A thing of beauty fair to see. In all its peerless purity. A wanton bee. 'tween honeyed sips Trailed venom o'er the waxen lips. A strayling bird by fear opprest, Sought shelter in the lily's breast.

An idle breeze in sportive play, Twisted the stem and sped away. Thus wrecked it bowed its tortured head And sank into its natal bed. "That which ye sow, ye reap," 'tis said-Another lily lifts its head-

A dwarfed, misshapen mottled thing Blooms with the coming of the spring.

A HEADSMAN'S DEATH.

"For my part," declared the Lieutenant, lighting a cigar, "I am convinced that death by decapitation is instantaneous, and that the survival of feeling and thought, for even an instant, is but the dream of a romancer."

"I thoroughly agree with you," replied the young doctor Herbelot, "and for the very natural reason that with the cutting of the spinal cord, all comthe cutting of the spinal cord, all communication between the nerve centres and the different parts of the body ceases, and no sensation is possible. As for thought, which is simply a secretion of the brain, it cannot continue after the moment that organ is deprived of its principal element—the blood."

"You are frightfully materialistic," said another. "Take me if you wish for a fantastic romancer as says the

for a fantastic romancer, as says the Lieutenant, or for an impenitent Spiritualist, if you prefer, but I confess that I have not the slightest doubt of the continuance of the existence of the spirit, and a sort of mental survival teyond the ken of science, which is able to manifest itself clearly to the eyes of all under certain conditions."

'My dear Berthter," replied Dr. Her-belot, "why not avow at once that you believe in ghosts and spirit rappings and

'Laugh at me as much as you please. I believe, nevertheless, that science, complete as it may be, has not yet solved all the problems of nature. I am very glad of this, because mystery has for me irresistible charms, for it makes me bow before certain phenomena without wishing or seeking an explanation

"Then, to return to the point of our conversation," said the Lieutenant. believe in the continuance of will and intelligence in the head after decapitation, and you credit, for instance, the legend of La Pommerais, the murder-

"What legend?" "They say that this criminal, wishing to settle beyond a doubt this same question which we are now discussing, agreed to respond to the calling of his name by opening and closing his left eye three times at the moment when his head had been separated from his body."
"Well?" demanded Dr. Herbelot,

greatly interested.
"Well, the person in charge of this experiment seized the head-as soon as it was severed from the body, and called the assassin with a loud voice, and the left eye opened and closed three times, while the right regarded the observer

fixedly."

"Simply automatic contractions," said
Dr. Herbelot, "similar to those produced by the electric battery upon the legs
of frogs. What do you think of it,

He whom he addressed was none other than the celebrated surgeon, Dr. D—, whose works had placed him in a high rank among servants. He was greatly interested in Dr. Herbelot, whose studies he had directed, and it was with true pleasure that he had consented to be present at the dinner given by the young savant to some of his friends on the occasion of the success of his thesis. Dr. D— was fifty years of age, of high stature, with a noble forehead

framed with thick gray hair, which fell in curling locks almost to his shoulders. His blue eyes had that profound melan choly peculiar to the Breton race, from which he sprang.

His chin in his hand, he had listened until then without taking part in the conversation of the young men, but at Dr. Herbelot's direct question, he seem ed to make an effort to rouse himself from his revery, and, leaning back in his chair, replied:
"Ma foi, my dear friend, the question is much more difficult to resolve than

you seem to believe." Dr. Herbelot, who had expected nothing less than an approbation pure and simple, was not able to conceal his astonishment. "What! my dear master, you think

"Permit me to think nothing for the present," responded Dr. D— with a smile. "Let me tell you of an adventure, from which you may draw such conclusions as you please."
"An observation, rather, which I

made in my youth, some 30 years ago, but so bizarre, so strange, that it has never found a place in any of my works, and I have always hesitated to relate it.
"When I had finished my studies I planned to visit Italy, England and Germany. The end I had in view was an ethnographical work, which yet remains unfinished, you will soon know why. When this adventure I am about to harrate occurred, I found myself in Wur. temberg, in Duke Eberhard's pretty town of Ludwigsbourg. I had returned to my hotel one evening, when my host approached me with an embarrassed air turning his cap in his fat fingers. With

a gesture I encouraged him to speak." "'Mon Dieu, Doctor,' he said to me in bad French, although I speak German in a satisfactory fashion, 'not far from here is Dr. Jacobus Todritter, who is very ill, and as there is not a doctor in the country who will consent to see him, I thought's

"'How,' I cried with indignation, 'the doctors refuse to visit a confrere in danger of death! It is well. Show me where he lives, and I will go to him at

"'It is that-Doctor- But Jacobus is not one of your confreres. On the contrary, I fear when you will know -he was formerly a headsman.

"'A public executioner, I responded a little discountenanced. 'But you called "True. It is usual to give this title

to the headsman after four successful "Without speaking further about their singular customs, I seized my hat and followed the innkeeper. In a little street in the outskirts of the town we found the home of Jacobus Todritter. "I was struck by the miserable ap-

pearance of this hovel, which was of one story, surmounted and overflung by a pointed gable forming a sort of garret. The outer plastering had fallen away from the walls, which were strength ened with heavy wooden beams, after the old methods of construction. The only openings were a door and a window. To the gable was attached a pulley, from which hung the fag-end of a cord. The moon shone pale through the clouds, giving to the executioner's dwelling a forbidding appearance—it suggested the thought of an approach to the gallows.

"With the appearance of a man happy to have discharged without danger a strict duty, and who did not care to undertake further risks, my guide left me when we approached the house. I walked rapidly through the little un-cultivated garden overrun with weeds, and knocked at the door. No one answered at first, and, after a pause, I | old horse that his uncle, the inkeeper knocked again; then I heard a voice, lent to him, to try his fortune with

heavy and slow, say in German: "'Enter; the door is open.' "I entered the house. There was a dim light, which scarcely permitted me to distinguish one object from another, and I had some difficulty in perceiving at one end of the room, a low bed, on which lay a man. After making myself | shepherd. But the princess knew. known, I took the light and placed it on a little table not far from the sick man. I then examined him. Jacobus Todritter his lips bloodless, and I marked a con-

was a man of vigorous frame, with him bra enormous hands. His face was pale, of man. siderable dilation in the pupils of his eyes. I asked him the cause of his illeyes away as she gave him her hand to then, raising himself on his elbow, he looked about him uneasily, as if wishing to assure himself that no one else was able to hear. Then he seized my hand "'Listen,' he said. 'I am not ill. I am

in full possession of my faculties, yet to morrow I shall be dead. "'Let us see,' said I, 'you exaggerate without doubt the gravity of your case, and I shall not be able probably'—
"No,' he replied, with a resigned

smile, 'you can do nothing. Your science is human. It is powerless against the Invisible. I am thirsty,' he mur-

"And bearing to his lips a carafe of water which stood by his bedside, he emptied it at a draught.
"I have asked that some one entreat you to come,' he continued, 'not to obtain care, which I know is useless, but to lighten my soul of a terrible anguish which oppresses it by confiding my sufferings to a man capable of understanding them. You are a stranger, and you cannot have for me the scorn and hate that others feel, and that is why I have wished to reveal to you, and to you alone, my horrible secret.'

"His features contracted, a cold sweat started out on his forehead, his eyes wide with terror-searched the obscurity. He began again with a hoarse

"'For 15 years I fulfilled the func-tions of public executioner at Z. I was successful, and had achieved a certain reputation and dreamed of ending my days in some peaceful retreat, but Fate decided otherwise. One day—it will be a year ago to-morrow—I was charged to put to death Hans Hertzig, whose history put to death Hans Hertzig, whose history is perhaps known to you. This man—this vampire in human shape—had murdered a young girl in the most horrible manner. He pretended to have found the secrets of life and to have penetrated the mysteries of death. Oh! I remember yet the terrible look with which he pierced me through and through as I laid my hand on his shoulder. For the first time in my life I was dumb, and turned my head away. I felt a nameless terror strike to the marrow of my bones. Yet I completed my duty and secured the condemned.'

"'Ah,' said Hertzig, with a snear

"'Ah,' said Hertzig, with a sneer, 'thou wishes my head, executioner. Take care, before a year it will eat thy

"A sort of frenzy then seized me, and I threw the man upon his knees and brought down the axe. I struck and struck again, a prey to a delirium, and only the shrieks of the furious crowd recalled me to the reality. The head had rolled at my feet. I stooped to grasp it, and then I perceived that the eyes followed me with a strange insistence, while the lips, half parted, with a horrible grin. When my hand approached the head seemed reanimated, and bounded towards me. The sharp teeth closed on my fingers and bit them to the bone. I uttered a cry of terror and anguish, and fell fainting." and fell fainting.

away the sweat which had gathered creat drops upon his brow. Then he looked again towards one of the corners of the room, murmuring:

"It is not yet the hour."
"I had listened without interruption to the headsman's tale, and I, too, was really to possess him. He continued: "Since then, oh, what life has been mine. I resigned my office and fled heedlessly. I came here to hide myself, and try to blot from my mind the fear-ful recollection. But each night I see again that head, with its green eyes and sharp teeth, Ah! I am not mad. I am

The not a prey to hallucinations! I see it! I touch it! It rolls upon my bed and upon the floor, leaving everywhere its bloody trace. I feel the contact of its icy lips; its teeth penetrate my flesh! I am power-less to move or utter a cry. My body is paralyzed, and is given over to unnam-

able torment. "I tried to calm his excitement, but he interrupted me brutally.
"'To drink! Some water, there,' and he indicated a little spring from which I refilled the carafe. After having drank

"'You know all now,' he said to me, and you alone of all the world will know the cause of my death. My life will be ended to-morrow. I thank you for having come.' Dr. D-stopped and relighted his

"It was a case of alcoholism," said Dr. Herbelot. "Wait," replied the savant. "The next day at dawn I returned to the house of the executioner. Jacobus Todritter was dead. His room was in inexpressible disorder, and the inn-keeper. who this time had accompanied me, called my attention to the spots of blood upon the bed-clothes; yet the body

showed no wound. "I perceived, however, on the left side of the breast, a semicircular discaloration, presenting all the characteristics of a bite. "That same evening I quited Lud

wigsbourg, giving up my journey, and returned to France. "And now, gentlemen, draw what canclusions you wish." "Shall we speak of other things?" said the journalist. HUMAN LIFE.

Be like the bird, which in frail branches bal anced,
A moment sits and sings;
He feels them tremble, but he sings unshaken,
Knowing that he has wings. -Victor Hugo, translation.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE

The shepherd loved the princess—that was the beginning of the trouble, for, of course, it was very wrong and impossi-ble and altogether unsuitable for the shepherd to do. He was a very good shepherd, and, until he saw the princess, he looked after his sheep on the green, sunny hills all day and brought them home safely every night; and if he ever dreamed dreams as he lay on the short thymey turf and look up to the deep blue sky, he certainly never told them to anyone, so nobody was the worse or

the wiser But there came a day-a May daywhen the princess went out at sunrise to gather dew for a charm to keep her always beautiful. She had good reason to wish to be always as she was, the shepherd thought, for she was more beautiful than any man's dearest dream. She had long yellow hair, pale like ripe corn; her eyes were as blue as corn flowers, her lips just the shape for speaking kindly, her hands were like little white birds to hold, and when she pass-

ed the May tree opened all its buds to The shepherd, lying behind a furze bush, saw her kneel down and lay her white hands on the green grass to gather the chill, sweet dew, smelling of the morning and the wild thyme. She rubbed the dew on her face, which grew radiant with a new beauty. The shepherd arose and came slowly toward her. She did not see him till he was quite

close to her and a fold of her long rosy sleeves blew across his arm as he held out his hand to her. "Will you merry me?" he said; I shall love you always.'

She turned her eyes on him and the love in his lit rose-light in her cheeks "Who are you?" she asked in a low voice; and if be had been able to say that he was a Prince, one does not know what her answer would have been. But he only said;

"I an the King's shepherd." "And I," she cried, "am the King's daughter!" And then she began to laugh and ran all the way home, and in a day and a night she had forgotten all

But he thought always of her, so that when, one market day, the heralds went through the town proclaiming that a tournament was to be held in honor of the Princess, and that the bravest knight might hope to win her, he came, wearing a rusty suit of armor he had borrowed from a friend, and riding an

many others. And he looked so handsome and so valiant that no one even noticed the old horse and the shabby armor, and every girl in the assembled crowd wished in her heart that he might win the princess. Nor did any one know him to be the

Then, one by one, all the knights who had come to the tournament were overthrown by the shepherd, for love made him brave and strong beyond the wont

But when he rode beneath the gallery allic tone and rapid execution of a muwhere the princess sat, she turned her sical snuff-box. kiss, and the wreath, the prize of the journey. "He is only your shepherd," she said to her father, and the king was very

much annoyed that the princess said to ner tutor: "How can I get rid of this young man without hurting his feelings?" "Tell him you have made a vow never

to marry any man whose eyes are not green," suggested the tutor. "What a capital idea!" cried the prin-cess, clapping her hands. "He can't be hurt at that, can he?"

The tutor's eyes were green; but the princess had never noticed that, because she never looked at him. So next day she sent for the shepherd. He came gladly, for, whatever she had to say, he would, at least, hear her voice

and look into her eyes.

'The princess was sitting in her garden, which has a high wall around it, and trees and flowers, and in the middle and trees and howers, and in the middle a marble basin where the goldfishes live. The princess and her maidens were feeding the goldfishes when the shepherd came in. "How do you do?" said the princess, turning red and speaking very fast. "Do you know the said in the middle a marble basin where the goldfishes live. fast. "Do you know I'm very sorry, and I hope you won't mind very much, I really can't marry any one unless they have green eyes.'

"What color are mine?" asked the shepherd. "I have never noticed"—but his heart ached, for he knew well enough that they were not green. "They are blue," said the princess, jumping up and looking at them. "They are blue, like mine." She looked at them a long time without speaking. then she said: "They are blue—a very nice blue, you know." She put her hands on his shoulders and looked again

-a longer look still. "No-they're not green," she said, and she sighed. "Good-bye. I hope we shall always be friends. I shall always feel to you like a sister. Good oye"-and she went on feeding the gold

"Good bye," said the shepherd; "will you give me nothing before I go?" She held out her hand, and he kissed it "That is the second time," he said:
"the third time my eyes will be green!"
The princess looked after him till he had passed out of the garden. Then she looked at the hand he had kissed. Then she sighed again, and when the tutor came to ask her to read classic

poetry with him she said she had a headache. After that she used to spend most of her time in the garden, and when her father pressed her to choose a husband from among her many suitors, she answered that she thought that marriage was a rather serious thing and, perhaps, it would be better for her to stay at home, and feed the goldfishes a little longer. The next morning she said care. lessly to her maidens, as they combed

out her golden hair: "Jacobus took breath, and essayed "I suppose nothing more has been leard of that poor shepherd? "No, your Royal Highness. Nothing And the next day she said musingly,

as the golden comb went through her hair: "I wonder what has become of that shepherd?" "I wonder indeed, moved by the terror that seemed so | your Royal Highness," said the maid-The third morning, as they braided her tresses, she spoke again:

"I suppose that shepherd has not come back?" "No," they said, "he has not come The princess sighed and was silent; but she put the same question the next morning, and there was never any other

But the shepherd fared forth into the world. Somewhere, he knew, must be that which would turn blue eyes into green. He asked everyone he met; most laughed at him for a madman, and those who understood and were sorry for him could not help him. And so he fared on for the half of a year, and his eyes grew bluer than ever with unshed

He had left far behind the mountain country where his princess dwelt, and had come to a land of elms and meadows, green lanes, dim woods, and blossoming May trees. Walking through this land one golden May morning, just a year after his first sight of his princess, he passed into a wood where everything was alive with spring's greenest green. The moss was green under foot; the chestnuts, the oaks and hazels were green overhead. All through his long, weary quest of the charm that should win him his princess his faith in his finding of it had never faltered. He loved her so much, and love, he knew, works miracles,

Now, looking on the green leaves and the green moss, he said: "Oh, wood! Have you no color to spare for me? Just a ray-enough to color a lover's eyes!" And, as he spoke, he was aware of a White Lady, who lay on the moss un. der the shade of a hawthorne bush. He paused to ask his eternal question: "Can you tell me how to make blue eyes green?" and stood there ready to go rose and came toward him, saying: "Yes." her hair was red, like the gold of sunset. never seen any mouth like hers.

on when he had heard the accustomed "No;" but, instead, the White Ladv As she came near him, he saw tha Her arms were long and white. He had She was gowned in white; about her was a circle of May blossoms, she wore a wreath of May blossoms on her hair, and her eyes were green as the sea is green, and they shone like young lime leaves when the sun kisses them after

"I can help you," she said.
"And will you?" 'Yes, but the price is a heavy one.' "I will not," answered the shepherd. "shrink from any price how heavy so ever it may be."

"You would not," cried the shepherd in sudden fear, "you would not-you will not kill love in my heart?" "I will leave love in your heart." "You will not make my Princess turn

from me when I am come to her again.' "Your Princess shall not turn from

you when you are come to her again." "Then," cried the shepherd, "I will The White Lady took him by the hands and drew him under the green hawthorn boughs, he wondering, yet glad at heart because he should now, at last, win his princess.

"You do not repent?" "Think yet again. It is not yet too "I have only one thought-quick! say She laid her white arm round his can produce it regularly.

neck as he stood under the May tree. "Already," she said, "your eyes grow She kissed him thrice—upon the brow, and upon the eyes and upon the lips.

"Now go!" she said, "to your princess | this winter by the Royal Choral society. -who loves you.' He threw up his hands and fell at her "But I do not want the princess any

more!" he cried. "There is no princess. there is only you. Kiss me again! Kiss The White Lady leaned against the tree and laughed.

And far away in her palace the princess was saying, for the hundred and eighty-third time, as the golden comb went through her hair: "I suppose the shepherd has not come

And for the hundred and thirty-third time her maidens answered: "No; and we do not think, your roya" highness, that he will ever come back any more."-Argonaut. A Horn Player.

Vivier, a famous player on the French horn, had such a strong physical resen-blance to Napoleon III., that he could personate him so as to deceive those best acquainted with the Emperor. Some times when about to grant a private audience, the Emperor would ask Vivier to personate him, and then withdraw behind a cartain to enjoy the scene that followed. Vivier had a musical ear of singular

accuracy and sensitiveness, and played with such skill on the French horn as to make the instrument produce several simultaneous, harmonious sounds. The secret of this extraordinary effect he refused to impart, professing that he could not explain it himself. He was also a ventriloquist, and could reproduce voices, accents, dialects, the cries of beasts and birds, the notes of

The author of "Gossip of the Century" tells an amusing story of a droll trick played by Vivier on his landlord. The musician lived in a flat, several stories from the street. At intervals, for several weeks, the occupants of the other Indeed, it became so tiresome to have a handsome shepherd, and a shepherd in love, always hanging about the palace, that the lowing of a cow, coming from Vivier's flat. At last, being convinced that he kept one in his rooms, they ventured to ask him if that were so. His answer was that he had carried it up when a small calf, and it had

know how to get it down.

The landlord was informed; he went up to Vivier's room and demanded admission. The musician refused, alleging that he was dressing. When asked as to his keeping a cow on the premises, he fenced so cleverly with the landlord, that the man went down thoroughly perplexed, and sought the aid of a policeman, with whom he returned. Vivier, with a bow and a smile, invited both gentlemen to enter. Throwing open cupboards, drawers and closets, he assured the landlord that, respecting his or the other tenents' prejudices, he

had determined to do without fresh milk, The policeman departed, wondering whether Vivier or the landlord was a WHEN DICKY HAD THE MEASLES.

We found we had to hide his shoes, His stockings, trousers, waistcoat, coat And then he vowed he'd put on Sue's Pink gingham, and he'd find his boat And have a lark. He wouldn't stay In bed and swallow nasty stuff! And thus he'd fret and toss all day. Oh, there was interest quite enough When Dicky had the measles!

On Monday he was eloquent: "I say, now, mother, since I'm sick. I must live like a nobby gent; What if old Spectacles does kick? See, here's the lunch list; five cream tarts Three red bananas, and some dates, A coffee cake and wainut hearts!" We sadly thought of pearly gates When Dicky had the measles!

On Wednesday 'twas, he called for Bess: "Hallo! Come in and read a story. That's it; the page is turned, I guess.

Now give us fights and men all gory. Lie still, Don Carlo—sh—h—you'd best! Was that a Cossack rode the horse? All right, go on, oh, skip the rest,
That's only love." This was, of course,
When Dicky had the measles!

On Sunday in a steamer chair We left him, and we went to church. The service over, in the glare Of sunlight, on a wooden perch, Sat freekled Dicky with his chums; His tongue was running like a streak. We're thankful now, whatever comes, It can't surpass that awful week When Dicky had the measles! ANNA M. WILLIAMS.

Spring's Songsters.

The study of the birds that inhabit our parks in the summer should be beone of the unerring tokens of spring. while yet the brooks are braided with ly running. ice, and the hills are wrapped in a silence deep and vast, some frosty morning, per chance, you catch the flash of swi wings, and you see a bit of blue say come to warm our severe northern wint ers, and then you know that the blue bird is returned, and that soon there will be an awakening in all nature. Thi bird is the first of the migratory song sters to visit the northern latitudes, fol lowed soon by the robin. The familian nest of the robin, in some low-lying bough of the apple tree-what poetry is there! It has been sung in song and has been praised in story, for the season when the robins nest again is to all lovers of nature one of perennial

The blue bird is a chap of infinite mer-riment, but the robin, though equally hardy, could scarcely be called equally engaging in appearance. He appears to good advantage, however, when gather ing straws and twigs with which to build his wife a home. Whirring close behind these early travelers comes the purple garckle. Then comes the Phoebe bird, with its tuneful notes; then the red-winged blackbird, then the snipe, the heron and the shafted flicker, then the mourning dove may be heard in the wood with its sad cadences, then the finch, the thrush and the red spolled warbler, then the saucy little wren and the blue headed vireo, then the black-capped warbler—all these make the air ring with their sweet accents. But you are not quite sure that the spring is here until the scarlet tanager, it seems to me, flits like a flame through the trees. Many boys have shot the cedar bird, and have noted with surprise those curious horn like bits on the

wings, from which it derives the name "wax wing." When the air has warmed the buds and pods into life, back come swarming myriads of warblers, who dart along in lays and conspiring, by their sweet presence, to emphasize the board. presence, to emphasize the beauties of nature, These birds are seen in the deep green woods, in the brush heaps along the roads, in copsy tangles, in brakes and in brambles; every part of the woods is alive with their genial songs, which they give forth as they dart

Meantime some day the Baltimore oriole whistles in the trees. If there be a more handsome bird than this one, certain it is he cannot be found in Can ada. The happy pair select a place for their nest in the top of some home maple, whose sheltering branches, bending over a familiar old homestead, bend with every passing breeze. The nest of the oriole must be seen to be appreciated; it swings in the wind from the tip-top boughs; it is the sweetest home in bird

If you watch the orioles building their nests this year yea will be amply repaid in the added knowledge it brings you, and may stimulate you to closer study of God's sweetest songsters.

Washington, D.C., has 600 varieties of

The largest flower is the "Rafflesia. named in honor of Sir S. Raffles, which is a native of Sumatra. The diameter often exceeds nine feet. many parts of Tyrol. To save it the landtag has lately imposed a fine for selling the

Edelweiss is rapidly disappearing in plant with the roots. It is known that trees have attained the following ages: Elm, 335 years; cypress, 350; ivy, 450; larch, 570; chestnut, 600; orange, 630; palm, 650; olive, 700; oriental plane, 720; cedar, 800; lime, 1,100; oak, 1,-

390; yew, 2,800. A string bean with a blue pod was the sensation of the recent Crystal Palace fruit show. The first plant was obtained by accident from a job lot of French seed, but the grower has now fixed the type and

MUSICAL POINTS.

George Henschel has written a Stabat Mater, which will be given in Albert hall A new string sextet, by a boy of sixteen named Bernhard Kohler, recently created an extraordinary sensation at Cologne. A manuscript mass by Bellini is reported to have been discovered in Italy. It has been sent to the Naples conservatory of music to have its genuineness passed



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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 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,

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REPRESENTING: Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn' Roya! Canadian, of Montreal. Loudon and Lancashire Life Assurance Com

pany, of London. England and Montreal, Que. OFFICE-CUNARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANC CHATHAM, N. B Manchester House.

XMAS & NEW YEAR 1894-1895. Our stock of generol dry goods is full and complete in every line and we have on hand all the new W. S LOGGIE Co. LTD

MANCHESTER HOUSE FASHIONABLE

Made to order in the latest style Ladies Spring Jackets; Capes and Mantles;

perfect fit guaranteed; men's and boys work will Residence, Thomas Street, Newcastle N. B. S. H. UNDERHILL TAILORESS.

STORE TO RENT. The lower store in the Pierce Block lately occupied

v R. Murdoch. Immediate possession given. For

J. J. PIERCE.

orther information apply to

500 CORDS Seasoned Hardwood,

500 cords seasoned wood, (split,) consisting of Maple, Yellow Birch and Beech

The subscriber has for sale on the line of

The Hotel is in the centre of the business portion \$2.00 PER CORD, LOADED, freight rates from \$8.00 to 10.00 per car. W.R. McCLOSKEY,

FURNACES FURNACES. WOOD OR COAL WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT REASONABLE PRICES

STOVES COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES

AT LOW PRICES. PUMPS, PUMPS,

less variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash A.C. McLean Chatham

Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best

also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in end-

MILL FIRE WOOD 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 wi J. B. SNOWBALL

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED

SHAVING PARLOR

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

ALEX. LEISHMAN

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

Smelt shooks on hand and for sale by GEO, BURCHILL & SONS Bolestown, N. B. | Nelson, Dec. 22nd, 1894;

[ESTABLISHED 1852.] CILLESPIE CHATHAM

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

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. JAS. G. MILLER.

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Dunlap Bros. & Co.. AMHERST, N. S.

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DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS,

-AND-GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS. AMHERST.

AMHERST, N. S. N. S. This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trace. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

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

AND

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 Nervousness. Broken Constitution. Nervous Prostration, Debility of Old Age, Nervous Headache, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Heartburn and Sour Stomach. Female Weakness, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Nervous Chills. Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and

Nervous Choking,

Palpitation of the Heart,

Nervousness of Females,

Nervousness of Old Age,

Mental Despondency,

Hot Flashes,

Sleeplessness,

Neuralgia,

St. Vitus' Dance,

Pains in the Heart,

Pains in the Back,

Failing Health,

Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles. Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,

Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea. Delicate and Scrofulous Children,

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-To the Great South American Medicine Co.: REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I says: "I had been in a distressed condition for have suffered for many years with a very serious three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the disease of the stomach 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 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 weakly per-

ach and general nervois system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co. 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: JOHN T. MISH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public. 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 says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the 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 improved me so much that I was able to walk about and a few bottles cured meentirely. walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely.

about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and

lungs I have ever seen No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares 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.