

A HOMEY TALE OF
THANKSGIVING.

The Widow Wilson's farm had seen better and more prosperous days, and now was travelling backward. It began at the top of Brindle hill, where it was bounded by the country road, and struggled down to the lake shore, its hundred acres or so wandering over hills and dipping into hollows until they terminated at the bay, with its rim of white and glistening sand.

On one of the most picturesque spots of earth, and right in the center of it, crowning a rounded knoll, surrounded with stalwart oaks and butternuts, squatted the house of its owner.

It was always a difficult spot to reach in winter, when the drifting snows piled high their white billows against the low eaved structure and hid the windows from the outer world. But in summer it was a delight, this moss brown dwelling beneath the oaks, and at one time had been a home around whose hearthstone had gathered sons and daughters.

Now it was desolate. The passing stranger would have added it to the category of deserted farms. No sign of life was visible this bright Thanksgiving morning. From its wide, paneled chimney no curl of smoke invaded the crisp and frosty air. The light fall of snow that had covered the ground the day before, showed no trace of footprints leading from the weather beaten door. And yet there was a stir of life in the farmyard, in the hollow among the trees, where the old barn tottered, ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl and turkeys wandered disconsolately about. In the adjacent stall an old horse stamped impatiently for his breakfast and a forlorn cow chafed restlessly at her stallions. Except for these the old farm was as silent as when its first owner carved it from the virgin wilderness.

A rustling of the shrubbery that fringed the tall, stiff ranked pines on the hill beyond the barn told that a visitor was coming to Lonely Farm. A human head appeared in sight. It was crowned by a woolen cap from beneath which peered a pair of black, bright eyes. Their owner took off the cap and mopped his brow. He was a rugged country lad of 18, well knit and sturdy, with a pair of ruddy cheeks, white teeth and lips rosy, but with a drop of sadness.

New England, always hard to her children, had taken from this boy the home and mother that make Thanksgiving, even as it had taken from the widow all but the wretched framework of what had once been home.

"House looks like mother's used to after she got so she couldn't get about," soliloquized the boy, staring at the smokeless chimney. "I'll bet there ain't been nobody near the widdler in a week, an' I'll bet, while I'm bettin', that she needs somebody. Guess I'll find out what's the matter."

He strode down to the house and knocked. There was no response. Only the crow in the oak tree was disturbed by the unwelcome noise and flew away, with a caw of alarm. A second knock startled the fowl in the barnyard which greeted him with a suppressed chuckle, but there was no answer from within. "Guess I might as well go in," he pushed open the crazy door and entered the room which served as kitchen and sitting room all in one. A table stood in the centre of it, covered with a snowy cloth and set as if for supper. A tall clock ticked in the corner under the stairs, but its rhythmic beats only seemed to make the silence audible. "It seems kinder creepy, that's a fact. Hope there ain't nothin' happened to her. Wonder where she is? Perhaps she's asleep!"

He rapped loudly, and then put his ear down to the keyhole, listening intently. At first there was no response. Then he thought he heard a faint, quavering voice.

"It's me—Jem Hastings. I've come to see if you need anybody." "Come in." The feeble voice struggled with a cough. Then: "Yes, I'm so glad you've come. I was taken faint yesterday and had just strength enough to crawl to bed. Perhaps—"

"What, an' you ain't had nothin' to eat?" "No," with a feeble smile. "Well if you'll let me try, I'll make a cup of tea."

Jem closed the door, set his gun in a corner and looked around for the place in which the widow kept her stores. The dressers ranged against the wall were bright with old-fashioned pewter platters and china. Here he found a caddy of tea and then set about making the fire. A huge fire-place yawned at one side of the room, hung with a black iron crane, from which was suspended a tea kettle. The wood pile was outside, near the back door, and brushing off the snow Jem soon had some dry wood, with which he made a roaring blaze. It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing the kettle send forth a volume of steam, and a few minutes later he tapped again at the bedroom door with a tray, on it a tempting cup of tea and two well-buttered slices of bread.

Wrapped in a shawl of Canton silk, the heirloom of a grandmother whose father once sailed from Salem to the Indies, the widow sank back into her comfortable arm chair with a deep sigh of content. She closed her eyes from sheer weakness, while Jem tiptoed about the room, "setting things to rights" and preparing the table for a prospective meal. To be sure there was very little in sight, but he had faith that there might be something in the cellar and in the cupboards, for the widow was known in the township to have been a "good provider" in her days of affluence.

"You've made me very happy, Jem—very thankful." "Well, ma'am, I'm glad of it. It's Thanksgiving."

"What! Really Thanksgiving day? It's the first time I've forgotten it—ever. I must be growing old."

Jem grew bolder. "There's a turkey out in the barnyard. He ain't very fat, but if you say so I'll help you fix a turkey dinner."

The widow urged no objection, and both fascinated at the prospect of a Thanksgiving dinner, with themselves as host and hostess, they trudged out to the barn.

Some sticks of hard wood were soon piled on the fire, and by the time Sir Turkey was ready for the oven the widow had peeled the vegetables and dropped them into the mysterious depths of the steaming kettles. Jem, looking on with glowing but bashful appreciation. A snowy cloth over a round table, with two seats opposite each other, is always an inspiring sight, and when topped by a steaming brown turkey, with all the "fixings" of a turkey dinner, the feast is one to melt hearts harder than that of the lonely widow and the homesick New England lad.

"It is the happiest Thanksgiving dinner I have had in many a year, my boy," she said to him, as he cleared away the dishes and brought out the dessert of fragrant quince preserves. "May God bless you! And to think how the dreadful gloomy morning has been turned to such bright sunshine by your coming!" Jem turned to the window to hide some tears that would persist in squeezing themselves out of his eyes. "I wish she wouldn't be so sentimental," said he to himself quite wrathfully. But to the widow he said: "Why, ma'am, I ain't done nothin' great—no more'n you'd have done for me, I'll bet. I ain't enjoyed a dinner so myself since I can remember. I wish I could just stay here all the time."

A new light came into the woman's faded grey eyes, born of a thought that had been struggling for expression for an hour or more. "And why can't you stay, Jem?" "I could, ma'am, if I could come as—as partners."

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It was out at last, the boy's yearning for something as his own, and the chance he saw upon the widow's farm. "I could fix things up," he went on, eagerly, "and make the chickens lay eggs, and the cow give milk, and—"

Jem stopped, but the widow's respectful attention led him on. "I could earn my board in saving things that's going to waste. When I come through your wood lot this mornin', I noticed cords an' cords of dead trees that ought to be cut an' made firewood. An' as for timber, there's more'n \$100 worth there that'll be spilled if it ain't cut an' sold pretty soon."

The boy hesitated, amazed at his audacity, but the widow nodded her head and smiled approval. "That's true, Jem. The farm is running down for the lack of someone to oversee out of doors. So, then, it is a bargain."

And so this strange partnership began. The first winter Jem spent in thinning out the superfluous wood in the neglected lots, stacking up behind the house enough fuel to satisfy even the cravings of that yawning fireplace for years to come, and selling to the saw mill on the pond timber for shipment that came to quite \$500.

As the spring opened he was soon at work, continuing the good work of improvement, and "planting time" found the farm with more and earlier labor performed than it had ever before experienced. In front of the western door he threw out a platform, protected by a lattice work covering, and here the widow passed all the spare time she could snatch from her indoor duties. It had never occurred to anyone before that farm work might be made attractive. The widow had only looked upon the beauties of her farm around her through the kitchen window or during a hasty trip to the well or farmyard. The latticed porch was a revelation to her, and a heaven of rest where she sat and mused during the long twilight of summer.

"I never thought I should take such comfort here," she said. "Before you came I was more than willing to give up the farm and go away. But now, Jem, I want to live here the rest of my life. I would not leave it for the world."

"That's so, ma'am. It would have been a great mistake to leave the old place. Why, there ain't a prettier view in all the world than this from your front door. If there is, then it is right there, down in the woods, where the great trees meet overhead, the brook sings a soft song of rest and the fern-covered banks stretch down to the pond. I never travelled any yet, but I don't want to. This suits me." And he returned to his work with a cheery whistle that sent a thrill of satisfaction through the widow's heart.

A wonderful change had been effected by the time another year had rolled another Thanksgiving into the calendar. The roof of the old house no longer leaked. The barn had been raised from its attitude of deep dejection, and its mows were crowded to bursting with hay and grain. The old horse spent his days chiefly in the pasture, while a younger and more vigorous animal did the work, assisted by a yoke of big and handsome oxen. The solitary cow now had plenty of company, and frisky calves gambled about her in the summer time. There was no longer any doubt as to the availability of any of the fat gobblers for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Thus the seasons succeeded one another with their measure of content. Each found the widow more and more dependent upon her stalwart helper. She clung to him as she might have clung to the son of whom she had been deprived in the springtime of her widowhood. As her tottering footsteps were supported down the aisle of the village church on a Sunday few of the congregation knew that the handsome young man who watched over her so assiduously was not in fact her own son. Those who were cognizant of the relations between

the two shook their heads knowingly, saying to themselves and to each other: "Lucky boy that! Stopped right into the farm just as the old lady was about to leave it. He knows the side of his bread that has butter on it."

But it is doubtful if Jem had ever given that a thought; so happy and content was he that the merely martial conditions of his life had never troubled his consciousness. Only one thing troubled his thoughts of late. He was deeply stirred by the soft brown eyes of pretty Susie Jones, a chorister in the church—Susie, who lived, as he had done, with friends for board and keep—another of New England's orphans.

He never mentioned this daring speculation, not even to the widow. But her eyes, though growing dim, were acute enough to penetrate his honest soul. His whole life lay centered in the farm, which had become as essential to it almost as the air he breathed. But now there must be young life there. A pair of brown eyes persisted in dancing before his face, in wood pile, in field, in garden.

And so it came to pass that there was a wedding next Thanksgiving in the little cottage, now pretty with vines and cheery within. Susie was glad of so pleasant a place for the troth which she was to plight to Jem, while he, lucky fellow though he was, could not take time to travel to Susie's home, far away over the rough, hilly roads. "A wife's a good thing," he remarked to the widow the evening before his marriage, "but there's cows to be looked after and hens to be fed—more'n you could tend to alone."

"That's so, Jem," said the widow, smiling brightly, "and thanks to you for it all."

Under branches of autumn leaves from the last reddening trees Jem and Susie promised all the things of the simple marriage service. Then came the country wedding supper.

When the last guest had gone, driven away in the farm wagons that had clustered around the door all afternoon, the widow turned to Jem and Susie, sitting bashfully in the firelight.

"You're my children, now, both of you," she said. "Call me mother just once, Jem and Susie."

"Mother!" cried Jem, taking the feeble hands together and kissing them tenderly. "My darling mother, dearest friend I ever had!" She returned his loving glance lingeringly, gratefully, as they led her to the door of her room.

Next morning Jem knocked again at the Widow Wilson's door, just as he had done that lonely Thanksgiving day four years ago. This time not even a feeble voice answered his repeated calls.

Three days later, as the neighbors struggled back from the little cemetery on the hill, Squire Lothrop drew Jem apart.

"I s'pose you know the widdler's left the farm to you? No? Sho! It's mighty strange she didn't tell you. She made her will more'n a year ago, and you're her only heir. She seemed to set a lot by you, the widdler did, and—"

Looking around approvingly over the snow covered fields—"I d'n'o's I blame her. The last four years hev been the peacefullest of her life, and she's left her peace with you, for sure."

On and about MONDAY SEP, 21st, 1896, THE STR. MIRAMICHI will go to Lunenburg on Mondays and Wednesdays, calling at Yegre and Church Point on her way up; on Fridays will go to Church Point and Yegre, making the usual calls. Leave for Newcastle 7.00 a.m., every morning.

Will leave Newcastle, 9.00 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 12.15 p.m., 2.00 p.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.00 p.m. Calling at Nelson every trip.

W. T. CONNORS, Manager.

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

STOVES COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES AT LOW PRICES!

PUMPS, PUMPS. Sinks, Iron Pipes, Baths, Crockers, the very best, also Japanese stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash.

A. C. McLean Chatham.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Food Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it.

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. ASK FOR SCOTT'S EMULSION. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon. Wrapper at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to send in full particulars of their claims, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

CHATHAM SEPT. 1, 1896. MISS WM. COFFEE.

BOOTS! SHOES! If you want a First Class Article made to Order come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.

The driving-boots that all the lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand. All Hand-made work and Warranted. Repairs made promptly. Prices reasonable all round.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

MUNYON'S
GREAT WORK.

Day by Day He is Relieving Suffering Humanity With His Wonderful Improved Homeopathic Remedies.

All Druggists Endorse Them. Get Munyon's Guide to Health at Your Nearest Drug Store, Select a 25 cent Remedy and

DOCTOR YOURSELF.

Mr. Michael Martin, 845 St. James Street, Montreal, says: "For the past four years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, and although I tried several so-called remedies I received no benefit. Less than one bottle of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. I am happy to say, cured me completely."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25c. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c. Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, aches, soreness, and speedsily heals the lungs. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25c. Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25c. Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women. Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in 3 minutes and cure permanently. Price, \$1. Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—price 25c.—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Nerve Cure is a wonderful nerve tonic. Price, 25c. Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost vigor. Price, \$1. A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25c. a vial. Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert St., Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES ARE SELLING FAST.

Town People may procure any of the different remedies

Hickey's Pharmacy and people living out of town may have them sent to any address.

POST PAID BY SENDING IN THEIR ORDERS.

HICKEY'S PHARMACY Next door to R. A. Murdoch WATER STREET - CHATHAM, N. B.

M. S. N. COY TIME TABLE.

On and about MONDAY SEP, 21st, 1896, THE STR. MIRAMICHI will go to Lunenburg on Mondays and Wednesdays, calling at Yegre and Church Point on her way up; on Fridays will go to Church Point and Yegre, making the usual calls. Leave for Newcastle 7.00 a.m., every morning.

Will leave Newcastle, 9.00 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 12.15 p.m., 2.00 p.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.00 p.m. Calling at Nelson every trip.

W. T. CONNORS, Manager.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, on Friday, the 19th day of February next, between the hours of 10 noon and five o'clock p.m.:-

All the right, title and interest of Robert C. Bayes in and to all that piece or parcel of land and premises situated lying and being on the Northern side of the Southern branch, the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Blackville, and County of Northumberland, bounded as described as follows:-

Commencing at the Northwesterly corner of lands formerly owned by the late Squire Palmer, being the junction of the Queen's Highway, leading from Newcastle to Fredericton, and the road leading thence to Blackville Railway Station, known as the "Station" Road, thence southerly along the eastern side of said station road thirty-one rods and one-half yard or till it reaches the northwesterly corner of lot of land occupied by and owned by Robert Barry, thence easterly along the northern side of said lot occupied by said Robert Barry twelve rods and ten feet, thence southerly along the rear of said last mentioned lot thirteen rods, thence westerly parallel with the northern side line of said Barry's twelve rods ten feet to the eastern side of said station road, thence southerly along the eastern side of said station road to the northwest corner of lands occupied by Mr. Underwood, thence easterly along the southern line of lands owned by said Underwood to the westerly corner thereof, thence southerly to the westerly corner of lands formerly owned by the late Squire Palmer, to the Highway, thence westerly along the southerly side of said Highway to the said "Station" Road, being the place of beginning, containing and conveyed by the late Robert C. Bayes and conveyed to him by Charles W. Fairley, by deed dated September 18th A. D. 1894 as by reference to Vol. 77, page 222 and 224 of the Northumberland County records will more fully appear.

The same having been sold by me under and by virtue of several executiones issued out of the Supreme Court and County Courts of New Brunswick against the said Robert C. Bayes.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 3rd day of November, A. D. 1896.

MILNERY OPENING!

GRAND DISPLAY OF Fall and Winter Millinery

THE BOUQUET.

The ladies and public generally are most cordially invited to the Bouquet on Tuesday and Wednesday Oct. 12th and 13th, when will be the newest designs in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

There will also be exhibited a dazzling display of the latest fashions in Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons etc., as well as the most unique and superb Millinery Novelties.

There are direct importations from Paris, London and New York. JOSIE NOONAN, Noonan Block, Chatham.

For Sale or to Let. The subscriber offers for sale, or to rent his Dwelling House and moored premises on King Street, Chatham. Possession will be given at any time required by the purchaser or tenant. If rented it can be let furnished.

ISAAC
PITMAN'S
SHORTHAND

And our System of Business Teaching have qualified our students to TAKE AND TO HOLD the leading positions in almost every office in St. John, and to win success abroad. It is any wonder that our last term was the most successful summer term we ever had? Enter now, so as to be ready for a position next spring.

For Catalogues to any address. Oddfellows' Hall. S. KERR & SON.

Manchester House. Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!

The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which are selling at very low figures.

Prices range from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per pair. Special—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at \$4.50 per pair are splendid value.

W. S. LOGGIE CO. LIMITED. We have just received a large supply of PATENT MEDICINES, consisting of

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATISM CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LIMESEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER, OINTMENT AND PILLS.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES. Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock. The Newcastle Drug Store, E. Lee Street Proprietor. Newcastle, Sept. 14th, 1896.

Lime For Sale Apply to THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

C. WARMUNDE, EXPERIENCED WATCHMAKER has taken H. H. PALLEN'S STORE, and will open a Jewellery and Watch repairing establishment on or about the 1st inst.

24th INST. He is an experienced repairer of complicated watches such as repeaters, chronographs, etc.

C. Warmunde Sr. who has had a life-long experience at the trade in GERMANY, UNITED STATES & CANADA.

He is of Boston, Mass. brings with him all the modern machinery and tools, and will give patrons entire satisfaction. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Positively First-Class Work. C. WARMUNDE Chatham, N.B.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.

SHORTS, BRAN, CORNMEAL, CRACKED FEED, HAY AND OATS.

E. A. STRANG.

COMPULSORY SALE

FALL DRY GOODS.

J. D. Creaghan's Enormous Stock of SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE

Thrown on the Market at Water Street, Chatham. Many Lenses Slaughtered at less than Half Price.

Printed Flannels worth 12cts., now reduced to 5cts., per yard. Large Heavy Wool Blankets, worth \$3.00, \$1.95 per pair. All other Goods cut down, Grey Cottons, Dress Goods, Men's Clothing, Furnishings, Household Goods, Blankets, Flannels, Towels, Carpets, Linoleums, Jackets and Furs.

PERMANENT REMOVAL TO NEW PREMISES IN A FEW WEEKS. ENTIRE CHANGE IN BUSINESS:

Don't make a mistake. We will undersell the lowest quotation you will get from Montreal or Toronto Firms, in fact Competition is out of the question.

NO GOODS WILL BE CHARGED DURING THIS CASH SLAUGHTER SALE.

PLEASE DON'T ASK FOR GOODS ON CREDIT. J. D. CREAGHAN. ASK FOR

MONARCH Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO, AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON, SAINT JOHN, N. B. N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Established 1866. Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, 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 their establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that their prices are right.

THE MEDICAL HALL.

BATH GLOVES AND MITS. SPONGES

a beautiful line of TOILET SOAPS

from five cents to one dollar per case JUST ARRIVED

Mackenzie's Medical Hall, CHATHAM, N. B. May 18, 1896.

TINSMITH WORK. The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general

Tinsmith and Iron Worker in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Church Street, Chatham.

He makes a specialty of RE-LINING STOVE OVENS and introduces a DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM

at the same price as the usual single plate is put in for elsewhere. General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.

JOHN DUFF. FOR SALE. Three two commodious dwelling houses pleasantly situated on the west side of Church Street, in the town of Chatham, now occupied by J. C. T. Arsenault and J. McCallum.

For terms and particulars apply to TWEEDIE & BENNETT, Chatham, 27th July, 1894.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL. SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid. Operations given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.

All Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect. Office in Chatham, Bessons Block. Telephone No. 25. In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kerwin's Barber shop, Telephone No. 6.