DOCTOR JACK. CHRISTMAS AT CHAPTER III.

It is a most astounding discovery that Doctor Jack has just made, and he may well be excused for losing his head for just half a dozen seconds. There can be no mistake. Jack is ready to wager half his fortune on the fact that he is gazing upon the face of the Barcelona flower girl, and the nun who bathed his head with spirits of cologne after his encounter with had played out of tune and out of time the Barcelona mob, but this does not and had demanded to "learn a piece" when

tormentors retire at a blast from the trumpet, their place being taken by banderitleros, who advance and cast their darts unerringly. Gaudy streamers and rosettes are attached to these and the bull soon looks like the prize cattle of a show.

At the same time scmething of fury is aroused in him, though he almost staggers in his wild rushes. The torturers have done their work-the trumpet again sounds. "It is Pedro's turn," says Don Carlos, who has been an excited spectator of the game, and in his eager-

ness almost forgotten that he has companions at his elbow. The great audience suddenly calm down. No longer shouts arise, not even a handkerchief is waved to distract the attention of either the bull and bought a couple of red roses at a flor-

It is now that a man appears, and ren hugging Christmas parcels to their that excited throng realize the fact, hearts, and holding tight to their cheery which accounts for the sudden silence. The matador faces the bull, and receives his attach, not flying from it as gift for husband, wife, sweetheart, friend do the other actors in the drama. He is the star of the combination.

American. She sees the look upon his face, knows that he has recognized her, and places a finger upon her scarlet lips in a way that indicates-

"You shall know all in good time, Senor Evans," reaches his ear, and the next instant she is pointing into the arena, and saying :-

"Look at Pedro Vasquez, Senor Spaniard give the coup de grace. You have faced the half-starved bulls in Mexico, Don Carlos says, but they cannot compare with our noble brutes. It is a different matter being in front of that bull, for instance, senor."

Jack does not reply, how can he argue with a beautiful lady, and vaunt his own prowess, too? It goes against his grain, so he smiles and bows, but inwardly raves. Ah! the bull makes up his mind.

The critical moment has arrived, and down upon the brave matador he rushes. It looks as though the ponderous beast must run over the man who has dropped upon one knee, as if to receive the assault, his straight sword, with its keen point, upraised; but this position has been assumed only in a spirit of bravado by the executioner, who knows too much to retain it long-

The little red muleta held by the left hand to one side engages the attention of the charming beast. With glaring, reddened eyes and steaming nostrils he bears down upon it.

Master oh his trade, Vasquez has his Toledo blade held out with a firm hand, his eye is glued upon the spot, no larger than the palm of his hand, be-

Thousands hold their breath in this moment of suspense. A miss will cause the reputation of the matador to suf-

Jack feels a small hand clutching his arm. It is Mercedes, who, bending forward, hardly realizes what she is doing, so great is her interest in the

Of course the American does not remove that hand-it might clasp him thus for hours, and he would find grace to bear the captivity.

His eyes, too, are upon the scene. He watches the man with the gaze of a connoisseur, one who has been there himself, and appreciates the situation, which most of the spectators do not. Vasquez has a smile on his lips. as though he scorns a beast such as the one beofre him. The bull has reached the flaming engano or lure which is tossed upon his horns, for the game is done. The point of the sword has touched the marked spot on his breast, and the very force of the tull's onward rush drives the blade through the lungs into the brave

"Viva Vasquez! Bravo matador!"

geins his fatal sword, wipes it upon captain-general, and then all around the amphitheater, after which he starts to withdraw, in order to make himself ready for the next encounter. At this moment a most terrific bel-

low sounds from the direction of the toril. The people hear it, and congratulate each other on the feast yet in store. Pedro Vasquez stops in his shrugs his shoulders, and passes on. "Vaya hombre !," cries Don Carlos,

rubbing his hands together with delight, and addressing the American, "you shall see fun now. I told you that black bull was a devil. Evan brave Pedro does not fancy the business. Unless the variets weary the animal out before he is, called, it may A team of gayly caparisoned mules,

with tinkling bells, is driven into the arena, and the bull and dead horses dragged out, after which the second scene will be opened, the same thing being gone through with, under a greater or lesser degree of excitement.

While the arena is being cleared and gotten in readiness for the next engagement, Jack converses with the Spanish girl. He notes the expressive glances she casts in the direction of the Turkish pasha, and a light begins to steal upon him. He fancies he can at least understand the sudden enmity of that worthy in the red fez, who has been looking upon him in the light of a rival. The other matter, concerning Mercedes and the flower mart of Barcelona, remains a deep mystery, which can only be solved when this strange girl grants him a private interview,

She talks almost continually of Pedro, and more than once declares that she adores brave men in a manner so pointed that Jack is puzzled to know what she can mean. He does not understand women-he has always admitted that fact, What is this chaiming creature hinting at? Does she want him to spring down into the arena and play chulo, banderillero, and matador all in one? Thanks, but he came here to see a show, not to make one. These men were hired to amuse people, and did but do their duty. Perhaps at some future time fate would be kind enough to give him

For the present he is well content to sit where he is, and let others do their best to entertain the multitude, The mules have done their duty, and and picadors ride forward, but the en eyes of the American notes a lack of confidence in their actions—that awful bellow has frozen the marrow in their bones, and they fear the coming encounter with the fierce demon soon to be let loose. If Pedro Vasquez has anything of the same nervousness about him, woe unto the matador when he comes to

face the toro. Patience, and we shall ree in good time. All eyes are bent eagerly and hungrily on the door of the toril, whence niust issue the second bovine monster. It is still closed, but the alquazil has the key in the lock, and awaits the signal to whirl the door open, after which he will leap for his life over the barrier.

[To be Continued,]

"THE PLANTAGENET." By Annie Reeve Aldrich.

It was an inappropriate name I always said, for it was the name of a princely house, and ours decidedly was not a princely house. Perhaps you liked it better if you were only one flight up; but when explain the deep mystery that hangs over the affair.

The red bull tires out soon, and his long way to the fourth flat left, and the entrance looked dingy and uninviting, and you grew to hate the sight of the rows of brass bells and letter boxes with the names beneath them. Still "The Plantagenet" was not so bad, as low-priced flat-houses go, and if you were a poor little music teacher, with only a deaf and very grim old aunt as a natural protector there were times when you were thankful for your

tiny little home. But this special Christmas I felt lonely and depressed and heartsick. I dispirited ly bought a big green wreath and some princess-pine at the corner grocer's and decked the little parlor while Aunt Barbara looked on in silent contempt. Aunt Barbara disapproved of "fixings," considering them a wicked waste of money as

well as traps to catch dust. Then on my way home Christmas Eve, in a fit of reckless extravagance, I stopped or his master, who steps into the ist's. How gay the street looked, filled with merry-hearted passers, happy childyoung mother's hands—everybody with a box or package that doubtless contained a

It was rather hard to reflect that in all For the first time since casting back this great city there was nobody to reher vail Mercedes turns toward the member me this holiday season, and then I smiled, for I had forgotten that in my pocket reposed a silk muffler of a brilliant and impossible hue, presented by my dul-lest pupil, Miss Anabel McGibbon, who had toiled three months over one simple exercise, and still flatted triumphantly

when she should have sharped. I turned out of the bright street into a dark side-street, having still several long blocks to traverse. I opened the tissue paper cautiously that protected my preci-American. Did vou ever see a braver man? He stands before the toro perfectly fearless. See, he waves his red flag to enrage the brute. Watch a paper cautiously that protected my precious roses from the frosty night air and took a deep inhalation to cheer my flagging spirits. If only Aunt Barbara were different! It would have been so pleasant to nt! It would have been so pleasant to plan some little surprise for her, but I had tried it on her birthday and incurred her serious displeasure. She thought holidaykeeping nonsense, and present-making on such occasions inexcusable folly. However, I determined to have a little of the holiday spirit if I could, as I bent down and inserted my key in the big door at light them on their way. After the mid-"the Plantagenet's" entrance, climbed up the three steep flights of stairs and sank women leave the church, they give alms down breathless in the little sitting-room. Aunt Barbara had evidently been arranging the furniture. The chairs stood | is thus observed by prayer and almsgivstiff and prim against the wall. The bits | ing. Both customs are as touching as they

table were at right angles to each other.

All was neat, spotless, orderly, but oh,

how unspeakably dreary! Aunt Barbara

herself looked like the room somehow, to

my tired eyes, as she sat upright by the table knitting, in immaculate white cap and apron. She was such a good woman! I knew if I had had the small-pox she would have stood unflinchingly by my side and nursed me with conscientious care. She looked after my bodily welfare, and I have no doubt she really loved me, but of the small coin of every-day gladness and companionship she had not a share, and she could no more understand the hopes and fears and vagaries of a rather maginative young woman than could my tween the left shoulder and the spine, where the point of the weapon must the corner, and you would no more, in my place have thought of kissing or caressing Aunt Barbara than a refrigerator. She looked at my tissue-wrapped parcel, and

sniffed suspiciously. "I hope you haven't been buying flowers, Kate? Do I smell roses! The butcher sent in his bill to-day. It was 81.69 too muc'i. I put on my bonnet and went around there and gave him a piece of my aind. We will buy of Prodgers after this. There, I believe those potatoes are burning!" And she went hastily to the

I laid down my roses listlessly, and without taking off my hat and ulster, I walked aimlessly to the window and looked out. I could see the neighboring roofs, the Christmas stars, bright and beautiful in the dark blue heavens, and a tiny crescent of a moon added to the splendor of the sky. Sharply and piercingly came to my mind the memory of another Christmas Eve-"only one little year ago." I had looked at the same stars, but ah, not alone! Then had come a lover's quarrel, a girlish fit of temper, the unyielding pride that is the curse of my disposition, and so we had parted. Since then I had been miserable many, many hours, and had hated myself for my folly, had longed to lay my tired head in its old place on that loving breast, So the first round is over. The bull but never had I so bitterly repented myself lies on the saw-dust, blood issuing as to-night, of my final, decisive farewell from his mouth, and the vast audience in that country lane, of the untrue words make the welkin ring with cheers of of anger that told him I had ceased to love

him and never wished to see him again. The hero of the death struggle re- with much more of the same sort. But it was ended-over, I told myself Then the grim boar's-head frowned the carcase of his antagonist, makes 1 firmly, while the stars suddenly grew low bow, first in the direction of the blurred to me. Perhaps he had married. Crested with bays and rosemary. He went to the far west soon after, and that was the last I had heard. I tried very | How, when and where the monster fell; hard to despise myself. I threw back my head defiantly and assured myself that I

and I knew deep in my heart that I should

care forevermore. pronounced case of heartache cannot stand brooding by a window all of Christmas stride, glances toward the toril door, Eve Dinner time was near; and with a sigh I slowly turned from the lovely night and threw off my coat. I was just taking off my hat when our little bell rang. touched the electric button, wondering who it could possibly be, and presently l heard a lumbering tread on the stairs and a red-faced expressman deposited a box at my door. He was very cross and out of

breath and demanded a quarter for bringing it up. I knew he had no right to it, but in my excitement I meekly produced my thin little purse and gave it to him. Who could have sent me a Christmas box? Iam rather short-sighted, and the writing of the address was rubbed and i distinct, but I immediately thought of my country cousins. It was good, kind Char-

lotte, to be sure, who had remembered me, and I cut the heavy twine recklessly and tore open the paper in quite a glow of pleasure. Oh, what a great plum cake! And what hosts of rich country jumbles! I ate one hungrily as I gloatingly piled them on the box cover. Then there were rosy apples and a fine roasted chicken. I sat down like a child and ate a bit of him atop of a jumble and an apple, and then Aunt Barbara came in just as I was taking out, triumphantly, a layer of fat brown

"Just look at what Charlotte has sent me, Aunt Barbara!" I cried, waving my hand over the profusion of dainties. For a wonder she heard me the first time, and sat down, deliberately adjusting her spec-

"Charlotte, eh?" she said in her slow voice, picking up the wrapping paper and beginning to fold it mechanically. "It's a pity you cut the string, Kate. Well, if people must take part in this foolery of Christmas presents, it's a good thing when they send you something useful, at least-Charlotte, you say-" she went on, stopping to read the address. Then she took off her spectacles and looked at me

"Kate Inman, this box is not yours." "Not mine!" I said resentfully, "I should like to know whose, then!" I snatched a chance to prove his bravery in a way the paper from her hand and putting on satisfying to even her Spanish quix- my eye-glasses I read: "Mr. R. Johnston." I could only sit in the midst of the things and gasp. Finally I said: "It is Mrs. Roy's

mortification to explain my mistake. It | years to come? was very heavy for me. And I had eaten this strange man's cake and his apple, and a bit of his chicken's breast! No, I never give the darlings a perfect day." It does

There was a good deal of talk and laughter in Mrs. Roy's apartment. They were jolly, cheerful people. How I prayed the

man might not be there too! I knocked at the door of the private hall, and held the heavy box tightly, in my embarrassment. Someone opened the door and the voices were hushed inside. The box fell on the floor, the doughnuts rolled down the hall and I do not know where the rest of the things went.

"Rob!" I cried, starting back. "Kate!" that dear old voice said. And then he had presence of mind enough to shut the door and come out into the hall.

I tried woman-like to recover myself and my dignity. "I-I opened your box by mistake," I explained, with an assumed attempt at hau-"So I see," with an amused glance at the

recumbent chicken and the scattered "And thinking it was mine," I continued, "thinking my cousin had sent it, because I am short-sighted and did not make

And I hung my head under the light of the eyes bent on mine, and then I felt two strong arms enfold me. "Oh, Kate, Kate, have we not had enough of this? Have we not suffered

enough for a miserable little quarrel? Are you bound to keep it up, darling?" "Yes," I said, and cinng tighter to his neck. Whatever the strong-minded female may say, as a sex we are not consist-

"Rob," I said, after an indescribable moment, "I ate one of your jumbles." "You shall have them all." "And an apple.

Bob's comment was wordless, but satis-"And a piece of his breast," I added, gently disengaging one hand and pointing

to the maltreated fowl with his legs in the "Thank God mother never could write legibly !" says Bob, holding me closer and looking at me as if he would never have his fill. "Oh, Kate," he continues, "what a Christmas we shall spend together to-

morrow, sweetheart !" And then Mrs. Roy's voice was heard near the door, and he released my hands. The sweet bells were pealing the glad tidings of great joy to the world when I went to bed that night. I stood by the window again, looking out over the peaceful day under the starlit sky, and again my eyes were dim with tears-tears of happiness this time.

For Christmas had brought exc hope and gladness to two hearts at least in "The Plantagenet." Simplicity of Rural France.

In the French Breton village when the hour of Christmas midnight strikes, the bell of the church calls the faithful to their devotions. They carry lanterns to to the poor of the locality who are gatherat the door. The humble French Christmas of bric-a-bric were placed in straight are simple, and, although not confined to France, the ceremony here referred to is rows on the mantel. The books on the in no other land more piously and dutiful-

Disillusioned. "My boy has discovered who Santa Claus

"Well, is he delighted?" asked Dawson. "No; he is mad. He says if his own daddy is Santa Claus, he thinks it's pretty poor business for Santa Claus to give toys to all the children in the world and talk economy

Double Entendre. "Chosen your Christmas present for your wife, Batkins?" "What is it-seal-skin sack?" "No. I'm going to pay for her present

Christmas in Ye Olden Time. Heap on more wood!-the wind is chill:

But, let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still. And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had rolled, And brought blithe Christmas back again

With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite

Gave honor to the holy night:

On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas eve the mass was sung: That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirke sheen; The hall was dressed with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry-men go. To gather in the mistletoe. Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all, Power laid his rod of rule aside And Ceremony doffed her pride.

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight. And general voice, the happy night That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down, The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall table's oaken face, Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace Bore there upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brawn. By old blue-coated serving man;

Well can the green-garbed ranger tell What dogs before his death he tore. And all the baiting of the boar. did not care, but it was no use. I did care, The wassail round, in good brown bowls, Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowels. There the huge sirloin reeked: hard by But even a sad young woman with a Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie; Nor failed old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her savory goose. Then came the merry maskers in, And carols roared with blithesome din; If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong.

Who lists may in their murmuriug see Traces of ancient mystery; White skirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made; But, oh, what maskers richly dight Can boast of bosoms half so light! England was merry England when

Old Christmas brought his sports again. Twas Christmas broached the mightlest 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the

-Sir Walter Scott, Marmion, Canto VI A FAIRY TALE.

Long years ago, one Christmas night, When the young world was wrapped in The wildwood creatures far and near, Who all of nature's secrets hear, Started with wonder and affright.

For, lo! Titania rose in sight, Inmeshed in frosted golden light, Couched on the moon's slow sailing sphere Long years ago.

And here again the selfsame sprite, Incarnate now a damsel slight-(The years like snowflakes disappear; A cycle passes like a year)-Reigns still as by the fairy right-Long years ago.

MOTHER AT CHRISTMAS. A Day When Care Should Flee From the

Hearthstone, The blessed Christmas festival is the one day in all the year when care should be put aside. The "bad days and sad days" of the year that is almost over lie behind us; let the very memory of them be banished as we prepare to make the feast a joyful one to the children around us. What better possession can we give them for their future lives than the remembrance of hours of unclouded happiness in their childhood's home? When they are old enough to appreciate them they will recall with inex-

pressible tenderness the sacrifices that

were made to give them pleasure.
We are so absorbed in the struggle of Johnston come to board with her?"

We are so absorbed in the struggle of Mrs. Roy lived in the flat below us, and I remembered her boarder's name when she mentioned it, because—just because—she mentioned it, because—just because—Rob's name was Johnston, too. How I used to tease him about his plebeian name.

"Whose boarder?" asked Aunt Barbara, with her hand at her ear.

"Mrs. Roy's," I shouted, gathering the edibles together ruefully and bending the edibles together ruefully and hending the to say, "We did have such a good time County of Northumberland at Newcastle in the said chicken's fat legs in my effort to pack him in as he came, and pouring the doughnuts over him, and feeling enough of a child to have a good cry

You see it was all the Christmas I had.

I tied up the box as best I could and started

To say, "We did have such a good time when we were children!" Such memories are a pregious possession that no after sorrow can dim. Would not many a mother check the impatient word, and many a father hesitate over the hasty prohibition, if they remembered that their I tied up the box as best I could and started prohibition, if they remembered that their six. down the stairs with it, crimson with children would not forget them in the Perhaps some careworn little mother

Judge of Probates, in and for the County of Northumberland. will say, "If we could afford it, I could (Sgd) G. B. FRASER. Registrar of Probates in and for said County.

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not take much money to make children happy. The mysteries and surprises which delight their souls can be achieved without the expenditure of much more than time and patience. Some of the best things money cannot buy; and those that they will recollect longest may be the fruit of their mother's loving ingenuity. The words "Christmas" and "Santa Claus" always recall to one family certain "cruller ladies," as they were fondly called, which they invariably found in their stockings on Christmas morning. They were only doughnuts, cut into a shape which it required a vivid imagination to believe was intended for a woman. The voluminous skirts were marked with a diamond pattern, imprinted with the edge of a knife blade; but the most artistic embroidery adorning a masterpiece of Worth's could not give more pleasure than it did. The masculine counterparts of these charming creatures were not as great a success. Their legs would break off on the slightest pressure, and it was seldom that one of them emerged from the stocking wholly uninjured. It was a carefully preserved fiction that Mrs. Santa Claus made these delicate creations, and it was a matter of wonderment how they were transported without breaking.

Children love to have a finger in the pie, and like to help in whatever is going on. They are deprived of a great deal of pleasure when everything is done for them and nothing remains for them but to enjoy the labors of others. They should be encouraged to prepare little surprises for one another, to assist in decorating the house with Christmas evergreens, if they are to be had; and, above all, to remember at this time the poor and needy. These are not those alone that lack this world's goods; there are many lonely ones whose nearest and dearest have gone and left them with few to remember them. To these the children can carry Christmas

It seems as if this birthday, which was the beginning of a life of such self-sacrifice as the world has never seen equalled, was a fitting season to learn the beauty of selfdenial, and the blessedness of spending one's self in the service of others. Mothers must not take all this lesson to themselves. Let the children share in it; they will not be less happy because they have been gently led to be more courteous, more unselfish, more forbearing in honor of the Christmas-tide, whose key-note is peace and goodwill. There are those who look back with poignant anguish to last Christmas: or others further past, when they, too, were full of joy. Although personal happiness is over there remains the power to bring sunshine to some desolate hearth, and to find peace in the reflection of its light. There is no heart so heavy that it may not help to give to others a "Merry Christ-

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL. Heard Santa Claus.

At breakfast Christmas morning Hamilton pere was just a trifle leaden eyed, and Mrs. H. had a suspicion of haughtiness and reserve about her. The juvenile stockings had panned out

well, and Jimmie and Tom were loqua-"We heard Santa Claus, papa," said

Papa started, and mamma smiled-a smile with a whole lot of meaning and traces of sarcasm in it. "He made an awful noise and tumbled on the stairs," continued Jimmie.

The maternal smile widened. "Guess it must have been the load he carried," chimed in Tommie. And neither of them understood their mother's inscrutable smile, which had breadth, length, depth and thickness .-San Francisco Examiner.

Kriss Kringle in Germany. In north Germany on Christmas Eve the children lay out upon a table under a branch of evergreen the gifts for their parents and then call the latter in. The parents do the same thing for the children upon Christmas Day. The mother also talks to the girls in a spirit of counsel, and the father acts likewise with the boys. Then, of course, there is Kriss Kringle, the familiar and beloved, with his furry coat, ruddy face and long white beard. who is in some districts represented by Rupert, a man engaged by all the parents in a village to costume himself in regulation style and visit all the houses.-Ex-

Christmas Proverbs, If ice will bear a man before Christmas. t will not bear a man afterward. If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one. The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas Day than the sun.-Selected.

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(Sgd.) SAM THOMSON.

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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

NOTICE.

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All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said MRS. WM, COPPING. Chatham Sept. 1, 1896.

FOR SALE. Good Seed Potatoes

apply at

50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes