COLLABORATION.

Continued from 1st Page.

There was nothing for it but to accede to this exceedingly cool proposal. Alleyne took the sheets and began to run his eyes over them, indicating an error here and there. Suddenly at the bottom of a page he stopped short.

"That is a novel idea."

"Which? Where?"

"Here, on page 91. You suggest that the Ostyaks"—

The approach of a servant with a note for Miss Affleck caused the professor's sentence to remain unfinished. Maud, when she had glanced over the scrap of paper addressed her, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Laura wants me to join her. I suppose I must go. There is nothing I hate quite so much as a cricket match. May I leave these with you or shall I"—

"Pray leave them—by all means." The professor's tone had grown quite cordial.

It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem after all and had opinions of her own on certain vexed points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.

"Very good. Very good indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The professor read on, ignoring the misspelled proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.

"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grew interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer."

Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity and went to get ready for luncheon. The professor remained behind and took out his notebook. That hint about the Ostyaks wandering had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth settling down.

Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand.

Good heavens! What was he about? This train of ideas was absolutely new. But for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have risen in his mind. The professor was a man of honor. A cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He to pick a girl's brains! He shuddered at himself.

He shuddered. Yet he was sorely tempted to look again at that half read chapter. For, if the theory put forward in it would hold water—well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.

These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at teatime.

"What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transliteration which he thought she might find helpful."

"They will enable me to correct my spelling—myself, I see. I suppose you did not read any further, Mr. Alleyne?"

"I left off," returned the professor, getting redder than before, "in the middle of the chapter on the Ostyaks. Will you take toast or tea cake?"

Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck. I gave her all the assistance she asked."

"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible"—

"You might have condescended to speak of it, one would think! What has Maud done that you should snub her so unmercifully? If she were a rival authority on—what do you call them—Mongols, you could hardly have treated her worse."

The professor was silent.

"Ted! Do you consider her a rival authority?"

"An 'authority.' My dear Laura! It's impossible for any young woman of Miss Affleck's age to have more than the most superficial acquaintance with such a large subject. But a novice occasionally stumbles by chance on a solution of some difficulty that has been a puzzle to experts.'

"And that is what Maud has done. I understand. Forgive me for laughing, but really this is too funny!"

"I do not see—to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in exactly, Laura. The labor of two years rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings to elaborate!" muttered the poor professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.

Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.

"There is only one thing for it that I can think of. You two must marry, and—fuse your warring books into one."

"Laura!"

"Why not? She is pretty and well bred. Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."

"If this is intended for a joke, Laura," the professor interposed severely, "excuse me for saying that it is an extremely bad one."

"I never was more serious in my life," his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it."

But this the professor indignantly declined to do.

It was well for his pride that he showed himself thus obdurate from the beginning, for Miss Affleck's demeanor for the next few days made it plain that his thinking—supposing he had weakly consented to take Laura's unscrupulous plan into consideration—would have been to no purpose. The ex-student of Girton, having had quite enough of learned society for the present, proceeded to unbend her mind in the company of Mr. Norman Harding, who had by this time awakened to the charms of her hair.

The professor often glanced at her across the table—Mrs. St. Julian no longer sent them in to dinner together—wondering how any woman with a mind could endure the irresponsible prattle of that brainless giant. Miss Affleck endured it with cheerful stoicism. She exposed herself voluntarily to the infliction, accompanying the big man on rambles in search of wild flowers and suffering him to give her billiard lessons on rainy mornings.

By the end of the week Alleyne had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this step on Monday morning (Mr. Harding having shown himself peculiarly inane and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his inanity on the preceding Sunday), as he smoked his after breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden winding of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck seated upon a rustic bench. She had a writing board on her knee and a pencil in her hand.

"The book?" inquired the professor, with a sickly smile.

She nodded. "My poor little book, which you wouldn't even deign to criticise."

Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambric dress gave the utmost "value" to her auburn locks.

"I didn't—feel confident," stammered the professor.

"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"

"No."

Miss Affleck's expressive face was one large note of interrogation.

"You wish to know why? Well, it was because I found you too full of suggestion. You put me upon new trains of thought. It wouldn't have been fair to you—to go on reading."

"But—but I should have been so glad to be of any use to you!" she cried.

The professor stiffened. "You are very good."

"I wish," she murmured, "I knew what I had done to offend you"

The professor looked at her hard for perhaps half a minute. Then he, too, took a seat on the bench.

"You have not offended me at all," he said.

"How beautiful!" Maud Affleck sighed ten minutes later.

"What is beautiful? The day? Or your hair? Or the dispensations of Providence? They are all beautiful in different ways."

"Nonsense! I was thinking that—that you would let me help you with the book now."

The professor started guiltily To do him justice, he had quite forgotten the book.

"We will collaborate; we will write it together," he murmured. Then he kissed her and rose to new heights of magnanimity. "And publish it in our joint names—Edward and Maud Alleyne."

Maud blushed. "Oh, no! It must remain your book. Perhaps you might put a note in the preface saying you had been assisted in your researches"—

"By my wife. That sounds charming. But"—he kissed her again and was pricked in conscience—"would that be giving you your due share of credit! You see, in that matter of the Ostyaks"—

"I should like it best so," she declared.

"Of course it must be as you please," said the professor.—St. Louis Times-Democrat.

He wanted a Wheel.

"Well, my son," said the editor to his son, who wanted a wheel, "you'll find one in the front end of that wheelbarrow, and there is a big pile of coal ashes back of the house that will have to be moved. The handle bars are of white ash and are adjustable, so you can get any style of hump on that suits your fancy. It is regulated largely by the load you put on. The bigger the load, the more you have to hump yourself. Be careful and don't mar the enamel on the frame and keep the ball bearings well oiled, so they won't cut into the cones. The tire is absolutely punctureless, so you won't have to take a pump and repair kit with you. By the time you have removed that pile of ashes I think you will have made a century run; also the perspiration. You'd better come in to dinner now."

Drew on Sight.

Commercial law terms are not entirely safe at all times. John E. Watrons, deputy United States marshal for the southern district of Kansas, sends in this story:

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is $27.40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfastened his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun.

"That's expensive shootin," said he, "but I reckon you're as sorry as I am."

"What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man.

"He told me to," said Hoover, surprised.

"Told you to?" demanded the white cheeked city man. "I never did anything of the kind."

"You did," said Hoover, and drawing out the telegram he read:

"'Draw on me at sight.'

"I done it," said he.—Chicago Post.

SELECTION OF BREED.

The Plymouth Rocks Are Among the Best For All Purposes.

If it is decided to keep but one breed for all purpose uses, says a writer in an exchange, the old reliable Plymouth Rock will fill the bill with more satisfaction than any other breed. Good layers, good mothers and good table birds, they combine all the money making qualities. They are hardy, naturally healthy, easily kept, good foragers and equally happy in confinement or on range. Besides, they are the universally popular breed. They are better known, more generally kept and more advertised than any other breed. This makes them an additional source of profit, as it is never a great effort to sell them. The demand for them has never diminished since their introduction to the American public. On the contrary, they have made a strong progressive march into public favor, and today they are more sought for than any other variety. As utility fowls they are placed at the top of the list, and as show birds they are usually the most important breed in the exhibition hall.

Now, if the beginner has settled on the Plymouth Rock, it becomes necessary that he proceed at once to study their nature. In the first place, they, like all other breeds, should have comfortable quarters. It is poor economy to house any fowls in slimsy, shedlike structures, which are neither wind nor weather proof. Warm, substantial henhouses mean a saving in feed and an increase in eggs.

But artificially heated houses lead to pampered stock, which will destroy, in a great degree, their natural hardiness and vigor. Every precaution should be taken to construct houses as warm as boards, paper, lath and plaster can make them, also to locate them in a sheltered spot, where a bank of earth, hill or bunch of trees will act as a windbreak. They should be kept perfectly dry and free from dampness; therefore a slight rise of ground which constitutes natural drainage is the best site. The front should face the south or southeast, thus to catch the warm sun in winter. Windows sufficiently large to admit plenty of light, but not too large, are very important.

The second consideration should be feed. As the Plymouth Rock is a heavy breed, somewhat slower in their movements than the sprightly Leghorns, for example, they can be very easily overfed. To guard against this tendency they should be kept comparatively hungry, in order to induce them to scratch and hunt—in other words, to exercise. It pays best to give them this exercise outdoors at all seasons of the year, whether the weather is cold or warm. If snow is on the ground, it should be swept away a certain distance in their runs that they may take advantage of the outer air and not be continually confined to their coops. They are a well feathered breed and can stand any quantity of cold weather.

If the breeding stock is cared for thus with a view of maintaining strong healthy, vigorous specimens, the eggs will be found to hatch well and the chicks will live when hatched and thrive accordingly. As like begets like, we cannot expect strong chicks from weak and debilitated stock.

Whether one uses the natural or artificial method of hatching matters not, provided he understands the system he adopts. There is quite as much for the beginner to learn of the one as of the other. The idea that the hen will do it all is not a safe one. Hens must be properly set and properly cared for if a good hatch is desired. The Plymouth Rocks are excellent mothers, but they can become as unsatisfactory as any other breed if not thoroughly understood.

The young stock should have, however, in either case, plenty of range to induce growth and development. The old stock do much better generally and produce more eggs if kept yarded the year round, but the youngsters should have perfect freedom until they reach maturity. As Plymouth Rock chicks are rather slow growers it is best to hatch them by the middle or last of March, and if hens are not broody then the machines should be called into use. This early hatching will give us layers surely by Nov. 1, even if the care has not been perfect.

Early eggs in November command a high market price, and it will thus pay well to make your pullets producers at once. A free use of raw meat three times a week will be found a great help in inducing early maturity. This, however, must not be used until the stock is two-thirds grown and after the bugs, grasshoppers, etc., have become scarce. If green food is hard to find on the range, as it usually is in September, it should be supplied, as it is very necessary, being the natural food of all poultry.

The keeping and raising of poultry, if success is desired, are not what may be considered easy. It requires first a love for the pursuit and then a natural inclination to study and learn by personal experience how success may be attained.

Ignorance and carelessness cost a great deal of time and money, yet experience is the best teacher. What one breeder does is no criterion of what another can do. Still, the advice of a successful breeder is a great help to the beginner if he will follow it. The Plymouth Rock is a very hardy breed and will stand abuse and neglect probably better than any other variety, and there is no breed that will turn in a better return for good care and proper handling.

Poultry Points.

A little draft in the henhouse often causes roup.

A little attention to a droopy fowl will save it.

A little dirt and filth allowed to accumulate breeds cholera.

A little attention to the whole flock will keep them in condition.

A little manure in the henhouse, added to a little of the day before, induces lice.

FACTS AND FASHIONS.

How They Are Responsible For Poultry Absurdities.

In these days of keen competition and transient novelty, when the efforts of a large proportion, though fortunately not all, of the fancy seem for the time being to be concentrated either upon producing mongrel strains or attempting, if one might use the term, to buffoon each and every established variety which has the misfortune to come under their notice, it is a matter almost for serious apprehension that old and well tried favorites, which in the past have not been found wanting, are becoming temporarily scarcer, both in the exhibition pen and utility yard. I say temporarily, because it is my firm belief that the poultry world, after its attack of yellow fever has subsided, will again return to the knowledge that mongrelism does not necessarily mean utility, and that but little credit, if any, attaches to the process of color feeding.

Meanwhile it is a matter for congratulation that here and there throughout the country genuine fanciers are to be found, who glory in preserving purity of breed and can look back with pardonable pride on the many years of patient effort which have resulted in success, and that, too, without the aid of chemicals or dyes. To this quarter by and by we shall be constrained to look for salvation when the craze for buff—or should I say orange tinted—birds has exterminated blood in the yards of the professional dealers and of general public alike. The present tendency among a section of the fancier community to breed for novelty alone is, moreover, indirectly responsible for much disappointment and discouragement of younger fanciers. Those who thrust upon the public so called breeds, manufactured forsooth in a couple of years at most by the promiscuous intermixing of three or four established varieties, in the vain hope of thereby producing a variety which will combine the good qualities alone of all four, forget that there are two great laws which, turn where we may, present themselves thoughout the domain of nature.

These laws are, first, that the progeny of mongrels is to a large extent sterile when interbreeding is attempted, and, second, that the products of crossbreeds invariably tend to throw back, even if again crossed with pure blood. Among nations the same laws apply and any one who has been in our West Indian colonies cannot fail to have been impressed with the sterility of quadroons and octoroons and will have met with plenty of instances of black offspring from white parents whose genealogical trees have not been quite clear of black branches.

For the manufacture of even the semblance of a new variety capable of transmitting its likeness with any degree of certainty decades are required, nor can it be done in a few seasons without resorting to such inbreeding as leads to sterility, and I would commend the above to the consideration of all who hanker after new breeds or believe that even utility strains can be turned out with rapidity. This must not, however, be taken to be a sweeping condemnation of buff breeds in general. By all means let us have Buff Rocks or Buff Wyandottes, etc., provided they conform strictly to the types of Rocks, Wyandottes, etc., in general points, differing little except in color. Such require no alien blood for their manufacture and are but subvarieties or sports from the parent species, precisely as a new color may arise in seeding chrysanthemums or pansies, but until the new subvarieties are capable of breeding true to their own points and color it behooves the poultry club and other powerful societies to decline to form separate classifications for them at shows.

Speaking of exhibiting brings us to another and most important question affecting buffs in particular—viz, as to the legality of color feeding. There can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of any true fancier that to dye feathers by feeding with color is no more creditable than to apply the dye externally, nor is it easy to see what satisfaction a successful exhibitor who follows this practice can derive in wresting a prize from his less fortunate but more honest rival, who scorns to convert what should be a buff bird into an orange one by artificial means.

Fashion in the poultry world has been responsible not only for many absurdities, but by emphasizing with one hand some trivial detail in a breed, such as lobe or comb, has with the other destroyed more serviceable qualities.

Minorca fanciers, for instance, are surely discovering that the fashion of breeding chiefly for comb is not only depriving their favorites of their well earned reputation for laying, but in making the breed more delicate. Again, the followers of modern game are beginning to see many good qualities in the neglected old English breed which for many years had escaped their notice, while we have yet to discover the table bird to eclipse the game Dorking.

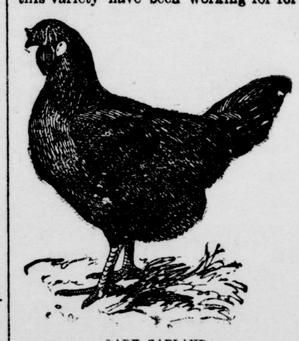
Let us not, therefore, give way to the present temptation to don yellow spectacles or forget that there are in existence such sterling breeds as Hamburgs, Andalusians and Brahmas, not to mention several others which in points of utility or fancy will give their patrons as much if not more satisfaction than many of the more complex and therefore less stable productions of late seasons, bearing in mind that color alone will not impart utility, and that the more numerous are the factors employed in crossing the less likely will the resulting offspring be to possess and perpetuate all the good attributes of the various progenitors.—H. B. Greene, M. D., in Poultry.

As cold weather comes on see that the inside of the poultry quarters are papered and whitewashed and that all cracks and crevices are closed up.

One decided advantage with the small flocks is that each individual can be given better attention.

A Prize Black Minorca Hen.

The illustration represents Lady Garland, one of the phenomenal Black Minorcas which made their appearance last winter at New York. In shape she is what the most progressive breeders of this variety have been working for for



LADY GARLAND.

years, combining the long, broad and very deep body with the fine head points of the best exhibition specimens. This is the "egg type" that should be bred for in the Minorcas, which are undoubtedly among the best egg machines of the nineteenth century. This hen was pronounced by judges and breeders to be the best they ever saw, and Judge Zimmer, in his report, said she was the very best he ever judged.

Poultry Points.

The best fowls for breeds are from 1 to 3 years old.

Securing eggs in winter is largely the result of good management.

Everything in point of plumage and symmetry depends in the sire.

If fowls are to be confined, they should be kept in flocks of not over 25.

Whole Grain Is Best.

My experience clearly proves that for strongly fertilized eggs whole grain is the best, and if fowls have free range corn is the best of the grains, care being taken, of course, not to feed too generously to make them overfat. I have noticed for a long time that hens fed almost exclusively on whole corn lay richer eggs, with higher colored yolks, than those fed on a more nitrogenous ration for the purpose of getting the greatest number of eggs. This led me to think that corn and whole grain would give better eggs for hatching, and upon experimenting I found it true.—J. E. Stevenson in Rural New Yorker.

One Variety Enough.

From what little experience the writer has had on the practical side alone, to say nothing about the fancy part, which is a much harder task, is enough to convince anybody that it is more than one man can do to successfully breed and care for many varieties.

When I first obtained the Brown Leghorns, I soon found that the food I fed the Light Brahmas was not the right kind at all. So I had to have two different messes in order to get the best results, and I find I don't know it all yet, after two years' experience. The Leghorns want a warmer house than the Brahmas, as a frosted comb stops all laying during winter, and they want to roost in the skies, while the Brahmas would just as soon have mother earth for a roost, but for all that I don't think the Leghorns will get to heaven first.—Emory E. Banks in Poultry Advocate.

Miramichi Foundry,

STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,

CHATHAM, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete.

GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

CAN DIES.

IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

Established 1866.

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

Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
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 his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that he prices are right.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND HARDWARE.

Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

WEATHER AND WATERPROOF,

THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rose wood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready Mixed Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
10 Kegs, 100 lbs. each Dry Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shelac, Driers.
Joiners' and Machinests' Tools, a speciality.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps,
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails, $2.45 per Keg.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes, $3.90 per Keg, 15 Boxes Horse Nails $3.00 box.
10 Tons Refined Iron $2.50 per 100 lbs.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones Grindstone Fixtures.
WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS $1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS $2.50, DAISY CHURNS $3.75.

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordeons Violins, Bows and Fixings.

FARMING TOOLS, ALL KINDS.

Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each, Knife Heads, $3.00.
" " Guards, 35c. each, Rivets, Oilers.

My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling, on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest; prove this by calling.

J. R. GOGGIN.

JUST OPENING.

JUST OPENING

BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,

NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,

OILCLOTHS, HEARTH RUGS & DOORMATS,

WOOL, BRUSSELS & TAPESTRY CARPETS,

BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES & MERINOS,

ART MUSLINS, CRETONNES & REPPS,

LACE CURTAINS & COUNTERPANES,

LACES, RIBBONS & HAMBURGS,

SILKS IN BLACK, COLORED, SURAH, &

Worsted Coatings,
Black and Blue Serge Suitings,
White and Regatta Shirts,
Ties, Collars, Hosiery
Silk and Linen Handk'fs,
Hats, & Caps, Etc.

ALSO A FULL & COMPLETE LINE OF

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

MILLER.
RITCH.
Successors to Gilmour.
Established 1852.

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing.
Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.
All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.
Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc. in stock and to order.

JAS. G. MILLER.

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM. N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. + PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

JOB PRINTING

AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE

ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES,
BILLS OF SALE DRAFTS,
SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—
DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

THREE MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

—AT THE—

DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

AT ST JOHN IN 1883

Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they ASSIST and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of EASE and COMFORT not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched.

4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER 1897.

UNtil further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 20 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton,...	12 15 ar.	3 30 p m
6 30	2 53	.....Gibson,....	12 12	3 27
6 50	3 05	...Marysville,...	12 00	3 10
8 20	4 07	..Cross Creek,..	10 47	1 20
9 40	5 05	...Boiestown,...	9 35	11 45
10 40 ar	5 50 ar	...Doaktown,...	8 50	10 45
10 45 lv	6 05 lv			10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar	8 03	..Chatham Jct .	6 45	7 50
1 50 lv	8 07			ar7 30
	8 20	..... Nelson		7 10
2 30	8 40	....Chatham....	6 12	6 50
2 50 ar	8 55	.. Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	6 30 a m

FOR IND'TON	INDIANTOWN BRANCH.	FOR BLK'VLE
lv 8.00 a m	..... Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 8 50 "	.....Indiantown.....	lv 4.15 "

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
lv. Chatham,	9.40 p.m.	1.40 p. m.
Nelson	10.00 "	2.05 "
Ar. Chatham Junc.,	10.20 "	2.20 "
Lv. " "	10.45 "	2.40 "
Nelson	11.00 "	3.00
Ar. Chatham.	11.20 "	3.20

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	8.25 a. m.	10.10 a. m.
Nelson	8.45	10.30 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	4.05 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	4.20 "	10.55 "
Nelson	4.40	11.10 "
Ar. Chatham	5.00 "	11.30 p.m.

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations—Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carrols, McNamee's, Ludlow, Aasle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager