The address slip pasted on the top of this page [illegible] date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th page.

# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 21, 1897. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

**BUSINESS NOTICE.**

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B. every THURSDAY morning in time to despatch by the earliest mails of the day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR a YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly, or by the year, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for the first insertion and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly advertisements, without a special contract, will be charged $8 00 per year. The matter, if not changed quarterly, may be inserted three times daily, weekly, fortnightly or monthly.

The Miramichi Advance having the largest circulation of any newspaper published in the counties of Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester and Restigouche, offers superior inducements to business men, manufacturers, mechanics, farmers and others, as a medium for advertising their wares, merchandise, farms, stock, or any other legitimate business, or information they may wish to make known. Parties contemplating changes in their business should bear in mind that the Miramichi Advance is read by the most intelligent and enterprising people in the Province, who have the means at their command to purchase any thing they may require in the way of literature, or any article of merchandise, or farm or other stock, they may wish to dispose of. Parties who have articles to sell, and who want the money, will find it to their advantage to address advertisements to the Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent, etc. etc. etc.
CHATHAM N. B.

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Notice is hereby given that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Local Legislature, to continue 44th Victoria Chapter 62, intituled "an act to consolidate and amend the several acts relating to the South West Boom company" and all amendments thereto, in force for the further term of twenty years, after the expiration of the said act.

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CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.
AUTUMN 1896.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 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 50 a m lv | 2 50 p.m | ..Fredericton,... | 12 15 ar. | 4 00 p m |
| 7 00 | 3 53 | ....Gibson,.... | 12 12 | 3 57 |
| 7 20 | 3 00 | ...Marysville,... | 12 00 | 3 40 |
| 8 50 | 4 07 | ..Cross Creek,.. | 10 47 | 1 50 |
| 10 15 | 5 05 | ...Boiestown,... | 9 35 | 12 30 |
| 11 15 ar | 5 50 ar | ...Doaktown,... | 8 50 | 11 15 |
| 11 20 lv | 6 05 lv | | | 11 10 |
| 12 35 p m | 7 10 | ...Blackville,... | 7 40 | 9 40 |
| 1 30 ar | 8 03 | ..Chatham Jct. | 6 45 | 8 20 |
| 2 00 lv | 8 07 | | | 8 00 |
| | 8 20 | ..... Nelson ... | | 7 40 |
| 2 40 | 8 40 | ....Chatham.... | 6 12 | 7 20 |
| 5 00 ar | 8 55 | .. Loggieville Lv | 6 00 am | 7 00 a m |

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

| | Express. | Mixed |
|---|---|---|
| lv. Chatham, | 9.30 p.m. | 1.15 p. m. |
| Nelson | 9 50 " | 1.35 " |
| ar. Chatham Junc., | 10.10 " | 1.55 " |
| Lv. " " | 10.35 " | 2.45 " |
| Nelson | 10.55 " | 3.05 " |
| Ar. Chatham, | 11.15 " | 3.25 " |

GOING SOUTH.

| | Express. | Mixed |
|---|---|---|
| Lv. Chatham, | 3.20 a. m. | 10.00 a. m. |
| Nelson | 3 40 " | 10 20 " |
| Ar. Chatham Junction, | 4.00 " | 10 40 " |
| Lv. " " | 4 25 " | 11 15 " |
| Nelson | 4.40 " | 11.35 " |
| Ar. Chatham | 5 05 " | 11.55 p. 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 " |

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 Carroll's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle 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 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.

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He will also keep a first-class stock
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Wall Papers, Window Shades,
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THOS. W. FLETT,
NELSON

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows:—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT J. DUNN,
Surveyor General

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SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
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An engine lathe 8ft bed and 20 inch swing, elevating rest, screw cutting etc.
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# DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

While he sits there waiting, Doctor Jack revolves a number of things in his mind. He goes back to the minute when he first set eyes on Avis Morton, and in a general way remembers the conversation that ensued.

Somehow or other he has a queer feeling at the prospect of seeing this girl again—he had never supposed Jack Evans would ever experience the pangs of love, but it is ever so.

Tremendous difficulties have been surmounted in his endeavour to keep the appointment on time, and the manner in which he has brushed these aside show the kind of a man he is.

Jack does not dare analyze his feelings toward Miss Morton. It has come upon him with the sudden rush of an avalanche. He calls himself a fool, but that does not mend matters a particle.

"Just as I always predicted. I said that if I ever did fall in love it would be like tumbling over a precipice head first," he mutters, with something of a woe-begone face, as though for once his iron will proves of little avail against the insidious force of the god Cupid, who has wrestled with him.

Then he looks about the stuffy little room, taking secret pleasure in the anticipation of what is before him. Time passes—the minutes seem hours to him. Why does not the messenger appear to show him up? Can Miss Morton have other callers?

His mind becomes disturbed. He springs to his feet to pace the room, and thus ease himself of the strange feeling that makes him so nervous when he comes face to face with the object of his thoughts, who enters the room, stuffy and dimly lighted no more, Jack thinks, for she brings radiance with her.

"You are punctual, Doctor Jack," she says, holding out her hand impulsively, which he takes with an eagerness he does not disguise.

"I began to think I would be unable to be so. Visiting at the house of a friend, I was pressed to stay and did so until I believed I had just time enough to enter my carriage and come here. Upon bidding the Don good-night I found that my stupid driver had gone away, either temporarily or for good. That gave me but one alternative. I must walk here, for I could get no vehicle, and would not return to worry my friends."

"And you did this?" she asks, with wonder. "Nothing could hire me to go through those narrow streets after nightfall. I would be in constant fear of being robbed"—something in his face catches her quick eye—"tell me, did you have an experience of this kind?"

Jack had not meant to speak of his little engagement—he is not the man to boast of his prowess—but with those eyes upon him he can not well get out of it.

"There were several cowardly sneaks who thought to down me. I foolishly took out my watch to consult the time, and I suppose they saw it However, they failed to do me up."

"You hardly look like a man who has gone through an encounter with footpads."

"Oh! I used a little water in the wash-room of your hotel here. Besides, the clumsy clowns went down like a row of ten pins. It was all over in half a minute. See, there is proof of my first blow—my hand will be a trifle stiff to-morrow, but I presume the fellow who was at the other end will feel worse than that."

Avis gazes at him with kindling eyes—he looks so quiet and modest, and yet seems so capable of taking care of himself against all comers, from a mad bull to a crowd of desperate street rowdies. Heavens! what a man to protect the woman he loves against the world. This thought flashes into her mind without warning—she feels the colour mounting to her face, and fearful lest the scarlet flag of distress may be revealed to his eyes, she lets her gaze drop. By chance it rests upon his left hand—a little cry bubbles from her lips.

"Oh! Doctor Jack, you are wounded!"

He starts, and looking in the direction she points, sees a few drops of blood trickling down the back of his hand. The sight makes him angry and he takes out a handkerchief to hastily wipe the tell-tale stains away

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Morton, for appearing in your presence in this condition. Honestly, I did not know that knife had touched me. I had my overcoat on that arm. See this rent—that is where it passed through. It must have just cut me a trifle."

"But you are wounded—I am something of a nurse. Let me bind it up for you."

He would emphatically refuse, and opens his mouth to do so, but she had assumed such a pretty air of authority that somehow he feels as though he were a slave, without a will of his own. For once the stubborn man is conquered—that little imp Cupid has done it.

Protesting, yet obeying the mandate, he draws up the loose sleeve of his coat, and in half a minute bares his magnificent arm. It is his left, but a splendid specimen nevertheless. Jack hastily wipes the blood away. There is a cut an inch or so long, where the keen blade touched the flesh in its passage. Avis utters an exclamation of sympathy, and begins to wrap her little cobweb of a kerchief around it, while Jack expostulates, declaring it to be only a trifle, not worth bothering about—nevertheless he stands the ordeal like a Roman, though the touch of her cool fingers sends the blood rioting through his veins, and threatens to give him a disease that may be incurable during the rest of his natural life,

"A thousand thanks, Miss Avis. It is not every poor devil who may receive such tender treatment after being engaged in a street brawl," and he draws the coat sleeve down.

Then he remembers what is was brought him here—to what he owes the pleasure of this interview.

"You left the senorita well. I trust, Doctor Jack?" queries the girl, and he is amazed to see how easily she guesses where he has been—trust a woman for reading such simple things

"Quite well, thank you." Jack would not continue the subject, but Avis has no intention of letting him off so easily.

"Since meeting her I have heard that the Senorita Gonzales has a wonderful voice, the most charming in Madrid it is said."

"Her voice is certainly charming." Jack is bound to admit—under the present circumstances he does so unwillingly, not that he believes otherwise, but he dislikes praising Mercedes in the presence of this girl, though some men would do just the opposite, endeavouring to arouse a spark of jealousy by going into raptures over the other.

"She sang for you, then?" quickly.

"Yes—you must hear her some day yourself." He tries to work this in, just as though it is some new operatic star he speaks of instead of a lady friend.

"You are fond of music, Doctor Jack," she pursues—strange how every one calls him thus, seldom mentioning his last name. He likes to hear it fall from her lips.

"Very."

"Perhaps you sing yourself?"

"A little—songs of the hunt, the camp-fire, or a roving life on the deep blue sea. Sometimes we may have a cozy evening together—I am sure you sing."

"I should not dare to try after your hearing such a nightingale as the senorita. How does your arm feel, doctor?"

"Exceedingly comfortable, thank you. When I get to my hotel I shall rub on a salve I have that will make it heal rapidly. Such scratches are nothing. I have had twenty worse than that at one time after a terrible tussle with a grizzly bear out in the Rockies."

"Some time you must relate your adventures to me, as Othello did to Desdemona, you remember," with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Yes, and I have often thought what an egotistical chap Othello must have been, telling yarns by the wholesale, himself the hero every time, until poor Desdemona believed him a veritable god. Poor thing, she discovered her mistake afterward, and that he was but an ordinary jealous mortal in spite of his wonderful heroism."

Avis burst into a clear laugh at what he says, and Jack believes it is the cheeriest sound he had heard for many a day.

"We will defer the adventures, then, to some time in the future. Just now, I believe, you have something else to tell me."

With that he comes down suddenly from his high horse—the interest this girl takes in him may, after all, proceed from her desire to know what message he carries, and all this time has foolishly deluded himself into the belief that she had begun to care for Doctor Jack himself.

Somewhat abashed, he draws within his shell like an old mud turtle, and is upon his dignity, but no one can long remain there while Avis Morton is around—the jolliest girl that ever sailed from New York on a steamer, always the life of a crowd and adored by every one she meets, male and female.

In his walk in life Doctor Jack has been a most extraordinary character, but once he falls in love he sinks his individuality, and does the same ordinary things all lovers do. It is the common lot.

"Ah! yes, you mean Aleck?" he ventures, endeavouring to collect himself.

"Tell me about him. In one of his letters he mentioned your name—I have never forgotten it, and when I heard you speak it to-day the shock was somewhat painful."

"Aleck was very dear to you, Miss Avis?"

"He was my brother. I loved him as a boy. When he came of age, long before me, he went abroad. I never saw him again, but had an occasional letter telling me of his travels. Then you joined him—later we read in the papers that you were traveling in Turkey together—then came the news of his death—it was a terrible shock to me. I understood that you had escaped, and were still travelling in Europe. It has been my hope ever since to meet you."

Tears dim the azure eyes—Doctor Jack wishes he had the right to wipe them away, but even the fleeting thought frightens him. Not for the world would he offend this girl.

"The story is brief enough, but painful. Do you feel as though you could listen to it to-night, or shall we defer it?"

"No, I must hear it now. Tell me all—how my poor Aleck was murdered, and you escaped."

"Perhaps you will think less of me because I did not fall with him, but—"

"The account I read spoke highly of your courage, declaring that you performed prodigies of valour in behalf of your friend, but were finally struck down, and poor Aleck's body cast into the Bosphorus."

Doctor Jack's face grows singularly white, his eyes flash, and his hands open and shut with a spasmodic movement as his memory goes back to the scene she mentions. With an effort he calms himself. Through an open window the odour of flowers creeps and fills with sweet incense the stuffy little room. Somehow it seems to him as though this girl had brought the flower odour with her—they seem to be one in common.

"Let us sit down, Avis—pardon me, but I heard Aleck call you by that name so often that it falls unconsciously from my lips—we can talk better and be more comfortable. Sit beside this window, where we may hear the tinkling of the fountain near by, and enjoy the fragrance of the flowers. Somehow, this puts me in mind of the many nights poor Aleck and I spent together—perhaps it is because you resemble him in a great measure. Aleck and I were great chums—he was the warmest hearted friend I ever had, and I shall never forget him; but it is needless for me to say anything about him to his sister, who must know him so much better than I ever could."

"Nevertheless, I drink in your words with rare pleasure, Doctor Jack. Any one whom Aleck loved must be—my friend. We were orphans, and all in all to each other."

"Thank you. I will not speak now of our travels, knowing they will keep and that you are particularly interested in the sad event that deprived me of a friend and you of a brother."

She nods her head, but does not look up—he knows her eyes are full of tears, and respects a fond sister's anguish.

"We were in Turkey at the time, and Aleck, who had never been in the Orient before, was immensely taken with the strange things he saw there. He managed to get into a few scrapes through his rashness, but they were small affairs, and the judicious expenditure of a little money cleared him.

"I must have been blind not to have seen that something was on the tapis, but at the time certain things worried me, of which I need make no mention, and I put Aleck in charge of a certain Effendi, who, for a round consideration, agreed to take care of him.

"I had managed to straighten out my affairs, when one day Aleck let a thunderbolt fall on my feet. He was in love. The object of his passion was a wonderfully beautiful girl, the inmate of a harem. Unknown to me, and bribed by Aleck, the Turkish Effendi had taken the boy into the grounds and introduced him to the harem, the eunuchs in attendance being made blind with gold.

"That settled the business. He fell head over heels in love with a girl called Sady, and she returned his passion. Night after night he had been meeting her in the gardens, and life without her was a barren waste.

"He raved of her lovely qualities of mind and person—I was too amazed to speak.

"When I tried to argue Aleck swore he would never leave Constantinople without this girl as his wife—he would rather die with her than live without her.

"What could I do with such a hot head, Miss Avis? Words fell upon a deaf ear. He insisted that I should help him.

"As a last resort I agreed to see the owner of the harem, and leaving Aleck in the room we occupied I had an interview with the guide we had engaged.

"I discovered that the Pasha was away, but his agent could be seen, so an hour later I was in his presence. I could talk a little Turkish, but took an old schoolmate or hodja along to act as interpreter.

"Here I only met disappointment, for I found that the Pasha was one of the richest men in all Turkey, and would not sell one of the inmates of his harem at any price. Incidentally I also learned that the girl Sady was soon to become an inmate of the Pasha's seraglio as a wife.

"I knew full well that this news would drive Aleck wild, but to my surprise he took it calmly. I was deceived by his manner, and believed he had come to his senses.

"Several more days came, and we made preparations for leaving the City of the Golden Horn. Most of our things had gone, and I was thinking of getting tickets, when Aleck came to me and told me to make it three—that he meant to steal Sady from the harem on this night, and by the time the bold theft was discovered we would all be outside of Turkish territory.

"I was amazed at his boldness, and told him he was mad. To make a long story short, I found that he was bound to attempt this insane project, whether I helped him or not, and as it is not my nature to desert a friend no matter what the wild goose chase he may be engaged on, I found myself in the plot.

"Everything had been arranged. It was a moonlight night, and we had no trouble in entering the sacred grounds. Here Sady met us, and when I saw her face peep from under the veil I did not wonder poor Aleck had gone wild over her beauty, for she was charming—a Georgian girl, I believe.

"All went well until we drew near the boat, then out of the thicket sprang a score or more of savage looking Turks armed with clubs. They attacked us fiercely. I looked around for the guide, but he had disappeared, the heathen dog having betrayed us, seeing he could get no more money out of Aleck after that night.

"Both of us fought like tigers, but it was of no avail. I saw Aleck beaten down, and was sorely pressed myself. Above the fierce cries I heard the deep voice of a man whom I rightly judged to be the Pasha himself, shouting, 'To the water with the Christian dogs! Drown them like rats in the Bosphorus.'

"Several picked Aleck up—he was to all appearances dead, but I made a rush to save him. A cudgel struck me, and I fell across the form of my friend, senseless. They must have thrown me into the Bosphorus, for the cold water revived me, and desperately I struggled to the surface.

*Continued on 4th page.*

## General News and Notes.

The Zend language is one of the most ancient known to antiquaries or philologists. It is said to bear a close resemblance to the Welsh.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY:—South American Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

The most learned philologists declare that the origin of language is an insoluble mystery, and language itself is an uncontrollable problem.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

In 1801 it was estimated that the English language was spoken by 20,520,000 people; in 1890 the number had increased to 111,100,000.

The Armenian language at present in use among that oppressed people is said to be a close approach in construction to the Syriac and Greek.

## A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

The alphabets of the various languages have, usually, from twenty to twenty-six letters, this number being far from equal to that of the sounds.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 3 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotions. Warranted J. Pallen & Son.

Every known language contains such names as cuckoo, pewit, whippoorwill and others, in which the sound emitted by the animal is utilized as the name.

WANTED, Good active agents in unrepresented districts to sell on commission the leading Farm Machinery, Buggies, Carts, Harness, Sleighs, Robes, etc., etc.
Reply stating full particulars to
P. S. MACNUTT & CO.
St. John N. B.

SOUTH WEST BOOM CO.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the above Company will be held at the Secretary's office in Newcastle, on

Thursday, 14th day of Jan.

next, at two o'clock p. m. for the purpose of choosing Directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may be deemed necessary.

The Directors will meet in the same place, on the same day at eleven o'clock a. m. to audit the Treasurer's accounts, and wind up the business for the year.

Newcastle, 28th Dec., 1896.
ALLAN RITCHIE
President.

CANADA HOUSE.
Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON,
PROPRIETOR

REVERE HOUSE.
Near Railway Station,
Campbellton, N. B.
formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan
Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
Mrs. Desmond,
Proprietor

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
AT THE
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

ADAMS HOUSE
ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.
This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
GOOD STABLING, &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN.
Proprietor

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR.
CHATHAM,
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of [Cloths of the best]
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable tes.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order]
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE LONDON GUARNTEE
AND
ACCIDENT CO.
The only British Co. in Canada issuing
Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.
Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.
FRANCIS A. GILLISPIE,
AGENT.

CHATHAM RESIDENCE
For Sale.
The Subscriber, being desirous of selling his Chatham Residence known as
"Sunnyside,"
Will receive tenders from parties wishing to purchase.
The property is on the corner of Henderson and Howard Streets—one of the choice residential locations of Chatham—and the house is one of the most handsome and commodious in town.
There are ample OUT-BUILDINGS, INCLUDING STABLE AND COACH HOUSE—ALSO A GARDEN AND ORCHARD—the whole being an ideal residence for a gentleman's family.
D. T. JOHNSTON,
Bathurst, N. B.
12 Nov., 96. 12-3-96.

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, Cunard 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.

THE MEDICAL HALL.
BATH GLOVES
AND MITS.
SPONGES
a beautiful line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.