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at least one youngster, or two, destined

much this child looks like Brown, the

ents did not forget it and squandered

his brawn has fitted him for.

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Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window bright, golden hair, that so perfectly har- grit and said, "What is your favorite, Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, monized with her large blue eyes, both Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, being set off by a fair, clear complexion. "'Olympia,'" returned George Sand, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single but was otherwise of faultless form and and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

morning," said the burly visitor. to my house."
"What for?"

cago Post.

stock in dreams, Mr. Ledger? WA SPECIALTY weeks .- Philadelphia Press. ----Only Pieces Left.

Haurted Him,

Worth Remembering.

"True," remarked the sarcastic man

"Ah, yes! That little bill you owe," replied the installment man. "Well?" "Well, you'd better send another one up a moment Mr. and Mrs. Harlow stood be-

DELIA LEAVES THE STORE.

Delia's lift the shtore, me fri'nd, so shtop and shake me hand; I'm the gladdest man, bedad, Betther news, it seems to me Delia's lift the shtore:

Delia won't be workun anny more. Delia liked her place, you know, and thought naught but that; So, whin I would shpake to She would say, as

before: "What! And lave the shtore? What! And not be workun anny more!" Many times I asked her and got the same reply; So I thought it over, and I told mesilf, says I: "She has quite decided, as I should have seen be-

Not to lave the shtore. Well, then, I won't ask her anny more." Weeks and months I niver plisant day, Goin home at six o'clock, Faith, we fell to talkin just as aisy as before.

Thinks I: "Dom that shtore!

Dom it! But I hate it more and more!" Tron Pipe Valvesand Fittings Then all of a suddint as we raiched the place to Delia whispered softly, wid a shmile that hit me hairt: "Thomas, I must tell you somethin-I forgot be

> Tom, I've lift the shtore; Tommy, I ain't workun anny more!" Well, thin, you'll belave me, it was very aisy Sure the banns are published, and the weddin's

> Sunday nixt. There's me hand; now shake it as you niver shook Delia's lift the shtore! Delia won't be workun anny more! -H. A. Crowell in Puck.

AN ARTIST'S COMMISSION. A Singular Request and How It Terminated. :::

♦...♦...♦...♦...♦...♦...♦...

In a small, barely furnished room several stories above the street a young artist had his studio. Even on bright, sunshiny days the apartment had an air of the apartment. When she was gone, which were of the most somber descrip-

For the past three years he had occupied his present quarters and as yet had been unable to obtain more than a living described as being meager from the sale of his pictures. Indeed there had been times when in order to keep the wolf from the door he had been obliged to sacrifice some of his best work at very inferior prices. Today he was asking himself whether it were wise to continue in his chosen profession. "Would I not do better," he asked him-

self, "to give up painting altogether, realize what little I can from the sale of my pictures and go into some other pursuit?" At this point in his reflections he arose and, glancing out of the window, saw that the rain had ceased and the sun wasmaking its appearance. Just as he had made up his mind to go out for a long walk to divert his thought.

into some more pleasant channel there came a rap at his door. He opened it and ushered into the room two visitors, a dear, if you staid with us always," said gentleman and a lady, both past the prime Mrs. Harlow, and, looking affectionately of life and evidently people of wealth and "Gerald Marston, I believe?" said the

"That is my name," said the artist, "Pray, be seated." "My name is Harlow," said the gentleman. "Let me also introduce my wife, over to her said in her quiet way: Mrs. Harlow." When they were all seated, Mr. Har-

gentleman in an inquiring tone.

low continued: "We have come to you on business, Mr. Marston. We have brought you a commission to execute. I will explain to you fully the nature of our wishes. Twelve years ago today we lost our only child, a beautiful little daughter, 6 years old. I need not tell you what a calamity this loss was to us nor what sorrow it has occasioned us. Our only consolation has been in looking at her likeness, an oil painting, made about three months before her death. Now, it has occurred to us that it would be a source of much gratification to us if we could have a portrait made from that, but representing her as she would be now if she had

Gerald opened his eyes very wide at these words, but prudence caused him to remain quiet and let his patron further joy and contentment. announce his wishes. "Just as I was about to give up art al-

together," he thought, "here comes a commission that for originality and oddity is ahead of anything I ever imagined. I must take as the foundation work a ture with my mind's eye, must see and paint the woman as she will be. I confess I am quite taken with the oddity of the thing. But where am I to find a suitable model?"

As if in answer to his query, a rap was heard at the door, and, opening it, he saw make them?" standing before him. As she stepped into the room the artist

She was, perhaps, a degree too slender, with a beaming smile.

"I came to inquire," said the girl, "if | And the victimized author beat a hasty you could make use of my services as a retreat, much amused as she looked back model." Her voice was clear and dis- and saw that her nonsense was being tinct, but soft and low toned. "Have you had any experience in that | book .- Youth's Companion. line?" asked the artist.

"No," said the young girl, "but my circumstances now require me to earn my own living. I have never learned any-I thought perhaps I could begin at this." | mantrap I know of is an old fashioned So saying, she handed him a letter from rocking chair in a dark room .- Philadel-

"You may come tomorrow morning, Miss Warren," said the artist when he That afternoon, according to agree-

ment, the oil painting of the child he was to represent arrived at the artist's "It is the man at the top of the ladder studio. Gerald was immediately struck played very conservative. He didn't who can reach things," remarked the with the close resemblance between the take any risks whatever. He just said, haughty representative of a noble fam- | features of the child and those of his model, Isabel Warren. "A very fortunate coincidence," he in homespun, "but it is the man at the said to himself. "I have done well to bottom who can upset the ladder."-Chi- engage her."

The artist sent word to his patrons

that his work was finished and requested Miss Sue Perstitious-Do you take any upon receiving this message Mr. Har low and his wife drove to the artist's Mr. Ledger-Do 1? Why, sometimes studio. Isabel Warren had just gone after we've been taking stock at the away, and the artist was alone. He sat store I don't dream of anything else for by a window, alternately contemplating the beauty of the clear autumn day and Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. turning his attention to his completed work. He had wrought upon it until he "You sent a collector to see me this could do no more. He was satisfied with the result of his labors and felt confident that his patrons would be pleased. Soon he heard footsteps outside, and in

fore him. Long and silently they stood she said at last. and gazed at the picture. Not a word "Why?" he demanded.

WEST POINT CADETS. PRANKS WHICH THE UPPER CLASS

"Are you satisfied with my work?" As he spoke he noticed that the tears were slowly gathering in the lady's eyes. She could not speak. Mr. Harlow was also deeply moved. Turning to his wife he said:

Gerald said in a low tone, hesitating to

disturb their thoughts:

"We know now more than ever what we lost." The lady could no longer control her agitation and sinking on a couch close by burst into tears. At that moment Gerald opened the

door in response to a rap, and Isabel Warren now stood before them. Mr. Harlow and his wife looked at her in dumb amazement. The lady was the first to speak. "How is this, Mr. Marston? Who is this young lady?" she asked. Before Gerald could reply Mr. Harlow

"I see that this is your model, Mr. Marston. Let me congratulate you. As courselves, what has seemed to us wonder work of imagination and divination is in reality but a painting of this young lady. Was it well to try and impose upon credulous people?" With admirable self control Gerald

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Harlow, and if you will allow me I think I can convince you of this." Then turning to Mrs. Harlow he introduced Miss Warren to her and then to Mr. Harlow. "I am much gratified at your explanation, which is entirely satisfactory to me," said Mr. Harlow, who was now looking intently at his wife. That lady

had risen and, taking Isabel by the hand, "I am so glad to have found you, my dear. It seems as if I already knew you and that we were the best of friends.' The tears were in her eyes and in her voice as she continued: "Would you not like to come awhile and visit us? We would be so glad to have you. But perhaps your people may object?" Isabel looked gratefully at her newly found friend as she said:

am all alone in the world, and I have no one to consult.' "If you tell me where you live, I will send my carriage for you tomorrow." said Mrs. Harlow.

"I will be very glad to visit you.

Isabel gave the desired information, and then bidding all good afternoon left dreary discomfort. Today it was raining, Mr. Harlow handed the artist a check and the wind was howling a dismal ac- which represented more money than companiment to the artist's thoughts, Gerald had made in the three years pre-

"You are very generous," said the astonished artist. "Have you not made a mistake? "Not at all," said his patron, with a smile. "You deserve it-every cent. My friends shall hear of you. Before long we will have you established in finer

Gerald Marston became famous as an artist, who, in painting form and feature, portrayed the heart and soul. The day after the interview in the artist's studio Isabel Warren was driven to the home of the Harlows. Her visit became prolonged for one reason and another until at last she said to Mrs. Har-"I really must go tomorrow. I have

made such a long stay." "Are you not happy with us, Isabel?" asked Mrs. Harlow. "Oh, yes. I am very happy here indedd, but I am afraid I have taxed your hospitality too long already.' "It would not be too long for us, my at the young girl, she continued: "We have talked it over, Isabel, and if you

wish to stay with us and be our daughter we would like, above all things, to have it so.' The young girl looked at Mrs. Harlow for a moment in surprise, and then going "You are very kind to me, and if you want me I will be very glad to be a

daughter to you. I will try to deserve your goodness." So it was decided that Isabel should become the adopted daughter of the Harlows. The great need of the bereaved parents was now filled by this young life, and the living daughter came to fully take the place of her whom death had called away. As Isabel became surrounded with the advantages that she had all her life been craving she developed great beauty of expression. She became daily more like the portrait for

which she had been the model. Happy ever in her new home, Isabel knew once more the love and care of ing source of consolation. The old life of longing and unrest gave place to a new life that was bringing with it peace,

A Foiled Interviewer. When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nohant, near the close of his life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined child of 6 and, peering forth into the fu- British journalist of her own sex, who opened a formidable notebook and demanded: "At what hour do you work, madame?"

"Ho! But your books? When do you the figure of a young girl of perhaps 18 | "They make themselves, morning, evening and night." This was baffling, but the British lady, at a glance noted the rare head, with its although deficient in grace, did not lack

"I never work," replied George Sand

may I ask, among your novels?" "'Olympia.' I do not know that one."

"Perhaps. I have not yet written it!"

duly jotted down in the formidable note-A Mantrap. Willie (glancing up from his book)-Pa, what is a "mantrap?" Pa-Well, my son, the most effective

A Careful Player.

"How did that young man come out of the poker game he got into at Crimson Gulch? "Oh," answered Three Finger Sam, 'he come out all right. You see, he

'That's good!' and kept his hands off

he money." The Proper Tribunal. Mrs. Snaggs-Do you suppose that Queen Wilhelmina and her betrothed ever have lovers' quarrels?

Mr. Snaggs-I suppose so. Why do Mrs. Sn. gs-I was wondering if they would be referred to The Hague board of arbitration for settlement .-

Would Believe His Stories. He had come home late the previous hight and was telling how it happened. "You really ought to have married that little Miss Jones instead of me,"

"To collect the first one."-Philadelphia was spoken until after several moments "Oh, she's such a credulous little

FAMILY GENIUSES.

MISTAKES MADE IN CHOOSING CA-REERS FOR OUR CHILDREN. MEN PLAY ON THE PLEBES.

Traditions and Precedents Which Must Be Faithfully Observed by All Newcomers at Uncle Sam's Military

There is probably no place in the United States where traditions and precedents have so much weight as they have at West Point. These traditions are carefully preserved and handed down in the eyes of the parents for some great from one class to another, and it is of the and mighty calling or career in life? rarest occurrence for a cadet to do any- Have you noticed, too, how their friends thing that is contrary to them. If he help them along in this belief? Dr. does violate an important one, the cadet Blank calls, pats the youngster of 3 years in question is made to feel the displeas- on the head and says to the fond parents: ure of the corps in an unmistakable man- 'I declare, it is quite remarkable how

Such a tradition is that a "plebe." as great surgeon. Of course, you do not remembers of the fourth class are called. | member Brown. He died before your is never regarded on an equal footing day.' with an upper class man until he has | Right then and there the fond parents completed his first year at the academy. make a resolve. Johnnie shall be a sur-He is invariably addressed as Mr. So- geon. And when Johnnie pulls the limb. and-so or just plain Mr. and must always off his sister's doll and cuts it open and address upper class men in the same laughs in fiendish glee to see the sawdust formal manner, and, in addition, he must running out he is not properly and duly be prolific in his use of the word "sir," spanked, but smiled upon, for his methods

uffixing it to the end of every sentence. of nursery dissection are regarded as If a plebe is asked by an upper class signs of budding genius. In after years man what his name is, he must reply when Dr. Blank sees Johnnie "tending" 'Mr. Brown, sir," or whatever his name a soda water fountain it does not trouble may be, and if he fails to do so he is cer- him in the least that long ago he thought tain to be told to "put a 'sir' on that, Johnnie looked like the great Surgeon Mr.," in a way that will usually cause Brown. In fact, he has forgotten all him to remember it. Of course, a plebe about having called his parents' attenany trouble with him on that score.

An amusing anecdote is told of a raw all their small means upon Johnnie's educountry lad who reported at West Point cation along the lines he was "destined" a few years ago concerning this use of to follow. Now behold Johnnie, flitting the word "sir." When the new cadets around a drug store, to be sure, with an report at the academy, they first visit easy air of familiarity, but he cannot the adjutant's office, where they deposit write M. D. after his name. their credentials and give information | Now, it was too bad to spoil a nice, concerning their parents or guardians strong boy like Johnnie by persisting that and their former careers. Next they visit he remain in college when he had been he treasurer's office and deposit what far better off working in a sawmill. He money they may have with them, and would have been an excellent hand at then they go to the barracks, where they sawing limbs off trees. But, my, it report to the cadet officer in charge of makes me shiver to think of husky Johntheir instruction. It is here that they re- nie as a doctor! And I am sorry to see ceive their first taste of military disci- Johnnie still trying to live up to what is pline. Well, this young man passed required of him and doing nothing greatthrough the preliminaries, finally reach- er than clerking in a drug store. His ing the barracks, and after several at- doting mamma still tells her friends that tempts to enter the office in a military Johnnie is studying medicine, "is getting manner and to the satisfaction of the practical experience." I am daily exaustere lieutenant in charge he was ask- pecting, however, to see Johnnie jump ed by that functionary what his name out of leading strings and join a baseball

"John Smith," answered the lad. "Suppose you put a 'sir' on that!" cried | "Did you ever see such a head?" rethe cadet officer, forgetting for the mo- marks the admiring friends concerning ment in his assumed wrath the equally the infant with bulging forehead. "That-

is a lawyer's head!" heinous omission of the "Mr." "Sir John Smith," innocently replied Now, I have never seen lawyers posthe plebe, and supposed he had obeyed to sessed of heads larger than the average the letter his superior's injunction. For man's or foreheads that bulge noticeably, the next few minutes that poor plebe's but the child whose dear baby head aplife was a burden to him, for all the ca- pears a wee bit too big for his dear dets about the room at once began little body is set down at once as a comcrawling" him for his supposed at- ing lawyer. "We'll make a lawyer of John" stuck to him throughout his entire But they seldom do. career at the academy and even followed | When, oh, when will doting parents

from time immemorial to "devil" plebes when will they let their dear little boys perfectly innocent, and so long as the up- growing to be uren and women? I am per class men confine themselves to them | wondering this because I know a dozenthere is little or no opposition from the and I am sure you know quite as many-

ov an officer who was walking in the little mortals! There he saw in a tent across the com- beauty like a reed." any street a great, strapping plebe, It is well for one to be ambitious for ver six feet tall and weighing more than one's children, for has not there been

The officer, perceiving that the whole

Another amusing incident of this kind appoint his mother? boys, turn. We're going back!" Back and forth through the different company streets he ran, dragging his horse with n charge, who promptly confined him in been awakened, and the cadets and a few visitors had a good laugh. The plebe worse for his night in confinement. for, besides the official visits of the varicharged with his instruction, to see that Republic. he understands all the fine points of his duties as a sentinel, he is sure to be visited by a legion of spooks, hobgoblins and various other unauthorized individuals. An incident of this kind is related

at night. "Halt!" shouted the plebe. self in any way it is the habit of Tom-"Who is there?" "Moses and the Ten Commandments," to him as 'my son.' But just let the came the response The poor plebe thought there was something irregular, but he remembered his truant from Sunday school to go fishing nstructions about never allowing more or let the neighbors send in complaints than one to advance at a time at night, about ball playing too near their windows | more than one Easterhazy abroad o he promptly shouted: "Advance, one commandment, to be

where a yearling, wrapped in a sheet,

generations past has been to capture a of yours!" land tortoise and after taps at night to start him across the parade with a lighted candle on his back. As a consequence many a plebe has been severely "jumpd" for permitting a light to approach or

She Must Have Had a Rival. The Wife-I came very near not maring you, John. The Husband-Yes, I know; but I had o idea you were on to the fact .-- Smart

A Dread. I am a bold campaigner who Fears naught-'twas proved of yore-Save one thing, which I'll name to you,

And that I fear full sore, A gloom would settle o'er the land Where daily I rejoice; A national grief would take command If I should lose my voice. Who steals my purse steals only trash;

Who steals my thunder finds

Ofttimes but an unmeaning crash To tickle careless minds. I ask but to vociferate, I make no prouder choice, If I should lose my voice.

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Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate

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Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings Builders' Furnishings generally. Lumber Planed and Matched to order. BAND AND SCROLLSAWING

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Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every

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Come and See Us.

-IF YOU WANT-

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THE BEST TONIC AND 500 Bottles We Guarantee It at

Maakensie's Medical CHATHAM, N. C.

The method by which our Intellilearn that "genius must be born and It has been the custom in the corps never can be taught?" And when, oh, during their first encampment. A great and girls be as individual as they varied in character, says a writer in many of the practices indulged in are should be allowed to be while they are the Forum. Some are open, some boys and girls who are ever on parade foreign courts supply much. These

ear of Company D's tents one afternoon | It isn't in the natural order of things n one of the encampments of the cadets that every child born should be imstentorian tones: "I'm mad! I'm mad! early signs of what they are to be in the know I'm mad!" Wondering what the coming years. "Many a genius has been trouble was, he walked a short distance slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a

200 pounds, creeping on his hands and | many a great endeavor made simply beknees about the tent like a caged lion cause the maker of it knew that some he cry that he was mad. Stopping for make it? We never want to disappoint moment to take in the situation fully, those we love. We always want to be he officer heard a mild and persuasive Just as great as they expect us to be, but oice from a nearby tent say: "Put the destiny of a child should be as wisely more feeling in it, mister. Say it as if directed as possible, but not robbed of all individuality. It may be the fondest dream of a mother's life to see her son hing was only an innocent form of devil- following this profession or that, but ment contrived by some ingenious year- will he be as successful in it as he should ling, made no report of it, but went on be if he was prompted in the adopting of ciprocity. They keep attaches in

occurred one quiet Sunday afternoon, With an inordinate desire to have her when most of the cadets were asleep in | children appear to the very best possible their tents and the visitors' seats in advantage the unwise mother often forces front of the camp parade were nearly them to appear at their very worst by deserted. A tall, slender cadet, wearing correcting them before strangers. Jack and riding between his legs a little tin humpy look to his shoulders when he horse scarcely six inches high, came slumps down in a lazy fashion-a fashcharging down the company street, bran- ion dear to boys who are long of limb ishing his saber and shouting: "Turn, and tired of the restraint of the schoolroom. At the same time Jack is quite as proud of his good physique as is his mother, and it is not calculated to put nim, until finany he ran into the officer him at his best to demand of him before lady callers that he stand up straight, the guard tent. But all the camp had "for goodness sake." At once Jack becomes ill at ease, and suddenly his hands and feet seem to have grown so big that was released the next morning none the he does not know what to do with them, and he is glad enough to get out of the A plebe's first night on guard is gener- parlor, hearing the half deprecating really an unpleasant experience for him, mark as he goes that "the boy is growing so fast I don't know what to do with ous officers and noncommissioned officers him!"-Margaret Hannis in St. Louis China. General Slade, for many

Whose Boy Is Tommy? "I notice," said Tommy's mother, according to the New York Evening Sun, "that whenever Tommy brings home a good school report or makes his mark at appeared on the post of a plebe sentinel | football or otherwise distinguishes himmy's father to fondly and proudly refer school report come in gory with red ink, meaning 'unsatisfactory;' let Tommy play or chicken chasing, then it is that Tom-

> and groans, 'Ah, my dear, I don't know Putting on Poultices.

my's father turns to me with a frown

out on as soon as it is made, put it be- offered at Berlin and brought to our tween two hot plates and stand it over a lown people in Queen Anne's gate. saucepan of boiling water. Never put it into the oven to keep hot, as the dry heat hardens the outside of it, and it is very likely to chafe the skin. All poultices except linseed meal should be put into muslin bags. Linseed should be spread on muslin and the meal itself put against the skin, with nothing in between.

"Candidly, Jane," said an October bridegroom to his bride in a spirit of self abasement, "I can't perceive what you saw in me to make you willing to

marry me." "Never mind, dear," replied the bride; that's what all my relatives say."

Her Feelings. Husband (looking at his wife's check ook)-You should number every check you send out.

many I use.-Life.

Wm, Johnston, Proprietor

The Factory

Picture Frames Photographs or

Water Str jt, Chatham.

and Iron

-BLOOD MAKERteam or do something of the kind that

HOW ENGLAND SECURES FACTS empt at facetiousness. The name "Sir him," say the fond and foolish parents. Inte ligence Department of the British Government Valuable Factor.

gence Department gathers together its stores of recorded information are secret and unavowed. The regular reports of our military attaches at An incident illustrative of this is told before their parents' friends. Unhappy officers, whose qualifications necessarily include acquaintance of the language of the country in which at West Point. He heard a voice from mensely and startlingly clever, and it they are serving, are in constant the body of the encampment shouting in isn't always the great geniuses that give | touch with the section of the intelligence to which that country is appropriated. It is their duty to watch farther and looked between the tents. thousand years do not spring up into all military events, to attend manoeuvers, to observe changes in armament, equipment, and in administration generally. They gain their knowledge in the first place by keepand every minute or two giving vent to loved one was expecting him or her to ing open their eyes and ears, by studying the press, the military periodicals, and the annual war budget, and, above all, by associating with foreign officers on terms of intimacy. There

London who are always EAGER TO LEARN. These are, as a rule, courteously treated, made free of the military clubs, are invited to be present at proa shako and plume, armed with a saber is growing tall, and there is quite a fessional functions, manoeuvres, experiments, and trials with new weapons. Some attaches, both our own and our neighbors', have become personae gratae in the countries with which they have been connected often for years. Two French officers were popular with us, the Baron de Grancey and Count Pontavice de Heussey. Many English officers won golden opinions abroad. General Swame, who was long at Berlin, was much esteemed by all from Kaiser to

junker; so was Col. Grierson, who has

just accompanied Count Waldersee to

years military attache at Rome, was

admitted to close friendship by the

is, as a rule, no reluctance to help

the military attache. Foreign na-

tions know the importance of re-

ill-fated King Umberto; and American officers who served in Cuba learned greatly to like Lieut.-Col. Lee, who shared their hardships. The task of obtaining knowledge has no doubt been greatly helped in this way; but a zealous officer has been known to go sometimes beyond the official channels and deal, sub-rosa, with the secret agents that are often pressing in their offers of purveying exclusive news. There is ready to sell information true or false, and it is a well-known fact that at the time Dreyfus became involved in A favorite pastime among cadets for what you're going to do about that son the web which led to his expulsion from the French army, the same matter which he was supposed to have purveyed was hawked about the in-If for any reason a poultice cannot be | telligence offices of Europe. It was

> THE RISK IS GREAT in tampering with these unavowable sources of supply. Some years ago a military attache at a certain Imperial court got into trouble by listening to the specious proposal of one of these creatures. He was suddenly informed by his own chancellory that his passports were ready, and that he had better make his way out of the country with all possible despatch, as his Ambassador would have no power to protect him from arrest, Nevertheless, a good deal of confidential, not to say secret, information reaches our intelligence Department by degrees, bit by bit, a small scrap at a time, so that all the items can be pieced together by an expert hand. There may be some matters still shrouded in mystery, a new form of explosive, or a new weapon, such as the French quick-firing gun, which Wife-But I don't want to, dear. I may long escape unraveling, but the am ashamed to let the bank know how desired information will come sooner or later.