The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a 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. 19. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 19, 1893. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1 00 a Year, in Advance

NEW BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that 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 season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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Barrister-at-Law, Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, 24th March, 1891.

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
ETC' ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM N B

G. B. FRASER,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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The Peerless Creamer,
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SUCCESS OIL STOVE,
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PARLOR & COOKING STOVES
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the lining of which can be taken out for cleaning, therby doing away with the removing of pipe or oven as is the trouble with other stoves.

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Chatham, N. B. August 18th, 1892.

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etc., etc.
HARDWARE.
Wholesale & Retail.
J. B. SNOWBALL, CHATHAM.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B., - - OCTOBER 19, 1893.

Valkyrie and Vigilant.

THE YACHTS FAIL TO FINISH WITHIN THE TIME LIMITED.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—It was no man's race to-day. The 'Vigilant' and 'Valkyrie' tried hard to settle the international question as to which is the queen of the world, but after alternate spells of racing, drifting and waiting for wind the yachts gave up the contest at the expiration of the time limit. It was long after dark when the crack yachts abandoned the drifting match off Highland beach and hailed their tugs. They had been sailing for six hours. The cup defender 'Vigilant' had turned the outer mark seven minutes ahead of the English cutter and was leading by about half a mile when the time expired. The fortunes of each had varied during the day, and the British boat had the best of it during the first part of the race. The day promised well in the early morning. There was a good breeze from the north-west and the weather sharps said that there would be a rattling wind outside Sandy Hook. The race was to be fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return. It was the third in the series and, if won by the 'Vigilant' the America's cup would be an American trophy of prowess on the water another year. The usual crowd of yachtsmen were on hand, as also were the patriotic landsmen who neglected 'biz' in order to see the British crack yacht defeated. The steamboats big and small and the yachts and tugs with private parties steamed down the bay as they had done on each of the preceding racing days. The day was a delightful one for a day's outing on the water. The sea had only a ripple on its surface, and some little naphtha launches accompanied the fleets. The two yachts left their anchorage at Bay Ridge a few minutes after eight o'clock. They were towed down through the Narrows. The 'Valkyrie' put up her mainsail and jib as she was towed past Sandy Hook. The 'Vigilant' dropped her tug at the bar and under mainsail jib and forestay sail made her way out to the lightship. Lord Dunraven's daughter was on the 'Valkyrie' again to-day.

The wind of the early morning did not hold, and when all the fleet had assembled ready for the start the two racers with their pyramids of white canvas gleaming in the sun lay becalmed. But by mutual consent their owners agreed to a postponement until later in the day. For two hours the yachts lay idly flapping their sails or slowly gliding about among the excursion steamers. Then when the regatta committee asked if they would consent to a postponement the people on the American boat answered promptly in the affirmative, but Lord Dunraven hesitated and the wind freshening a bit, he asked for a race. The boats were started on a beat to windward and retnrned at 1.45 p. m. in a light south by west wind. The 'Valkyrie' got an advantage of one minute. Crossing the line she had the windward position as well as the lead. Both boats were under the same canvas, except that the 'Vigilant' had up a baby jib topsail, which was much smaller than tne one the Englishman carried. The British boat pointed higher and footed faster in the light air. For an hour she held the lead and worked to windward of the white sloop. The two racers made a pretty picture as they worked in toward that part of the Jersey coast midway between Sandy Hook and Long Branch. Lord Dunraven led his opponent in close to the shore and then made a number of short tacks, for which the black cutter is famous. The people on the 'Vigilant' kept up a stern chase without lessening the gap, until, after racing nearly three hours with the small jib top sail up, she took it in and ran up a larger one. Then she began to pick up. Half an hour after she made the change in sails she had cut down the lead of the black cutter and crossed the bow of the latter to the music of 100 whistles from the fleet of escort. From that time on the gallant cup defender led. When the sun went down behind the Sea Bright sand dunes and left the yachts working slowly toward the turning mark the accompanying steamers began dropping out of the line and starting for home, but most of the steamers remained until the 'Vigilant' turned the flag buoy at 6.05 p. m., with the 'Valkyrie' seven minutes behind her. Then all the fleet, except the two tugs which acted as tenders to the yachts and the half dozen press boats, deserted the racers. On the run home the 'Valkyrie' gained considerably and not until the six-hour limit had almost expired did either boat give up the race. They took their tugs about a mile south of the Highland lights.

It was officially announced tonight by the Racing Committee that the race will be sailed over again on Friday.

THE SENTENCE.

Ahmanzade Mehemed, the sirdar of the auxiliary troops of Tunisi, was known on account of the rigorous discipline that he exercised over his soldiers. "It is not the enemy you must fear, but me," he would often remark to the young soldiers who came to increase the rank. Thus his army was an army of heroes, who had no fear on the battle-field, but who trembled in the presence of their leader.

The first campaign in which they fought was at Albania, in the battle against the rebel Greeks and on that occasion Mehemed's men proved themselves efficient. Mehemed one day ordered eight soldiers to remain in ambush at the "five fountains" of Arta, at which point the Greeks were to stop anyone who should try to pass by, and they were strictly cautioned not to dismount or fall asleep. The soldiers executed with exactness all their instructions.

A vehicle which attempted, towards midnight, to cross the line unobserved was discovered and stopped. The man who had charge of the oxen which drew it ran away, abandoning his wagon. On this wagon was a barrel. It was easy to ascertain what the barrel contained, even without dismounting and without falling asleep. You only had to open the bunghole to smell the pleasant odor of liquors escaping from it. And it must have been an excellent liquor, compounded largerly of figs and raisins. The Giaurri (Christians) undoubtedly knew what was good.

The soldiers had not been forbidden if they seized liquor to drink it. And really they did not drink directly from the barrel. They merely sunk bulrushes in it, through which they sipped the sweet, intoxicating liquid. Was it not harmless to sip with such thin rushes? One could scarcely call that drinking. But justly does the prophet remark that wine is a deceitful beverage in which the devil has had his hand, since this drink brings men to every evil.

First the soldiers asked each other why they should sit in their hard saddles when the grass made such a soft bed on the ground. And if they lay there for only a short while nobody would know it. They could tie the horses to the wagon, and these certainly could tell no tales. After they had dismounted the infernal drink persuaded them that it was a useless task for eight to remain on guard. Four would suffice and the rest could sleep. To the four men who were to keep awake the waiting for their turn seemed too long, and they agreed that two might sleep while the other two remained true to the orders.

Maruf and Sefer were the two designated to watch for the rest.

"Do you know" said Sefer to his friend—"do you know that that one man is of the same value in this case as two? It will do just as well if only one of us watches. Do you not agree?"

Maruf assented.

"I propose," continued Sefer, "that we play a game of chess. The loser will have to watch, and the winner may sleep."

Maruf accepted the conditions.

The two Bedouins prepared the ground in front of where they stood, and with their spears they traced a square, dividing it into 64 smaller squares. Then they substituted for the regular pawns the fruits of the woods. The wild pears became kings, the apples queens; the castles were represented by acorns, the bishops by rose hips, the knights by nuts and the pawns by berries. The men thus provided, the game began by the light of the campfire.

At first Sefer held the advantage, but that inebriating drink overcame him little by little, so that he was not in condition to distinguish his pawns. He lost his queen and was very near checkmated.

"Sefer, you are in a bad mess," remarked Maruf when he saw that the game was in his hands.

"You are right. I am as sleepy as the sea when it is calm."

"You are losing the game."

"I can see that too."

"Well, lie down in the name of Allah, I will watch for you."

Sefer shook his friend's hand in grateful acknowledgement of the sacrifice, and he thought he spoke to him, but he only dreamed it, for he fell asleep immediately.

Maruf, on the contrary, kept his eyes open, and leaning on his gun he looked at his sleeping companions. But that devilish drink began to murmur softly:

"Why do you not sit down? You could see just as well."

As soon as he was seated Satan again began to tempt him.

"Why do you tire your eyes? If you shut one of them you will see with the other just as well as with both."

Maruf reflected that if his eyes were closed his ears were open, and that he would be ready to start at the smallest danger that might threaten his companions and himself. And with the firm purpose of not falling asleep he slumbered as heavily as the rest.

In the meantime the hidden Greeks came all of a sudden upon the sleeping men, untied the horses of the Turks, and would certainly have killed them had not Maruf's horse, as though he foresaw the danger, begun to neigh. The first to awaken was Maruf, and in a few moments the rest were ready. They ran to get their arms and stood on the defense, now fully awake and sober.

They threw themselves on the enemy, but it was of no avail. The Greeks had mounted the horses and laughed at the Turks, who endeavored to overcome them on foot.

Maruf's horse alone would not submit to the Greek who had mounted him and began to rear and plunge until he had succeeded in throwing the rider. He then kicked him and returned to his owner.

Eight men had one horse left among them. What was Mehemed going to say? The Bedouins, yet young, were cast down at the thought of death. They knew their leader would have no pity for them, and still sadder were they at the loss of their beloved horses. Of what use is a man without a horse?

Mortally worried at the punishment they expected, they returned to headquarters, and, brought face to face with Ahmanzade, they narrated what had happened, how they had disobeyed his orders, how they had fallen asleep after drinking the liquor, how the last two watchmen had played chess, and finally how they had lost their horses. Ahmanzade was not in the habit of making a display of passion when he had to pass sentence. In his unmovable face no one could read whether he decreed life or death.

"As for eight men there remains only one horse," he remarked, "you will agree with me that there are seven of you too many. I have never read in the Koran nor in the Azorat that eight men should ride one horse, and as you are such good players sit down and let skill decide which of you is to be the man who is to have the one horse. All the others are sentenced to die."

Having said this, Ahmanzade had four chessboards brought in, for the Turks are in the habit of carrying chessboards with them, even in war. As soon as the men were arranged he ordered the Bedouins to begin their play.

Twelve of the best marksmen were ready with their rifles to shoot the losers. Two or three gave in at once to their stronger adversaries. In others despair baffled with craftiness against the advantage of their more skilful opponents, and the former would win when the latter had victory in their hands.

The losers were immediately removed, and the noise of several shots indicated that they had ceased to exist.

The first tilt was over. Four had lost, four were winners. These last were paired. New hopes and new fears. A danger would pass unobserved, and he who had made the error would raise a cry which was his death sentence.

Again two were lost, and again two were shot. And now only two remained—Maruf and Sefer. They found themselves, as they had been before, in front of the campfire. They were the best players. They began the game with a good deal of caution, resting their foreheads on the palms of their hands, thoughtfully calculating every move, without hesitating, but without hurrying.

For a long while neither of the two succeeded in obtaining an advantage. For each gain there was an equal sacrifice.

The spectators nod to each other when either one makes a brilliant move. Little by little the number of pawns on the chessboard diminishes; the main figures lie scattered to the right and to the left; the situation becomes plainer; a few more moves, and Sefer will lose his castle.

Maruf has one more castle than his adversary, and this means a good deal at the present stage of the game. The crowd believes that the game is in his hands.

All of a sudden great drops of sweat cover the forehead of Maruf—a fear overtakes him; he trembles through all his body. He has noticed that as if his adversary sacrifices his queen instead of his castle he can checkmate him with the bishop. Would Sefer see that move? On that depended life and death!

Sefer looks at the chessboard for a long while. His looks betray that he has seen the move that will save him. But he does not touch the men, and he seems to hesitate.

"Maruf," he asks all of a sudden, 'how many children have you at home?"

"Four," is the answer that comes from trembling lips;

"You have a good wife?"

"An excellent wife," answered Maruf, with a sigh.

Sefer passes a hand over his face and begins to murmur as though he were praying.

Then he asks for water. He washes his eyes, his hands—first the left hand, then the right hand. Unseen two guardian angels watch ever by those who pray.

"Yesterday night you gave me the game so that I might sleep," he says.

Maruf does not answer, but bows his head in assent.

"You have always been a good friend of mine, Maruf."

Maruf lets his head drop on his breast entirely overcome. Sefer then slowly lifts his hand to the chessboard and makes a move, not with the queen, but with the castle.

"Checkmated!" you hear murmured on all sides. Maruf has won and Sefer lost. Sefer rises quietly, offers his hand for the last time to his friend, Maruf, who seems nailed to his place, and signals to the soldiers to be ready. Two seconds later a shot announces that the tournament is over.

But Maruf does not stir. With intent eye he looks at the board, and with trembling hands he puts the pawns in their places, but like one who does not know which are the places assigned to them. The other men are confused with the pawns, the white with the black.

"Get up," exclaimed Ahmanzade. "Ride your horse; you are to live!"

The man, however, does not move and continues with his vacant stare to arrange the chessboard, making strange moves with the figures.

"What an absurdity," he exclaims, laughing recklessly. "One has a turban and the other a horse's head!"

"Pick him up," orders Mehemed. And two soldiers lift him. Maruf, however, continued to laugh with a lunatic's laugh. Heaven, earth and men were now alike unknown to him.

During the last move he had become mad.—Translated from the Hungarian for Romance.

General Business.

REAL ESTATE.

The Homestead property known as the A. B. Walls property at lower end of Chatham is offered for sale. For further particulars apply to the subscriber,

W S. LOGGIE

August 8, 189.

Teacher Wanted.

In district no 2 Moorfield, a second class female Teacher, to take charge 1st October. Apply to

WM GRAY, Secy. to Trustees

New Barber Shop
—AND—
Tobacco and Cigar Store.

The Subscriber has opened a Barber Shop and Tobacco and Cigar Store in the eligible premises on Water Street, adjoining Chesman's grocery, and nearly opposite the new Dominion building in course of erection.

He will give his personal attention to the Tobacco and Cigar department of the business, while the Barber Shop will be in charge of Mr A. W. Terrio, late of Halifax, who is a first-class workman.

A. J. PINE.

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HAWKER'S
NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
and a box of
HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS.

I had not taken them long before I commenced to improve and in a short time I was *completely cured*. I grew *strong* and *vigorous*, my appetite returned, I *slept well* and in a few months had *gained 30 pounds* in weight. I have not suffered from piles or biliousness since, now 2 years, and am as *strong* and *heavy* as any man could wish to be. I firmly believe that

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC AND LIVER PILLS

Saved My Life.

I hereby certify the above statement is correct in every particular.

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Tweeds at 60c per yard.
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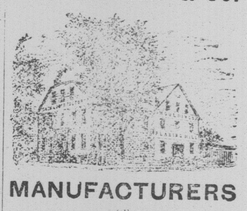

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PRICE. 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.
Perfectly safe for the youngest infant.
Remember it is sold on a guarantee
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J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham Jan. 11 1893.

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9-24-93

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May 29 1893

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