MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 5, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th

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 its insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6 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 East 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

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

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC
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—AND—
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—AND—
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Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
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A MAN: to sell Canada grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs and Bulbous Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes, etc. We catalogue only the hardiest and most popular varieties that succeed in the coldest climates. New season now commencing; complete outfit free, salary and expenses paid from start for full time, or liberal commission for part time.

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Next door to the store of J. B. Snowball, Esq
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All Kinds of Cloths,
Suits or single garments
(section of which is respectfully invited.
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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.
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THOMAS FLANAGAN, Proprietor

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We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
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Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
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Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid values.
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LIMITED.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid
Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth
Also Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect
Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kerr's Barber shop Telephone No 6.

WOOD-GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
Box-Shooks,
Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Matched Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
NELSON.

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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.

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1898.

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
.. .. IS AT THE .. ..
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures Linaments, 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. L. STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal,
129 BROAD STREET,
COR. SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.
Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanaan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN,
ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897 in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and William McDougall is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that piece parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Lockstead Settlement, Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William McDougall as by reference to the grant will more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit. Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Kenous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Watts, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes, east twelve chains and fifty links and thence south eighty-four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains to the place of beginning—containing over a hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one hundred and twelve, in Lockstead Settlement.
Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiff's solicitor.
Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.
L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.
For the want of purchasers, above sale is postponed till Tuesday, the 19th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, then to take place in front of the said Law Chambers.
Dated this 15th day of March, A.D. 1898.
ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

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 terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Summerside Work" will be received until Tuesday, 15th day of March, 1898, inclusively, for the construction of a breakwater at Summerside, P. E. I., according to plans and specification to be seen at the office of Mr J. B. Hegan, at Summerside, P. E. I., at the office Mr. C. E. W Dodwell, Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S. at the office of Mr. W. J. McCordock, Supt. of Dredging, Custom House, St. John, N. B. and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.
Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for Five thousand dollars ($10,000), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
E. F. E. ROY, Secretary
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 21st Feb 1893.
Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED
HAY AND OATS,
E. A. STRANG.

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Is Now Rushing!
COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
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—FOR YOUR—
LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
CARDS,
RAILWAY RECEIPTS,
SHIPPING RECEIPTS,
ENVELOPES,
TAGS, ETC.
A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte Elizabeth Grady are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Bradalbane Settlement, east, thence running by the magnet north eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy-two degrees, east fifteen chains to a spruce tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty-seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees west fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one in the Bradalbane settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.
Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor.
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ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK
....FOR....
BOSTON.
COMMENCING MARCH 22, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 8, standard, for Eastport, Lubec, Portland, and Boston.
Returning, leaves Boston MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a m Portland 5 p. m.
Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations and Baggage checked through.
Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent.
C. E. LAEDLER, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin
LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

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 T DUNN,
Surveyor General

BOOTS! SHOES!
If you want a
First Class Article made to Order
come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.
The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand.
All Hand-made work and Warranted.
Repairs made promptly.
Prices reasonable all round.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
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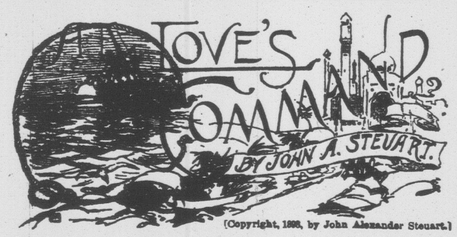

(Copyright, 1898, by John Alexander Steuart.)

The courage was urgently needed and sorely tried not less by physical than by mental ills. Every inch of my body was a burning ache. My wound pained me more and more. My head throbbed like a steam boiler, and lips and tongue were as if flayed and laid on smouldering ashes. Not so much as the remnant of a spittle was left to moisten them. I opened my mouth, and a rush of blistering air went down my throat, scorching my lungs to their roots. I closed it, and the dry flesh cracked so that the blood spurted out. Let the man who would feed fat his revenge have his enemy sent out and baked alive under an Arabian sun in the full blaze. The Inquisition never invented a torture half so cruel as that slow process of broiling by the immitigable heavens.

My poor horse was likewise in a fargone condition. The foam was crusted hard about his mouth and flanks, his nostrils were wide, dry, and fiery, his head hung, and his black swollen tongue protruded. Yet he remained as steady as a rock, sheltering me in his shadow. At intervals he turned and looked at me, and once he whinnied softly as if out of pure pity and comradeship.

By and by there came a change. The flaming sky was overcast, the shimmering sand turned gray, and after awhile dark clouds began to gather in the south. Then a tepid, relaxing wind blew from the same quarter, bringing an electric sultriness in place of the white heat. After a little the wind ceased and a dead calm fell.

The atmosphere seemed to have suddenly grown solid, and to be weighing upon the world like a canopy of molten lead. Breathing had been a difficulty before—it was a positive pain now. My horse grew restive, snorting, pawing the ground, and sniffing at the far darkness, now fast spreading and deepening.

All at once out of the deathly stillness came a little blast of wind that tossed the sand spitefully in my face and passed on with a weird, uncanny wail. Another and another followed, with a low, hopeless moan as of incurable sorrow, then silence again so deep that to my beating senses it was audible. It was as if a great, invisible host were treading the loose earth and filling the air, an endless procession passing on into the inane. And let me tell you that the awesome sound of unshod silence is a thing to make the hair rise on the head and the flesh creep on the bones. I spoke to my horse for the sake of company, and my words were ghostly gibber. I was startled at the sound of my own voice.

The darkness was soon an inky blackness. The sullen heavens were descending, and impenetrable clouds were marshalling in forbidding ramparts along the skyline of the south. Then a lambent fire began to flicker about the outer edges of the dense masses, and presently there was borne to my ears the long roll of incipient thunder. A few minutes later big drops of rain began to patter on the sand, sending up volumes of dusty steam.

I got to my feet with joy unspeakable. Praise be to Heaven, my cry for help had been heard and answered! I was saved, saved from the vultures and the heaping sands. Man is an insignificant atom in the scale of the universe, yet easily believes himself the object of a special providence. Here were the streams of water in the desert sent for me and for me alone. I wept with awe and gratitude.

The rain came thicker and faster, first a shower and then a deluge. The sun was eclipsed, and the dome overhead seemed to be cracking and rending as at the blast of the last trump. And indeed to me it was little less than a resurrection. Here was water, and water was life. The thunder roared ever nearer and louder till worlds of wrecked matter seemed to be crashing over my head. My ears were stunned by the exploding bolts, and on my face I felt the hot smack of the forked lightning that made the wilderness as a sea of fire. But through it all the beneficent rain came down in sheets, drenching me not merely to the skin, but to the very marrow. With upturned face and open mouth I slaked my baking throat, and as I drank, with ten times the greediness of the fevered drunkard, I could see my horse with his nozzle turned to the pouring skies, as if he, too, were having a saving draught.

Far into the night the storm boomed and poured. While it lasted I lay stretched full length on the soaking sands, slowly turning over and over, so that the blessed flood might enter at every pore. It was impossible to have too much of that, Heaven's gift, and I would not miss a drop of it. Nor, while reveling in the shower bath, did I forget to fill my water-skin against future needs.

Now and again I had glimpses of crouching forms, with eyes that matched the lightning, ready to pounce upon me, but somehow they never came to the spring. In the air, too, were wheeling things that would swoop down and then dart off, with a cry of disappointment at finding the expected corpse a living man.

In the early morning the storm died away, and the stars came out in a crystalline, dewy azure that was as the cool blue bosom of a summer lake. Not daring to sleep, I lay and looked up at them, meditating at the marvels they must have seen in the course of the countless ages. But though my thoughts were serious enough (and with good reason), they had not the gloom of the night before.

I had leisure to ponder many things besides the stars—such as the strange fate that had led me hither, the perils and hardships that were past, those that might still be to come, the fate of my late companions, and my own present condition. But as you may imagine the subject that was uppermost in my mind was the miraculous meeting with Donald Gordon, for I was convinced that the man on the black horse was none other than he.

What in the name of all the wonders had brought him to this strange quarter of the globe, and how came he to be fighting for Yumen Yusef? These were questions I could not answer, perhaps I did not try very hard to answer them, for I was occupied with the cardinal fact that beyond all doubt Donald was in Arabia, that I had seen him face to face, had even spoken to him and got a hurried glance in reply. But for the sudden mishaps of war I would have declared myself to him, and he would have become my friend and protector. In the most unexpected way my mission came near a happy accomplishment, yet, exasperating to think, had failed as utterly as if we had been as wide apart as the poles. The total failure on the verge of so dramatic a success was another cruel stroke of that malicious fortune that pursued me so relentlessly. But with a spark of the fire that I had thought dead I told myself that I would not be conquered.

Donald Gordon was in Arabia, and I would find him—nay, more, would carry him triumphantly back to Scotland and his friends. As this bold, high project stirred me, I had a vision of two sun-embrowned men, in strange, outlandish garb, arriving in the gloaming at The Elms, and of Isabel, after a moment's mistrust, rushing to greet and embrace them. The delectable imagination inspired me with such heart and energy that I must have expanded inches on the strength of it.

The morning broke sweetly over the waste, with a rosy flush, and a sapphire radiance, and a balm that was as a precious cordial to mind and body. The sand sparkled and pleasured like the sea, and the distant mountains stood out a definite blue-black line against the pellucid western horizon.

Revived to a fresh interest in life, I began to consider the means of escape from this wilderness, and so, having dressed my wound with wet rags, I climbed, not without difficulty, into the saddle. The question was which way to turn. Eastward, northward, southward, the unbroken expanse of sand stretched till it melted into liquid blue spaces on the rim of the desert. To the west alone did there appear to be any prospect of succor, so turning my horse's head to the mountains we started on our trackless path.

For hours we plodded on through billowy ridges, my horse sometimes sinking over the fetlocks, sometimes treading firmly on the crust, and always going just as he pleased, for he had done well enough to deserve a little license. It soon got very hot again, and my steaming clothes suggested a portable vapour-bath, aimlessly adrift in a dreary region of sand. The steam kept it moist, though it failed to keep me cool; what was more, it did much to soothe the throbbing pulses of my wound, which, in spite of the night's soaking and baking, had still a sharp, shooting pain, if I chanced to move unwarily. But the excruciating stiffness that had made my leg useless on dismounting after the hunt was gone.

There was no sign of life about save here and there a fugitive jackal or hyena running with its head down and its tail clapped tight between its legs, or overhead a hawk or vulture sharply outlined against the sky. I judge these gentry must have had a royal feast—indeed that it would be many days ere their gorging would be ended—and I shuddered to think of the ravening that went on among the slain on the field of battle.

It must have been noon, when I was again broiling in the glow of the vertical sun, that I gave a start on descrying the tiniest black dot on the ashy waste far to south-west. It was impossible to say whether it was dead or alive, a rock, a man or a beast, but any diversion was welcome, and I made in its direction, quickening my pace. I had not gone far when I guessed it to be a horseman crawling toward the mountains. Putting my horse to a canter, I drew rapidly near