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 therefore 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

Robert Murray

BARRISTER-AT-LAW
Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC., ETC., ETC.,
Chatham, - - N. B

Building Stone

The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.
Apply to
J. L. TWEEDIE.
or at the office of L. J. Tweedie.

G. B. FRASER

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

Homan & Puddington

SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Spruce Lumber, Laths & Anthracite Coal.
129 BROAD STREET,
Cor. South Street, - NEW YORK
Correspondence and Consignments Solicited.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.

Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and 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. Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

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 arrival of all trains.

GOOD STABLING, &c.

THOS. FLANAGAN,
PROPRIETOR.

Furnaces! Furnaces!!

Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

STOVES

COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.

PUMPS! PUMPS!!

Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.

A. C. McLean, Chatham.

IMPROVED PREMISES

Just arrived and on Sale at

Roger Flanagan's

Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

R. Flanagan

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

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

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.

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

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

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.
Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

This 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

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 25. No. 2. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 24, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY

STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR

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

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

CAN DIES.

Iron Pipe Valves and Fittings Of All Kinds.

DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

ASK FOR

MONARCH

Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a freight allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Millers' Foundry and Machine Works

RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM, N. B.
Successors to GILLESPIE FOUNDRY.
Established 1852.

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing.

Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.

All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.

Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc., in stock and to order.

Jas. G. Miller.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware

Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

Weather and Waterproof

THE BEST EVER MADE.

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

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers, $1.90. Clothes Wringers, $2.50. Daisy Churns, $3.75.

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

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

Farming Tools, All Kinds

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

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

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

J. R. GOGGIN.

WE DO
Job Printing

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

o—o—o

Printing For Saw Mills
A SPECIALTY

o—o—o

WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.

Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK

FLOUR AND FEED

DEPOT.

At the Old Stand Cunard Street,

Shorts
Bran
Cornmeal
Cracked Feed

Hay and Oats

E. A. STRANG

STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

Author of "Little Hodge," "Lord Bantam," "Ginx's Baby," &c.

Sir Benjamin had been more than lucky in finding a wife every way as clever and as ambitious as himself. She was devoted to the joint interest, and promoted it by every means in her power. Nothing was too low or too high for her to attempt. She resolved that they should be asked to the Prince's parties at Chiswick, and they were asked. In her Canadian home she had been known to spend her mornings in whipping cream and preparing compotes with her own hands for an evening ball-supper to the Governor-General. It had always been a mystery who she was and where she had come from. It was known that Mr. Peakman had first met her at Baden. It was said she had been known as Countess Stracchino, and of course that her first husband was dead. It was a favourite joke with the officers of the garrison at Quebec to say that she was "the real cheese." Whatever might have been her early history, her later days were in every way exemplary. She bore children to Mr. Peakman. She aided him in all his efforts. She led society in the ancient city of Quebec over the heads of ladies who were great-grand-daughters of earls and third cousins of the wives of marquises. Every attempt to oust her had failed. She patronised the Anglican Church of the colony, and was, in the estimation of the Bishop, its real defender of the faith. She was omnipotent. Success always stirs up hatred. She was widely and thoroughly hated. There was a good deal in her that laid her open to attack. Her manners were a trifle vulgar, her pronunciation and grammar were not unexceptionable. Her face and figure were neither handsome nor elegant. But nothing could stand against the combination of a millionaire with a conciliatory manner and the spouse of a millionaire with the ambition to rule.

This lady had been the mother of several children, as we have already said but of these only one survived infancy—the daughter, Miss Arminta. A pretty girl, with a nice fresh complexion, a straight nose, beautiful blue eyes, brown hair, sweet lips, rather too full for perfect form, and a dimpled chin.

Now the Lady Peakman and her daughter had the best cabin in the ship, except the captain's, to wit, the large cabin which was immediately behind the captain's chair in the saloon—at the end of the port passage. Their maids occupied the next room, with a narrow gangway between. Sir Benjamin preferred the inner line of cabins on the other side of the passage and had one to himself some few numbers down towards the middle of the ship.

It was in the afternoon of the second day out. Neither the knight nor his ladies had thought it discreet to attempt to leave their cabins. Lady Peakman in the lower berth, and Araminta in the upper, lay panting and screaming and dozing and trembling, in turns, all through the dismal hours, as the great vessel for its part rolled pitched, vibrated, shrieked and groaned like a vast tormented Cyclops.

"Oh! Oh! shrieked Lady Peakman. "Maria, Maria! The——There! Go this instant and tell Sir Benjamin I'm dying. Tell him to come to me immediately. I have something to say to him before I go."

"Yes, my lady," said the unhappy maid, rushing out of the room with suspicious alacrity and throwug herself into the opposite cabin, where for a few minutes she mingled her tears and—well, we won't go into particulars—with those of Miss Fanny Ringdove, the young lady's maid. By-and-by she returned to Lady Peakman, who had begun again to shout for her.

"Sir Benjamin's compliments, my lady, and he is very ill himself, or he would come to you immediately, but he dare not leave his berth. He would like to say a few words to you, my lady, if you could go to him, in case the worst should happen."

"Oh, the wretch!" sighed my lady. "Araminta! Ar-amin-ta! Do you hear?"

"Yes, mamma!" very feebly.

"I'm dying, do you hear? and your father won't come to me! Oh, I know it? I have a presentiment that we're going to the botton. Maria! Maria! Be quick!"

In rushed the unhappy maid again, and produced that basin which is at once our horror and our relief when we yield to the antic tricks of the bounding sea. But alas! alas! the girl herself was uncontrolably ill. At times like these nature's longings cannot be repressed degress of rank are not to be maintained, and mistress and maid mingle their sorrows in the flowing bowl!

"Mamma!" shouted Araminta, when this disagreeable duet had ceased, and Lady Peakman sank back exhausted, are you better?"

"Oh no: what is it?'

"Where do you think Lord Pendlebury can have been last night?"

"How should I know, child? Probably in his berth."

"Have you ever seen him?'

"Never. And now I never shall. I'm dying!—Maria—"

"My lady."

"Sal, volatile, brandy, choloform; quick, or you'll be too late! Ah! there! . . . . . O dear! I cannot go any farther, my heart will come up next . . . . . ,Why, where's the girl gone to? Maria!'

But Maria had rushed off in paroxysms of a grief of her own, which was by no means a silent one, to the cabin on the other side, and my lady might shout away, for there was no answer. swer.

Araminta, Mamma, is Lord Pendlebury very rich?

Mamma. Yes. I see by "Burke" he has all the Horndean estates, and several county properties. Are you not ill, Araminta?

Araminta. A little, but I try to conquer it. Do you think Sir Benjamin will make Lord Pendlebury's acquaintance, Mamma?

Mamma. Oh, certainly. If ever we get a chance with this weather. Mind you do your best. It is your first opportunity.

Araminta. I don't believe I shall ever see the deck again, if this horrible storm continues. Oh, there! did you hear that crash? Oh, deliver us!

Something had happened.

Miss Araminta was right.

Something had fappened.

The gale, which had been blowing with increasing strength from nor'-nor'-west while the great swell of the Atlantic waves came sweeping up from a point or two south to west, had already created in the cross purposes of these mighty forces a sufficiently troublesome state of circumstances even for a huge steam Triton three hundred and sixty feet long. The wind was charged with icy wet, which was disseminated not so much in spouts of rain as in a ceaseless drizzly scour, which sought out and penetrated every crevice in anything human or inanimate that was exposed to its action. The look-outs on the fore-deck, the captain and the mate, who, clad in india-rubber from head to foot, anxiously moved about on the reeking bridge, peered over the dripping mansails were served for a poor protection from the terrific blast against which the ship was driven with all the power of the enginery below.

"What does she say, Dick?" shouts the captain in the mate's ear; for, in the horrible rout and roar, voice is blown away into eternal space before it can pass an inch from a man's mouth.

"Twenty-eight all but a tenth, sir," shouts the mate, who has been down to the chart-room to examine the barometer. "We're near the worst of it."

The instant he speaks, high up to heaven, right in front of them, heaves the bow of the great vessel. The two men, holding on to the stanchions, of the bridge like grim death, and knowing that something is coming, cast an eye through the drift up the long incline of deck before them, up to the farthest end, where for a moment they catch a glimpse of two men, like themselves, hanging on there with desperate vigour to lee and weather braces. Then there is a moment's poise; the whole of the mighty hulk of the steamer seems to be balanced somewhere about the middle of the keel, on the top of a shivering mountain; then there is a sudden twist of the mountain beneath them, as it throws the vessel contemptuously off its shoulder sidewise with an angry shudder! Down a terrific yawning pit into a sea-green hell rushes the great ship, rolling, as she runs, over on her lee beam, till the boiling waves hiss up the scuppers and into the waterways, and now suddenly recovering herself with a mighty trembling and straining, in the midst of which the huge flukes of the screw are released from the water, and fly round with a roaring noise and a prodigious vibration that can be heard and felt by every soul on board, she slowly rolls back again on the weather beam; and then, with a mighty roar, a huge green curl of seething waters raise a frightful crest for twenty feet above the bulwarks on the weather bow, and looking and moving like a thing of life, menacing with annihilation the two awestruck men beneath, dashes some thirty tons of water over on the upper deck. See, where it sweeps along, hissing, boiling, prancing, swirling; four feet deep from bow to stern, and then finding no ready outlet, thrashes away some ten or fifteen feet of bulwark, and pours back in a torrent to the sea from whence it had leaped. The noble vessel, shaking herself free from the tormenting wave, rises again proudly to her work, and bids defiance once more to the giant powers of storm and sea.

This was what the two officers saw, and they breathed more freely when out of the seething waters the two look-outs emerged, still hanging on manfully, and shaking the water out of their eyes and hats, as half frightened and half laughing they tried to look at each other across the deck, and to shout congratulations which could not be heard.

But in hurtling along the space of deck confined by the bulwarks, the water, foiled in its deadlier purpose, resolved to make malicious use of its assumed right of way. As it rushed round the stern deck-houses, gathering momentum from the upward incline of the triumphant bow and the starboard roll of the vessel, a mass of water was thrown with great force against the closed door or the little gangway at the top of the companion on the starboard side, and of the door next to it, which was that of the purser's cabin. The impact of a ton or two of fluid was too much for the strong brass fastenings of these defences, and in an instant bursting them in, the uproarious water rushed on, and tumbling down the stairs in a green cascade, seethed and gambolled tumultuously along the passages, overtopping the combings of the nearer cabins, and flooding the floors with briny foam. Shrieks went up on every side. Forgetting nausea and decency together, men and women jumped out of their berths, splashing into the cold water, and, dashing out of their cabins into the long passages, clasped each other with new-born fervour for the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity. Down through the open doorway the fierce wind, finding entrance, now blew cold and cutting.

Ye gods! What is man or woman either in such a time as this? Lady Peakman, having cast off the shawl in which her large head had been encased, presented herself in a good long role de nuit, at the extremity of which appeared her sturdy limbs swathed in long white woollen stockings, with which she plashed up and down in the water, that with every motion of the vessel washed to and fro in and out of the surrounding cabins. Miss Araminta, poor child, in a vain effort of decency, had seized and thrown around her neck the first thing that came to hand—a short flannel toilet jacket—and screaming at once for her father, her maid, and the captain, darted up the companion hatchway into the arms of a gentleman who, in very imperfect costume, and wet from head to foot, seemed to have freshly come in from taking a bath in the open. Her screams were mingled with his groans and entreaties, for the terrified young lady clung to him as if he were a life-buoy.

"Let me go, miss, if you please, for heaven's sake! She's coming, she's coming!"

Shrieks were heard from the upper deck, and suddenly through the open door there rushed into the gangway a middle-aged female, with a turban of flannel on her head and a red petticoat of the same material put on over her long robe, which, clinging in wet folds to her knees and legs, very oddly impeded her freeness of motion.

"Tis she! 'Tis she!" shouted the man; and breaking free from Araminta, he bolted down the companion and into the first cabin that appeared, locking the door behind him, and jumping without ceremony into the lower berth, which was unoccupied. It was the cabin of Lady Peakman's maids, one of whom, Miss Ringdove, still lay in mortal terror and sickness in the upper berth. No sooner did she witness this bold intrusion, than she added her part to the universal chorus. But people outside were far too alarmed on their own account—thinking that they were all going straightway to the bottom—to be stirred by Miss Ringdove's exclamations.

"My dear young lady," said the gentleman from below, sticking out his night-capped head, and shouting as loud as he could, in a vain effort to rise superior to the horrible racket, "pray, pray be quiet! I'll do you no harm whatever.",

"O dear, O dear! O-o-o-o-o!" shrieked Ringdove.

"I'm in earnest! On my honor I won't hurt you!" roared the man.

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" screamed the maid.

The man jumped out of the berth in desperation and the woman went off in a fit.

Miss Araminta, thus rudely cast off, had caught hold of the brass balustrade at her side to keep herself from being thrown down the stairs.

At this moment a gentleman ran up from below, envaloped in an ulster. Notwithstanding his excitement, which was however not that abject terror from the outbreak of which he was escaping, he could not help appreciating in an instant, in all its absurdity, the scene before him. Poor little Araminta, pale as a sheet, and with utterly inefficient scarlet jacket and white fluttering muslin, as she clung to the side of the companion, was gazing awestruck at the apparition of the lady above her, dressed as we have described, who no sooner saw the gentleman than she whipped out of the gangway and into the storm again.

Hardly able to suppress his laughter, the new-comer addressed the trembling damsel.

"Pray, miss, don't be frightened. There can be nothing the matter. A little water has burst in; but, don't you see, we should all have been at the bottom long ago if anything really serious had occurred. Take my arm. Here, put on my coat;" and throwing off his ulster, the youth, who was dressed, wrapped it around shivering little Araminta, and buttoned her in safely, and then asked where she would be taken to.

"Oh, to Captain Windlass, to the captain's cabin, please. I'm so frightened!"

The young man made no reply. He did as he was told, carrying the young lady in his warm ulster up to the deck and into the cabin of which we have spoken, the door of which was open. There was a foot of water within, the combing retaining it, but he splashed through this and laid her on the sofa.

"Where is Captain Windlass?" said little Araminta. "Oh, please find him, sir; ask him to get me a place in his boat."

The young man saw that she was wandering, and with great delicacy he said, "Do believe me, that there is no danger. May I go and fetch your father?"

"Yes, do, please. Sir Benjamin Peakman, No. 35. God bless you! thank you; thank you ever so much!"

The young gentleman forthwith departed in search of the knight. As he descended the companion he heard a tremendous row below. The reader must remember that all this time the steamer had been pitching and rolling as madly as ever. The water downstairs was running out of the passage and into the water-ways at the gangway on either side of the mainhatch. The excited passengers had been calmed down by the stewards, and were returning to their berths. The cabins were being swabbed out by boys, who, laughed as they listened to the groans of the shivering victims. But at Lady Peakman's cabin things had not settled down as quietly as elsewhere. There were collected—Sir Benjamin, in a neat al fresco costume of which he was evidently unconscious—for he was a man of very particular dignity; Lady Peakman, as we have before depicted her, wringing her hands and weeping; Lady Peakman's maid Maria, also weeping; and a couple of stewards.

"Base man!" screamed Lady Peakman. "What have you done with my daughter. Let us in."

From inside proceeded the subdued sobs of Miss Ringdove, who, having slightly recovered, had wrapped her head in the counterpane, and was ineffectually screaming "Murder!"

"If you don't let us in, we will break open the door!" shouted Sir Benjamin, for once in a passion. "What do you mean, sir!"

"All right, sir; all right," retorted a hoarse voice. "I beg the young lady's pardon, I'm sure. I have done her no harm. But is Mrs. Corcoran out there?"

"No, no!" cried the steward. "There's no Mrs. Corcoran here."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, make way!" cried the malefactor; and before they had had time to obey his injunction he threw open the door, and, rushing out, dashed his head straight into the manly chest of the knight, and pitching him and the stewards over like ninepins, narrowly escaped doing the same trick for Araminta's benefactor, who was turning into the passage, and then he sped up the companion way and out upon the deck like a maniac. In another moment Mr. Fex, for it was he, had darted breathless into the captain's cabin. Slamming and bolting the door, he was about to drop exhausted on the sofa, when a succession of piercing screams from that quarter filled his ear. There was a female in the cabin!

"Great heavens!" said the distracted Fex. "What does this mean? Am I mad? One woman after another! And in my cabin too! Pray, madam——(Oh, Oh!" screamed Araminta.) I beseech you, miss (he went down on his knees in the water,) for any sake, miss, calm yourself. How did you come into my cabin? Where on earth am I to go to? Every cabin is full of women."

"Your cabin, sir!" cried Araminta, who was a good deal cooler than she pretended. "Is not this the captain's cabin?"

"Yes, my dear young lady; but I have engaged it."

"Oh, murder! Papa! Mamma! Help here! Mur-d-e-e-r!"

The unfortunate Mr. Fex was more than at his wits' end. He was ready to jump overboard. At this moment a knocking was heard without. There, no doubt, was the young man, who had come back with a steward and Sir Benjamin.

Mr. Fex in desperation leaped into his berth and wrapped the clothes around him. Araminta, who had not lost her presence of mind, jumped up and unlocked the door. The young man was the first to enter, followed by the knight.

"Where is that rascal?" cried the knight, in a towering passion. All his principles had given way under this severe strain. "What on earth do you mean, sir?" he shouted, as Araminta pointed to the berth, and catching the young man's glance, they both collapsed in hysterics of laughter.

To be Continued.

DESTROYERS FAIL IN SPEED.

The failure of some of the new torpedo-boat destroyers to attain anything like the speed recorded of them while on their contractors' trials is engaging the serious attention of the British Admiralty and of naval engineers. The difficulty has existed ever since the adoption of the 30-knot destroyers, but it has been especially noticeable in the cases of the Earnest and the Griffon, which only a few months ago, while undergoing their contractors' trials on the Clyde, exceeded a mean speed of thirty knots on a continuous three hours' run, the engines in each case working at 6,000 horse power. Since they have been at Devenport completing for sea they have been subjected to no work whatever, yet on a two hours' trial, with the engines working at an even greater rate then when on the Clyde, they barely exceeded twenty-six knots. Such a great reduction of speed in new vessels is regarded as surprising, and even alarming, and itt is likely to form the subject of close inquiry.

IT DID NOT APPLY.

Mr. Wallace—Dolce far niente, I believe, means a sweet doing nothing.

Mrs. Wallace—It won't apply to that jam I made, for it has begun to work.

IS EUROPE THREATENED.

A Question Suggested by the Presence of Bubonic Plague in Vienna.

The terror in Vienna which has followed the outbreak of Bubonic plague there, and the deaths of five persons in addition to that of Herr Barisch, who first contracted the disease from the careless handling of germs under cultivation in Prof. Nothnagle's bacteriological laboratory, is not without foundation in the possibilities of the disease, aside from the effectiveness in a highly civilized community of modern methods of isolation and antiseptic treatment. For the bubonic plague which still devastates India and other Oriental countries, is the same disease which for centuries periodically devastated Europe, appearing in England as late as 1665 and only retiring from the Continent within the century. The earliest historical record of what is believed to have been the bubonic plague carries it back to 767 B.C.

In 446, A. D., it invaded England, hardly leaving enough living to bury the dead, according to old records, and in the fourteenth century the whole world was swept by the worst devastation that has ever afflicted mankind, the black death which in its main features resembled the modern bubonic plague, and in spite of certain differences, is believed to have been the same disease. In Europe 23,000,000 persons died of it between 1347 and 1350, and in Asia 25,000,000. Its last visitation in England, the "Great Plague" of London, in 1665, carried off 68,500 persons. In the seventeenth century a gradual lessening of the area in which the plague was prevalent began, with lessening frequency, too in its outbreaks. In the eighteenth century it continued to retire, and in the first third of this century it was confined in Europe to European Turkey, ceasing altogether in 1841, with the exception of an outbreak in Cis-Caucasian Russia in 1879, which was regarded as having the chief characteristics of the plague, but only affected a limited area.

Observations of the long intervals between previous visitations have, however, led some authorities to believe in the possibility of a recurrence of the disease in epidemic form in Europe. In general it is held that civilized conditions and the modern methods of care for public health prevent such a possibility.

The bubonic plague is a contagious fever, chiefly characterized by swellings, usually confined to the glands of the groin, armpits and neck, but in violent cases occurring all over the body, which after death are often of a dark color, thus giving the disease its title of black plague in some of its epidemics. In some cases it begins with swellings, followed by a mild fever, with possible recovery inside of two weeks. In its most violent form it is followed by death within a few hours, preceded by a vomit of blood, and without the occurrence of the characteristic swellings.

Of its origin, methods of transmission and cure, little is known. It is believed to arise in closely crowded communities living in a moist, heated atmosphere in a condition of filth. In sporadic cases it is not believed to be transmissible. In its epidemic form it follows close association with the already infected, breathing the air affected by their effluvia, and handling clothing. The disease is known to have been carried by rats, an epidemic among them having been followed by the plague among men. This is said to have been the case in the recent epidemic of the bubonic plague in India.

LARGEST UPON RECORD.

Meteorite Fell in South Africa—Was half the Size of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A meteorite described as half the size of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is said to have fallen at Port Alfred, South Africa. It made a hole in the ground fifty feet deep, one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet wide, which would make it the largest known meteorite on record. Being a single pieces, apparently, it was probably solid iron, like other meteorites known, some of which have weighed a number of tons, but none of this size is recorded. And yet there is no reason to believe that multitudes very much larger may not be traveling in the celestial spaces, and it is only good luck that prevents our falling in with them. There is no inherent impossibility that a meteorite or little meteroid as large as some of the multitude that revolve between Mars and Jupiter might come within the sphere of the earth's attraction large enough to cover an entire State. They may be even moving in the tracks of comets, although we know perfectly well that the bulk of the material of comets is very inconsiderable, and the earth has more than once passed through the tail of a comet without any more effect than a shower of falling stars. What the effect would be of striking the head of a comet we do not yet know.

MEAN.

What's the trouble between you and the main traveling man? asked the head of the firm of the chief bookkeeper. Can't we fix it up?

Never, sir. We are rivals for the same girl. You know how bashful I am in company. The other night at a little party they insisted on my singing. I broke down in the middle of the last verse and that infernal cad yelled "Encore! Encore!" I'd like to strangle him.

SUGGESTION OF AN ECONOMIST.

Excited Neighbor, to Her Next-Door Neighbor—Hurry! Run for the doctor. My husband has tried to commit suicide. He has shot himself four times.

Next-Door Neighbor—What's the use of getting the doctor? If you don't think any of his wounds will prove fatal why don't you reload the gun for him?

PUNISHMENT.

The idea of sending children to bed early to punish 'em! exclaimed Mrs. Corntossel, who was discussing her city relatives. That ain't any way to c'rect 'em.

Of course it ain't, answered her husband. If you want to convince em that you mean business, make 'em get up an hour or so earlier in the morning.

HAD SEEN ONE.

Did you ever see a horse race that you could say was absolutely honest?

I think I did, wunst, said Rubber-neck Bill. The feller what was ahead had stoled the hoss.

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

'Mandy, have you brought that young man to his knees yet?

With the style of trousers they wear nowadays? What are you thinking of auntie?

Canada House,

Corner Water and St, John Sts., 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

The Factory

JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

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

Mark You!

We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the

Best Photographs.

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

—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us.

Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

WOOD GOODS!

WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale

Laths
Paling
Box-Shooks
Barrel Heading
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles,

THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson.

—THE—
Medical - Hall

BATH GLOVES
And MITTS
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.

Headquarters

The Headquarters for Drugs, Patent Medicines and Toilet articles is at the
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
We have on and now, as usual, a
Large & Fresh Supply
of the different Mulsions, 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 and 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, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
E. L. STREET - Proprietor.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine - and Iron

THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
Chatham, N.B.