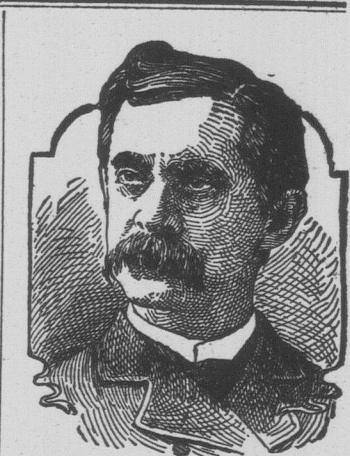


# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 22. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK NOVEMBER 21, 1895.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR  
TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance



**No Other Medicine**  
SO THOROUGH AS  
**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**  
Statement of a Well Known Doctor  
"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, has done so much for the system, and effected so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."  
—DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.  
**Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla**  
Admitted at the World's Fair.  
Ayer's Pills for Liver and Bowels.

## Aberdeen Hotel.

The building known as the Aberdeen Hotel, located on the corner of the Post Office, Chatham, N. B., [OPENED APRIL 1ST, 1894.] is conducted as a first class hotel for the accommodation of permanent and transient guests. The Hotel is in the center of the town, near the Steamboat Landing, and is well situated for the accommodation of guests. It has a large and comfortable dining room, and is well supplied with all the necessaries of life. Rooms for rent on all terms. A. J. PIER.

## ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,  
WELLINGTON ST., CHATHAM, N. B.  
This Hotel has been entirely re-furnished, throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the comfort of our guests. Rooms for rent on all terms. A. J. PIER.

## GOOD STABLEING & CO.

THOMAS FLANAGAN, Proprietor

## CANADA HOUSE.

Corner Water & St. John Streets,  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.  
Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS. Located in the business center of the town. Baking and Stable Attendants first rate. WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

## REVERE HOUSE.

Near Railway Station,  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
Formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan. Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with. Sample Rooms. Daniel Desmond, Proprietor.

## ALEX. MACKINNON,

WATER ST. CHATHAM.

## REDUCED PRICES

In the following lines, viz:—  
Mixed Candy, Tea, Grapes, Lemons  
Biscuits, Currants, Currants and Lemon  
Peel, Flavoring Extracts and Pure  
Spices, and other Groceries.  
—A—  
ni ce line of  
gift cups & saucers,  
Mugs, Lamps, and a General  
assortment of  
Glass and Earthenware &c.  
**ALEX. MCKINNON.**  
December 12th, 1894.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday the 9th September 1895 the train of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:  
**WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.**  
Through express for St. John, Halifax and Fredericton (Monday excepted) 4.15  
Through express for Moncton 4.30  
Through express for Quebec and Montreal 4.45  
ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.  
D. POTTINGER, General Manager  
Railway Office, Moncton N. B. 9th September 1895

## B. R. BOUTHILLIER.

MERCHANT TAILOR,  
CHATHAM.

## CHATHAM.

Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best

## British and Canadian Makes,

Trimings, etc.

## GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS

All kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with greatest despatch and at reasonable rates.

## LADIES' COATS & SAQUES

as to order,  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

## HOTEL

For Sale or to Let.

The Henry House, Bathurst, which is a most desirable hotel for a profitable business. The hotel is situated in the center of the town, and is well surrounded by summer houses. Possession given 1st Dec. next. Apply to JOHN RIVINGTON, Bathurst, March 25th, 1895.

## JUST OPENING.

BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,  
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,  
NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,  
OILCLOTHS, HEARTH RUGS & DOORMATS,  
WOOL, BRUSSELS & TAPESTRY CARPETS,  
BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES & MERINOS,  
ART MUSLINS, CRETONNES & REPPS,  
LACE CURTAINS & COUNTERPANES,  
LACES, RIBBONS & HAMBURG'S,  
SILKS IN BLACK, COLORED, SURAH, &C

Worsted Coatings,  
Black and Blue Serge Suitings,  
White and Regatta Shirts,  
Ties, Collars, Hosiery,  
Silk and Linen Handk'fs,  
Straw and Felt Hats,  
Yachting Caps, &c.

ALSO A FULL & COMPLETE LINE OF  
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

## J. B. SNOWBALL.

Miramichi Foundry,  
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,  
CHATHAM, N. B.

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds;  
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete.  
GANG EDGES, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

CAN DIES,  
IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS  
OF ALL KINDS.

DESIGNERS PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

## BULL DOG

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 upward at one shipment.  
KERR & ROBERTSON,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

## THE LEADING STORES OF THE MIRAMICHI.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT.  
J. D. CREAGHAN,  
CHATHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

Just received, tremendous Fall importations of dry goods. \$75,000.00 worth of seasonable and stylish merchandise on ex. 'libation for sale. New Fall dress goods and trimmings, new silks, velvets and ribbons, ladies' capes, jackets and mantles, new suitings, cape cloths and jackets, new hosiery, gloves and underwears, Ferris' fa. suits guaranteed, lace and suede kid gloves, knitting yarns, webbing and fingerings, carpets, window hangings and floor cloths, sheetings, blankets and domestic goods, men's youths' and children's clothing, etc. These goods were selected specially for spot cash. Our prices, terms, and patterns defy competition.  
J. S. Agent for New York standard patterns and "Delineator."

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
J. D. CREAGHAN,  
CHATHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

## Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED

SHAVING PARLOR  
Water Street, Chatham.  
It will also keep a stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Goods generally

## FINAL NOTICE! SCHOOL TAX.

I am instructed by the Trustees to issue Requisitions for all School Taxes due and payable this month, and there may be some cases where the tax has not been paid, and in such cases, the tax will be levied against the property, and the same will be sold to satisfy the same. W. JOHNSON, Collector.

## J. F. BENSON, TYPEWRITER, & C. & O.

AGENT FOR "NEW YORK" TYPEWRITING COMPANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.  
OFFICE: BENSON BLOCK CHATHAM, N. B.

## FALL OPENING OF DRESS GOODS, GOLFING and MANTLE CLOTHS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, LADIES and GENTS' UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Mantles, Capes, Jackets and Redors.  
Gents' Reefers, Overcoats, Ulsters, Etc.

## R. A. MURDOCH, A POINTER IN TIME.

The cold weather is now upon us, and it is in this season that you will find the most reliable and durable of all the goods that we have to offer. We have a large stock of the best quality of goods, and we are prepared to supply you with all that you require. R. A. MURDOCH, Proprietor.

## FELT CHEST PROTECTORS OR CHAMOIS VESTS.

Fortify your system by the use of our QUININE WINE OR BEEF, IRON AND WINE.

## HICKEY'S PALMONIC CHERRY CORDIAL

HICKEY'S PHARMACY  
G. HICKEY, PROP.

## AGENTS WANTED

Who desire to earn from \$15 to \$25 weekly. We can do this for you. Write us at once for terms.

## Lime For Sale

Apply to THE MARITIME SULPHATE FIBRE CO. LTD.

## M. S. N. COY.

TIME TABLE,  
ON AND AFTER  
MONDAY 21ST OCTOBER

The STEAMER MIRAMICHI will make the round trip on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, calling at St. John, N. B., and Fredericton, N. B., and returning to Chatham on Friday. The STEAMER WATSON will leave Chatham for river at 5.00 p.m. on Monday at 6.00 p.m.

## DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL, SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Silver and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulation of the natural teeth. Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect. Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 55. Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kerwin's Barber shop, Telephone No. 6.

## FURNESS LINE

Regular fortnightly sailings between London and Halifax, via New York. The Furness steamships are the finest on the line. All have been well ventilated and sleeping berths scrubbed, where least motion is felt. S. S. John City and Halifax City are electrically lighted and carry a ship's doctor. Freight accommodations unsurpassed. For sailing dates and all particulars address FURNESS, WETTER & CO. Ltd., Commission and Forwarding Agents, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England.

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## CRISSCROSS LOVE.

[Continued from last week.]  
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If you had ever lain at anchor in Brindisi harbor, or ever made a trip from thence by P. and O. to Port Said, you will be well aware that there's nothing for a sensible man to do with his time as he skirts the shaggy coast of Crete but to make love to some fit and proper person. Now Angus Stuart was a most sensible man, and though he had to great a respect for vested interests exactly to make love to another fellow married to a Scotchman, he went to Bombay to join her future husband, yet it must be candidly admitted by an impartial historian that he sailed very close to the wind indeed in that respect and his own remarks were not altogether agreeable to Aggie. She had a chaperon, of course. No well educated young woman could trust herself to the Mediterranean and the Indian ocean without the services of a chaperon, and what's the use of that indispensable article in every young lady's wardrobe, I venture to ask, if it persists in being seasick and sticking to its berth the whole way out from London to Aken? The chaperon was Aggie's aunt, and Captain Stuart were through a great deal together during the course of their voyage. When Aggie sang to the Peninsular and Oriental piano in the big saloon, it was Angus Stuart who turned over the pages of her music book. When Aggie sat on deck and declined lunch with thanks, for pressing reasons, it was Angus Stuart who brought her up the unsugared lemonade and one dry biscuit which she appealed to her maritime appetite. Old ladies on board remarked with malicious glee what a pity it was poor dear Mrs. Mackinnon wasn't well enough to come up and look after her charge. Old ladies observed with a knowing smile that Miss Oswald was going out to be married at Bombay, but they rather imagined she'd mistaken the bridegroom. Stuart, however, went on happily unconscious of the unkind remarks whispered about them in confidence in the saloon at night when they two engaged in admiring on deck the phosphorescence on the waves or the very singular brilliancy of the tropical moonlight.

On one such evening, in the Red Sea, they stood together by the taffrail with one accord and looked over in unison into the deep white water. There was silence for awhile. Then Stuart spoke abruptly. "You haven't seen him for five years," he said meditatively, without anything special to indicate the personality of the him in question. "That's a very long time, you know, Miss Oswald. At your age and his in five years people often alter wonderfully." (Being himself just 30 and square built at that, Angus Stuart affected always to speak to Aggie in the character of a "grandfather.") "Oh, I hope not," Aggie cried fervently, with a little shudder of alarm, for to say the truth, her new friend had just voiced the very terror that she perpetually was summing her. "It's only five years, you know, and we were awfully fond of each other."

"Were," Angus Stuart answered, with a quiet smile. "You say 'were' yourself. That doesn't quite look as if you were desperately in love with him just at present, does it?" And he smiled at her wisely. A prudent maiden would have diverted the conversation. But Aggie hesitated and temporized. "Well, five years is a very long time," she admitted, with a slight sigh, "and of course one naturally wonders whether a person will really strike one now exactly as he struck one five whole long years ago."

"Precisely!" Angus answered and dropped the subject. He went on to remark on the beauty of the phosphorescence that sparkled and danced upon the surface of the water. They leaned over to look at it once more together. Lovely as the object, phosphorescence on the surface of the water, especially when you look over at it, two persons together! In point of fact, they stopped up looking at it, in that balmy southern air, till almost midnight, and only retired to their respective berths just in time for saving the last end of the lights before they were ruthlessly put out for the evening. The old ladies on board shook their heads next day and observed to one another with scandalized faces that the sooner Miss Oswald got safe to Bombay the better for her lover.

CHAPTER V.  
At Bombay meanwhile Phil Gilman was eating out his heart with suspense? Oh, dear, no! He was having an exceedingly pleasant time with Freda Trevelyan. The one drawback to his pleasure—oh, faithfulness of man—was the thought that this Aggie would so soon come out and spoil it all for him. Freda and he got on admirably together. To say the truth, she was far better fitted for him by nature than Aggie Oswald. He saw it clearly himself now. There was no good denying it. Aggie and he had been thrown together before they knew their own minds, and what was more important still, before their characters had fully developed. They were not fitted by real tastes and instincts for one another. Aggie was a dear little girl, of course, very pretty and dainty and with lovely fluffery hair, but she was quite the sort of woman with whom a man of his type would care to pass a whole long lifetime? Wasn't she better adapted, after all, by tastes and habits, for a cavalry officer? Whereas Freda Trevelyan now had a mind and a soul. She was clever, well read, sympathetic, quickly perceptive. Her mind went out to him at once by instinct. She seemed to jump half way to meet every idea he advanced to her. He could almost have fallen in love with that beautiful woman if it were not for Aggie. But Phil Gilman was an honest man and had plighted his troth to Aggie Oswald. He wouldn't turn aside now—not for a hundred Fredas! And yet, isn't it better, he asked himself in his calmer moments, to change your mind before marriage than after it? Isn't it better to cry off, even at some present cost of pain and humiliation to the girl, than to the her for life to a man who can give only part of his heart to her? Isn't it better to be miserable once for all in one's life than to be miserable always? These questions sometimes obtruded painfully upon Phil's mind, but being an honest man, why, he waved them aside as transparent sophisms. Having once asked Aggie to come out and marry him, it would be cruel and wicked and selfish and unworthy to send her home again unwed. Come what might, as things now stood, he must do his best to avoid falling in love with Freda.

But the human heart is a wayward organ. It refuses to be disciplined by the brain or the conscience. There was some excuse, you know, after all, for the apparent fickleness of these two young people. Their minds were in both cases filled full beforehand with the idea of marriage. They had nourished their souls for five long years with what the Scotch philosopher called "love in the abstract," and now, when love in the concrete seemed so near, so very near, neither had at hand the proper person upon whom to expend his or her affections. Besides, it may be unromantic and unconventional to confess the truth, but I believe it is a fact of human nature that when the feelings are very much roused, and the proper person isn't by to make love to, there's a considerable temptation to transfer the love to the first eligible recipient one happens to fall in with. I've found it so myself, and I throw myself upon the mercy of a jury of neutrals. And in both these cases, as it happened, the first eligible person Phil or Aggie met was also one more fitted by nature for the vacant post than the old love could ever possibly have been. Phil felt uncomfortably aware that, though nothing on earth would induce him to make love to Freda Trevelyan, still if he died to do so, he would have loved her a thousand times better by far than ever he could have loved poor fluffery haired Aggie. And Aggie in turn felt that, though it would be reason to think of Angus Stuart when she was actually on her way out to India to marry Phil Gilman, still, if things had gone otherwise, she could have loved that handsome soldier a thousand times better than ever she could love poor philosopher Phil, with his cut

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At Port Said meanwhile Aggie was sitting on deck with that delightful young man who came on board at Brindisi. He was tall and slight and had a straw colored mustache. Aggie has always had a sneaking fancy for straw color. And beside he was a soldier and aid-de-camp to the lieutenant-governor of somewhere up the country. (Aggie's Indian geography was as deliciously vague as an Indian Secretary's, and "somewhere up country" was about as definite to her as any particular name of any particular district. She regarded all India as naturally divided into two main parts—the part where Phil was stationed and the part where he wasn't. Further than that she never tried to go. When people on board talked to her of the Punjab, or the Central Provinces, Saharanpur, or Muzaffargarh, she nodded and smiled benign acquiescence, glossing over her ignorance with the charm of her manner.)

Aggie and the handsome young man on together admirably. He was a certain Captain Angus Gilman—conjectured from his name to be of Scotch extraction—and he had fallen a victim to Aggie's fluffery the very first moment he "saw" her. Indeed, he had talked to her for half an hour on deck in Brindisi harbor and been desolated to learn by that time that she was not only engaged, but actually going out to India to get married. He was even reflected with a certain bland pleasure at that early stage of their brief acquaintance that there's many a ship 'twixt the cup and the lip and that people who go out to India to get married don't always persevere in their prime intention when they see their beloved in his Indian avatar. Had it not been for that light hope Captain Stuart would have avoided talking to Aggie altogether, for being a Scotchman he was of course both prudent and superstitious, and he felt the very instant he began to talk to her that here at last was his undoubted affinity.

If you had ever lain at anchor in Brindisi harbor, or ever made a trip from thence by P. and O. to Port Said, you will be well aware that there's nothing for a sensible man to do with his time as he skirts the shaggy coast of Crete but to make love to some fit and proper person. Now Angus Stuart was a most sensible man, and though he had to great a respect for vested interests exactly to make love to another fellow married to a Scotchman, he went to Bombay to join her future husband, yet it must be candidly admitted by an impartial historian that he sailed very close to the wind indeed in that respect and his own remarks were not altogether agreeable to Aggie. She had a chaperon, of course. No well educated young woman could trust herself to the Mediterranean and the Indian ocean without the services of a chaperon, and what's the use of that indispensable article in every young lady's wardrobe, I venture to ask, if it persists in being seasick and sticking to its berth the whole way out from London to Aken? The chaperon was Aggie's aunt, and Captain Stuart were through a great deal together during the course of their voyage. When Aggie sang to the Peninsular and Oriental piano in the big saloon, it was Angus Stuart who turned over the pages of her music book. When Aggie sat on deck and declined lunch with thanks, for pressing reasons, it was Angus Stuart who brought her up the unsugared lemonade and one dry biscuit which she appealed to her maritime appetite. Old ladies on board remarked with malicious glee what a pity it was poor dear Mrs. Mackinnon wasn't well enough to come up and look after her charge. Old ladies observed with a knowing smile that Miss Oswald was going out to be married at Bombay, but they rather imagined she'd mistaken the bridegroom. Stuart, however, went on happily unconscious of the unkind remarks whispered about them in confidence in the saloon at night when they two engaged in admiring on deck the phosphorescence on the waves or the very singular brilliancy of the tropical moonlight.

On one such evening, in the Red Sea, they stood together by the taffrail with one accord and looked over in unison into the deep white water. There was silence for awhile. Then Stuart spoke abruptly. "You haven't seen him for five years," he said meditatively, without anything special to indicate the personality of the him in question. "That's a very long time, you know, Miss Oswald. At your age and his in five years people often alter wonderfully." (Being himself just 30 and square built at that, Angus Stuart affected always to speak to Aggie in the character of a "grandfather.") "Oh, I hope not," Aggie cried fervently, with a little shudder of alarm, for to say the truth, her new friend had just voiced the very terror that she perpetually was summing her. "It's only five years, you know, and we were awfully fond of each other."

"Were," Angus Stuart answered, with a quiet smile. "You say 'were' yourself. That doesn't quite look as if you were desperately in love with him just at present, does it?" And he smiled at her wisely. A prudent maiden would have diverted the conversation. But Aggie hesitated and temporized. "Well, five years is a very long time," she admitted, with a slight sigh, "and of course one naturally wonders whether a person will really strike one now exactly as he struck one five whole long years ago."

"Precisely!" Angus answered and dropped the subject. He went on to remark on the beauty of the phosphorescence that sparkled and danced upon the surface of the water. They leaned over to look at it once more together. Lovely as the object, phosphorescence on the surface of the water, especially when you look over at it, two persons together! In point of fact, they stopped up looking at it, in that balmy southern air, till almost midnight, and only retired to their respective berths just in time for saving the last end of the lights before they were ruthlessly put out for the evening. The old ladies on board shook their heads next day and observed to one another with scandalized faces that the sooner Miss Oswald got safe to Bombay the better for her lover.

CHAPTER V.  
At Bombay meanwhile Phil Gilman was eating out his heart with suspense? Oh, dear, no! He was having an exceedingly pleasant time with Freda Trevelyan. The one drawback to his pleasure—oh, faithfulness of man—was the thought that this Aggie would so soon come out and spoil it all for him. Freda and he got on admirably together. To say the truth, she was far better fitted for him by nature than Aggie Oswald. He saw it clearly himself now. There was no good denying it. Aggie and he had been thrown together before they knew their own minds, and what was more important still, before their characters had fully developed. They were not fitted by real tastes and instincts for one another. Aggie was a dear little girl, of course, very pretty and dainty and with lovely fluffery hair, but she was quite the sort of woman with whom a man of his type would care to pass a whole long lifetime? Wasn't she better adapted, after all, by tastes and habits, for a cavalry officer? Whereas Freda Trevelyan now had a mind and a soul. She was clever, well read, sympathetic, quickly perceptive. Her mind went out to him at once by instinct. She seemed to jump half way to meet every idea he advanced to her. He could almost have fallen in love with that beautiful woman if it were not for Aggie. But Phil Gilman was an honest man and had plighted his troth to Aggie Oswald.