

Business Notice. The address slip printed on the top of this page has a space for the date of the paper is later than that on the slip to be printed. See publisher's announcement on 4th page.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 21. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 2, 1895. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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CHATHAM, N. B., MAY 2, 1895.

AMONG THE LILACS.

The lilacs were just in bloom. Almost every one you met in the village streets carried great bunches of them, burying their faces in the flowers as if they could not get enough of the delicious perfume. "Lilacs in people's hands, lilacs in great bunches on the window sills, lilacs nodding at you over the garden fences, an unusual profusion over that of Deacon Lawton's well kept grounds.

Lois, his pretty daughter, on the inside of the fence, thrust her head through the masses of lilacs and talked to Jack. "Otis on the other, conscious that her fair face and golden hair looked well in this flowery setting, delighted with the knowledge that Jack was longing to kiss her and did not dare to, but that she liked him. Indeed one day she intended to allow him to propose to her and to accept him. But not yet, not yet. Even when she had given her promise she meant to have a long engagement, as long as Jack Otis would endure. Only the other day her sister Nelly had said to her: "Don't forget, Lois, that courting days are happiest. I've nothing to complain of, but Tom hides behind his newspaper at breakfast, and the baby is teething, and Johnny has the mumps, and it is very domestic, but not quite as jolly as it might be. One does not wish to be an old maid, but short of that hold on to your freedom."

Lois needed no advice on that subject. She knew she was healthy, and she had seen Jack Otis in love with her, and through she preferred him to any of the rest she delighted in this state of things. So she smiled and made big eyes at him through the lilacs and very soon declared that she must bid him goodbye.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

My first battle was at Abd-Allah, in Egypt. A force of 2,000 British troops marching up the country was attacked near the village of about 7,000 Arabs. We were ordered to give battle and were fully aware that we stood a first rate chance to be wiped out to the last man. On our left and rear was open plain, in front the village and some poorly cultivated fields, on our right a long, low sand hill.

The Arabs had six pieces of artillery, and they made the mistake of placing three of them at the foot of the sand hill instead of on the ridge. As soon as these three pieces opened fire on us a detail was made of 18 sharpshooters to pick off the gunners. I was one of the 18, and we lay flat and rested our carbines across the packs on a sand bag. There were six of us to a gun. We first shot down every artillery horse within range and then paid our attention to the men.

Each sharpshooter fired coolly and to hit. There were about 50 men in the ranks, and in ten minutes we dropped 30 of them in their tracks, and the fragment fell through a narrow pass and around the hill for shelter. In every case I aimed at the body, and the distance was only a few feet. In ten minutes we dropped 30 of them in their tracks, and the fragment fell through a narrow pass and around the hill for shelter. In every case I aimed at the body, and the distance was only a few feet.

HOUSES TO RENT.

Part of the two-story Double House on Broadway and part of the large two-story house on Crawford Street. For further information apply to JOHN POTTERINGHAM, Chatham, Sept. 5, 1894.

battery opened fire, but was quickly silenced by our heavy guns. A hundred infantry were thrown ashore to keep the coast clear while the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and after a few minutes we saw he was about to execute a flank movement. Strangely enough, I was horror struck at the idea of shedding blood on this occasion! As we got the order I took a hurried aim at an Arab standing quite alone, and at the report of my carbine he fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the ship went in among the trees and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how.

I felt as though I must go up to my victim and see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his coat, and he was prostrating his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from his wound, and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me—I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five and twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full, as though my heart would burst.

He had a real English face and did not look like a heathen. What I felt I never can tell, but if my life would have saved his I believe I would have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word," he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I could not help it.

His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the ship to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns we had taken and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow, he little thought how I had shot him down.

I was wondering how I could leave him to die all alone on a sand bag, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his head rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him.

A PROSPECTOR.

"I could tell you many a story of actual courage and self sacrifice," said the prospector as he lighted a fresh cigar. "These wild canyons and lonely gulches are replete with romance. The side of every mountain has its little comedy or tragedy, and every trail bears the foot-prints of romance."

"Let me tell you the true story which possesses the elements of tragedy and comedy which moved me both to laughter and tears. "When the Gunnison country was new to the world, there were in one of its roughest mining camps two men known only as Shorty and Nick. No one knew or cared what their real names were. If a man wished to conceal his name for any reason, that was his own business, and his companions never troubled themselves to pry into his secrets. Shorty was a tough and desperate. He was fond of rotten whisky served out in the saloons. He had a villainous temper and a mania for burros. On his periodical visits to town it was his custom to gather all the strays he could find and drive them to his camp. He never failed to stop every person he met and inquire about some burro, real or imaginary. He was very kind to those animals, and really the only soft spot in Shorty's heart, seemed to be in this affection for his burros and his dog Jack.

"Nick was a quite, retiring fellow and took no share in the howling revelries of the drunken miners and prospectors who frequented the tough saloons of the camp and of whom Shorty was chief. Of course Nick was dubbed 'stuck up' and 'stingy' by the rest of the miners, who never dreamed of the privations that boy endured in order to send money home to save the farm for his parents in their old age. "One night, in the midst of a regular hoodlum at Shoney Jake's saloon, Shorty's dog Jack came rushing in, howling and crouching at his master's feet, begging with plaintive whines to be released from a string of tin cans tied to his tail. "Of course Shorty was wild with rage, and pouring down the plenty of 'forty rods' and 'tudden' till he swore he would have the

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