

BUSINESS NOTICES.
The address slip pasted on the top of this page has 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 page.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 6, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
270 ST. JOHN ST.
CHATHAM, N. B.

G. B. FRASER,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
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JOHN McDONALD,
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Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Windows
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A MAN to sell Canada grown Fruit and
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Flowers, etc. We catalogue only the best and
most popular varieties that succeed in the coldest
climate. New season now commencing; complete
assortment of seeds and plants from start to
fall time, or liberal commission for part time.
Apply now, addressing nearest office, and get
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LUKE BROTHERS COMPANY,
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NOTICE.
All accounts due the undersigned for three
months and over this date, unpaid after 4 o'clock
will be handed to a magistrate.
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ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
WALLINGTON ST., CHATHAM, N. B.
This Hotel has been entirely refurnished
and is now ready to receive guests in the most
comfortable and desirable manner.
Rooms on the premises.

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We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
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SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATISM CURE AND
NEW CURE AND NERVE TONIC, DR.
CHAS. H. WOOD'S GREAT KIDNEY CURE,
FESTIVE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,
CHAS. H. WOOD'S GREAT
CURE FOR BRONCHITIS
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MUNYON'S REMEDIES.
Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg
Preserver, Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
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FOR SALE
Laths,
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Matched Flooring,
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Dimensioned Lumber,
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WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads,
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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
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Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 15, 1898.

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
LONDON & LANCASHIRE,
METROPOLITAN,
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PHENIX OF LONDON
MACKENZIE'S
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1898.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
I took Gold. I took Sick. I took
SCOTT'S EMULSION
I take My Meals.
AND I AM YOUNGER AND
ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY
HANDS ON.
I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor
for three years, and it has restored
my hair to its natural color, and
kept the hair in good condition.
—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.

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FOR YOUR
LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
CARDS,
RAILWAY RECEIPTS,
SHIPPING RECEIPTS,
ENVELOPES,
TAGS, ETC.
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM

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The undersigned is prepared to furnish Sashes and
Frames and Doors and Frames, any size and any
quantity at lowest prices for prompt delivery. Call
on or address
R. HUSSELL,
Black Block, Chatham, N. B.

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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 & PROVISIONS.
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TOILET ARTICLES
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LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Medicines, Liniments, Ointments,
Syrups, Tonic, Diapyrin, Bismuth,
Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures,
occupying a most DESIRABLE SITE,
ATTENTION, it invites every all the COM-
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THE COURSE OF STUDIES—Liter-
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Newcastle, Co. Northumberland, N. B.

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POOR we wish to PLEASE
every one.
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PHOTOGRAPHS
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Come and see us at
Mersereau's Photo Rooms.
Water St., Chatham.

Miramichi Advance.
OCTOBER 6, 1898.
The Wrong Note.
When I left the train at Elmwood and found that no one was to meet me, I was surprised. Twice I walked around the station, vainly peering into the gathering darkness in search of the Torrington man. I was not pleased, for I saw nothing but a rickety public hack, with a rickety horse and a rickety driver importuning me to become his fare. Loath to believe my eyes, I sought the station agent.

"Wasn't Mr. Torrington's carriage here to meet this train?" I asked.
The man shook his head. "It was down for the 3 o'clock," he replied. "Took a gentleman off."
This announcement served to increase my perplexity. Here I, having been formally asked to spend Sunday at a house and having formally accepted, was compelled to make my way thither in a public conveyance, while another man who had not been invited to do so, was in a rickety horse and carriage, and I realized that the manner how was rapidly approaching. But at length we rattled through the gates and up the drive to the house.
Maria Torrington greeted me on the veranda—which was so ill-lit that I could hardly see her face—yet it struck me that there was confusion in her tone.
"I'm very glad to see you," she said. "It's a surprise indeed."
"Surprise?" I said. "You know I was coming."
"Er—yes," she murmured hesitatingly. "But it's so late we'd given you up. You must hurry for dinner. Hobson, show Mr. Bottomley his room."

Here a tall figure loomed out of the darkness into the foreground, and before I could follow the servant who had taken my bag my hand was seized, and a heavy voice said: "Hello, old man! Glad to see you."
"Why, hello, Brooks?" I exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you." I had been racing for two years for the fair prize below! When the servants had gone and I was alone, I stamped the floor vigorously and tore open my bag with such violence as to send the contents scattering in every direction.
This thing was getting unpleasant. I could overlook the lack of hospitality in allowing me to make my own way to the house; I could forget her evident surprise at my coming after I had been formally invited by her mother and had accepted, but I could not forgive her asking Dick Brooks and myself at the same time and driving him home in triumph, as it were.
"I was angry—so angry that I crumpled three ties in dressing and started down to dinner with them on, and when I finally entered the drawing room to find the family awaiting me I remembered that I had forgotten to brush my hair and was conscious that all standing out at the back. It seemed that, flustered and disheveled, I was making a very poor showing in comparison with the immaculate Brooks.
"I am very glad to see you," said Mrs. Torrington cordially. "It's a special pleasure, as we understand you weren't—Maria glanced sharply at her mother, and the kindly woman stopped, flushed and added: "As we were afraid you weren't coming." The train must have been late. But come."
I shall never forget the dinner that followed. It seemed as though there was a pall over the little company, or rather over all but Brooks. He is a clever fellow, I admit, and seeming to realize that the rest of us were under a cloud, hampered by some secret which could not be his he proceeded to make the best of things and to bear the brunt of the conversation.
Once our host ventured to inform me how surprised he was to see me and how pleased he was that I had come after all, whereupon his daughter interrupted and effectually silenced him by asking whether I had been playing much golf of late.
Mrs. Torrington started to observe that perhaps it was on account of golf that I had been detained that afternoon, and she was in turn silenced. While Maria kept a close watch on her parents and I surreptitiously devoted myself to pressing down my back hair and adjusting my awry tie, Brooks rattled away, apparently charmingly unconscious.
But at length it was over, and Mr. Torrington cornered my clever rival over coffee and cigars, while I slipped away, and though it was late in October and a stiff breeze blew from the north, I crossed the bleak meadows, cracking cheerlessly through the dying leaves of the trees, I succeeded in inducing Maria to take a walk on the veranda.

"Now tell me why there is all this surprise on the part of you and your family," I said, once we were out of hearing of the mother, the brother, the father and the shining rival.
"I think we had cause to be surprised," she said coldly.
"Cause?" I cried. "I received a note from your mother on Thursday asking me down for Sunday. I accepted."
"You declined," she said in a tone that brooked no contradiction, "and so I telegraphed to Dick to come down. See what a position you placed me in. I couldn't let him know he was second fiddle."
We had stopped walking, and she stood facing me in the light of a window. Her glance was one of deep reproach. "We are always glad to have you, as you know, but this time it is just a little embarrassing."
"But I accepted," I maintained stoutly.
"Your note said plainly, 'I regret that another engagement prevents my coming.'"
"I'm sorry," I broke into a hearty laugh.
"What are you swearing about? I don't see anything particularly amusing."
"How stupid I had been from the first."
"Why, Maria," I said, "it was my fault, and until this minute it never occurred to me. I got your mother's note on Thursday. I had an engagement to meet a lawyer this afternoon to try to settle a case I am concerned in. As I couldn't attend to the business and catch the last train out I determined to try and postpone the matter. So I wrote two notes—one accepting the other declining the invitation. I took them both down town next day, and as the attorney consented to my postponing the meeting I mailed the acceptance."
"You mean you got them mixed and sent the wrong one," she said. A half smile lighted her face for an instant to give place to a settled look of displeasure. "And I wired to Dick Brooks."
I laughed quietly.
"What are you laughing at?" she asked.
"Brooks must be puzzled over you having us down here together." She resented this inference as to our mutual relations by turning sharply, and carrying herself with exaggerated erectness, she entered the house, with the following crestfallen air at her heels.
Brooks was puzzled—so extremely puzzled that he hardly said a word at breakfast, but was quiet and thoughtful, an unusual mood for him. I could see that he had an important piece of engineering on his mind and tried to block his schemes, but despite my subtle Maria to take him out to the pond and show him the trout.
For a time I chafed in the library under Mrs. Torrington's verbose recital of the difficulties of securing funds for a certain deserving hospital, and at length, unable to bear the restraint longer, rather abruptly I excused myself to take a stroll about the place.
My steps carried me in the direction of the pond, down the drive, over a stretch of lawn, through a grove, till I was 'halting at the sight of two hats protruding from the top of a bush a few yards away.
"Maria!" I heard Brooks say in a low earnest tone than I had deemed him capable of assuming. "I have waited now for a year for an answer. Sometimes my hopes have been raised—raised only to see you shower kindness on that fellow."
I whistled to the collier that had been bounding along near by, and when Maria Torrington and her companion stepped hurriedly into view I cried: "Hello!"
Brooks looked foolish and replied, "Hello." Then he began stirring the dead leaves with his stick.
For a moment all of us must have looked foolish, for as Maria, her face crimson, stared blankly at a distant tree top I leaned over and fell to patting the shaggy dog.
The silence was broken by the girl. She had completely recovered her composure and, fixing her eyes on me, said, "Harry, as you have doubtless heard, Dick—Mr. Brooks—has just asked me to marry him."
"Asked for the thousandth time," muttered Brooks. His clean shaved face was turning red from the tip of his chin to where the hair divided. A man seldom objects to having it known that he is attentive to a woman, but to have her blazon it forth to all the world, and to his worst rival in particular, and in his presence, is not so agreeable if he occupies the position of one rejected. I could not hide a smile from my embarrassment, but my amusement was of short life.
"And you have also asked me," Maria Torrington went on with a coolness that would have astounded me had I not known her.
I had seen her sail a catboat across the bay in the teeth of a gale, on small hands, and grasping the tiller, the tugging ahead, making great wells in the other body leaning so far out to windward that the spray dashed over her repeatedly, and even then she had laughed and given me directions where to sit to balance the boat. I had followed her in many gallops about the country. I had seen her coast recklessly on her bicycle down steep hills when I deemed it wise to use a brake. So I was not surprised at this caprice and bowed.

"Yes," I said stupidly, "asked you frequently."
"I like you both very much," she said, fixing her eyes on Brooks, who was still fumbling his stick among the leaves.
It hardly seemed fair that she should look so kindly on my rival, so I called her eyes back to me by asking, "Can't you choose between us?"
"No," she replied, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "I've tried very hard to, but I can't. A plan of choosing was suggested to me by your unexpected coming."
"We are both to go away and stay away?" growled Brooks.
"One may come back."
"I?" Brooks started eagerly toward her. She raised her hand in warning.
"I don't know which," she said. "There is an old saying about marriage being a lottery. I propose to increase the chances. If you two consent, I shall carry out at once the scheme that I have got up after long and careful thinking."
"Are you to toss a penny?" I asked.
"No. This afternoon I shall write two notes, one an acceptance, the other a refusal. They will be put in plain envelopes, mixed up, directed and mailed. The one of you who receives the refusal shall 'commit suicide.'"
Brooks gloomy countenance gave credence to a suspicion that in event of his receiving the wrong note he would resort to self destruction. The girl, however, speedily crushed all hopes of such escape from suffering.
"You shall not," she cried. "If you do, I shall never speak to either of you again."
"Rather lie, then," said I.
Brooks bowed his assent to my observation.
There was a long silence, and then Maria looked from one to the other of us and said earnestly, "You'll agree to my plan, won't you?"
"There is nothing else that we can do," said I.
"Nothing," repeated Brooks. "In fact, the scheme rather appealed to me, for of late things had not been going so smoothly as I could have desired. It had seemed at times as though Brooks had advanced away from me in the race. Now a chance had been offered. Once for all the question would be settled. Then my luck was not so agreeable to me as rival. Doubtless he felt that he had the advantage of me and in entering into such a game was gambling to obtain what was already almost his own. He had no other course but to assent, though, and he did it with rather bad grace."
"I consent," he said to Maria, "but you will let me, and I obey."
"It is agreed then," said she. Brooks and I bowed. The three of us walked back to the house in silence.
It was up early next morning at my rooms in town. I had calculated everything to a nicety. The postman would reach the house at 8:10 o'clock. The train for Elm-dale left at 9 o'clock. Provided the contents of the note that I expected were satisfactory I would just have time to breakfast and reach the ferry. Should the note prove to be wrong I certainly would not need any breakfast and much less to catch a train.
I had been awake at dawn. Excitement had driven sleep from my eyes, and the dragging hours gave me more than ample opportunity to figure out my chances. I revolved over and over again in my mind the history of my acquaintance with Maria Torrington. I reviewed my own life and picked on incidents in it in which luck had played a part, and I found such a balance in my favor that I was almost convinced that it was useless for me to worry over the outcome of the game of chance I was playing.
Having brought myself to a state of comparative confidence, I began to pack a couple of bags full of clothes, for I had made up my mind to make a long stay at the Torrington house while I was about it. As I stuffed my golf things into a portmanteau I pictured Maria and myself plodding over the links together.
As I folded up my riding clothes I thought of the gollops we were to have, and broke into song, and as I sang I forgot all about the note that was then on its way to me and worked away as cheerily as though it were but the matter of an hour till I was speaking to her.
But a loud knock at the door called me back to realities, and when the halloo held toward me a square envelope addressed in a small, angular hand I realized that perhaps after all my joy had been premature—decidedly premature. The note was brief, so brief that in an instant I comprehended its contents, sank into a chair and, tossing the paper from me, repeated the fatal words:
"Miss Torrington regrets that owing to another engagement she cannot accept Mr. Black's kind invitation to become his wife."
Why had I ever consented to risk all on a mere throw of dice? Why had I tried to win by a gamble what other men worked, waited and suffered for years to obtain? It would not have been so bad had Harkinson, who had been out of the game a year, won her. But that snob Brooks! He would never have an opportunity to gloat over me. I would go abroad. I would exile myself rather than witness one minute of his triumph. I would take the very next steamer—
No! After all it would but add to the satisfaction of my rival to have me eating my heart out in some foreign city. Far better to stay right here in New York, to

Executors' Notice.
Take notice that letters testamentary have been granted in the estate of the Deceased Late of CHATHAM, N. B., deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present the same duly attested with copies of the original receipts to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of SEPTEMBER, 1898, after which date said books will go to the executor.
Dated at Chatham, 25th May, A. D. 1898.
EDWARD GALLIVAN, Executor
JAS. F. OSBORNE, Executor

BARAINS
For CASH.
ONE MONTH ONLY.
Before opening Fall Goods I will sell all remaining goods at WHOLESALE PRICES.
As my goods are the best, it will be well to take advantage of this offer.
Persons wishing to buy kindly TAKE NOTICE and settle their accounts by the 15th of SEPTEMBER, after which date my books will go to the executor.
F. C. PETERSON.
Chatham, August 15th, 1898.

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Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents its falling out. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headaches.

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I THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphite of Lime and Soda
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SCOTT'S EMULSION
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No! After all it would but add to the satisfaction of my rival to have me eating my heart out in some foreign city. Far better to stay right here in New York, to

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CURED BY TAKING
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.
"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I felt that unless done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor who found on examination that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicine he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After using a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."
—A. LITTLE, Waterman, Orangeville, Ont.

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