POOR COPY

General Business.

UNPERCEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED

CAPITAL PRIZE $300,000.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December)

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National Bank
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 13, 1887.

Capital Prize, $300,000

100000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES

PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
5 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	50,000
10 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	50,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
50 PRIZES OF	500 are	25,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $500 approximating to $300,000 Prize are		50,000
100 Prizes of $300 approximating to $100,000 Prize are		30,000
100 Prizes of $200 approximating to $57,000 Prize are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by $300,000 Prize are		100,000
1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by $100,000 Prize are		100,000
3,136 Prizes amounting to		$1,055,000

For Club Rates, or any further information apply to the undersigned. Your handwriting must be distinct and Signature plain. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by express (at our expense) addressed to

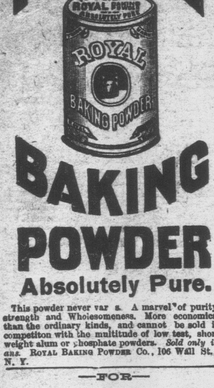
M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.,
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Gen. G. T. Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER That the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are Signed by the President of an Institution whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

—FOR—

BOSTON

—via the—

PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

International S. S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

One of the Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN at 8 a. m. every MONDAY and THURSDAY, for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND.

For tickets and all information apply to E. J. JOHNSON, AGENT, Chatham, or to your nearest ticket agent.

B. COYLE, JR. Gen. Mgr. Portland | E. A. WALDRON Gen. Pass. Agt

Caution & Notice.

I hereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walls, a minor, without first making arrangements with me in reference thereto, as I shall hold them responsible to me for his wages.

And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said James Walls.

DUDLEY P. WALLS.

Chatham, Oct 5th, 1887.

Cheese! Cheese!

IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE:

2,500 BOXES

Factory Cheese,

For sale low in lots by

C. M. BOSTWICK & CO.

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B. - - DECEMBER 1, 1887.

Explanatory.

Our readers were, no doubt, disappointed last week when they did not receive the ADVANCE, as usual. They will observe, also, that the first and fourth pages of this sheet bear last week's date, while this and the next page bears that of this week. The reason is that the editor, on whom all the work of preparing matter for the paper falls, was suddenly prostrated by illness on Tuesday, 22nd and, for a week thereafter, was unable to even read a proof. His physician advises that he must not leave his room [he is still confined to bed] for several days. We are, therefore, obliged to make this number of the ADVANCE do service for the two weeks, and hope our patrons will, in the circumstances, overlook the many deficiencies in the paper, of which we, as well as they, are fully sensible.

The Election.

The writ for the election in Northumberland, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation by Mr. Park of his seat in the Assembly is issued. Nomination takes place on Tuesday next at Newcastle and polling day will be on the following Tuesday, 13th. Two candidates' cards appear in this week's ADVANCE. Mr. O'Brien's has some marks about it which will lead everyone, even though they may not understand where all his profound acquaintance with the Consolidated Statutes was acquired, to congratulate him on having accumulated a huge pile of political chestnuts. These intimations by candidates that they intend to rid the land of taxation and reform everything that is complained of, are too musty to go down with the ordinary elector, for he has been fooled by them too often. As for reformation in the administration of our Crown Lands, the implied attack on the gentleman of this county who preceded the present Surveyor-General, seems either ungrateful or deceptive on Mr. O'Brien's part, considering that it is under the alleged auspices of that political leader that Mr. O'Brien is now a legislative candidate. We think it would be better all round if there were none of this beating about the bush over the matter. We do not think it will be successfully denied that the remnant of the Conservative party, led by Mr Adams, has thrown Mr. Morrissey and induced Mr. O'Brien to offer, in the hope that, with their aid and such liberal votes as he may be able to secure, he will be the means of defeating and punishing Mr. Morrissey, whose offence is that he is not sufficiently pliant for the purposes of his late leader. It seems apparent that independent conservatives will not follow the party leader in his desire to defeat Mr. Morrissey, any more than they did when he, himself, asked them to support him instead of Mr. Mitchell; while, as against Mr. O'Brien in his new political relationships, Mr. Morrissey may count on the good will and support of the liberals, also.

GOOD! Miss Abbie E. Gilmor, whose spine was injured, about a year ago, by a defective sidewalk in St John, has recovered $2,000 damages in a suit which she brought against the city.

HANLAN was beaten by Beach in Australia on 26th by two boat lengths.

Caraquet and Shippegan Railway.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

The opening of the last twenty miles of the Caraquet railway—the division between Caraquet Station and Shippegan—took place on Monday of last week, and the occasion was one of more than usual interest, not only to the people of the lower end of Gloucester County, but also those of Bathurst and more distant points. That there should be such an interest manifested in the completion of the road is not a matter of wonder in view of the magnitude of the undertaking, the difficulties that, for some time, stood in the way of its accomplishment and the thousands of people whose material interests were more or less connected with it. We confess that although we were fairly, and in a general way, acquainted with Gloucester County, it was not until the occasion of the late railway opening that we realised how very important, in the matters of population, agricultural development and established trade in natural products, was the section of country through which the road runs. From its starting-point on the Intercolonial Railway to its terminus at Shippegan Harbor—a distance of 70 miles—it passes through almost a constant succession of settlements, all of which are suggestive of a varied and well-sustained local traffic of considerable volume. Much, it is true, cannot be said for the first few miles, but, for traffic purposes, these are the least important. After passing Bass River, however, which is nine miles from the I. C. R. and four from Bathurst station, well-tilled fields, neatly fenced; houses, barns and outbuildings, betokening comfort and thrift, succeed each other for mile upon mile and, as the train passes through them the broad waters of the Bay Chaleur are seen here and there, now near at hand and again in the distance, away across the rolling acres. We had not opportunity, on a flying trip, to gather the details which would go to make up an accurate estimate of the local work the railway finds to do, but people of whom we enquired at the different stations pointed here to a car load of supplies for Clifton or Stonehaven where the valuable sandstone quarries are, car-loads of flour, of provisions, etc. were also on the road for Caraquet or Pokemouche. Tons of smelts from Caraquet go over the line every day. Pokemouche contributes a large volume of freight and Shippegan will, no doubt, now that railway facilities are afforded her, feel their quickening influences in the increased development of her resources. We were told that there are some 5,000 people in Caraquet parish alone, and the country, settled as it is for mile upon mile, seems to verify the statement. In this lower section of Gloucester, too, there are business establishments of considerable importance, and whose reputation and credit stand well, not only in Canada but Europe, also; and around these there has grown up an attractive, old-fashioned social system which is as remarkable for its honest, open-handed hospitality and good-fellowship, as for its conservatism in never losing its grip on the old and obsolete until somebody else's experience has established the fact that the new is undoubtedly the superior way.

In referring to the good farming lands through which the railway passes, we may say that the quality of these seems to grow better and better as the lower end of the road is approached with one marked exception. We had, many years ago, some experience of that abomination of desolation known as the Big Bog on the G. Stephen Branch, and we are indebted to a local ex-M. P. P. for a rather gloomy and much magnified picture of the little bog a few hundred yards from the I. C. R. on the line of the Northern & Western Railway. Having often passed over both we realised, on this Shippegan trip, what was upon us—or, rather, what we were on—when the solid, clean, sharp running of our train gave place to a new and delightfully easy sense of progress, in which all the accustomed train-motions and noises were predominated by the fact that our road-bed lay on a vibrating plane while the rails and sleepers, like the strings and bridge of some great *viol da gamba* sent up a diapason in which the click of the wheels on rail ends and their rapid-rolling contact on their faces were blended almost to harmony. We were on the Shippegan Barren. It seemed less than a mile across, and we wondered, when a native from the lower end of Caraquet Parish, near the Bay Chaleur, called it the "Great" Shippegan Barren. The man really seemed to wish it were much bigger, for he appeared quite envious when we told him we had an Escuminac barren in Northumberland in which the little bog of Shippegan might be placed and hardly found after a week's search. That Shippegan barren, a mile across, is the only irredeemable bit of territory along the line. It is an accumulation of light vegetable matter, black and spongy, springy and treacherous. The road lies upon its surface like a long pontoon bridge, and the frogs and snakes and lizards which, for ages, found elysium in its treacherous pools and cells have been driven out by the quaking of the barren as the iron horse has passed over it. Who can say, however, that even this waste may not be drained, that the vegetable matter, purged of water, may not be found a valuable fuel and, when a thousand years hence the peat-cutters have reached the bed of the deposit, the frogs and lizards that have dissapeared may not be found grown in their darksome solitude to the wondrous proportions of the plesiosaurus or the dinotherium. We part with the barren with regret, for it seems full of great possibilities and other things which we had neither time nor temerity to get off the train to examine, and our reason for noticing it particularly is in the line of duty as a faithful observer. Others have written of the road, but skipped the barren. That was anything but fair to all concerned.

Before making reference to the incidents of the excursion, and as it is the next thing to the barren, we may state that on leaving the latter, one of the richest agricultural soils in New Brunswick is entered upon. It is unlike anything we have ever seen, so far, at the north, being a heavy red loam, rich, friable and clean. The rest of the country from the Barren to Shipegan shore is composed of it and we have no doubt that the well to-do appearance of the people of this distrct is largely owing to the abundance yielded to them by their particular share of the earth at Shipegan.

But to the excursion—We left Bathurst on Monday morning about eleven o'clock. The manager and chief promoter of the road, K. F. Burns, Esq., was to the fore in good time and seemed anxious that as many as possible of the leading people of the county should enjoy the event which the excursion was intended to celebrate. Mr. Burns, being the representative of the county at Ottawa, and having, generally, to run "fighting elections," might be expected to let "the other fellows" take care of themselves, but we were told that friend and foe, politically, were alike represented among the invited as indiscriminately as the French, English, Irish and Scotch—showing that however staunch a follower Mr. Burns may be of the G. O. M. at Ottawa, there's "no bigotry" about him around home. The party that started from Bathurst, therefore, was a decidedly representative one, composed of about seventy-five, the number of ladies included being sufficient to make it thoroughly enjoyable. Among the gentlemen were well known ones from points above Bathurst, who had driven quite long distances that morning to participate in the opening. At every station along the line the party was augmented, by both ladies and gentlemen—especially at Caraquet and Pokemouche—so that when Shippegan was reached, it was some two hundred strong, the whole county, from Petet Rocher to Tracadie, being represented.

Of the character of the Railway it is sufficient to say that it is, perhaps, the best of all the local roads in New Brunswick. One of the reasons for this is because no similar work in the province is located for its whole length in a tract of country possessing equally favorable conditions from an engineering standpoint. Being intended, ultimately, to accommodate trans-atlantic traffic the Company has recognised the importance and true economy of doing everything well. There are, therefore, no heavy grades or sharp curves. The road-bed is broad and where it runs through low and level lands it is well made up. The ditching is free and unobstructed, as if made for the purposes of thorough drainage and not merely to furnish material on which to lay sleepers. Along the first half of the line there is an ample supply of the best ballast in the country, and it has been used without stint. The sleepers are sound and large and the steel rails are equal to those of any railway in Canada. When we passed over the road the ballasting had not been all completed at the Shippegan end, but an additional lift only was required on a few miles, and it was hoped the weather would be sufficiently favorable to admit of that being put on this fall.

On the way to Shippegan the speed was frequently 35 and 40 miles an hour, which was maintained with as much apparant ease as if we were running on schedule time, but, on such a road, fast running ought to be both safe and comfortable. The longest stop, save that at Shippegan, was made at Burnsville, where the well-known sawmill of Messrs. Burns & Co., is situated on the Caraquet river. Here is a valuable industrial centre which has grown up in the forest within ten years and now produces its five millions superficial feet of lumber annually. The water power is already great and capable of being vastly increased, as the dam, which reaches back some three miles, can be raised ten feet, if necessary, at trifling cost. There is a large and well arranged general store here, blacksmith and repairing shop, boarding houses, etc., all owned by Messrs Burns, besides a post office and other adjuncts of a progressive little community. The river, for three miles below the mill, is a capital trout stream, until the head of tide is reached. The deals were floated down river to Caraquet harbor, for several years after the mill was built, and there shipped, but since the railway was opened to Burnsville, they have gone on the cars to Bathurst and been shipped thence. The railway siding track runs into the mill and affords the easiest and most economical facilities for loading.

Quite a surprise awaited us at Caraquet Station in the form of a very large gathering of the people of that district, headed by Philip Rive, Esq., one of the leading merchants, who read the following address:—

K. F. Burns, Esq., M. P.

DEAR SIR:—We have chosen the happy occasion of the driving of the last spike of the Caraquet Railway at Shippegan, as a fitting opportunity for your Caraquet friends to tender to you a few words of congratulation on the successful completion of this road.

We wish to convey to you our admiration of the energy, perseverance and enterprise which you have displayed in the construction of this great work, which qualities have enabled you to surmount the many obstacles which naturally present themselves to any great undertaking.

We also wish to pay just tribute to your far-seeing judgment, as well as to the public spirit you have shown by diverging the line of railway from its originally projected route and bringing it to Shippegan—its natural terminus—thereby benefiting a larger and more populous section of the country.

We hail the driving of the last spike at Shippegan as the birthday of increased prosperity, extended traffic and a livelier sense of our natural resources, not only for Shippegan, but for the whole section of the country through which it runs.

We desire again to express how highly we appreciate and admire your indomitable energy, far-seeing enterprise and executive ability, as fully and practically demonstrated in the inception, construction and completion of the Caraquet Railway.

Wishing you continued success in all your undertakings, We remain, dear Sir, Yours sincerely,

J. Theo. Allard, P. P.
Geo. R. Gauvin, Ptre,
Chas. Robin & Co.
P. G. Ryan,
Philip Rive,
Chas DeGruchey,
J. G. C. Blackhall,
Theotine Blanchard,
Jean Baptiste Legere,
Dominic Chenard,
Romain Therianlt, and many others.

In responding, Mr. Burns said it was a great satisfaction to him to know that the course pursued by the company had received and still received the endorsement of the people of Caraquet. To-day a new era opened in the history of the Caraquet Railway and of the lower end of the county, which was no longer isolated, but placed in communication with the railway system of the continent. In regard to what was called the deviation of the route he was pleased to realise that it had been carried out, notwithstanding the difficulties and obstructions which had been placed in the Company's way and, hereafter, he had no doubt, even those who had most bitterly opposed it, would, seeing that the route chosen was in the interest of the people at large, sink their local prejudices and also approve. The road by its present route, while accommodating so many of the people of the county, reached Shippegan harbor where the largest ocean tonnage could be accommadated—a harbor second to none in America. He hoped they would all live to see the day when it would be the trans-atlantic mail port of Canada, for it was the nearest available port in North America to Europe, and by the building of a line of railway from Gloucester Junction to Chauderie Junction on the Grand Trunk, the shortest line, by more than three hundred miles, would be secured between Europe and the great centres of population in Canada. Meantime, the company would not abate, one jot, its efforts to make Caraquet also, a deep water turminus, so that all possible advantages which could have come to the place had the road been built by the other route, would eventually be secured. As at present constructed, the road was a direct benefit not only to the populous district along its route, but to Pokemouche, only four miles from the line, and to Tracadie, twelve miles distant. He hoped to secure aid to extend the road to both of the latter places and would spare no effort to obtain a subsidy to that end.

Mr. Burns' remarks were heartily cheered and as soon as the order, "all aboard for Shippegan" could be complied with, the train moved off towards the latter place.

Pokemouche station furnished additions to the party, including Messrs. Wm. Ferguson and C. C. Turner of Tracadie, Councillor Wm. Walsh of Pokemouche and others.

At Shippegan there was a big crowd to welcome the train and here the invited guests of the Company were divided into detachments and quartered for dinner under the hospitable roofs of Rev. S. J. Doucet, Hon. Wm. Taylor, Mr. Philip McNally and E. DeGrace. Hungry excursionists were never more satisfactorily entertained. The substantials and delicacies of city hotel fare were there, but backed by the game and wild fowl for which Shippegan is famous. It was a subject to dwell upon, but not here, and as the bills of fare were discussed there was music and, in some cases, speech-making appropriate to the occasion. The visitors will long remember the liberal hospitality of these citizens of Shippegan.

As dusk was coming on there was a large gathering at the ends of the last rails, which are within a stone's throw of the water of Shippegan harbor. Here a polished railway spike—the last one to be driven—was sent home in good style by Miss Burns, daughter of K. F. Burns, Esq., who had, three years before, turned the first sod of the Railway. Three cheers were given at the conclusion of this little ceremony, when Rev. S. J. Doucet, addressing the assemblage, said it was impossible for him to improve on the eloquence of the cheering, but he gladly availed himself of this occasion to congratulate the chief promoter of the railway on the very great success with which he had carried it to completion. The man who worked with a will, with zeal and perseverance, could not fail to succeed. Such a man deserved success. Such a man was Mr. Burns, and he deserved well of all present. The opening of this railway was a matter of congratulation to all. It would benefit the place in its local and general trade and in the means of intercourse and communication which it would supply. Perhaps, also, it would bring hither a trans-atlantic trade, and, in that way, also, subserve and stimulate the trade of a very large proportion of the people of the Dominion. He desired to thank Mr Burns in the name of his parishioners for this visit and hoped to often see him and his friends at Shippegan on similar excursions.

Mr. Burns thanked Father Doucet and the people of Shippegan for the hearty reception they had given the excursionists, the hospitable treatment extended to them and the warm words of commendation which the efforts of the railway company had elicited. While grateful for the acknowledgements which his efforts in behalf of the railway had called forth, it was but just for him to say that the enterprise of which he happened to be the head could never have succeeded had he not been surrounded by an able, zealous and efficient staff of assistants, as well as supported by a directorate who had faith enough in the undertaking to put their money in it. But for such assistance and such faith they would have failed in the accomplishment of what was to-day the subject of rejoicing. Difficulties, it was true, had been thrown in the way, but they had been surmounted and prejudices that had been engendered were happily overcome.

After referring to the turning of the first sod, three years ago by Miss Burns, and some other incidents connected with the road, he said one could not but be impressed with the grandeur and capacity of the harbor of Shippegan, and he could not, in view of its situation and relationship to great centres of traffic, think that it had been made as if was and placed where it was by the Creator to lie in comparative idleness and obscurity. He must rather believe that it was intended not to be idle but to be utilised in promoting great trade purposes and contributing to a wide commercial intercourse. He was indulging in no visionary prospect when he predicted that ere long Shippegan would have its fleet of ocean steamers. It was some twenty years since that Sanford Fleming proposed a scheme for a short trans-atlantic line whose steamers were to run to Shippegan harbor, mails and passengers, etc., going thence by a road such as this to the I. C. R. near Bathurst and on to Montreal by the Intercolonial. But while this railway furnished the link for that scheme between Shippegan and the I. C. R., it opened up to a still better proposition for a scheme in connection with the Grand Trunk system. We have here one of the most capacious harbors in America, with an unobstructed entrance and fair roadstead in which there are 27 feet of water at low tide. It is the nearest port in America to Europe, being nearer than Halifax by some 30 miles. But it is also nearer to Montreal than Halifax by 250 miles, even if you go by the Intercolonial. But a road from Shippegan, via Gloucester Junction and through the province to Edmunston, thence to Chauderie Junction on the Grand Trunk, would still further shorten the distance and bring Liverpool and Montreal closer together than any other possible route. With such a line in operation one could leave Montreal on Monday morning and be in Liverpool on Saturday night. He felt a pride in having been instrumental in securing the construction of this railway, which was so important a link in such a great undertaking. Mr. Burns closed by reference to the efficient services performed by Mr. Mann, Chief Engineer of the road, Mr W H Chisholm, Superintendent of Construction, Mr. Melvin Mr. Sivewright and others and said the people would, no doubt, like to hear from the last named.

Mr, Sivewright made a capital speech, which we regret we cannot find room for.

Mr. Burns spoke in warm terms of the encouragement given to the railway by Rev. J. Trudelle, who, he regretted, had gone to his parish across the harbor, but his brother, who was present, would no doubt speak for him.

Rev. Mr. Trudelle, the gentleman referred to, spoke in French and was well received. He was anxious to see the extension of the road to Pokemouche and Tracadie.

Speeches were made in turn, by Rev. Theo. Allard, Councillor Thos. Ahier, Messrs D. G. Smith and J. L. Stewart, Chatham, and N A Landry, F J McManus of Bathurst, after which there was more cheering and the excursionists boarded the train, homeward bound.

We may add that the capacity, situation and general excellence of Shippegan harbor fully justifies the enthusiasm of Mr. Burns over its prospects as a terminal port for ocean mail steamers. Its approaches are absolutely safe and unobstructed. Its entrance is wide, the water deep, and the channel for four miles, or up to the railway terminus, straight and gradually diminishing in breadth, from a mile to nearly a quarter of a mile, while the bottom is clean, absolutely free from rocks, and the water of a uniform depth of from 50 to 21 feet at lowest tides, with excellent anchorage and safe shelter.

Eggs Fifty Cents a Dozen.

A gentleman who keeps a few hens for profit, recently carried some fresh laid eggs to a wholesale dealer at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and received for the same forty-three cents per dozen. The dealer said to him, "next week I will pay you forty-five cents, and before Christmas fifty cents a dozen for all you will bring me like these."

What is true of Boston is in a measure true of every market for eggs. The next eight weeks will be the season of highest prices. Therefore work your hens now for all they can do. We have no doubt but that, for want of the proper ingredients in their food, more than one half of the hens in this country are now idle, when eggs will sell for fifty cents per dozen. It is pure folly to wonder, spend time and money or experiment to find out why your hens do not lay. You better by far profit by the experience of others, and make them lay during December and January. The following sworn statement shows that, the quickest and surest way to do this and increase the egg product during these months from one to six hundred per cent, is by the use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, once daily in the food.

South Wallboro, Maine.

"I commenced Dec. 6, 1886, to feed sixty hens the Sheridan's Powder according to directions, and continued until January 31st. The first week they laid only thirty eggs, the second 61, the third 138, the fourth 196, fifth 262, sixth 315, seventh 389, and the eighth 409 eggs." Or 150 dozen for the eight weeks. Yours truly,

G. N. Winchenbach.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this twenty-eighth day of April, 1887.

Geo. G. Benner, J. P."

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., are the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, which is sold by nearly all druggists and general storekeepers. For 50 Cents in stamps Johnson & Co. send post-paid to any address, two packs of the Powder; five packs for $1.00. Or for $1.20 they will send a large 2 1-4 pound can of Powder, also one copy of the Farmer's Poultry Raising Guide (price 25 cents), postage or express prepaid. Six cans sent for $5.00, express prepaid to any express office in the United States.

Swallowed by the Sea.

A DUTCH STEAMER SUNK IN COLLISION.

NEARLY 150 PERSONS MISSING, WHILE 90 WERE SAVED—ONLY TWO OF THE BOATS AVAILABLE, THREE BEING USELESS—THE OFFICERS STICK TO THE SINKING SHIP.

LONDON, Nov. 20.

The Dutch steamer W. A. Scholten, Capt. Saot, left Rotterdam yesterday morning for New York, and was sunk by collision with the steamer Rosa May, of Hartlepool, at 11 o'clock last night, 10 miles off Dover. The Scholten carried a complement of 230 passengers and crew.

The steamer Elve, of Sunderland,

RESCUED 90 OF THE CREW AND PASSENGERS,

and landed them at the sailors' home, Dover. One hundred and forty passengers are missing. One passenger and child of the party brought to Dover were found dead from exposure. It is hoped that passing vessels have rescued the missing ones.

Boats soon left Dover bound in all directions for the purpose of saving life and property if possible. The Rosa May is anchored off Ramsgate with tow boats. Up to 2.05 p. m. 22 bodies had been landed at Dover.

At the time of the accident a dense fog prevailed. The Scholten was struck on the port bow by the Rosa May. Immediately after the shock the passengers, all of whom had retired for the night, rushed on deck in their night gowns.

THREE BOATS USELESS.

The boats were promptly ordered lowered, but it was found that only two were available; three others were useless, and were not lowered. The water rushed awfully through a hole in the bow, and a terrible scene ensued. The panic-stricken passengers uttered piercing shrieks. Many fell upon their knees and prayed aloud; little children clung to their mothers, who, themselves, were shrieking in terror. The officers were cool and self-possessed; remained on the bridge to the last. Several persons secured life belts and jumped into the sea. Within 20 minutes of the shock the Scholten was engulfed. All who had life belts floated and were rescued by boats from the steamer Elve, which cruised around until 4 a. m. Many of the rescued

LOST WIVES, HUSBANDS, BROTHERS OR SISTERS.

The survivors were supplied with clothes and everything possible done to insure their comfort.

LATER.

According to the last statement there were 210 persons on board the Scholten, leaving 132 missing. The Scholten lies four miles from Admirable pier, a position dangerous to navigation. Buoys and lights have been placed at the wreck.

TWO HEARTS.

A TALE OF THE GREAT MIRAMICHI FIRE.

"Portland Transcript."

There are, no doubt, millions of people in America today who have never even heard of the Miramichi fire, yet it was at one time the talk of both hemispheres. Perhaps there was never such a conflagration in the world before; other great fires were mere rush-lights in comparison with it, for it burnt over an area of forest land as large as the state of Massachusetts, consumed millions of dollars worth of property, and destroyed, alas! hundreds of human lives.

The story of the Miramichi fire never has been fully told, and never can be told now, for nearly all who witnessed it are dead.

I was a young man at this time and made my home at the house of a married sister who resided in Chatham, the principal town on the Miramichi river. For three winters I had worked in the lumber woods, and my savings, which were considerable, were safely lodged in a local bank. In summer I went to school, for my sister was ambitious and wanted me to be a lawyer or doctor, and during spare hours I helped my brother-in-law in his store. But the sight of one pretty face speedily put an end to this routine of duty and to my sister's ambitious wishes.

It was at Newcastle, a town six miles farther up the Miramichi than Chatham, that I first saw Grace Prentiss. With me it was a case of love at first sight; as for Grace I do not believe that she saw me or noticed me at all. But I looked upon her then and I think of her still as the fairest of women, with her lovely brown hair, her clear hazel eyes, her fresh, blooming complexion and her graceful form. She was just eighteen and as unconscious of her beauty as she was beautiful, for most of her life had been spent on a little farm that nestled in the midst of the vast forest.

This first view of Grace was had in the autumn, a short time before I took my departure for the lumber woods. All that winter, as I worked in the forest, I thought of Grace and wondered when I should have the opportunity of seeing her again. I did not even know her name nor where she lived and, therefore, it seemed as if nothing but some lucky chance would again give me a sight of her. I had hardly left the woods in the spring when the chance came.

I was sitting in the store at Newcastle, which was owned by the man who employed me in the woods, when Grace and her mother entered to make some purchases. I saw that she was dressed in black and I learned afterwards that her father had died during the winter. But she was as beautiful as ever and even more so in my sight. Her entrance was so sudden and unexpected that it almost took my breath away, but to the lively young clerk with whom I had been talking a moment before it seemed a very ordinary event. I soon saw that he was acquainted with both mother and daughter, and to me, who was all impatience to get his ear for a moment and learn their names, it seemed that he expended an unnecessary amount of time in waiting upon them. Perhaps he was in love with Grace also. I could not endure the thought!

For fifteen minutes or more this young gossip of a clerk kept up a constant flow of talk with mother and daughter, and, what was worse, I was too far away to catch any part of the conversation.

I thought, however, that I heard my own name mentioned once or twice, and it seems that my ears did not deceive me, for a minute or two later the clerk called me over and introduced me to Mrs. Prentiss. "This," said he, "is Joe Farwell, the young man I was telling you about," and then addressing me, he continued, "Mrs. Prentiss wants a man to help her on her farm and I told her I thought you would go; you must be pretty well tired of school by this time."

"You will find it rather dull with us," said Mrs. Prentiss; "we don't see much company, but we'll try to make you comfortable if you come."

All this time Grace had not said a word; no one seemed to think it necessary to make me acquainted with her; I don't believe she even bestowed a glance on me, and yet I would have seen Mrs. Prentiss wanting help a long time before I would have gone to her solitary farm to work for her had it not been for Grace's sweet sake. As it was, I was very willing to go and I made a bargain with Mrs. Prentiss for the season's work so very favorable to that lady that she must have had but an indifferent opinion of my business capacity. But what did I care for money; was not love enough for me?

I went back to Chatham that night in great spirits, but my sister, when she heard of my intentions, hardly shared my enthusiasm. The fact is that I did not think it necessary to tell her anything about Grace, and so she rather wondered at my choice of a residence. A week later I was on Mrs. Prentiss's farm and engaged in the regular routine of my duties, which embraced the whole range of farm work; in fact I had to take the place of the late Mr. Prentiss so far as the management of farm affairs went. I had plenty to do, but I did not spare myself, and I was soon on the best possible footing with every member of the family. Grace was the eldest and next to her were two boys, John and Charlie, aged respectively fourteen and twelve. Then came little Mary, who was only four years old, but who promised to be the very image of her sister Grace. Mary was the dearest little creature possible and she and I soon became fast friends. She grew so fond of me that she was hardly content to be out of my sight. Every one laughed when she declared that she would marry me as soon as she got to be a big girl like Grace.

In the meantime my love affair with Grace progressed favorably; I need not relate its various phases, it is enough to say that I won her simple heart and that she plighted her troth to me. No difficulties crossed our path, and no opposition came from any quarter; her mother was favorable to our union, and only asked us to delay it for a year or two until I was better settled. It was a reasonable request and we were willing to wait; there was not a happier youth in the country that I was then.

The Prentiss farm was some ten miles above Newcastle, on a tributary of the Northwest Miramichi. The house, which was of logs, was about one hundred yards from a river, which joined the Miramichi a mile below, passing in that distance over a sharp rapid and running with a very swift current. The clearing was quite narrow and extended along the edge of the smaller river for some distance. The house was close to the forest and the barn closer still; the whole extent of the cleared farm did not exceed ten or fifteen acres.

It was autumn; our little harvest had been safely gathered and the barn was full to overflowing. All the regular farm work was done and I was engaged in chopping up a huge pile of firewood for the winter. I was very anxious to have this job completed, for I had agreed with my old employer to go to the lumber woods again and wished to have everything comfortable for the family before I left. I had the prospect before me of a six months' absence from Grace, but after that we would never be separated any more, for in the following autumn she was to become my wife. How little either of us knew what the future had in store for us.

The 7th October came, a day never to be forgotten by the residents of the Miramichi district. Fires had been observed in the woods to the north, but such things were too common to excite notice. That morning was uncommonly warm for the season and the air heavy and close. Mrs. Prentiss thought it a good opportunity to go to a little barren stretch, three miles from the farm, to gather a winter store of cranberries. It was arranged that Grace and the boys should go with her and that I should follow with the horse to bring back the baskets about the middle of the afternoon. Little Mary declined to go with the others and said she would stay with me.

Grace and I parted that morning with as little show of feeling as two people might exhibit who expected to meet again a few hours later. She was in a merry mood, and as she went off with her basket on her arm, she turned and kissed her hand to me gaily with a pleasant smile. Down the dark vista of years I can see that smile still on her beautiful face as I then saw it for the last time. When they were gone I resumed my work at the wood-pile, and little Mary sat close by and prattled to me in her childish way. At noon we had dinner, and then work was continued as before. It was between two and three o'clock when Mary, who had been very quiet for some minutes, suddenly startled me by exclaiming "Oh, Joe! look at the big, black smoke."

I looked up instantly and beheld a sight which froze me with horror. The whole sky to the north was black with smoke which seemed hardly a mile away and every moment drew nearer. I saw that the danger was imminent and that there was no time to be lost, if Grace and her mother were to be saved. In less time that it takes to tell the story I had the bridle on the horse, and with Mary seated in front of me, was galloping down the forest path which led to the barren.

The distance was three miles, but before I had accomplished half of it I met the fire. It was in vain that I attempted to get round it. I was forced to retreat, and it was only by the most desperate efforts that I was able to return by the path that I had entered so rashly. When I got back to the clearing I was grimed with smoke and almost suffocated. Little Mary, who had no idea of the danger we were in, had suffered from the smoke also, but I had saved her from its worst effects by wrapping my coat around her head.

When I got back to our little clearing I saw that it would not be safe to remain there many minutes longer; indeed, the fire had already reached the wood on its margin, and I observed with dismay that the trees between us and the Miramichi River were on fire. Yet our little river, now lined with burning forests, was the only avenue of escape for us. We must pass through that fiery portal or perish where we stood.

I rushed into the house, took four of the heaviest quilts from the beds, seized a large loaf of bread and a piece of meat that was on the table, and picking up Mary made a run for the river. The horse, as if from an instinct of danger, followed us, and the cattle came running down after us and bellowing with fright. Our case seemed quite desperate; we had only a little skiff, and the double chance of being upset in the rapids or roasted to death by the fire. There, too, was the horse; what was to be done with that mute pleader who looked to me for help?

These thoughts passed through my mind in an instant, but they did not delay my efforts. I wrapped Mary up in the largest of the quilts and laid her on her face in the front of the skiff, enjoining her, as she valued her life, to remain still where I placed her. Then taking the horse by the bridle I got into the skiff and pushed into the stream, which was about three hundred feet wide and quite deep. At this moment the whole sky seemed on fire and the roar of the burning forest was like the sound of continual thunder. The terror stricken cattle, when they saw the horse swimming, followed him, and by the time we had reached the middle of the stream, all were afloat and following us in a dismal procession. For half a mile or so there was no difficulty; but then came the rapids and the pass of fire.

I knew the rapids well and on ordinary occasions could run them in the skiff without any difficulty, but now I had to trust to Providence for guidance, for I could neither see my way through the smoke nor dare to look out when traversing that fiery furnace. So, as we drew near, I let go the gallant horse's rein, wrapped myself up in a quilt and lay down in the stern of the skiff, with a paddle dragging behind to keep its bow down stream. In another moment we were in the rush of the boiling current and beyond human aid.

I suppose we could not have been more than three minutes passing the rapids, but it seemed to me an age. I never realized before so completely the idea of utter helplessness as during that brief space of time. Nothing I could do would have any influence on our safety. I was but a waif adrift in the stream, and the bark was guided by another power than mine. When from the motion of the skiff I knew that the

[Concluded on 4th page.]

"With Bubbling Groan!"

A FATAL SENSE OF SECURITY AWFULLY REALIZED AT SEA.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea, a breeze that follows fast."

From his look-out the faithful old captain of yonder merchantman casts an uneasy glance at the distant horizon. See!