The Declaration.

AT E. P. WILLISTON'S.

'Twas late, and the gay company had gone,
And light lay not on the deserted scene
From sconce, vase, and cornice
Of orange leaves and sweet
Through the unshuttered window of the
And the rich pictures, with their dark old tints,
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel,
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stayed
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervor of a lip unused
To the cool transit of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unrebuked—and again
Besought her, that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her hears,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I felt the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdew them gently and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and looked
Earnestly at me.—She had been asleep!

The Price of Dora's Gold.

BY E. ANNIE FROST.

'If you had half the spirit of a man, you would go too!'

Poor John Raynor had heard this so often in the last two weeks that at last he was roused to answer.

'See here, Dora,' he said, pulling his wife down upon his knee, and holding her fast, 'do you mean that? You have said it about fifty times since this expedition was talked about, now, tell me if you want me to go.'

Dead silence on the part of Dora.

'I have been working hard for five years, to clear off the mortgage upon the farm, that I might have a home for you,' continued John earnestly, 'and it is mine now, clear of debt. We are not rich, but I am strong and not afraid of work, and you have been brought up a farmer's daughter, and know the duties of a farmer's wife. Six months ago you were as happy as a bird, my bride and darling, but now'—

'Now,' interrupted Dora, 'I see an opportunity for you to become rich in a few months, instead of toiling and saving for life, as your father and my father toiled and slaved to make a bare living by farming. They tell us that gold can be picked up at the Black Hills in pocketfuls at a time.'

'Well?'

'And we could be rich. We could leave this miserable farm and go to the city to live in a great house, with servants, carriages and fine furniture. Oh, John!'

Dora had slipped from her perch upon her husband's knee and stood before him, her little figure drawn erect, her big blue eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson with excitement.

'And it would make you happy?' asked John, wistfully.

'Yes! Of course it would! Who would not be happy with plenty of money?'

'There are two sides to the question,' said John, quietly. 'The Indians have the right to keep us off this promising gold country, and they defend its passes. It may be your bag of gold will be only John Raynor's scalped head!'

'Oh, if you are afraid to go that ends it!' Dora said quickly.

It was a cruel speech, and it stabbed the honest, loving heart of John Raynor to the core. He was no coward, but a strong, brave man, with a noble nature, but he was fond of his home, of the farm he had worked so faithfully to clear of debt and of the wife he had loved for five long years.

Only six months had passed since his wedding day, when Dora seemed entirely happy in his love, and in the cosey nest he had taken an honest pride in making for her.

Then the young men of the village of Topham became smitten with the gold fever, and about a dozen of them resolved to form an expedition to go to the Black Hills.

Dora's brother, Tom Haven, was the prime mover in the scheme, and coming every day to lay all his dreams and plans before his sister, he had inspired her with the same feverish thirst for gold that was driving him from home to brave the toils and perils of the expedition.

Like many women brought up to work hard, to own but little finery, to live upon plain fare, Dora set a fictitious value upon the delights of wealth. She built gorgeous air castles founded upon the few works of fiction she had read, and dreamed of an existence to which that of a princess in a fairy tale would have been dull and prosaic.

And with her head full of those airy visions, it provoked her past all patience that John was content to follow his plow, to eat greens and bacon, and wear coarse clothing, as he had done all his life. He would listen to all Tom's glowing descriptions of the expedition with a grave, quiet face, sometimes speaking a word of caution or warning that fell upon deaf ears. He would answer all her hints and taunts by a gentle;

'I'm well content here, Dora, with my life long home, and my darling wife!'

But at last he was roused, not to any hope such as spurred the others on, but to the fact that Dora wished him to go.

'She thinks more of the gold than of me!' he thought, rising heavily from his chair, and speaking slowly.

'Since you wish it, Dora, I will go!' he said, and even her enthusiasm was held in check a moment by his pale face.

'Oh, I don't want to drive you,' she said, pettishly, 'if you are content to vegetate for life in this miserable hole, I suppose I can put up with it.'

'I will go!'

He spoke the three words with stern emphasis, and left the room. His heart seemed breaking.

For five years he had had but one dream for the future. Father and mother lay in the churchyard, brothers or sisters he had none, and the entire love of his heart was given to pretty Dora Haven. He was burdened with debts his father left for his sole legacy, his home was heavily mortgaged, and he would not ask Dora to share in the privation and toil by which he freed himself. And when at last he could ask her to come and brighten the home he had made for her, it had seemed to him his cup of happiness brimmed over.

He passed from the room where he had announced his decision, and wandered slowly all over the house. It was small, but every portion was full of tender association to him.

In this room his parents had died, in another was the cottage furniture he had sent all the way to 'York' to get to please his bride. The parlor carpet and substantial horse-hair set had come at the same time, filling him with pardonable pride at the preparations for his marriage.

These white curtains Dora had made in her first week of home life as his wife.

These autumn leaves they had gathered in their lover strolls, and Dora had made them into wreaths and bunches to bring with her to adorn the walls of her new home.

He was but a simple farmer, not yet twenty-five, but with a meagre education, and not given to dreams of castle building.

Thoroughly content to live as his father and grandfather had lived before him, he could not comprehend the visions filling Dora's imagination.

He half hoped yet that she would urge him to give up his intention and remain at home, and yet he knew that her content with the humble happiness he could give her, was gone.

But Dora, though frightened twenty times a day at the success of her taunts, would not speak the words he hoped to hear.

Very rapidly the preparations were made to depart, for the others were nearly ready, and the little nest egg at the bank was all gone before John Rayor was fully equipped as a miner.

The first realization of what she was giving up for a dream, came to Dora when she stood upon the platform of the rustic railway station, with Tom upon one side and John on the other, the former full of exultation, with merry smile and bright eyes, the latter grave and stern, with lowering brow and set lips.

'John!' the little wife whispered, 'if you do not wish to go'——

'It's too late for that!' he said, harshly, and then hearing the approaching train, his face softened, and he caught her in his arms.

'God keep you, little wife,' he said hoarsely, 'I go for love of you! I may come back rich and make you happy. No man will work harder for gold than I will, to bring it to you!'

Through a mist of tears she saw him follow the others into the car, and then joined the groups of weeping woman who had come upon the same sorrowful errand as her own.

Letters came but rarely. John's hard hands could guide a plow far more easily than they could wield a pen, and, when he wrote, his epistles were brief, though loving. As the expedition went further and further from the borders of civilization, the communications became less frequent.

But from the hour when the train carried John out of sight, Dora's punishment began. The cosy home his love had fitted up for her was a haunting reproach, and the excitement of Tom's visits over, memory began to recall all John's love and the change that had come upon him after he decided to join the gold-seekers.

It was no comfort to cross the lot and go to her old home, for there Mr. and Mrs. Haven bewailed Tom's absence, and gave Dora round scoldings for encouraging him in his crazy expedition.

'Like as not we'll never see either one of them again, or know how they died,' Mrs. Haven would moan, rocking herself to and fro, 'a good son Tom was, till he got the gold fever.'

'And a better husband than John never lived Mr. Haven would say, and you gave him no peace or rest till you drove him off!'

And going back to her desolate house, Dora could gather no comfort in the old dreams. Nannie, her only servant, would bring her knitting to the sitting room, and drive her mistress half frantic by her sincere lamentations for the master.

Night after night, kneeling to pray for John's safe return Dora felt the agony of self-reproach grow keener and keener.

For it had come to this very soon, that the longing for wealth, the hope of being a great lady, all faded away, and the desolate wife's only prayer was for her husband's return.

A whole year passed away, and the miners had not returned. A wee snowdrop of a baby came to lie for one brief week upon Dora's breast, and then leave her. Occasionally the newspapers that came irregularly to the village, told of disaster and death in the gold regions, but never were the names of the party from Topham in the list, and Dora hoped against hope.

Winter snows were lying over the farms, and fifteen months had dragged out their weary length since John Raynor had left his home. A pale, wasted shadow of Dora moved listlessly about the farm-house, and Nannie muttered often:

'She'll not be long after her husband and child.'

Grief and remorse were doing a fatal work with pretty Dora, when one evening as dusk was settling into night shadows, there came a startling knock at the door of the farm-house. Dora started to her feet, but sank back, half fainting into her chair, saying, with white, trembling lips:

'Quick, Nannie, go quick! It may be John.'

Nannie was not behind-hand, and opened the door quickly.

A tall, brown bearded man stood upon the porch, who passed the old servant, and entered the room where Dora with white cheeks, and startled eyes, looked at him, then beyond him. Beyond him. Beyond him into vacancy.

'Tom! Tom! Where — where is'—

She could not frame the question, but her brother caught her wasted figure in his arms, as she reeled across the room to meet him.

'I have come alone, Dora!' he said. 'There are but three men left of all who went from here.'

The while lips moved, noiselessly, only the great blue eyes were strained in mute question.

'We were returning,' Tom said, 'and we had succeeded beyond our wildest hopes. We had sent the gold on by a circuitous route, with James Hill and Jerry Fane, and a guard of friendly Indians.'

He paused but the burning eyes never wavered.

'They got safe to the nearest fort, and forwarded the gold by careful stages to Chicago. But we were not so fortunate. We were encamped one night, and John was writing to you by the fire light. He looked up at me, to ask if it was worth while to write, when after so long a silence we were going home, and while he spoke the crack of a rifle told us the Indians were upon us. The first shot killed John. He fell upon the grass beside me, gasping 'Dora—tell. Dora—farewell. I forgive,' and died. I have his letter stained with his life blood. And I only, of all the party escaped. I will tell you later of how I managed, but'——

'The letter!' Dora whispered, 'The letter'?

'I have it here. And, Dora, John's share of the gold will make you a rich woman. Now, I must go back to mother, but I will bring her back, at once.'

Dora did not hear him. With dizzy brain she was trying to read the letter that was John's dying legacy.

Sadly Tom kissed her, and motioning to Nannie, left her, to hasten homeward.

Scant greeting he gave the loved ones there, to hasten his parents back to the farm, where his widowed sister was reading her letter.

In the deep arm chair where Tom had gently placed her, she rested, still clasping the blood stained letter in her hands. But her eyes never read the lines there, her heart broke over the fatal news that her brother brought. She never touched the gold for which she had widowed herself, she never heard the story Tom had to tell of his wondrous escape. With her letter pressed to her heart she lay in the arm chair—dead.

The Fatal Convent Fire.

Our telegraphic columns last week mentioned the burning of the Convent of St. Elizabeth and indicated its fatal consequences. Fuller advices confirm the earlier news of the calamity. The Montreal *Star's* despatch contains the following:—

Last night, at 8.45, the Sister Superior of the Convent of St. Elizabeth made her usual visit through the whole convent, and saw nor suspected nothing. There was neither smoke nor smell to lead any one to think of fire. All the community was in bed, when, at 20 minutes past nine the whole convent was in flames. All that could be done for all the persons in the convent was to hurry outside. The nuns as well as the children had only time to run out themselves without any clothing. It is believed that the fire originated between the floors, but none could suspect the cause. The building has been burning till this morning, and, actually, there still is much smoke coming out from the ruins. The coroner called for was just preparing to proceed with the inquest at one o'clock when the Reverend Sister Superior and Sister Marie Ursule and another were admitted at the presbytery which is next to the convent. Thirteen persons are missing, and have perisheding the conflagration. Their names are:—Angele Dauphin, an old maid, aged 63 years, kept there by charity; Elizabeth Gravel, aged 19 years; Marie Louise Geffroy, 10 years; Pamelie Desmarais, 9 years; Maria Drolet, 10 years; Lea Guilbault 7 years; Georgiana Lavallee, 10 years; Lussena Lavallee, 10 years; Alida Pelland, 9 years; all of Ste. Elizabeth; Delima Lavallee, 10 years; Rosanna Masse, 10 years; Delima Masse, 11; of St. Thomas, and Melina Joly, of St. Felix. The property was insured to the amount of $24,000, and nothing was saved. The boarders in the convent were 48 in number.

The sisters of this convent belong to the Providence community, and the convent has existed since above 25 years. Ste. Elizabeth is nine miles from Joliette, and last night it seems the blaze was seen from here in that direction. The building was a wooden one and two story.

When the fire broke out and it was perceived it could not be stopped, all that could be done was to save the neighboring buildings. For a distance of about five or six acres on the road cinders are to be found lying on the snow.

At one o'clock eight bodies had been found and taken from the ruins. They were all burnt to cinders. Some of the parents of these poor children were on the spot and were to be seen crying and looking for their remains seeking to recognize them by the pieces of linen or cloth found on them or otherwise. It is said that Elizabeth Gravel, one of the victims, was seen out of the convent last night, but that she went back into it, either to save somebody or some of her things, apparently expecting to have time to come out safe, and that she could not return. The three Lavallee girls belong to three brothers.—The Sister Superior it appears was persistent in remaining in the convent to save the children, and at last escaped with great difficulty. The victims are supposed to have been burnt in the stairs while running away, or suffocated in the bed rooms.

The *Star* further says:—

From the sisters in Montreal we learn that the Convent was founded in 1849. The building formed two wings, one being occupied by the sisters and the boarders, while the other wing was devoted to orphans and infirm and aged paupers. The sisters in charge were six in number, the Lady Superior being Marguerite du Sacre Coeur. Some 50 lady boarders lived in the convent, while 20 infirm persons and 25 orphans inhabited the other wing.—Directly the sad tidings reached the Order here, the Lady Superior started for the scene of the calamity.

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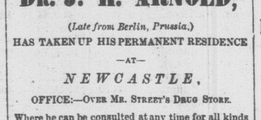

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2-52

JOHNSON & FRASER.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS.

Insurance Agents, &c.

UNION BUILDING.

WATER ST., CHATHAM, N. B.

A. H. JOHNSON. G. B. FRASER.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq.

CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE N. B.

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE OVER ENGINE HOUSE,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

1j-tf

Law Notices, etc.

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical, or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, interferences, etc., promptly attended to. Inventions that have been REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be secured by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches and secure Patents more promptly and with broader claims than those who are remote from Washington.

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We refer to officials in the Patent Office, and to inventors in every State in the Union. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington. D. C

Sheriff's Sale!

TO be sold at Public Auction, on

Thursday, the 29th day of March next,

in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.,

All the Estate, Right, Title & Interest, Property, Claim and Demand

of Peter McAndrew in and to all that certain piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being on the road leading from Neguac to Baymouth's Mill Stream, in the Parish of Alnwick, upon which the said Peter McAndrew at present resides, being the Northerly half of Lot Number Fifty-Three, and being the same land and premises sold and conveyed to the said Peter McAndrew by Gilbert Vautore by Deed, bearing date the Twenty-First day of July, A. D., 1865, as by reference thereto will more fully appear, and containing 95 acres, more or less: the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Peter McAndrew at the suit of William G. Creighton.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'ld.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 18th September, A.D. 1875. } mar 20

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on Friday, the 19th day of June next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of Maxim Manuel in and to all that certain Piece or Parcel of Land lying and being in the Parish of Hardwicke on the easterly side of Portage River and bounded as follows: in front or Northerly by the said Portage River, Easterly by Lot number 22, occupied by L. Sipley, Westerly by Lot 20 granted to James Tait, Senior, and Southerly by vacant Crown lands, containing 40 Acres more or less, with all the Buildings, appurtenances and improvements thereunto belonging, and being the land and premises upon which the said Maxim Manuel at present resides—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Maxim Manuel at the suit of Phineas Williston.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of Joseph Manuel, Senr., in or to the Lot or Piece of Land above described, and upon which said Joseph Manuel, Senr., also at present resides,—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Joseph Manuel, Senr., at the suit of Phineas Williston.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 19th December, 1876. }

Demarara Rum.

26 PUNCHEONS, from 30 to 40 over proof.

DANIEL PATTON.
July 18, 1876. SAINT JOHN

FALL of 1876.

Wholesale Warehouse,

61 and 63 - - - King Street.

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND FULL LINES OF GOODS suitable for

Country Dealers,	Lumbermen,
Millmen,	Railway Contractors,
Fancy Goods Dealers,	Millowners,
Clothiers,	Ship Builders,
Merchant Tailors,	Pedlers.

All wholesale buyers or traders coming to this city should call and see our Stock—being fully assorted in all departments.

Popular prices to the right kind of purchasers.

Orders by mail and telegram receive prompt attention.

EVERITT & BUTLER.

Oct 7

APPLES. APPLES.

APPLES, ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, CONFECTIONERY, CURRANTS & RAISINS, FININ HADDIES AND SAUSAGES.

Always on Hand, at

A. S. ULLOOK'S,

DUKE STREET, ... CHATHAM.

tf.

Wanted.

A Thoroughbred Newfoundland Dog.

Any one having a dog a few months old will hear of a purchaser by addressing

J. J. MILLER.
Derby, Miramichi.

Dec. 21

STRAY SHEEP.

The Subscriber has in his possession some Sheep. The owner can have them by proving property and paying expenses.

DANIEL BALDWIN.
Douglastfield, Dec. 26, 1876.

Brokerage, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO.,

BANKERS & BROKERS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jun. 27

D. T. JOHNSTONE,

Water Street, Chatham,

Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,

AND GENERAL AGENT.

Consignments Respectfully Solicited.

Good references given

LUKE STEWART,

SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT

SAINT JOHN.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C

HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF,

UPPER WATER STREET,

HALIFAX N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

R. R. CALL,

General Agent

SHIP BROKER,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

AND

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,

No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

Next the Bank of Montreal.

QUEBEC.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP.

Sausages and Boulognies,

—WHOLESALE & RETAIL—

Orders from out of town carefully filled and promptly shipped.

JOHN HOPKINS.

186 Union Street, - - - - - - St. John.

SAFES!

AGENCY for the

FAMOUS HALL SAFE & LOCK COMPANY,

—AT—

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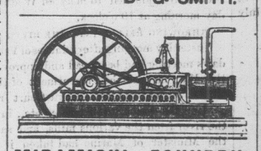
Samples shown on the premises,

"Miramichi Advance Building."

N. B.—These SAFES are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all business men. They are a sure protection for Books and Paper Money against Fire and Burglars.

D. G. SMITH.



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Water St. Chatham, N. B.,

GENERAL IRON & BRASS FOUNDERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM-ENGINES, BOILERS, AND MILL MACHINERY.

Ship, Plough, Stove, Cemetery and every description of Castings.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

AN ASSORTMENT OF

COOKING,
HALL AND
PARLOUR STOVES.

JAS. W. FRASER,
Proprietor.

JOHN BELL,

Carriage, Sleigh, House & Sign Painter.

SHOP ON HENDERSON ST.,

CHATHAM.

☞ ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—Charges Moderate.

2-26

The Fire on the Hearth.

THREE THINGS IN ONE.

Ventilation of a Fire Place,
Radiation of a Stove,
Circulation of a Furnace.

PURE AIR & EVEN TEMPERATURE THROUGH A ROOM.

Endorsed by the Medical, Scientific and popular Press.

WILSON, GILMOUR & CO.,

135 Prince William St., ... ST JOHN

Fire! Fire!!

HALL'S SAFES ALWAYS VICTORIOUS—A HALL'S SAFE RED HOT FOR FORTY HOURS AND CONTENTS UNINJURED—BOOKS, MONEY AND PAPERS SAVED.

Office of Davis & Haden, Wh'sale Liquor Dealers, No. 9 Main-st., bet. First and Second, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19, 1876.

Messrs. Halls Safe and Lock Co., Louisville, Ky.,

Gentlemen,—The large number 12 Double Door Fire Proof Safe purchased from you in March, 1872, was in the disastrous fire, corner Eighth and Main streets, on the night of the 16th inst., when over a half million dollars of property was burned, and stood nobly one of the most severe tests possible, falling into the cellar with the walls of the building, and several hundred barrels of whiskey stored in the upper stories poured their contents into the cellar, keeping the safe literally boiling in burning whiskey for over forty hours. The bricks and stone were burned into ashes and lime, and it was the hottest fire ever known in Louisville. The safe was buried several feet under the bricks and ashes for two days, and after being dug out of the ruins was opened, and we are proud to say the books and papers were found uninjured, not even discolored or scorched. Several gold watches and some valuable jewellery were found untarnished.

We wish you to deliver, to-day, a duplicate of the safe to our new store, No. 9 Main street, and we will send you a check for the money. We want no other safe but a Halls. Yours truly,

DAVIS & HADEN.

A large lot of all sizes and kinds of these Standard Fire Proof Safes constantly on hand, at prices to suit the times.

HALLS SAFE AND LOCK CO.,

Factory—S. W. Corner of Pearl and Plum streets, Cincinnati, and at the following branches:—

Halls Safe and Lock Co., 345 and 347 Broadway, N
do 83 State-street, Boston, Mass;
do 93 Smithfield-street, Pittsburgh, Pa;
do N. E. Cor. Main and 5th sts., Louisville, Ky.
do 147 and 149 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ills.;
do 612 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.;
do 103 Superior street, Cleveland, O.;
do 28 Sansom street, San Francisco, Ca
Stewart & White, Agents, St. John.
D. G. SMITH, Agent, Chatham.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

A. D. SMITH,

Watchmaker and Jeweller,

"MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" BUILDING,

CHATHAM, - -