

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, New Brunswick, every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line per week, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly or seasonal advertisements are taken at the rate of \$5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Westmorland, New Brunswick, and Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address: Editor, Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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Chatham, N. B.

MACKENZIE'S Quinine Wine and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND BLOOD MAKER—**50c Bottles**
We guarantee it as Mackenzie's Medical Hall, Montreal, N. B.

Furnaces! Furnaces!
Woods or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.

PUMPS! PUMPS!
Pumps, Iron Pipe, Bells, Steamers the very best, also Japanned Cramers and plain stoves in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash.
A. C. McLean, Chatham.

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WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE FOR SALE
Laths, Paling, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLEET, Nelson.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE in the only studio in the BEST materials and therefore produce the

Best Photographs.
Whether our patron be RICH or POOR—we aim to please every one.
—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames Photographs or Tintypes
Come and See Us.
Messrs. W. Photo Rooms Water Street, Chatham.

WE DO Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Books, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
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WE PRINT—ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH RUBBER FACILITY. Compare our work with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office CHATHAM, N. B.

Vol. 28, No. 30

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 4, 1903

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TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, \$1.00.

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO
(Successors to George Cassidy.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Sashes to order.
BAND AND SCROLL SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
DUBOIN DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Also Special attention given to preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
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Office: Barrack Street, Squares No. 33.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. Carter's Barber Shop, Stephens Street.

JOKES ON BRIDAL COUPLES
OFTEN MORE CRUELTY THAN HUMOR IN THEM.
Now a Bridegroom Was Cured of Practical Joking—Romantic Episode.

The Strike at Partington's

Jim Wishart was secretary of the Dollybridge Millworkers' Union, and on that account it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should drop in of an evening at Pete Carlow's smoke pipe and discuss matters affecting the welfare of the association, to say nothing of the industrial horizon, which sometimes cropped up for a delightful chat with Nellie, Pete's wife and daughter. Indeed, Jim all day blushed when the thought occurred to him—but for love of Nellie he would have refused point-blank to become involved in the active work of the union, for he believed that the rollers of Dollybridge had not then—and never would have so long as Mr. Partington lived—any real justification for instituting protective measures.

For more than twenty years the bridge had been an ideal, and it was only with the advent of a wealthy, minister-looking man named Alf Sluicum into the secluded world of Dollybridge that the first cloud appeared on the industrial horizon. Whence he came no one knew. He had appeared a dilapidated tramp six months before the strike, and his story had secured work in the mill, and proceeded to sow discontent among the workmen.

Pete Carlow fell an easy victim to Sluicum's fascinating doctrine, and the moment the idea of a union was suggested he went enthusiastically to work, called a mass meeting of the workmen, and in half an hour the union was accomplished, and with himself as chairman and Jim Wishart, who at the moment was thinking more of a woman's smile than the rights of man, as secretary.

An evening Jim had gone home from the mill unconscious of anything having occurred so seriously affecting the existing relations between master and man, and after tea found himself, as usual, chattering to his wife and daughter in the street on his way to Carlow's house. It was dusk, and a man, carrying a rifle, approached a straight, soldier-like figure, who peered over Jim's face, then stopped and held a pair of arms.

"Thought 'twas you, Jim. How are you, old chap?"

"Ned Peaseley," cried Jim, surprised, shaking his head, "you're mistaken. You're not my friend or mine after this—do you hear?"

"I never heard you called me that name before. I never heard you called me that name before."

"I hardly knew myself," laughed Peaseley, "my time expired last night, as you know, I stayed on for a week with the idea of finding out as soon as things had shaken down into the old groove. But after a couple of years' waiting in an English meadow. Then, there, mother—his is she, Jim?"

"Well and hearty, Ned, I'm glad to see you."

"Thanks for that, old chap. I've got some hair-raisers to tell you, but you'll excuse me to-night."

They parted, and Jim returned his way to Carlow's. Nellie was standing on the doorstep with a shawl over her head, and the moment she appeared she came eagerly to meet him.

"Why, Nell, lass," he said, as he folded his arms about her, "this is indeed nice to you. Were you really waiting for me?"

"Yes, Jim, dear; and if you'll stop kissing me—now, you must—I'll tell you why. I'm awfully worried."

"Something in the tone vaguely alarmed Jim. "Yes? Tell me, my lass," he said, peering into his sweetest's upturned face. "Tense anxiety, even fear, was plainly visible there. Besides, she was trembling in his arms."

"Something happened at the mill to-night, Jim, after you left," she said. "Sluicum—Jim started violently—"yes, Alf Sluicum got into the row with the foreman and knocked him down. Mr. Partington saw him to it, and dismissed him with a spot. Oh, Jim, I'm afraid to think of what may be the upshot. Sluicum is a dangerous fellow. He's got with dad now, and they have sent Tommy round to call a meeting of the union committee for to-morrow. They are waiting for you—the two of them—and I came out to tell you about it first. What's to be done, Jim? Don't let them strike, for that's what Sluicum wants."

Jim smiled reassuringly. "Said he, 'Strike because Sluicum has got what he deserves? Our chaps are not such fools. I tell you, you're a horse-skuller—the sort that never did an honest day's work; unless, maybe, 'twere in prison with the warden looking on. No, no, lass; we don't strike for such as he."

"I wish I could think with you, Jim," said the girl, sighing; "but

men, I hardly think this is a question that affects your interests in the slightest. I engage you, the man and paid his wages. You will admit that?"

"Of course you did, sir."

"Thanks! That admitted, you can hardly question my right to dismiss him when I choose, more especially when I find him shirking the work which he is paid for doing, usages of the job. You are a free man to hand over his rifle. When you skunk saw his game was spoiled, I've no doubt he'd have done so. Go on," cried the listener, in an impatient chorus, as Ned paused. "Cracked his officer's head?" he asked, and he asked Jim to hand over his rifle. When you skunk saw his game was spoiled, I've no doubt he'd have done so. Go on," cried the listener, in an impatient chorus, as Ned paused.

"That's not the question, sir," said Pete, hotly. "We must have Sluicum back. He's outside now, and he's got to start, and we're deputed to say that if you refuse our request we stop work until you change your mind."

Mr. Partington's lips clipped together.

"In plain English—strike!" he said, the rollers of Dollybridge, around which a noisy and excited crowd of assembled men, women, and children seized and absorbing eagerly every scrap of information regarding the strike of Sluicum. It was in reality a slave-driving tyrant, grown supercilious and haughty because of the wealth which their hearts' blood had earned.

"That was the feeling which dominated the meeting of the committee," Jim Wishart urged moderation, and in consequence came in for many a menacing frown from Sluicum, but his counsel was utterly disregarded, and he grew sick and angry when it was decided to present Mr. Partington with an ultimatum at the breakfast hour next morning, the men a young fellow named Ned Peaseley, and Jim Wishart being appointed delegates.

"Jim rose, 'Mates,' he said, sternly. "I'll be no party to such foolery. I hold Mr. Partington responsible for this. He's a chicken-heart for the existing relations between master and man, and after tea found himself, as usual, chattering to his wife and daughter in the street on his way to Carlow's house. It was dusk, and a man, carrying a rifle, approached a straight, soldier-like figure, who peered over Jim's face, then stopped and held a pair of arms."

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Jim smiled reassuringly. "Said he, 'Strike because Sluicum has got what he deserves? Our chaps are not such fools. I tell you, you're a horse-skuller—the sort that never did an honest day's work; unless, maybe, 'twere in prison with the warden looking on. No, no, lass; we don't strike for such as he."

"I wish I could think with you, Jim," said the girl, sighing; "but

men, I hardly think this is a question that affects your interests in the slightest. I engage you, the man and paid his wages. You will admit that?"

"Of course you did, sir."

"Thanks! That admitted, you can hardly question my right to dismiss him when I choose, more especially when I find him shirking the work which he is paid for doing, usages of the job. You are a free man to hand over his rifle. When you skunk saw his game was spoiled, I've no doubt he'd have done so. Go on," cried the listener, in an impatient chorus, as Ned paused. "Cracked his officer's head?" he asked, and he asked Jim to hand over his rifle. When you skunk saw his game was spoiled, I've no doubt he'd have done so. Go on," cried the listener, in an impatient chorus, as Ned paused.

"That's not the question, sir," said Pete, hotly. "We must have Sluicum back. He's outside now, and he's got to start, and we're deputed to say that if you refuse our request we stop work until you change your mind."

Mr. Partington's lips clipped together.

"In plain English—strike!" he said, the rollers of Dollybridge, around which a noisy and excited crowd of assembled men, women, and children seized and absorbing eagerly every scrap of information regarding the strike of Sluicum. It was in reality a slave-driving tyrant, grown supercilious and haughty because of the wealth which their hearts' blood had earned.

"That was the feeling which dominated the meeting of the committee," Jim Wishart urged moderation, and in consequence came in for many a menacing frown from Sluicum, but his counsel was utterly disregarded, and he grew sick and angry when it was decided to present Mr. Partington with an ultimatum at the breakfast hour next morning, the men a young fellow named Ned Peaseley, and Jim Wishart being appointed delegates.

"Jim rose, 'Mates,' he said, sternly. "I'll be no party to such foolery. I hold Mr. Partington responsible for this. He's a chicken-heart for the existing relations between master and man, and after tea found himself, as usual, chattering to his wife and daughter in the street on his way to Carlow's house. It was dusk, and a man, carrying a rifle, approached a straight, soldier-like figure, who peered over Jim's face, then stopped and held a pair of arms."

"Thought 'twas you, Jim. How are you, old chap?"

"Ned Peaseley," cried Jim, surprised, shaking his head, "you're mistaken. You're not my friend or mine after this—do you hear?"

"I never heard you called me that name before. I never heard you called me that name before."

"I hardly knew myself," laughed Peaseley, "my time expired last night, as you know, I stayed on for a week with the idea of finding out as soon as things had shaken down into the old groove. But after a couple of years' waiting in an English meadow. Then, there, mother—his is she, Jim?"

"Well and hearty, Ned, I'm glad to see you."

"Thanks for that, old chap. I've got some hair-raisers to tell you, but you'll excuse me to-night."

They parted, and Jim returned his way to Carlow's. Nellie was standing on the doorstep with a shawl over her head, and the moment she appeared she came eagerly to meet him.

"Why, Nell, lass," he said, as he folded his arms about her, "this is indeed nice to you. Were you really waiting for me?"

"Yes, Jim, dear; and if you'll stop kissing me—now, you must—I'll tell you why. I'm awfully worried."

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