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**VOL.** 20. aberiand, Gioussana and in Bonaventure and communities engaged in Lo ounmunities engaged in Lo advertisers. Ad Miramichi Advance, MARBLE WORKS CHATHAM, N B

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## JOB PRINTING AT LOW PRICES, AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper with

PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY

EVENING.

THUT

JENNY'S GIRL,

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Something had gone wrong-ut-

terly wrong—with the gas pipes in Wheatsheaf Street, Whitechapel.

The main had taken to leakage, or

the pipes had suffered from too much hard work—like many of the

denizens of Wheatsheaf Street

itself, for that matter-and the

narrow road was open from end to end. All vehicular traffic was

suspended till the new pipes were

laid down, but as the street was a

by-throughfare, which costers with

their barrows chiefly patronized as a short cut to Mile End road or

Brick Lane, and it was only one of a dusky labyrinth of by-lanes and

alleys hereabouts, no one but the

natives of the street was very much

The pavement-what there was

of it-was still intact and open to

pedestrians; and, indeed, the place

at night was brighter and lighter

than it had been known for years,

being gay with lanterns placed at

various dangerous corners and

angles of the earthworks, to warn

chance wayfarers from slipping off

the footway into cavernous depths

below. Every care had been taken

daybreak; and there was old Spur-

way, to look after the gas, the lad-

For a back street there was plenty

of life in it, too; shadowy figures

fast as if in dread of a 'run in,' or

am I?

put out by the extensive alter-

ations

OHATHAM. N. B..

## ALWAYS ON HAND :--

RAILWAY BILLS CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS, FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE NOTES OF HAND. MAGISTRATES' BLANKS. MORTGAGES & DEEDS. JOINT NOTES, BILLS OF SALE DRAFTS.

CHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS' BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES.-DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

### to shield pedestrians from accident. There was a gas standard burning where the work had stopped for PRESSES the day, and where a reckless dis-MACHINE regard of the consumption was evinced by a ragged flame of fire a yard and a half in length—a

and other requisite plant constant- blazing flag that lit the street till ly running Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in terns with the red glass and the canthe Province.

ne Province. The only Job-Printing office out-de of St. John that make the the speck cumbering the pavement just at present, over which those careless folks who never will look where side of St. John that was awarded both they are going plunged now and then and kept old Spurway lively.

# MEDAL AND DIPLOMA -AT THE-DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AT ST JOHN IN 1883

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 21, 1894. lanterns, but he was doing her a questions !- and what a rum kid, room on the left smoking Mr Miramichi Advance. on this occasion of and felonious 'Oh, I know the countr 'Oh, I know the country. My . . JUNE 21, 1894. intention in the little matter of mother was a feg'lar country

women once-down at Elton.' candle grease. James Spurway, though he would not have cared to confess 'Eh, what did you say ?' Splendacicus, the country is, if

it, had been asleep-dozing quietly it dosen't rain. Then its orful at his post, and actually dreaming of his daughter Betty's cottage in the country-down at Elton in Unit at his post, and actually dreaming so. I've been hopping with mother an' Jem, hundreds of times.'

ADVANCE.

Hunts — a three-cornered little 'Don't tell no lies, gal. You can place, to which he journeyed once only hop once a year, can't you? I don't know. Some of us about a year at Bank Holiday time, when trains were extra cheap-and he here allers on the hop and-" woke up with a jump and ashiver at finding this black shadow of a girl between him and the fire. 'Hullo, there! what are you up to now?' hurde what are you up to now? he asked roughly. The girl sprang aside in her turn put her foot down, turned the shadows of the court—it was round, and looked at him. very little that escaped those dark 'It's all right, old' un,, she said. piercing eyes of hers-someone I was only havin' a bit of a warm

whom she feared; and she had, afore starting off ag'ain. It don't forgetting her lameness, sped away the show. hurt you. I s'pose? into the distance "Who said it did hurt me?' snap-'There's Jem?' ed Mr. Spurway.

A big burly man came slouching 'I ain't a robbin' you of much, 'Not if you ain't been after them candles again, you young hussy,'he said, suddenly remembering her first offence. and how deeply she had aggrieved him. 'I saw you a couple o' nights or so ago acollerin' couple didn't L?' my candle, didn't I?'

not quite sure that the watchman had not gone to sleep with his back Yes, it was Jenny, sure enough ee, old' un—' 'Don't you keep calling me old un,' said the, caretaker, who was against the poles that held the 'And so heaven rest her soul,' h

Pose 'I ax your parding, Mr. Watch-man—if so be as it makes you shirty-like—but I'll tell you all about it. It wasn't going to fake the fat. I wasn't going to a heven ing party, or any hene of that sort 'Hallo,' said Mr. Spurway, 'here, what the devil are you up to? Just stop that.' Jem repeated his inquiry, and the caretaker said evasive!y, 'Yes,' he thought he had seen someone answering to the description. 'I allo' next day daughter down at received a letter bearer was a dark-ey tromendous bonnet. 'Take care of her.'

t was jest to cure the wind.' "What are you talking about?" growled Mr. Spurway. 'Well, lookee here,' said Jem, 'Not the wind on the chest.

don't mean that; old 'un-but the Mag comes this way ag'in— tell her her mother's got back—and so she God's hand, from the deep and wind in this blessed street, which won't keep a gal's hair straight when it's as long as mine is. Look had better look sharp.' here, now, how it plows about and it's nuffink to last Tuesday's wind. That was all over the shop, and seemed to come out of those beast-'Have they let her out before time?' asked the watchman. 'Oh! you know all about the row, then? Well o' course you would.

'Knew what?'

'Well, she's dead now. But don't

of men and women were for ever flitting down it, some unnecessarily ly holes you've been adiggin-that Yes, she's back home.' did. But just look here.' And off went the child's bonnet 'How long has she been back?' 'An hour or so-all their cussed

of being caught red-handed with somebody else's watch or handkerand sure enough a mass of tangled artfulness letting her out afore her chief or breastpin in possession, fighair was caught by the breeze stirr-ing in Wheatsheaf Street that early time to bother us. They knew ures of police. in uniform and out what was up, well enough. of uniform; boys and girls homeless, morning, and streamed from her or turned out of home to make head, as the great flame of fire from

the upright gaspipe was streaming down further

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS-\$1.00 2 Year, in Advance

> Spurway's pipe. 'Oh, I called to ask—just to ask —if the girl has come home?' said Mr. Spurway.

'No, she ain't and when she does heumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. she'll catch it, hot.' 'Is her mother in-there?' Mr spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., Spurway asked in a husky

'Yes. She is. 'Ah! and she don't look bad either,' cried a shrill voice from within-a voice that was a little tipsy in its tones, perhaps, but had

'I should, very much 'Will yer pay yer footin', like gentleman?' asked Jem, with short laugh. 'We're hard up just

now, and a copper or two-There they are,' said the old man tendering him the money for

He passed in, The room smelt like a charnel house already, with the fumes of spirits inextricably along with his hands in his pockets mixed with it. On the floor, on -a man in a torn corduroy jacket, and with a cap, that looked made woman. In the room-on the bare y candle, didn't I?' 'Did you though? Well, you take time to consider, but Jem was and still. Mr. Spurway knew her

whispered to himself. you know better than that, I sup-pose'

what the devil are you up to? Just received a letter by hand. The bearer was a dark-eyed girl, fairly Jem repeated his inquiry, and clad, with sound boots and stockings on, but wearing a most

ed territory.

'Take care of her,' the letter said, 'How long ago ?' 'Oh, I shouldn't like to say exact- Don't ask her any questions. Jenny 'till I come down next Sunday, is dead, and this is Jenny's girl.'

Well, lookee here,' said Jem, coming by dogrees close to Mr. Spurway's coign of vantage, 'If the rough but simple hearts that

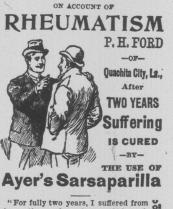
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darker way.

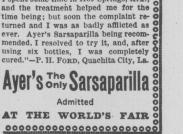
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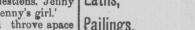
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