The address slip pasted on the top of this p[illegible] a dat on it, if the date of the paper is later than th[illegible] the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking th[illegible] with out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement o[illegible] Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 13, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, 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 nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6 00 an [illegible]ch per year. The matter, if space is secured [illegible] 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 Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

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14
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50x.40
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Carriages in attendance on the arrival of all trains.
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THOMAS FLANAGAN. Proprietor

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We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
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The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets which are selling at very low figures.
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Laths,
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Dimensioned Lumber,
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MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1898.

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I took Sick,
I took
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I take My Meals,
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AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HAND ON;
getting fat too, FOR [illegible]'s Emulsion of Pure Cod [illegible] and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption, BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
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Black Brook, Ch. Co. N. B
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Ready Made Clothing,
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Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN,
ST JOHN STREET CHATHAM

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NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
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ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
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QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
HATH M. N. B.

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DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Duncan Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
COR MEAL
CRACKED FEED
HAY AND OATS,
A. STRANG
BUSINESS
IS NOW RUSHING!
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LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
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RAILWAY RECEIPTS,
SHIPPING RECEIPTS,
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TAGS, ETC.
A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE ADVANCE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
D G SMITH, CHATHAM

Mrs. May Johnson.
Ayer's Pills
"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use.
For Stomach and Liver
troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. They are easy to take, and
Are the Best
all-round family medicine I have ever known."—MRS. MAY JOHNSON, 368 Rider Ave., New York City.
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THE REV. SUPERIORESS,
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Executors' Notice.
Take notice that letters testamentary have been granted in the estate of late Eleanor Lane to the undersigned.
All persons having just claims against said estate are hereby requested to file same duly attested with either of the undersigned within one month from date hereof, all persons indebted are required to make immediate payment to either of the Executors
Dated at Chatham, 25th May, A.D. 1898.
EDWARD GALLIVAN, } Executors
JAS. F CONNORS,

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For CASH.
ONE MONTH ONLY.
Before opening Fall Goods I will sell all remaining summer suitings at WHOLESALE PRICES, for CASH.
As my goods are of the best it will be well to take advantage of this offer.
Persons owing me will kindly TAKE NOTICE and settle their accounts before the 15th OF SEPTEMBER after which date my books will go to the Collector.
F. O. PETTERSON.
Chatham, August 15th, 1898.

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Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:
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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.
Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

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HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Season Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

BEST STEEL WIRE GALVANIZED
WOVEN WIRE FENCING
WIRE ROPE SELVAGE.
McMILLEN
Manufactured and Sold by
THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD.
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Miramichi Advance.
CHATHAM, N. B., - OCTOBER 13, 1898.

A FEUD ENDED.

"Lemme say it to you in big letters, Fred Peterson, so's you can't fail to see the whole meanin at one peep: If you steal my Betty an run off an marry her, I'll fill your hide as full of holes as a meal sieve!"

Thus spoke old Ben Pitchford to young Fred Peterson as the two stood on the road on Kinniconnick creek, Kentucky, one May morning three years ago.

"Oh, shucks, Major Pitchford, I know you are a bad man with a gun! I know you've got a quick temper, a cool nerve, a quick eye and a perfect workmanship. I know you have got a skilful hand and a long bowie. You've got an icy heart in front of a foe, but a mighty warm one to those that have claims on your affection, and in short—ha, ha—you would split the brain box of an enemy with great suddenness, but you would never, never shoot your son—your son-in-law—er ha, ha, ha!"

While Fred was delivering this long, mocking, but good natured speech the old man's thin lips kept working. He could not restrain a grim smile at the conclusion, but he collected his stern forces again and said:

"You can't laugh me down, suh. I've swore it, an nobody ever hearn of old Ben Pitchford ever tellin a lie, much less swearin one. I'll kill you if you steal my gal!"

"I'd like to know," returned the young man seriously now, but with no resentment in look or tone, "I'd like to know, Major Pitchford, what you've got against me."

"You know without me tellin you," said the old fellow in low tones, emphasizing with his eyes.

"Indeed, I do not," protested the young man.

"You don't know, eh, that there has been a Pitchford-Paterson feud for 50 years or more?" returned the old fellow, with a grin of mockery.

"Yes," said Fred, "I knew of the feud, but that is not an intelligent reason for your opposition."

"It hain't, eh?"

"No, sir. It might be good enough for savages or beasts; but beg you pardon—not for civilized people."

"Then I am a savage—a beast?"

"Not altogether, by any means, sir, but you show the traits of one if you are eternally disposed to keep alive savage, beastly practices."

"Your father, what of him?"

"He's in the same boat with you if he wants to continue this abominable feud.

"Do you mean to tell me, Fred Peterson, that you haven't a secret fang, eager to get into my flesh and that your likin for my gal alone keeps it out? Answer that!"

"The answer is easy, sir. I am a graduate of the Transylvania university."

"Education only wraps the fang with silk."

"It plucks out the fang."

"Your great-grandfather killed mine."

"Your grandfather killed mine."

"An uncle of yours killed my brother."

"A brother of yours killed my uncle."

"Forty corpses lay along the track of that feud."

"Yes, 40."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think it's high time to stop it. Yes, I think it's time to cut down the old tree that's borne so much fruit of blood and death and make a wedding bonfire of the branches. That's just what Betty and I propose to do."

"You and Betty made it up to get ashamed of your rough old parents among that smooth crowd down to the Bluegrass?" spoke the old man, his upper lip curling.

"We decided that your feudal laws were a little bit obsolete—that they had been all repealed by the legislature of civilization. We love our parents—we pity as well as reverence our forefathers, who were loyal subjects of a beastly code, but we don't love their mistakes. We refuse to shut our eyes to obtain their blindness."

"You can't get my consent, suh."

"I shan't ask it."

"An if you steal her, by heaven—remember my oath—I will kill you!"

The two men instantly separated, each going his opposite way.

Fred Peterson was moving along the road with a long, graceful stride.

"I will have her—I will have her before another month!" he ejaculated.

"Of course you will," cried a sweet, merry voice from the side of the road. "Of course you will, or I'll sue you for breach of promise!"

The young man started from his reveries as if aroused from sleep by a pistol shot.

"Why, Betty, what are you doing there?" laughed the handsome man, moving toward her.

"Listening to your vows. But why do you want to be telling the winds?" Don't you know they run everywhere?"

"Well, I want to call all nature to witness, you see. But your papa begs leave to differ with me. He says I shall never marry you—that he will never give his consent."

"But I've given mine."

"We can't marry at home."

"Gretna Green is close."

"He says he will kill me if I steal you."

"And he would keep his word if he said it."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Marry, of course. But I'm in a hurry now and have no time to talk and plan with you. Go on, now."

"One kiss, please."

"Not one, sir."

"Oh, please."

"Well, there," and she kissed her finger tips, threw them toward him and fled.

That night, as Fred Peterson lay in his bedroom tossing to and fro, feverish, unable to sleep, striving with all his glowing faculties to formulate a plan by which he could obtain his heart's treasure and at the same time live to enjoy it, he was startled by a light tap on the window.

"Who's out there? Who is wanted?" he called.

"You are wanted," came back in mysterious tones.

"Who are you?"

"Raise the window and see."

"It's too dark to see."

"Then hear and feel."

"I fear it is a burglar."

"The burglar doesn't want much."

"What does the burglar want."

"Only you."

He raised the window and cautiously thrust out his head.

He couldn't see a face, but two soft, warm lips accidentally ran against his own. And two arms that he thought he recognized went around his neck—all by accident.

"Get on your things, darling," said a voice in tones affectedly masculine. "Come quick, dear, before your stern old father hears us. The coast is clear, darling, but—ha, ha!—there is no time to lose. Two gallant steeds await impatiently our coming."

"Oh, er—I fear"—hesitated Fred.

"True love fears nothing," spoke the one on the outside in half appealing, half commanding, half serious, half laughing tones.

Fred hesitated no longer, but hastily dressed and had soon crawled through the window, landing in the embrace of his nocturnal visitant.

A soft, warm palm embraced his fingers, and an eager sweet voice said, "Come this way!"

A few seconds later Major Tom Peterson, suddenly waking, heard a muffled volley of hoofs on the road, wondered what it could mean, then went back to sleep again.

At about 10 o'clock of the morning of the above strange episode Major Tom Peterson was sitting out on his veranda, cleaning up his trusty old rifle. He hadn't found out yet that his son Fred was not in his room. The latter of late had kept no regular hours, and the father didn't even know whether the son had slept at home. While quietly engaged wiping the last vestige of dirt from barrel and hammer he casually cast his eye down the road and beheld his enemy by inheritance coming toward his house at a furious stride. He now rose up and assumed a questioning attitude, as he had never had a visit from Major Pitchford. He saw the latter was white from some awful passion.

Up to the yard gate came Major Pitchford and commanded his enemy "to step out."

"Must I bring this?" queried Peterson, tapping his gun.

"No, suh; not now, suh. Come heah this minute, suh."

Peterson went out, and while he was approaching the gate Pitchford, with a nervous hand, drew a piece of paper from his pocket and reached it toward the former, commanding:

"Read this, suh, and tell me what we'll do about it, suh!"

Major Peterson read the following:

DEAREST PAPA—I learned to-day that you had taken an oath to kill my Fred if he stole me and ran off with me. I know you well enough to know you would not break that oath. What was I to do? Could I give him up? Of course not. Would I allow my husband shot before my eyes by my own father? Certainly not! What must I do? What could I do? Well, good sense came to my rescue, and I decided to steal Fred! Before you read this I will have stolen him, but will be given a legal right to keep the stolen goods. Your loving daughter. BETTY.

Major Poterson stood a moment, stunned with awe. Then he burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, major, we're in a neat trap! But I shan't kill your daughter, suh, for stealing my son, suh! My voice is this: I'll break my gun and bless my daughter. What do you propose to do, suh?"

The old man's face was dark for a moment, then mirth struck it and shattered it into smiles.

"By George, major, I'll snap my bowie and bless my son, suh!"

"Give me your hand! This marriage of our children, suh"—

"Divorces the feud forever, suh!"

—J. Noel Johnson in Criterion.

Mr. Geo. R. Parkin.

"As we walk up the barren roadway, flanked by saplings of one year's growth, which forms the approach to Upper Canada College," writes Mr. Arthur H. Lee, in Black and White, "my host speaks with calm and confident enthusiasm of the avenue of stately elms which in his mind's eye he already sees arching over our heads. And it is just this imaginative foresight and the unselfish faith which is happy in sowing acorns in order that posterity may sit in the shade, that supplies the keynote to Mr. Parkin's character. For the past twenty years he has been persistently sowing the seed of Imperial Federation, and though much of it has fallen upon barren ground, much also has taken root in the wiser minds of this generation, and the golden harvest, so patiently and confidently awaited, is even now ripening. We who talk so glibly of Imperial Federation as a question of practical politics little realise how largely we owe our enlightment to the labors of Mr. Parkin and a few other devoted enthusiasts. The problem of national unity, which in the minds of the British people now seems to cry for speedy solution, was generally scoffed at as a fantastic hobby less than ten years back, and prophets of the cause, like Mr. Parkin, were indeed voices crying in the wilderness. But, like another voice, they also 'made straight the way' for others, and the converted leaders of British politics are now reaping the honor and glory of the great national awakening which they distrusted and held aloof from up to the last moment possible."

A sketch of Mr. Parkin follows. Born in New Brunswick in 1846, of United Empire Loyalists stock, on his mother's side, his early education was gained in the public schools of that province, but being anxious to widen his knowledge and sympathies, he took a supplementary course at Oxford in 1873-74. On leaving Oxford he returned to Canada, and was for several years head master of the chief public schools in New Brunswick; but he did not allow his educational work to stifle his interest in national politics. Whenever opportunities offered he made flying trips to England, where he speedily established a reputation as an authority upon imperial questions. Especially did he attempt to arouse public opinion to appreciate the importance of Imperial Federation, and so great became this subject that in 1888 he was invited by the Imperial Federation League to make a tour of the Empire, studying the question on the spot as well as advocating it.

Mr. Parkin threw himself into this mission with all the energy and enthusiasm of a true apostle, and abandoning his home and income he embarked upon a propagandist tour through Canada, Australia, New Zealand and other colonies. In each he conferred with and frequently converted the leading public men, and addressed meetings of every class of community in all the principle towns. Everwhere his powerful and persuasive advocacy of the cause made a deep impression, often amounting to enthusiasm, and he undoubtedly succeeded in convincing the colonial mind that the problem of national unity had risen from a mere harmless theory into a question of practical politics affecting their most vital interests. This was indeed a triumph, and on his return Mr. Parkin was described by the Pall Mall Gazette as the only man it knew of who had ever "stumped the Empire."

For the next four or five years Mr. Parkin remained in the United Kingdom earning a livelihood by literary and newspaper work, while devoting himself seriously to preaching the doctrine of national unity. In 1889 he had written a book for schools called "Round the Empire," which is now in its eightieth thousand. He also published about this time his well-known work, "Imperial Federation—the Problem of National Unity," which has had a very large circulation. In 1892 he made a tour of Canada as special correspondent of the London Times, and contributed to that journal a notable series of letters afterwards published in book form under the name of "The Great Dominion." His literary style is distinguished by great lucidity, and a tone of calm impartiality pervades his most forceful utterances and adds much to their weight. His arguments whilst lacking nothing of eloquence, impress both his hearers and his readers alike as the convictions not of a mere patriotic enthusiasm, but of a sane, hard-headed, business man, and herein lies much of his strength.

In 1893 he was offered a seat in Parliament by one of the great political parties, but was prevented from accepting it by personal and private considerations. In 1895 Mr. Parkin returned to Canada and assumed the charge of Upper Canada College, and he is now devoting to the raising of the tone of Canadian school life the same energy that he has lavished upon Imperial Federation.

How it Feels to Fall

Antonio Borton, a Philadelphia workman recently fell from one of the high buildings in course of construction in that city and lived to tell the strange story. He was accidentally pushed from the top of a column 60 feet above the ground while assisting in the handling of a swinging steel column, through the swaying of the derrick on which it was suspended. Had it not been for a pile of sand on which he alighted after having had his fall broken by the projecting end of a loose plank, he would have been killed as a matter of course.

"It was my fourth accident in ten years of work on high buildings," he said "and the most severe of all them. Yet I call myself a lucky man, for we are always expecting accidents and rather look for the death of at least one man in the construction of each great building.

"We take our chances, become accustomed to the dangers and seldom think that the next accident will come to us.

"If you had seen me fall, you would have said I went like a flash, but it did not seem so to me, for I apparently had plenty of time to think, and even to notice what was happening as I fell. Neither was I frightened after the final effort to maintain my balance.

"The only mental and physical struggle came then, and as I fell I felt as though I were sinking into warm water that brought a pleasant heat to my body and quieted my mind.

"It was not a falling sensation, and only a slight sinking one, for it seem as though while I was descending quite slowly the building was rising much more rapidly, yet not so rapidly that I could not observe and distinguish each passing floor.

"I thought of my home, the amount of wages due me and wondered what my wife would say when I told her I had a fall, for the idea of being killed did not occur to me.

"As I passed the floor beneath the one from which I had fallen I plainly saw two acquaintances whom I recognized and noticed that they were chiseling a place of iron.

"At the next floor I noticed the look of astonishment on the face of a bricklayer as he held a brick in one hand and his trowel in the other and gazed at me as I shot by. Though it was like a shot to him it was nothing of the sort to me. As I passed him through association I thought of a pile of bricks below and a heap of sand near it, yet which one should be my landing place didn't trouble me.

"Then came the first sensation of pain when I struck the projecting end of a plank with my right shoulder. I knew I partially turned and saw a carpenter sitting on a window sill, looking the other way, and then the light appeared to be suddenly drawn from me, taking my senses with it.

"I know that my fall occupied less than three seconds, but my feelings and sensations apparently occupied a much longer time and must have acted with greater rapidity than under normal conditions."

Such accidents form a sad chapter in the history of a hardworking, daring class of wage earners who in their employment daily raise themselves higher and higher from the ground on frail supports, narrow walks and slender scaffolds until they reach a dizzy height where not one person out of 1,000 could stand for a single second in security.

CANADA HOUSE.
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