

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 18.

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 14, 1892.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

A FEW DOSES OF THE
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NEW BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning. It is published for the editor, D. G. Smith, at the office of the printer, J. B. Snowball, at Chatham, N. B.

MARBLE WORKS.

To Subscriber has removed his works to the premises known as Golden Hill corner, Chatham, N. B. He is prepared to execute orders for

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Unprecedented Success
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—AT THE—
GOGGIN BUILDING.

Now is the time to get
HARDWARE CHEAP.
As all the Stock must be disposed of at once, Purchasers may look for bargains in

Joiners' Tools,
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together with all kinds of goods usually kept in
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CALL EARLY.
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Having completed our arrangements we are now prepared to make

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS
in any size from 2 1/2 to 12 1/2 inches, and, finish them in Ink, Oil, Cream or Water Colors.

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We are now making Cabinet photographs at \$3 and \$5 per Dozen.

No more cheap tintypes after Saturday, June 15th.

Pictures framed as usual.

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CHATHAM—Tuesdays and Fridays
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SAND AND SCROLL - SAWING.
Stock of **DIMENSIONED** and other Lumber,
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I take the earliest opportunity of notifying all licensees that the Stampage Regulations prohibit the cutting of small Spruce lumber for pulp purposes, and any person or persons that cut this description of lumber from Crown Lands will be dealt with as the law directs and their license forfeited.

J. McP. BARKER,
Government Cruiser.

Miramichi Advance.
CHATHAM, N. B., APRIL 14, 1892.

Robin's Jealousy.
CHAPTER I.
"It is the wisest, the truest heart,
That smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor."

Without the sun, just risen, fired the sky above with splendor, and spread a dazzling path of glory over the sea.

Within, the lamps flared and flickered, and the very rafters of the cottage dripped to the merry sound of the fiddle, and the rapid rhythmic tread of the reel. Faster and faster flew the bow; the dancers were untiring, and at last, with a hootlike more wildly shouted than any before, the revel ended in a tumult of mirth and laughter, as the weary fiddler owned himself outdone.

"That's you, John Scott!"
"Well played, Jockie!"
"I thought we had danced ye doon, man!"

"Dinna stop, tak' ten minutes' lawd and another chance, Jock!" cried the dancers, loath to cease. But the bridegroom's father, a hale and hearty old grey-head, who had acted as master of ceremonies all night, interfered with good-humored authority: "Na, na, bairns, there's a time to a' thing. Mistress Soutar here'll gie us a cup o' tea, and then hame wi' ye."

The bride smiling in response to her unaccustomed title, set to work, aided by the matrons of the party, to fill again the big teapot which had been in frequent demand all night. "Gie's a song some o' ye," she remarked, "or I'm ready."

"I ha' nae voice left," "Eh, dinna ask me," "I ha' screeched myself hoarse," said one and another by way of excuse.

"Where's Robin's gar him sing?" "Ay, Rob's the last o' them up yer pipes, Rob? But where was Robin? Out in the garden."

When the last wild reel ended, Robin and his partner escaped, unobserved, from the rest of the bridal party who thronged the little one-roomed house. Robin was exultant; for not Jean Silva fairest of the fair maids gathered to grace his brother's wedding—his bride!—next to the bride in request as a partner, and yet, from chance or choice, she had danced oftener with him than with any one else. She had listened not unkindly to his ardent if somewhat awkward compliments, and now she had stolen away with him from the throng of merry-makers, and was therefore no doubt willing to listen to the outpourings of his love.

The very patch of garden in which the cottage stood had been reclaimed from the bent-grown sea-links; and a short path led between dewy-leaves to a low gate and a few rude steps giving access to the beach.

The unbroken stillness and freshness of the morning laid at first a spell of silence on the lovers. Jean drew a long breath of cool air, and shading her eyes from the glitter and radiance of the level sunlight, sauntered down the path to the gate, Robin at her side. She was a tall, strikingly handsome girl of eighteen, superior in manner and appearance to her companions, with wonderful dark eyes and hair, and a clear, pale complexion, now flushed to an unusual, and as her lover thought, enchanting degree. He could not take his eyes off her beautiful face. As they stood, a little breeze blew a tress of her already ruffled hair before her eyes. By a sudden impulse Robin smoothed it back with trembling fingers. Jean turned to meet his gaze. "Well," she asked, smiling, and then he gathered courage and told his tale of love.

But not interrupted, for he before he had won a word from her in response, the sliding door was opened, and one of the half-grown lads who hang on the skirts of most entertainments, embarrassing anxious to be useful, appeared in search of him.

"Here he is!" he shouted. "Come awa', Robin; they want you to gie them a sang!"

"Let them wait," said Robin impatiently; "I'm no' comin'."

"I'll gar them come out, then," suggested the imp. "It's fine ootbye," he continued, returning to the company. "Robin says he'll no' sing unless ye come oot." And out they all trooped accordingly into the little garden—clamorous for just one more song from their favorite singer.

"Well, what is't ye want, then?" said Robin, good-naturedly acquiescing in the inevitable (all the more willingly because he had found time to tell Jean that he must see her home), and she had not said him nay. "Ye ken a' my sangs—what are ye for?"

"Gie us what ye like," was the answer.

Robin thought a moment. "Diy ye ken 'Oh gin I were a baron's heir'?" he asked Jean, with an air of mingled shyness and understanding, not lost upon his old father, who was watching them as they sat together among the other wedding-guests, who were grouped about the steps and the low wall of the garden.

"Sing it," said Jean, with easy impertinence; and he sang, watching her face all the time for some emotion answering to that which made his voice almost tremble as he threw his heart into the words—

O gin I were a baron's heir,
An' could I brail we gins your hair,
An' mak ye brail as ye are fair,
Lassie, wad ye lo'e me?

Yes, thought Jean, that would be love worth having; but what was the use of all these fine words, when he couldn't do any of the things he sang about—when he was only a poor under-gardener? She scarcely heard the next verse; but now Robin's voice was so soft and tender she listened again—

But I ha' naught to offer thee,
Nae good frae mine, nae pearl fa' see,
Nor am I come o' high degree,
Lassie, but I lo'e ye!"

An' when the brae moon g'itens o'er,
Or wee bit bield in heathery moor,
Wad ye no' greet that ye've sae pairt,
Lassie, though I lo'e ye?"

His tone compelled her to look up, and slight as her capacity of affection was compared to his, no woman could be so wooed and remain untouched. In the glance that met his, Robin read and not untruly that in her way she loved him.

"What's for a cup o' tea now?" called the bride from the cottage, where the lamps had been extinguished, and the shutters opened, and the room hastily put in order. Jock Scott, the fiddler, was already seated making a meal, at the breakfast he would see, as he explained, before setting off on a six miles' tramp to his day's work. Yawning and sleepy, now that the excitement of the night's festivity had spent itself, most of the company flocked in to join him, while bidding farewell to her old school-fellow the bride, who was so occupied with the duties of hospitality as scarcely to notice her. Jean took her way home from the Ferry to Elie, escorted by Robin.

Again, and sure of his opportunity, as alone they crossed the shining stretches of sand left bare by the sea, he urged his suit. And Jean, whose heart had been half won already, could no longer withstand his urgent pleadings. "Yes," she admitted, "she loved him; she would marry him—some day, but not yet—and he must tell no one."

Robin, in a rapture of delight, was ready to promise silence; indeed his happiness was too sacred and heartfelt to make comment and criticism tolerable as yet. Jean loved him, that was enough, and pacing slowly the length of the silent street in which she lived, they plighted troth, and kissed each other, loath to part.

Footsteps, quickly nearing, cut short their farewells. Jean opened the unlocked door of her father's house and was gone, while Robin turned homewards whistling to appear at his ease, as he met the new comer. It was his mother's cousin, old Katie Scott, the fishwife, and chief news-monger of the village, starting on her rounds. It was just as well she had not seen him walking with Jean, thought the simple fellow to himself.

"He's ta'en that lassie hame frae the wedding," surmised the old woman as they exchanged a passing greeting. "Aweel, aweel, he'll no' hae his sorrow to seek."

CHAPTER II.

"Nae call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting"—*As you like it.*

The westerling sun, shining through the deep-set windows of the Shore House drawing-room touched with red gold the white panelled walls, sparkled dimly among the twisted leaves and jewelled flowers of an old Venetian mirror above the fireplace, lit up with transient expression the sinuering suite of one pictured lady, explored curiously the network of cracks in the silver visage of another, and touched with its furthest rays the dainty lace cap and the soft grey hair of Miss Susan Dundas as she sat quietly knitting by the fire.

Straying lower, the sunbeams kissed the faint roses of her cheeks so persuasively that, laying aside her work, she was fain to go out and enjoy the lingering beauty of the summer evening, when certain wheezy preparations for striking on the part of the old clock in the next room, seconded by an approaching sound of footsteps, changed her intention.

Well, David, you did not go out with the minister after all!" she said cheerily, rising to greet her brother as he entered, and shifting the position of his favourite chair a little, that he might sit, as he preferred, with his back to the light.

Continued on 4th Page.

General News and Notes.

Have a purpose in life. Let the world know that you have brain and muscle.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound cures Whooping Cough and Croup.

Always choose the bright spots and sunny places. Life will be happier and all around you better.

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Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, and most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

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The confidence that people have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is the legitimate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from parent to child, and is the favorite family medicine in thousands of households.

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Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extracts "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the impurities from the blood, Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

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"I was cured of scrofula by Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Woodford, Mo.

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