

**NEW BUSINESS NOTICE.**  
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., on Wednesdays, and is sent to subscribers in advance of the date of publication. It is published for the Proprietor by J. B. SNOWBALL, at the office of the printer, in Chatham, N. B.

**MARBLE WORKS.**  
The subscriber has removed his works to the premises in Golden Hill street, Chatham, N. B., and is prepared to execute orders for  
**MONUMENTS, HEAD-STONES, TABLETS & GEMMETRY WORK.**  
generally also, COUNTERS and TABLE TOPS and other miscellaneous marble work.  
A good stock of marble constantly on hand.  
**EDWARD BARRY.**

**MIRAMICHI MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE WORKS,**  
John H. Lawlor & Co., PROPRIETORS.  
A good stock of Marble always on hand.

Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Table-tops, Garden Vases, Etc., etc.  
CUT STOCK of all descriptions furnished to order.  
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**For Sale or To Let.**  
The Dwelling House and premises situate on St. John Street, in the Town of Chatham, near the N. O. Chapel, lately occupied by the late Mr. J. B. Snowball, is for sale or to let. For terms and further particulars apply to the Proprietor, J. B. SNOWBALL, Chatham, N. B., dated at Chatham, 20th March, 1893.

**Robert Murray, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,**  
Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC. ETC. ETC.  
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—AND—  
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**TIN SHOP.**  
An I have on hand a large and better assortment of goods than ever before, comprising  
**Japanned, Stamped AND Plain Tinware,**  
would invite those stout to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am now selling below former prices for cash.  
**The Peerless Creamer, ROCHESTER LAMP, SUCCESS OIL STOVE,**  
—Also a nice selection of—  
**PARLOR & COOKING STOVES**  
—WITH—  
**PATENT TELESCOPI OVEN.**  
The lining of which can be taken out for cleaning, thereby doing away with the removing of pipe or oven as is the trouble with other stoves.  
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**ATTENTION! GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES, DRY GOODS & GROCERIES LOWER THAN EVER**  
**F. W. RUSSELL'S, BLACK BOOK.**  
**ENGINE & BOILER FOR SALE.**  
1 1/2 Horse Power Portable Engine and Boiler in good order and ready for work. For information as to price and terms, apply to  
**GEORGE STODART,** Chatham, N. B.

**DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL SURGEON DENTISTS.**  
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and repairing of the natural teeth.  
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed to every respect.  
Office in Chatham, Benson Block, Telephone No. 15.  
In Newmarket, opposite Square, over J. G. Kennerly Barber shop, Telephone No. 5.

# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 19. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

**GENERAL BUSINESS.**  
**K. & R. XES,**  
MADE WITH FIRTH'S BEST AXLE STEEL,  
ESPECIALLY FOR US.  
NONE BETTER.  
100 DOZ. NOW IN STOCK.  
**KERR & ROBERTSON,**  
WHOLESALE HARDWARE,  
ST. JOHN N. B.

**Established 1866.**  
**Dunlap Bros. & Co.,** AMHERST, N. S.  
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Iron and Brass Castings a specialty—for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Kettles, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Rabbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.  
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STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,  
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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete.  
**GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.**  
**IRON PIPE, VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.**  
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.  
—FULL LINES OF—  
**Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Haberdashery, Carpets, Cutlery, Hats, Caps, etc., etc.**

**HARDWARE.**  
Wholesale & Retail.  
**J. B. SNOWBALL, CHATHAM.**

**Miramichi Advance.**  
CHATHAM, N. B., - - SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.  
**EAGLE'S CRAG.**  
"Three o'clock on a December afternoon, among the wild hills and moorlands of the Miramichi. There had been but little snow as yet, but for a fortnight a black and bitter frost had made the tracks like iron and held the river in its grip. Over these lonely miles of heather, beyond which the deep, dark lochs with mountains on two sides, rising sheer from its brink, grim and steeper than any prison walls, came a young girl.  
When the wind whistled round her with a sharper, keener gust than usual, she hid her face in her rough, homespun shawl; when the hand that held a basket nipped and ached with the searching cold she breathed on it and chafed it with the other, and now and then she kept lifting her eyes to the sky, somewhat anxiously, for the early coming darkness seemed even too early, and these were surely snow clouds over Craig-nak-skeidia. That little cottage, the very farthest that could be seen standing lonesomely and remote away up on the far off hillsides, was her destination, and it was a good two hours' walk.  
The snow will keep off for awhile yet," she thought, "if it should rain win have a dark night! I'll have the lamp lit in the wind, an I'll no fear lanesome."  
There is no place in the world more solitary than these mountain glens in the dead of winter, but this girl was not nervous, and she knew every step of the way. Between her and her home there was only one other dwelling. That was a cozy enough building of gray stone, just where the moorland road began to slope upward and become a hill track. Lizzie Lowden had long ago made up her mind that she would take the other side of the moor rather than pass close by the door of Alan Grant the gamekeeper. There used to be two brothers at Moorfoot—Alan, the gamekeeper, and Sandie, the younger, a shepherd. Now there was but one, for Sandie, the "lyth-est lad an' the bravest in the glen," the "dainty chiel" of the "auld folk," and the "secret ane" in more than one maiden's heart, had disappeared.  
Disappeared suddenly and strangely, and yet after the first talk had died down there seemed little mystery in it after all. Sandie had too much push and spirit, some said, to remain long what he was elsewhere in a quiet glen. He had been heard to say that he would be "a'f some fine day, and they would need to find another to dance 'Ghillie Callum' at the gathering in summer and sing a song by a winter fire."  
She thought, "if it should rain win have a dark night! I'll have the lamp lit in the wind, an I'll no fear lanesome."  
"An nae wonder, he was fair o' the likes of him," was the commonest comment when his words were reported, for the elder brother was no favorite. Big and strongly made, with a dark face and silent taciturn ways, he was no sympathetic companion for his light hearted brother. It was a year ago come April, and people had ceased to surmise or even to think much, but Lizzie Lowden thought of little else, though she had spoken less than any, and to-night her heart was full of it.  
She came to a paling and put down her basket to climb. She had been running for some distance before coming to it and stopped a moment to take breath. The moor rose immediately beyond, and then dipped into a little hollow. Beside the paling a little below where she was, lay a bigish stone. The ground was white, though it was but a sprinkling of snow that covered it, but just beside the stone something drew her attention, also came nearer. The color rushed into her face and left it pale. The snow there was red dyed, crimsoned with blood, but that was not all. There were marks beyond, terrible, ghastly traces. Here the impress of—oh, could it be a hand! There, as if some heavy body had dragged itself or been dragged up the slope, and all the way that horrible, ghastly track.  
Whatever it was—man or beast—it lay just out of sight, hidden in the hollow. Her breath came and went in little gasps. Must she pass it? She would hide her eyes and fly past, never looking, hardly stopping till she was near home, but for a moment her limbs refused to move. Then, long and low on the frightful silence came—a moan! She was a woman and pity was stronger than fear. It was anguish unto death that called her and she almost flew in the direction of the sound. Her foot stumbled on something. Almost before she looked, with a sick, shuddering apprehension, she knew what it was—Alan Grant, the gamekeeper's gun, and he had moaned.  
The man lay on a bank of heather. His hands clutched the twigs, the snow no whiter than his face, his eyes staring at the sky. In a moment the girl realized what had happened. He must have stepped on the big stone on leaping the fence, and in the fall his gun had exploded. He was now bleed-

ing to death. "Alan" she said, and he turned his dim eyes on her. The life was almost out of him, but the expression of some great agony some terrible emotion, sprang into his face. She overcame her strong aversion to the man, and putting one hand on his wrist with the other she loosened his coat and then vainly tried with her shawl to stanch the dreadful wound on his chest. The snow had begun to fall; at first she hardly knew it, but it was lying in heavy flakes on his head now. It was wet on her own face. It was coming heavily and fast.  
A little distance from them, only a few steps, was a sheepfold with one corner roughly roofed in with bracken and branches. She put her strong, young arms around the wounded man and with a God given strength, half lifted, half dragged him to the shelter. She made a bundle of some dry ferns and put his head on it. Then she put her mouth close to his ears: "Alan," she cried, "can't you hear me, I'm in a fit as ever I can have, an mither an I will tak ye hame to your ain house." He shook his head and pointed to his breast pocket. She took out a pen-knife, and with a few strokes of the liquid down his throat. There was very little and he drained it dry. Then he spoke huskily, in quick, gasping breaths: "I'll be a dead man in ye come back, Lizzie. Bid 'em I have lain here for coors. Ye'll gane sneuch fan ye hear me. I see to tell ye. Dinna start, lassie; it's nae mair words of love I hae ta'x ye yet."  
I kept that was nae use long ago. Ye're moorin for Sandie, think ye on him—an the bonnie lad's lying dead and still at the bottom o' Loch Effock."  
The girl stared at him wildly—then started to her feet, shuddering and trembling. The dying man clutched at her dress with one last effort.  
"I killed him, he half sobbed. "We had words. I told him he needs fa'f himself tryin to win ye, for I will hae ye for my wife, fair means or foul. An he lookit in my face wi' that lauch o' his. It was on the Eagle's crag. I struck him, pushed him over. He went down, doon, ye ken whaur."  
She was choking. Once he tried to open his lips. His eyes sought the girl's hidden face with a piteous hunted look. When she lifted her head from her hands, he was dead!  
Dead in the wall sheepfold by her side, and the snow was falling, whirling, driving in the gathering darkness.  
Lizzie used to wonder afterward whether she sat there hours or only a few minutes. It seemed to be black night all at once. To venture out into that maze of blinding drift would be worse than madness. She crept out of the shelter through deep snow and feeling for the wall strained over it with a vague, desperate hope of seeing her mother's light. Darkness unbroken! Only one of two things remained to be done—fight her way out and perish in the storm or crouch down beneath the scanty roof beside the body of Alan Grant and wait for help.  
She sobbed once or twice helplessly. What would her father and mother do without her? Then, when she had groped her way back, she knelt down in her wet clothes and said some words of a prayer. Then she felt around for some still dry bracken, and gathering it together piled it on top of her. Once or twice she touched the dead man in the darkness, but hardly any feeling of horror seemed to touch her now. It was the pitiful thought of that other man, that filled her mind—the man she loved—deep under the black ice on Loch Effock. This was where all her fears and hopes had ended. This was the reason he had not met her by the Queen's well that April night. She always knew he had not played her false, whatever others might think.  
Would she let him sleep on there and never make known his brother's crime? What would it matter? Only one could judge him now. Oh, to think that she, the woman who would have given her life for him and whom he loved so well had been the very cause of his death. So these cruel thoughts and many others came and went, and always the snow fell, and the dead man lay within touch of her hand. It was strange, but the former almost unreasoning hate and horror which she had felt in regard to him seemed to have melted away.  
Then the cold took hold of her, and that awful numb feeling, chilling blood and brain.  
She thought perhaps she would sleep till day. But was that not a cry somewhere far off and faint for her falling senses. What was that dazzling her eyes, walking over out of her deathly stupor? Something hot and fiery was trickling between her icy lips!  
Some one was lifting her in her great, strong arms, and a voice was rousing her as no other voice could. How like Sandie's it sounded! She must be dreaming! How warm and real dream kisses felt on her face and lips!  
Sandie told her all next morning. There is a narrow ledge of rock on the face of Eagle's crag not far above the loch. There is some heather on the ledge and a whin bush. By a merciful escape the young man had leaped there and lain stunned by the fall, hidden among the whins. When he came to his senses, bruised and cut and shaking all over, he could think of nothing, remember nothing but that his only brother had tried to murder him.

Whether premeditated or in a fit of black rage he did not question—he would not face him. He dared not meet him lest it should come to deadly strife. He was dazed with rage and pain. He would go away there and then forever out of his hateful sight. He had walked over the hills and reached a town. Fortunately he had been selling sheep that day and had some money in his pockets. He took train and ultimately found himself in Glasgow, where he went on board a steamer bound for America. During the long, monotonous days at sea he had plenty of time to repent his rash step, for the thought of Lizzie filled his heart. The memory of that kind, sweet face seemed to drive out the other memory.  
Then he made up his mind to earn enough money to take him back as soon as possible. He did get work, but then he caught a fever and lay for some months in a New York hospital. When he picked up again, he gathered together all he had and came back to the glen and Lizzie. On the last day of the old year he had crossed the hills, but from the other side. He had a fancy not to come up the glen, but to come down upon Lizzie's home first of all—to see no 'kent face before hers.  
We know the rest. He had just reached the cottage before the worst of the snow storm and started all at once to find his love.—Montreal Star.

**SATURDAYS ONLY.**  
SOMETHING NEW  
AT THE  
**GOGGIN BUILDING.**  
In future on every Saturday all goods in the Hall.  
**SOLD AT COST.**  
Remember those prices are for  
**SATURDAYS ONLY.**  
I will be useless as far as extra goods at Saturday prices on other days through the week.  
**TERMS - CASH.**

**TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!**  
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites  
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use  
**CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND ALL THE FORMS OF WASTING DISEASE AS FALZARBE AS WELL.**  
Bottles made in Great Britain. Solely in Wrapper, at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

**CHOICE MILLINERY!**  
A HINT TO THE LADIES.  
To those who have not yet attended to their spring millinery be it to state that my sales during the latter part of the season have been so large that I am daily receiving new goods such as Hats, Bonnets, Towels, Feathers, etc. My stock comprises only  
**CHOICEST GOODS.**  
With moderate price and artistic workmanship I trust to receive a share of public patronage.  
**JOSEPH ZOOANAN.**

**SALT! SALT!**  
For Sale in Bags or bulk by  
**GEORGE BURCHILL & SONS,** Nelson.  
**COFFINS & CASKETS**  
—IN—  
Rosewood, Walnut, etc., etc.  
Coffin Findings and Robes supplied at the very lowest rates. All Orders promptly forwarded.  
**James Hackett, Undertaker** CHATHAM, N. B.

**HEART FAILURE, FAINTNESS, ACUTE DYSPEPSIA,**  
with  
**Complete Nervous Prostration.**  
Cured by Using  
**HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC.**  
A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.  
Mr. Wm. Thompson of Moncton, N. B., says "For 2 years past my wife has suffered from Acute Dyspepsia accompanied with complete nervous prostration and a remarkable sensation about the heart which frequently produced a sense of faintness. She became weak and nervous, lost all energy, and had a constant feeling of drowsiness. She suffered with increase pain in the stomach after eating. She tried various remedies and was treated by the doctors for some time, but obtained no relief. She became so emaciated that she gave up all hope of ever getting better, when one day she happened to see in the paper an account of a lady who had recovered from a similar case by the use of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic and Liver Pills, which had produced a similar result. She immediately purchased a bottle of the Tonic and Pills and after taking the medicine for a few days she was improved and her appetite began to return. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine as it has not only benefited my wife but has also benefited my children. My wife is now healthy and strong and has gained much weight and energy."  
Rev. Henry M. Spinks, Rector of Moncton, N. B., writes "I have personally acquainted with Mr. Thompson's case, and am greatly pleased to hear that he has recovered from his illness and produced such remarkable results."  
Sold by all druggists and general dealers.  
**FOR 10 CENTS PER BOTTLE.**  
Manufactured by  
**HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.** St. John, N. B.

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Upper end of double house on King street at present occupied by Donald McDonald. Possession given last date apply to  
**J. B. SNOWBALL.**

**Manchester House.**  
Men's Cashmere & Hosiery, Men's Silk Umbrellas, Boys' Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose, heavy double knits, a special line for boys, Yarmouth Fancy Wool.  
Tweeds at 60c per yard.  
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MANUFACTURERS  
Doors, Sashes, Blinds & Mouldings, Flooring, Sheathing  
—AND—  
ALL KINDS OF STOCK FOR BUILDING. ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.  
—ALSO—  
SUPPLY SCHOOL CHURCH FURNITURE.  
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**ALEX. MCKINNON, WATER ST., CHATHAM.**  
I am now prepared to offer my customers and the public generally, goods at  
**REDUCED PRICES**  
in the following lines, viz:—  
Mixed Candy, Nuts, Grapes, Lemons, Raisins, Currants, Citrus and Lemon Peel, Flavoring Extracts and Pure Spices, and other Groceries.  
—ALSO—  
A nice line of gift cups & saucers, Mugs, Lamps, and a General assortment of Glass and Earthenware &c.

**ALEX. MCKINNON,**  
December 13th 1892.  
**WOOD-GOODS.**  
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE  
Laths, Pailings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.  
**THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON.**

**IMPROVED PREMISES**  
Just arrived and on Sale at  
**Roger Flanagan's**  
Garden, and Field Seeds, Choice Timothy Seed, and Wheat, Wall Papers, Window Shades, Dry Goods, Ready Made, Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes &c. &c.  
Also a choice lot of  
**GROCERIES & PROVISIONS. R. FLANAGAN.**  
ST. JOHN STREET & WATER STREET.

**Teacher Wanted.**  
In district No. 2 Moorfield, a second class female Teacher, to take charge last October. Apply to  
**WM. GRAY, Secy. to Trustees**

**New Barber Shop AND Tobacco and Cigar Store.**  
The Subscriber has opened a Barber Shop and Tobacco and Cigar Store in the old premises on Water Street, adjoining Chemist's premises, and is ready to receive the new London building in course of erection. He has a personal attention to the Barber Shop and will be in charge of Mr. A. W. Terry, late of Halifax, who is a first-class workman.  
**A. J. PINE.**

**"THE FACTORY"**  
**JOHN McDONALD,** (Successor to George Casady) Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings —AND— Builders' Furnishings generally under patent and machine to order.  
**BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING** BOOK DIMENSIONED and all other LAMB CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
**THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.**

**NOTICE.**  
For sale one second hand carding machine breaker and carder, nearly all new, guaranteed to make good work, supply machine cards, cranks, plate cleaners, emery, wool pickers, mineral paint for dye.  
**W. MORICE & CO.,** Sackville Co. Westmorland N. B. May 20 1893

**DERAVIN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**  
ST. KITTS, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin. LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

**GEORGE W. CUTLER,** GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT FOR FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT COMPANIES  
Representing:  
Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn. Norwich Union of England, London and Lancashire Life Assurance Co. of London, and the Eastern and Montreal, Quebec and Ontario Life Insurance Co. of Montreal.  
OFFICE—QUARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG CHATHAM, N. B.

**F. O. PETERSON, Merchant Tailor**  
(Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq)  
**CHATHAM - - N. B.**  
All Kinds of Cloths, Suits or single Garments, orders of which is respectfully invited.  
**F. O. PETERSON.**

**5,000 HIDES!**  
Five Thousand Hides Wanted.  
I will pay cash on delivery for all the hides I can procure, and I will buy one thousand of them either for cash or for exchange. Parties in any part of the County sending photographs of their hides can be supplied by sending their names to  
**WILLIAM TROY,** Chatham, May 15th, 1892.





