MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

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The address slip pasted on the top of the paper 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 without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement with Page

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of the day.

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having the 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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Made to order in the latest style
Ladies Spring Jackets,
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Inspection of which is respectfully invited.
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We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S STRIP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER, OINTMENT AND PILLS.
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Kola Wine and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store
E. Lee Street Proprietor
Newcastle, Sept. 14th, 1896.

Manchester House.
Blankets! Blankets! Blankets
The evenings are becoming cool and housekeepers are beginning to think they will need blankets. We have just received a lot of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which we are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $3 per pair are splendid value.
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LTD.

Lime For Sale
Apply to
THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

NOTICE OF BILL TO BE PRESENTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.
Notice is hereby given that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Local Legislature, to amend Chapter 92, intitulé "An Act to incorporate the Chatham Boom Company" and the several acts relating thereto, by extending the time for the completion of the works of the said Company and for the further
Dated this twenty first day of November, A. D. 1896.

DRS. T. & J. H. SPROUL
OPTICIANS

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

JUST OPENING.
Christmas & New Year 1896-7
JUST OPENING
BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,
NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,
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ALSO A FULL LINE OF
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IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.
DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY
CHATHAM BRANCH
TIME TABLE
In Effect Monday, Oct. 5, 1896.
MIXED
FOR CHATHAM
Read Down | Read Up
STATIONS | Miles | Mixed
Leave Newcastle | 0 | 10.00 a. m.
Douglastown | 2½ | 10.20
Boom Road | 3½ | 10.25
Chatham Junction | 4½ | 10.30
Arrive Chatham | 6 | 10.40
Leave Chatham | | 11.10 a. m.
Chatham Junction | | 11.15
Boom Road | | 11.25
Douglastown | | 11.30
Newcastle | | 11.45
Connections at Chatham Junction with I. C. R. Sundays excepted trains will run as follows:
Sunday mornings
Leave Newcastle 8.30 a. m.
Arrive Chatham 10 a. m.
Leave Chatham 4 p. m.
Arrive Newcastle 5.30 p. m.
CHAS. A. LEGER,
Chatham, Nov. 9th, 1896. Superintendent.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N.B.

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

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

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made, Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN.
ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM

WOOD-GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
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Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Ceiling Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
JAMES NELSON.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES
LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.
Holders of Timber Licenses in rear of the Timber Regulations, follows:—
Price of Pine trees shall be cut as under any License, not even which will not make a log at least and ten inches at the small such shall be cut, the to double stumpage notified, that for the section will strictly

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND GENERAL MERCHANTS
Spruce Lumber, Coal and Anthracite Coal,
129 BROAD STREET,
Cor. Stone Street, NEW YORK,
Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

FOR SALE.
A Steam Launch 28 feet and 20 inch swing, elevating rack saw cutting etc.
Apply to JAMES NELSON,
Canada House, Chatham, N. B.

FOR SALE
The subscriber offers for sale, or to rent for a term of years, his Dwelling House and contiguous premises on King Street, Chatham. Possession will be given on any time required to a suitable purchaser or renter, and if it can be let furnished.
ANGUS McMACHERAN,
Chatham, Nov. 9th, 1896.

PIANO FOR SALE.
Very superior new Gerhard Heintzman piano for sale, liberal terms. Apply
12.96

"Advance's" St. John Letter.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS—THE DAY'S NEWS—THE MARKETS, ETC.

It is mentioned as something remarkable that Jonathan Duane Wheeler of Stonington, Conn., owns and occupies a farm that has descended to him from his great-great-great-grandfather who lived 160 years ago. It has never passed from the family of its original occupant, whose ashes mingle with those of seven generations of his descendants. Circumstances of this kind are probably rarer on this continent than in any other civilized country in the world because the unrest of the pilgrims and the cavaliers, the pioneers of Canadian life, is inherited by their posterity and 160 years more will probably pass by before it will be eliminated. Wherever chance places him the American, and in a considerable measure the Canadian, is at home, if he can be said to have a home anywhere and in consequence the ties of kinship are less binding here than in many places elsewhere. We are like rolling stones rather than the everlasting hills. We are all tramps from "Weary Walker" to the millionaire who builds a villa at Newport, then at Bar Harbor, then at Lennox and abandons them all, one after the other. We think the Wheelers of Stonington, Conn., are a substantial people; that they are intelligent, forehanded, hospitable and never have any bickerings with their neighbors. Their fields are well tilled, their fences without gaps, their dwelling and outhouses commodious, cheerful and permanent. The farm is a world in itself to its possessors; the home fragrant with pleasant memories and anticipations.

"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality."

"There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming stayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—
Forever—never!
Never—forever."

Undoubtedly the time will come when our people will take root, as it were: when we shall dig and build for posterity as well as for ourselves, and when the word home will have a far wider meaning than is now attached to it.

Two deaths occurred among the inmates of the Provincial Lunatic asylum on the 13th inst.

Hereafter the city treasury board will not pay the Recorder for his opinion or advice unless it is asked for.

The new Baptist church on Main Street, which is a fine specimen of church architecture, will be opened for service on the 27th inst.

An artesian well is being sunk on the grounds of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

Assigned liabilities $1,600; assets $2,600 in book debts; that's the record of a recent unfortunate in this city.

Twenty-five per cent. of the estate to the assignee and two or three per cent. of their claims to the creditors; that is the way some insolvent matters are settled in St. John.

Three ocean steamships arrived here last week. There are now in port uncleared three steamers, six barques, two brigantines and 66 schooners.

The "flannelette war" appears to have been waged for advertising purposes only. Goods of quite as good quality as those that are sold here for 14 cents a yard are sold in Boston for 5½ cents and at that price it is claimed that they pay a fair profit to the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the retail dealer.

Steamer Alcides sailed for Glasgow on Saturday with 270 head of cattle, 53 horses and 150 sheep on board.

A good many Christmas boxes went to England by the steamer Lake Superior which sailed from here on Friday.

In the gale on Friday a brakeman was blown from a box car at Sand Point and fell to the beach below, a distance of 30 feet. No bones were broken.

The man who keeps his head cool and his feet warm has little to fear from pneumonia or kindred complaints. To keep the feet warm it is necessary to keep them dry, and this is more effectually done by the use of the Spanish glycerine oil liquid dressing than by the use of overshoes. It is a famous leather preserver and polish, put up in boxes of one doz. and supplied to the trade by Northrop & Co. of this city.

Steamers Lake Winnipeg and Halifax City arrived here on Friday.

Twenty-one Armenians brought out by the Salvation Army are in the city. They will be sent to the Social farm near Toronto.

H. L. Spencer of this city will be employed on the National Cyclopedia of Biography, the most magnificent series of books ever published in America, until 1900, when it will be completed.

The opening of the Victoria rink tomorrow evening will be the grandest event in its history. A commodious parlor, handsomely furnished, is one of the new attractions of this favorite resort. Country visitors should never miss spending an evening at the Victoria rink.

Fluctuations in the market are reported as follows by Messrs. George S. DeForest & Sons. Oatmeal is weaker and has declined 30 cents per barrel. Plate beef is firm at an advance of 50 cents per barrel. Dried fish is still coming in and has declined in price from 10 to 15 cents per 100 pounds. Evaporated apples are easier and the best quality is quoted at 4¾ and 5 cents per pound. New crop nuts have arrived and are sold in sack lots as follows: Filberts 11 cents; S. S. almonds 13 cents; Grenoble walnuts 13 cents. There is a marked advance in hops: packers have advanced prices from 3½ to 4 cents per pound. Ginger and pepper have advanced abroad but there is no change in the local market. Sugars are dull and the market is rather easier; standard granulated 4 cents; bright extra C. 3⅜ @ 3½ cents. The market is overstocked with common grades of butter which are almost unsaleable. Strictly choice is scarce at 17 to 18 cents. Eggs are active at 17 cents for go[illegible] annual inco[illegible] tea has bee[illegible] Fourteen [illegible] week; [illegible]

UNDER YE MISTLETOE.

Ye lips do meet in sweet embrace,
Ye eyes do pop and flash,
Ye noses madly interlace,
Then comes ye final crash!

NEMO USQUAM.

A FLASH OF ANGER.

By Grace Ethelwyn Cody.

"Come, darling come! Don't drag on mamma's hand."

But the little prince had stopped short before an immense window full of dolls. He was a mannish little figure with the straight, dark blue coat buttoned almost to his ankles, and the close-fitting, wooly cap upon his head; but inside the coat was a white pique dress with lace and ruffles, and underneath the cap shown out a soft and dimpled baby face with full red, lips, and great, dark, starry eyes.

It was the day before Christmas and the little prince's eyes had been growing larger all the afternoon. The store windows were so full of wonders and he so full of baby-awe and admiration. He had not learned to weary of it at all, to dread the rushing crowds, and to think bitter thoughts about money and the sweet things he would like to do. He simply wanted everything he saw, and when he found he could not have it he just forgot the want in some new wonder.

Only these dolls, these gaily-dressed beautiful dolls—they were a different matter!

He stood holding his mamma fast, while the hurrying people jostled them this way and that.

"Oh, see—jess see!" he cried. "Mamma, out of all dose many don't you sink dat you can buy me one, jess on'y one?"

His eyes were two round wishes.

"Oh, precious!" she answered, trying to push on. "Mamma couldn't buy another thing to-night. See, its getting dark, and papa will be home and think we're lost."

Still he hung back, his lip quivering with disappointment.

"Mamma," he said at last, choking down a sob, "you'd like to buy me one—you want to do it very bad—oh, very bad—don't you?"

"Why, yes, my sweet. I would like to get you everything you want."

"All right, den," he answered, and, turning, trudged manfully away from the enchanting sight.

It was a mistake, anyway, having to go down town that afternoon. The little prince's mamma had finished all her Christmas shopping a week before, but that very morning, to her dismay, Bert's brown dressing gown had come home with navy blue instead of dark green velvet collar and cuffs.

Bert, you know, is papa to the little prince. He is a handsome fellow, with twinkling blue eyes and brown mustache and wavy hair, and it was most important that his dressing gown should be exactly right. It was to have been so stylish—brown and green—the "very sweetest combination!" Besides that, was not the piece of velvet Bert's wife had taken to the tailor's much finer and better every way than the one he had put in? That settled it.

She bundled up the dressing gown, took the little prince by the hand, and started for the tailor's. It was away down-town, but never mind.

Of course the tailor was very sorry—of course it was a mistake. Of course it never would have happened, except for the Christmas rush, and of course it could not possibly be changed that day. Of course she would have to give it to her husband as it was and have it altered afterward.

"Of course you will alter it to-day and have it ready, as you promised, or, of course, I will not take it at all," she answered, borrowing his own expression in rather a saucy way.

The tailor looked at her determined face and changed his tone. They could change it and finish it that day, he admitted so much, but they positively could not promise to deliver the garment; so would it not be better, after all, to give it as it was, and there—

She cut him short. "Take it, and make it right. I will call for it myself when it is done."

Bert's little wife detested carrying packages as much as anyone, but "I guess I can do it for Bert at Christmas time," she told herself.

So she and the little prince had wandered from store to store all the afternoon until now, with the dressing-gown safe in her arms, she was on her homeward way.

It was close upon dinner time. The car was crowded, but the tired little prince stood bravely first on one foot and then the other, and looked love at his tired little mamma whenever she glanced his way. He knew she could not hold him with that bulky bundle in her arms. Besides, he knew the secret from papa about the gown, and he was going to keep it, too.

Dear little prince! That was not his real name at all, but somehow it seemed to fit—he was such a royal little man.

When they reached home, there was barely time to put away their wraps before Bert came and dinner was announced.

It had been a hard day at the office, and Bert was tired, or he never would have noticed when the little prince insisted on his having his place at the table moved from the end around to "mamma's side." As it was he looked annoyed, though he said nothing.

The little prince was hard to please that evening. He could not eat the bread that mamma had prepared because he "wanted to butter it himself." He threw a spoon across the table because it happened not to be the one marked with his name, and succeeded altogether in proving that his day's work had been far too heavy for his baby strength.

Bert was silent for the first ten minutes. Then, "My dear," he said, and his little wife knew instantly that what he meant to say would not be pleasant.

"Do you think," he went on with a smile that was only half a smile, "that you are giving me a square deal in this matter?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, constrainedly.

"Beg pardon, but I think you do. As many times as I have told you how I enjoy our quiet dinners when we two are alone and as easy as it is for you to have that boy asleep before this time, it seems to me that your keeping him up to turn the whole [illegible] you would be done by, to say the least."

"But, Bert"—she began to speak and stopped. If she could tell him how she and the little prince had spent the day—how sadly they had tired themselves, and all for him—he would forgive them on the instant, she was sure. But the idea of divulging a Christmas secret before the proper moment was not to be accepted. So she waited.

"It would be different," he resumed, "if you had anything in the world to do except care for the boy. But you have told me repeatedly your Christmas work was all done days ago, and you had only to be lazy from now on, and I tell you when a man comes home as tired as I am—"

"Other people besides men get tired sometimes, too," she interposed. "You [illegible] what I've been doing, but I [illegible] day, and as for the [illegible] as you are, every bit!"

"[illegible] he in bed where he [illegible] very well—"

[illegible] the subject [illegible] high excitement. [illegible] ever since early [illegible] something I [illegible] I know it, too!"

"Yes, yes son!" said Bert in a [illegible] as he could make it. "Did you [illegible] your papa was deaf? I'm not. I can hear quite as well as ever." Then, to the little [illegible] "Where, I'd like to know, did he get the habit of shouting in that style? Do you ever stop him, and tell him to speak softly, or do you let him go on that way all day long?"

"I don't like your manner, Bert," she said indignantly.

"It's a pity you hadn't found that out some years ago, he said drily.

"I don't care," wailed the little prince.

as the chill of the atmosphere struck his tender heart. "I don't like papa, an' I sink he's bad!"

"Hush, darling, hush!" said mamma.

"Oh, no!" said Bert. "Let him speak his mind. Don't make him a hypocrite with all his other faults."

"I don't—I don't!" the child went on. "I wis' I didn't have him—he's so bad!" His sobs grew louder with every breath.

"Little Prince," whispered mamma. "You will have to go away unless you stop. Mamma can't stay and let you cry like this."

"Call Bridget and let her take him and put him to bed," Bert proposed sharply.

"No—no—no!" shrieked the child. "I won't! I won't let her! Oh you bad, bad papa!"

"I always go with him, Bert, you know," said mamma.

"Well, it's time he learned to go with some one else."

"Bert"—her eyes were pleading, but he did not meet them. "Bert, dear—it's Christmas Eve."

"Yes and last Sunday it was Sunday dinner that must not be spoiled by disciplining him! Meantime, for the sake of present peace, are we to let our boy grow up an ungoverned, saucy, good-for-nothing?"

"You are unreasonable!" she answered, hotly, turning to the weeping child once more and wiping the tears from his flushed, excited face. "Any one could see that it would be foolish to try an innovation at a time like this."

Still the little prince could not be quiet, and in a moment mamma rose decidedly. "Come!" she said.

"No—no! I want to stay to 'ceive I want to—oh, I do!"

The little mother found it hard enough to lift the struggling, screaming boy out of the chair to which he clung, and it was small wonder that during the operation one of his widely flying feet shot a glass of water from the table to crash in pieces on the hardwood floor.

Bert started up.

"I shall punish him for that!" he said.

The small woman put her child behind her. He clung to her, frightened into silence by the sound of the breaking glass.

"You shall not even touch him while you are angry," she cried.

"I shall punish my boy when I think best!"

"You shall never strike my baby while I live."

They faced each other defiantly.

"Oh, very well," said Bert, after a pause. "Go on—go on. You're doing bravely. I admire your method. Teach him to scream for what he wants until he gets it, and then to call his father names and say he hates him. By and by, when he gets big enough to knock me down, you'll feel your work is done—won't you? It's wonderful, your method! I should think you would want to instruct a class—a mother's class—why don't you?"

It was too much. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she sobbed, "you cruel, sarcastic, heartless thing! How my brother would hate you if he could hear you talk to me like that! Oh, I can't bear it! On Christmas eve! Oh, its dreadful! I won't stay with you! I'll take the baby and go—somewhere—anywhere—away from here! I never can stay. I want go to home where they love me, and I will!"

Bert tried to look indifferent during this outburst. He shrugged his shoulders, and he pretended not to notice.

Tired men are sorry, sometimes, after dinner.

Bert stole silently up the stairs and stood eavesdropping at the door of the room where the little prince was being put to bed.

"But I can't love him, can I?" he heard in a baby voice, still broken with sobs.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you love your own dear papa."

"You don't love him—do you, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. I do, I do!" There were tears with the admission, and Bert found some in his own eyes at the same instant.

"Well, den, I will, if you do," was the answer.

"And now, darling, tell mamma you are sorry for flying into such a rage and saying and doing all those naughty things."

"I can't, mamma; I can't, 'thought I tell lies. It don't come into my heart to feel sorry—not a bit!"

Then the tender voice replied and went on and on so softly that Bert could not hear the words. He guessed that she was praying with the little culprit.

Suddenly he heard: "It's come—it's here! Oh, mamma, it came right into my heart, and oh, I feel so sorry! I do—I am. I didn't ought to say dose words an', more'n ever, I didn't ought to kick dat glass, an' oh—I never—never—never will again!"

A silence followed. Bert knew that they were locked in one another's arms. After some time the little prince said "Mamma!" "Yes, darling."

"I'm so sorry—I kicked—dat way!" the words had a drowsy drag. "I sink I must have forgotted glass would break!"

Bert listened after that until he heard the little mother rise up from beside the sleeping child and come softly toward the door. She started, as she came upon him, standing there, but he did not give her time to turn away.

"Sweetheart!" He took her face in both his hands. "I didn't ought to say dose words, and oh, I never—never—never will again!"

There were hot tears upon her lashes, but her head went down upon his shoulder and he held her close.

"Dearest, sweetest little wife," he whispered. "I am sorry—oh, so sorry! I think I must have forgotten glass would break!"

And then, although her face was pressed against his coat, he knew, somehow or other, that she smiled.

General News and Notes.

Impossible— it is not good French.—Napoleon.

Seize life where you will, it is interesting.—Goethe.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

Books are the immortal sons defying their sires.—Plato.

Recognized probity is the surest of all oaths.—Mme. Necker.

A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely.—Longfellow.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 3 minutes by Wright's Sanitary Lotions. Warranted J. [illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible] that stirs within [illegible]

[illegible] Scott's Emulsion [illegible] by many thousands who have [illegible] It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but it creates an appetite for food. Try it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

There is nothing of which men are so fond and withal so careless as life.—Bruyere.

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LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
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Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
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Proprietor

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES IS AT THE
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES
PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

The Chatham Incorporation Act.
For Sale at
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
25 CENTS.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of [Cloths of the best]
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable rates.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE LONDON GUARNTEE AND ACCIDENT CO.
The only British Co. in Canada issuing
Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.
Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.
FRANCIS A. GILLISPIE,
AGENT.

CHATHAM RESIDENCE
For Sale.
The Subscriber, being desirous of selling his Chatham Residence known as
"Sunnyside,"
Will receive tenders from parties wishing to purchase.
The property is on the corner of Henderson and Howard Streets—one of the choice residential locations of Chatham—and the house is one of the most handsome and commodious in town.
There are ample OUT-BUILDINGS, INCLUDING STABLE AND COACH HOUSE—ALSO A GARDEN AND ORCHARD—the whole being an ideal residence for a gentleman's family.
D. T. JOHNSTON,
Bathurst, N. B.
12 Nov., 96. 12-3-96.

TINSMITH WORK.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general
Tinsmith and Iron Worker
in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Cunard Street, Chatham.
He makes a specialty of
RE-LINING STOVE-OVENS
and introduces a
DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM
at the same price as the usual single plate put in for elsewhere.
General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.
JOHN DUFF.

THE M[illegible] HALL.
BATH GLOVES
[illegible]ND MITS,
[illegible]GHS
[illegible]tiful line of
[illegible]LET SOAPS
[illegible] five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 14, 1896.

General Business.

C. WARMUNDE
IS OFFERING
SPECIAL BARGAINS
IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY,
Silverware & Novelties,
during the Holidays. All new goods. Give him a call.
We are glad to welcome children, parents to show our goods. Our aim is to make them prize to all.
WARMUNDE, Exhibition Watchmaker
Point Cadre, Chatham, N. B.

STOP IT QUICK!
We mean with Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps and all such
Summer Complaints
When you can stop it quick by taking
PENDLETON'S PANACEA?
Bathurst, N. B., Aug. 1896.
Messrs. Pendleton's Panacea Co.
Dear Sirs:—
I wish to give you a few words in praise of your Panacea. I was a victim of diarrhoea for some two or three years, during which time I consulted different doctors and tried many medicines without effect. I was induced to try your Panacea, and after using one bottle of your Panacea I was cured. You can use my complaint for what it is worth in your behalf.
Yours Sincerely, W. E. ROOD.
Ask for Pendleton's Panacea and take no other.
PREPARED ONLY BY
PENDLETON'S.

MURDOCH'S NEW CARPET
AND
HOUSE FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
The Best in 5 frame Brussels Carpet at 85c to $1.10 c
" " 3 " " " 65c to 75c
The Heaviest Wool Carpet at 50c to 60c
The cheapest in Tapestry Carpet at 30c to 35c
Floor Oil Cloth, Extra Quality, at 12c to 15c
Linoleum, Table Oilcloth, Window Shades and Lace Curtains, at the lowest prices.
Lace Curtains, per pair, $1.00 to $5.00
Lace Curtains (the finest) $3.75 to $10.00
Parlor Mantle Curtains.
Parlor Lamps, complete, 3rd and upward. Paper Blinds, Cords, Tassels, Chandeliers, Table Covers. A complete line of New Home Furnishings.
PIERCE BLOCK, CHATHAM, N. B.

GO TO
PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC.
VIA THE
Canada Eastern Railway
and Fredericton.

Leave	Loggieville	6.00 a.m.
"	Chatham	6.12 a.m.
"	Chatham Jc.	6.45 a.m.
"	Doaktown	8.50 a.m.
"	Boiestown	9.35 a.m.
"	Cross Creek	10.47 a.m.
Arrive	Fredericton	12.15 p.m.
Leave	"	4.20 p.m.
Arrive	Bangor	11.10 p.m.
"	Portland	3.50 a.m.
"	Boston	7.25 a.m.

Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Junction to Boston.

INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY
On and after Monday the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.
Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted) 6.15
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 23.55
Express for Moncton, 11.05
Accommodation for Campbellton, 14.35
ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 3rd September, 1896.

MILLINERY OPENING!

GRAND DISPLAY OF
Fall and Winter Millinery
AT
THE BOUQUET.
The public generally are most cordially invited to attend on Tuesday and Wednesday
Hats, Toques and
Standing display of the latest
Feathers, Tips, Tips, Tipping, Unique and superb Ribbons, Novelties.
Direct importations from Paris, Leipsic and New York.
MRS. MOORE.
WOVEN WIRE FENCE
THE GOLDIE & McCULLOCH CO., LTD.
Galt, Ontario.

Miramichi Advance.
CHATHAM, N. B., DECEMBER 31, 1896.

Not Much "Christmas" in It.

Liberals in both Northumberland and Gloucester Counties can hardly feel that they are to be congratulated over the selection made for them at St. John on Tuesday of last week, when Messrs. Geo. Watt of Chatham and C. Turgeon of Bathurst were chosen as vice-presidents of the newly-organized Provincial Liberal Association to represent Northumberland and Gloucester respectively. It is just such mistakes as these that have, in the past, dismembered the party, when its life-long adherents and workers were passed over and the direction of its affairs entrusted to unstable and mischievous partizans, whose places should always be in the ranks, rather than in positions of control, where they are sure to embrace every opportunity for doing the party harm. Everybody hereabouts knows that the weakening of the Liberal organization of Northumberland is of even date with the time when the faction to which the new vice-president for the County belongs was incorporated with it. The former party leaders had, in 1887, consented, at Hon. Mr. Blake's request, to accept Mr. Mitchell as the Liberal candidate, with the express understanding that he would not again seek election in the County. This faction, however, conspired against the party in 1891 with the determination to again force Mr. Mitchell upon it, and in violation of the County Liberal Association's laws and time-honored usage in the selection of the party's candidate, a few of them met secretly in Newcastle and nominated Mr. Mitchell. Having thus succeeded in their conspiracy, they endeavored to compel or cajole certain influential party men into acceptance of Mr. Mitchell, and because they did not succ[illegible] by the Association and desired to [illegible] would not accept that gentleman, they were read out of the party, which has, ever since, been dominated and led to defeat by the Mitchell faction, one of the most active agitators in which is the gentleman who has just been raised over the heads of influential men of clean party record as vice-president for Northumberland of the Provincial Liberal Association.

Another instance of absurdity in the matter of choosing heads to set over the Liberal party, is the appointing of Mr. Turgeon as Liberal vice president for Gloucester County. This, too, like the selection for Northumberland, is very unreliable stock as a Liberal. Up in Gloucester they don't know him as a Liberal. His conversion from Toryism is so very recent that in order to recognise him as anything but a Tory, he ought to be labelled. Personally we know little of him and he is, no doubt, a very estimable man, but we know that he ran as a Conservative against the late Mr. Anglin in 1878 and also in 1882, when the late Senator Burns (also Conservative) received more votes than the aggregate of the other two. Political circles in New Brunswick lost sight of Mr. Turgeon soon after that, as he left Gloucester and remained away until about two years ago, when he returned as a canvasser for the Singer Manufacturing Company. It is well known that he canvassed in the interest of the Liberal-Conservative party until the day before the Liberal convention in Gloucester last summer, and that he declared himself a Liberal at that simply because, like Mr. Mitchell in 1887, he wanted a nomination, knowing that the Conservatives would not have him. As it was, he went very near losing his deposit in his defeat by Mr. Blanchard.

It will, therefore, we think, be quite clear to people who know what kind of political timber is wanted for the building up of a party with a losing record in its locality, that the genuine Liberals of both Northumberland and Gloucester are not congratulating themselves just now over what their friends at St. John did for them on Tuesday 22nd inst.

Hon. Mr. Blair in British Columbia.

A Victoria B. C. despatch of 19th inst. says:—

Hon. A. G. Blair was received by the Board of Trade last evening and was presented with an address in which pleasure was expressed at the probability of aid being given the Crow's Nest Pass road, but calling attention also to the need of a road through to the coast. A strong bid for favorable consideration of the British Pacific was also put in.

In reply Hon. Mr. Blair told how he had been struck by the great wealth of minerals in the Kootenay district. He had found since his coming to British Columbia a very strong feeling in favor of the continuation of the Crow's Nest Pass line to the coast. He believed that it would be built, and he believed that it was a necessity. The low grade ores required to be handled cheaply, and given low transportation rates in order to be profitable. He had no prejudice against any of the great railway companies, but he did not think that the true interests and welfare of the country could allow any corporation—no matter how great—to have control of all transportation interests. (Applause.) He would, therefore, impose on the railways some supreme control that should regulate their tariff rates. Cheap fuel must be guaranteed, too, and they could not have that if the coal lands were locked up in the hands of a railway corporation. Therefore the question arose in his mind that whether the government took upon them[illegible] coast in whole or in part[illegible] lands should not be [illegible] monopo[illegible] He [illegible] the same, [illegible] he had recently [illegible] the British Pacific r[illegible] be well not to sug[illegible] and move prominent enterprises by taking up a great variety of subjects. He was glad the Pacific coast was ambitious, but he would remind them that at present the political power of the country is in the east, and though the east was kindly disposed towards the west, the east must be propitiated. He was glad to meet the people of British Columbia because he found them people of a class of talent, energy and braininess that would do credit to any part of the world. They had the men, they had the energy and had the resources which would produce a wealth to which the wealth of the Indies would not compare. Above all, there was an evidence of hope and unbounded confidence in the future of the province, and with all these facts before him a man would be unwise who would place any limit to the prosperity of this province. In closing the minister promised to return to British Columbia before many months.

HON. MR. BLAIR AT CALGARY.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 27.

Hon. Mr. Blair was banqueted at Calgary last night, the banquet being non-political. Replying to the toast of our guest, the Minister stated he was impressed with the mineral wealth of the west, with the youth, energy and vitality of the men. A railway must be built, he said, if we can impress upon our colleagues the needs of the west as we see them. Crow's Nest Pass railway will be built forthwith.

The New Commandant.

Colonel Kitson has been sent out to us, in due form, to take charge of our Royal Military College at Kingston. He permitted himself to be interviewed at Montreal, and said he didn't altogether like being ordered off to Canada at Christmas time. That was, of course, to impress us with the idea that they like to spend Christmas at home, in the Mother Country, as well as we do here. But the Colonel cheered up, after endeavoring to make the Canadian interviewer sensible of his ideas of his Christmas self-abnegation, and, like all noble fellows in Her Majesty's service (God bless her) intimated that he was quite pleased to come to Canada, although he forgot to suggest a comparison between the pay and expenses of a home-staying colonel and those of the commandant of the Canadian Royal Military College, Kingston. Col. Kitson will, no doubt, get along excellently, having to follow the self-indulgent Cameron. Omitting some foolish things which the Colonel said to [illegible] only on the lines followed by dozens of diplomatic and military officials who have come to us under imperial auspices, and seemed to think we were to be as receptive of "guff" as dry sponges are of *aqua simplex*, we reproduce what we suppose he deemed the practical part of his prologue.

I entered at Sandhurst, and in 1875. I was gazetted to the Royal Scots, although I never served in that regiment, the same number of the Gazette lower down notifying me of my appointment to the rifles. I served in India, and afterwards returned to England, where I put in two years at the staff college, and acted as aide-de-camp to the brigadier-general at Aldershot. Later I returned to India, and served at half a score of places, the last appointment being that of district staff officer at Bengal. I also took part in the Manipur expedition, but, unfortunately, I missed the Chitral affair, but as I was married about that time to the daughter of a prominent member of the East Indian civil service, and left with my wife for England just before the trouble started up there, I suppose I ought to be content."

Asked for his opinion of the new Lee-Metford rifle, Col. Kitson said: "I think it is a most useful weapon, but the question which has to be decided is whether the bore is large enough to stop an on-coming charge, especially a charge of mounted troops. During the Chitral expedition, which was practically the only chance we had of judging of such a thing, there were many cases of men being found with half a dozen holes bored through them when they should have been quite satisfied with one from a larger bore gun. Then, again, the expensive ammunition makes it manifestly impossible for the men to have the practice they have had with the older types of rifles. Why, when they had the Martini-Henri rifle the men used to be blazing away all the time, but when you have to take into consideration ammunition coated with aluminium and other costly coverings, you cannot afford so many practices, and the result may be conjectured. Apart from these points which raise questions, however, I really think the Lee-Metford is a rifle which should serve us excellently.

"There has been some difficulty in regard to the efficiency of the ammunition after a short time, if it is kept in the same temperature, has there not? Did not the authorities in India call attention to the condition of the cordite after changing supply depots from the hills to the plains?"

"I cannot say positively, because, of course, I had left India before the new supply of ammunition was tested, but I do not think that there have been any complaints, nor that there has ever been any question with regard to the influence of different climates on the ammunition. The question of the size of the bore appears to be the only one which has been the cause of any serious discussion so far."

"Is there any likelihood of the number of appointments of graduates from our Royal Military college to the imperial forces being increased?"

"Scarcely, I fancy. There is more likelihood, in my opinion, of their being diminished. The number of young men fit to whom careers have to be found is increasing, and there is not an examination at which there are less than six or eight hundred candidates."

It is very interesting to be told by the distinguished new commandant that he really thinks that a rifle, which will bore six holes through a man and yet leave him, or Col. Kitson, in doubt as to whether a larger bore gun would not have done more vital execution, "should serve us excellently." We have no doubt that Colonel Kitson will, at least, learn to know what he should talk about before he is long in Canada.

ADVANCE'S ST. JOHN LETTER.

SPORT IN MAINE—GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

The fish and game commissioners of Maine report that 10,000 deer have been killed in that state during the present season and estimate the number that have escaped slaughter to be in the vicinity of 35,000. They say that if the thirst for killing should not be aggravated the number of these animals in the state is not likely to diminish: They say that unless more stringent laws are made for their protection the caribou will soon become practically extinct. Many moose were illegally killed in August and September and the extinction of these animals seems to be determined [illegible]

An army of 50,000 "[illegible] visited Maine this ye[illegible] three of whom [illegible] something or [illegible] game, and the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] are almost as multiplying rapidly and are regarded as the [illegible] inland fish of Maine. Forty-three lakes and ponds were stocked in October. In one of the Rangely lakes a few days ago one of these fish was caught that measured 40 inches in length and weighed 32 pounds. It appears to the writer that as all wild animals, innocent and destructive are, in a sense, the wards of the State, the State should be quite as vigilant to protect the one as to exterminate the other. Whether man has a right to take the life of any inoffensive animal for the gratification of his destructive propensities is a question which among the humane is always answered in the negative.

Boston parties recently received a consignment of 75 barrels of apples from an Amesbury farmer; they were sold for $7.50, the freight was $12.50 and the farmer had to pay the balance of $5. If he had sent them through the proper channel for distribution to the poor there would have been no charge for transportation and the farmer would have been $5 better off.

The new cattle sheds at Sand Point in this city (West) will be ready for occupation in a few days.

About 100 persons ascended the new chimney of the Street Railway Co., last Wednesday. It is 175 feet high.

A party of Bostonians on a shooting expedition to the North Shore, was in the city last Wednesday.

The poor of the North End were kindly remembered by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. last Thursday.

Shipments of lumber from St. John to South American ports have been larger this season than ever before.

Digby proposes to entertain its visitors in a $100,000 hotel next summer. A sanitarium is projected at Kingston.

Appropriate services were held in most of the city churches on Friday.

Steamer City of Monticello sailed for New York on Saturday.

Four ocean steamers and one ship arrived here last week. There are now in port uncleared, one ship, three steamers, three barques, two brigantines and 67 schooners.

The lumber cut on the St. John and its tributaries is expected to be about 10 per cent larger than last season.

Quite a serious accident occurred on Wright street last Thursday morning from an explosion of dynamite. Two men were severely injured.

A well polished boot passes the wearer into "society" where brains are ignored. Aspirants for social honors will do well to use English Army Blacking, which, like Webster's dictionary, is "the best." The wholesale and retail trade supplied by [illegible]rhmp & Co. of this city.

The [illegible] farm produced this year 1,200 bushels of [illegible] 40 tons of hay, 12 tons of straw, 500 bushels [illegible] oats and potatoes, 300 cabbages and 1,700 pounds of pork.

The inmates of all of the public institutions in the city were served with a Christmas dinner on Friday.

Twelve deaths were reported in the city last week: one from consumption, two from congestion of the lungs and one from diphtheria.

St. John, Jan. 28.

They Bargained for Bread, but are to be Compelled to take a Stone.

The Liberal Herald, after an existence of a few months, has joined the receding procession of the several newspaper failures that have come into existence and, after a brief career, died in Chatham within the last twenty years. The death of the Herald is sudden, but it is not attended with anything more serious than the mourning of disappointed subscribers and patrons, and even among these there must be gnashing of teeth rather than weeping and wailing, for there is, in the publisher's tearless statement of the little sheet's demise, a cool announcement that he has sold them like beasts in the shambles into the hands of the enemy.

In the fullness of their Liberal hearts, they subscribed to the "Liberal Herald", but the great party managers controlling the organ have auctioned them off to the Tory World for money. The beacons that shone forth to them from the windows of the Law Chambers, the ship chandlery of the new St. John made Liberal leader for the county and the headquarters where Scott Act sentiment is coined into lucre for the managers of its administration, have lured them into the cave of the Tory pirates. They were induced to anathemise old friends and hasten with their shekels to the new exponent of liberalism, only to be corralled like the herds of the ranches, branded as cattle for the Conservative market and delivered over to their new owners. They bought, on the advice of their leaders, what they thought was to be Liberal bread, and now they are calmly told that they must be satisfied with a Tory stone.

The real promoters of the paper hung to it like leeches as long as there was any of the blood of personal or political advantage to be sucked out of it. But as the end approached, editor Winslow, who was so proud to share the kudos of the more vigorous than decent attacks of the sheet on the ADVANCE and other papers, managed to turn his responsibilities over to less astute, though equally well known individuals who if they, unlike him, had beaten the bush in vain, had yet lingering hopes of catching the bird. In the end, however, when the poor little bark was in the shoal waters of tribulation, even the ship chandler's boat deserted it, carrying to congenial cover those whose advice to the "last man" was to beach the craft on "Vampire Island."

The following, from the publisher's announcement in the very last and final issue of the Herald reads much like a wreck sale advertisement:—

"I have made an arrangement with the World for carrying out my engagements by sending that paper to any subscribers in lieu of The Herald, so that no one who has paid for a paper will fail to get it for the [illegible]

Our unpaid subscription accounts will be collected by the proprietor of the World, to whom they have been assigned, and the World will be sent to such subscribers until they make known their desire to discontinue. I respectfully request all subscribers who have not paid to settle with the World for the amount now due." "J. A. STEWART."

There is evidently bitterness of heart over the treatment the Herald has received from its promoters of a few months ago, for immediately following the foregoing announcement is an article entitled "Commercial Morality vs Political Morality," in which Mr. Stewart says:—

"[illegible] at a loss to know why the [illegible] or more [illegible] apply to business [illegible] could not also be [illegible] sure morals in [illegible] would naturally [illegible] morals, [illegible] business [illegible]

Had [illegible] more experience at his command last spring, when those dear Mitchellite friends of his induced him to loan his financial paws to them for the purpose of pulling their political chestnuts out of the fire, he would now have no occasion to reflect even indirectly on their political integrity, or be driven to imitate them by turning his confiding liberal subscribers over to the Tory organ of the county.

[illegible] to be congratulated on [illegible] smash-up, and it will, of course, trim its sails so as to deserve the windfall which gives it a new lease of life. It will, no doubt, claim the record as the Vukodlak of the press. It came into existence as a creation of the oozing life-blood of the dying Star, and after a sluggish existence, is now to be quickened by the infusion into its almost currentless veins of the young blood of the expiring Liberal Herald. The whole arrangement is suggestive of the muddle in which the Mitchell party has got liberalism in Northumberland and, to us who understand it all, it is a subject for amused observation and philosophic reflection. Meanwhile, all ye confiding Liberals, walk up to the Tory World office and get your medicine!

U. S. Lumbermen in Conference.

At the national convention of lumber interests held last week in Cincinnati, several delegates favored a tariff on lumber of $2 per thousand. A. G. Foster of Tacoma spoke at length on the Canadian lumber being shipped in British ships to American ports at $2 per 1,000, while Americans are compelled to pay from $3.50 to $4 per 1,000. He said that the Canadian government takes back the land after the lumber is taken off it, and the lumber dealers had no taxes to pay there, which, of course, showed how poorly informed he was. He said that a tariff of two dollars per thousand would not affect them in the market on the Pacific coast.

The committee on permanent organization recommended the appointment of a committee on ways and means to represent the lumbermen before congress at Washington, and to have general charge of the interests of the organization. The following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, The placing of lumber on the free list by the existing tariff law not only promotes ruinous competition on timber from Canada, but discriminates against the lumber as compared with other manufactures; therefore

Be it resolved, That each lumber dealer in the United States be urged to furnish to the senator of his state and to the members of congress from his district full information in relation to the needs and condition of the lumber industry, to the end that they may consistently assist in the passage of this measure.

Finally resolved, That this convention recognize the fact that unjust discrimination prevails in some countries in South America and elsewhere as against American lumber, and that we entirely oppose such unjust discrimination, and invoke the aid of the United States congress for the purpose of removing the same, either by reciprocity or otherwise.

G. W. Hotchkiss of Chicago gave an animated talk about the value of lumber and the effect of importations of lumber from Canada and the changed conditions of the lumber business.

New Highway Act.

The new Highway Act came into operation on 1st inst. Its provisions should be studied by those interested. It is summarised as follows: It provides for the laying out of new permanent roads, and of winter roads; prescribes penalties for obstructing the highway with booths, tents, poles or other obstructions; makes it illegal under a penalty of $20 to barter or sell directly or indirectly any liquor upon any road, highway or street; provides for the taking care of sidewalks and fixes a fine for wilfully injuring or unnecessarily driving over such walk; gives the municipality authority to order an assessment upon any parish for the opening up, repairing and renewing of roads; authorizes the Municipal Council to divide each parish into as many highway divisions as may be deemed by them necessary, not to exceed five, and to appoint one commissioner for each division, such commissioner to be a resident of the highway division for which he is appointed. No bye-road commissioners shall be appointed, and where any provincial grant is given for expenditure on bye-roads, the commissioner of roads for the district shall be the person to expend it. Each commissioner is empowered to subdivide the division for which he is appointed into as many road districts as he may deem necessary, and shall out-number each district and file a description of the same with the County Secretary, with the number thereof. Each commissioner shall report to the Chief Commissioner the number of roads in his division, with description of the same, and no Provincial aid shall be given to any road not recorded as above provided. The Act provides for the levying of a poll tax of $1.50 upon every male person, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, and of a tax upon the real and personal estate and income of every person or corporate body, as follows:—For an assessed value of $300 or under, 50 cents; $300 to $900, $1; $1,400 to $900, $1.50; above $1,400, $1.50 for the first $1,400 and 50 cents for every additional $600 or fractional part thereof. Assessors in making up the general assessment roll are required to add a column for road tax, showing the amount for poll tax and the amount for property tax. Non-resident rate-payers' lists are to be made [illegible] separately. The road tax must be [illegible] on or before the 20th day of June, [illegible] division is made for the punishment of de[illegible] rent taxpayers. All expenditures up[illegible] are to be laid out by the commissioner [illegible] that the work may be done not late[illegible] fifteenth day of July. The co[illegible] are given authority to appoint a [illegible] in each district, to attend to the [illegible] of roads in winter. Any one driving a sled or sleigh without one or more bells that can be distinctly heard, shall be liable to a fine of $1 for each default. On and after the first day of May, 1899, the wheels of every vehicle hauling a load exceeding one and a half, tons, shall be provided with [illegible] less than four inches wide, [illegible] of $5. Pains and penalti[illegible] for other infractions of the highway [illegible] are also prescribed.

St. John [illegible]

OVER IN BOI[illegible]

Whence Numerous Cat[illegible] men are Suppl[illegible]

NOTABLE GROWTH IN FIV[illegible] AND WATER—THE LAST OF [illegible] MR. RICHARDS' JOKE.

BOIESTOWN, Dec. 21.—[illegible] miles from Chatham and 50 mi[illegible] ton, Boiestown, on th[illegible] Railway, and in the v[illegible] West Miramichi, is a [illegible] able im[illegible] It [illegible] for [illegible] men and [illegible] ed in lumber[illegible] Boiestown, the [illegible] ook, Rocky Brook, Clear[illegible] ll and Burnt Land Brooks [illegible] West, and the waters of the [illegible] Renous, are also within reach, and the camps through all these streams are supplied through Boiestown. And in addition to camps on the smaller streams there are others whose logs are hauled to the main South West itself. There is therefore always more or less of the flavor of the logging-camp about Boiestown in winter, for men are constantly going to and fro, and the familiar garb of the woodsmen is always to be seen around the village. The farthest camp supplied from Boiestown, is forty miles away. The country is not very thickly settled around the village, but more or less scattered settlements lie around it for a distance of twelve miles. Of course the river valley towards Chatham is settled all along.

Five years ago Boiestown was not a very impressive place. But William Richards rehabilitated an old saw-mill, and added a grist and carding mill, putting in steam power; and also erected other buildings. Eight dwelling houses and two stores have been erected during the five years, and they are handsome structures, too. The village has a new, neat and thrifty appearance. Water is supplied to five of the houses through pipes from a tank and pump worked by a wind-mill. The well was put down 35 feet, and the tank will hold a week's supply, and is high enough in the windmill tower to have the house supply available by gravitation, and without the help of pumps in the kitchen. Before this plant, which cost about a thousand dollars, and is an American invention, was put in, it was necessary to haul water, and the general health was not so good because of the absence of a constant supply of good water.

Duffy Bros. who own the Duffy hotel, a good stopping place for travellers, have also a large shop where they turn out horseshoes, sled fittings and general repair work for the lumber operators.

William Richards has about 750 men in the woods this winter, getting out logs for his mills here and at Chatham.

There are a union church and a public hall in the place. Rev. Mr. Clements, Methodist, is the resident clergyman, but Baptist and Presbyterian services are also held betimes. Dr. Irvine, a young man, and a St. John man, is located at Boiestown.

But to return to the caribou question. Newcastle and Bartibogue and Campbellton pride themselves on the fact that they know where caribou are to be found. They must now take a back seat, for Mr. Richards says that caribou are to be found in herds of twenty to fifty on the barrens not many miles from Boiestown. A caribou came out on the river close to the village this week, and some parties in from the woods report having seen a herd of about thirty. A Chatham bank man is expected here in a few days on a hunting trip. Moose are to be found further away than the caribou, and in the deeper woods.

Hunter Sillick has been glorified a good deal by the papers of late. But Moncton must not exalt itself. For within four miles of Boiestown, in the woods, is the home of bachelor George Brown. He is not a breeder of moose. But he has killed more bears than any man of his generation, and the habits of the beaver, the otter, the mink and the sable are an open book to him. Well nigh seventy years of age, he has spent a lifetime in the woods. The home referred to seldom knows his presence, for his haunts are up the streams and into the deep woods. Generally he locates not far from a logging camp, as a base of supplies. At certain periods he brings down his furs to the store of William Richards, and they are shipped to Montreal. Mr. Brown was in Montreal himself not [illegible] to consult a famous specialist, for cataracts have nearly deprived him of sight. But Mr. Brown can tell you about the haunts and habits of the beaver and other fur bearing animals. He has lived in the woods, and regards with perfect equanimity the prospect of dying there, whether in solitude or in some logger's camp he little recks.

Once a clergyman, meeting the trapper, said to him, "Why, I heard you were dead." And he repeated it quite seriously, "I thought you were dead."

Mr. Brown, not seeing very clearly, did not observe that the speaker wore the cloth. Therefore his reply was not perhaps duly considered.

"Yes," quoth he, "I'm gonto die some day—just to satisfy some of you d—d fools."

It is related that a constable once went to George's home with a warrant. He was expected and was given a very cordial greeting. George was very solicitous as to the visitor's welfare, and made him drink some tea. In fact the officer found it hard to confess to so affable a man the nature of his mission. But he did so at last.

Then George's mood changed.

"Mr. ——," he queried, "did anybody see you come in here?"

The reply was in the negative.

"Then," said George, taking up his trusty firelock, "I'm —— sure nobody 'll see you go out."

The warrant was not executed that day.

Mr. Brown is now in winter quarters, and the writer was denied the privilege of meeting the most extraordinary [illegible] now to be found in the frontier region of New Brunswick.

An interesting story is told by Mr. Richards himself. It is about his experience with a cook at one of his camps. In company with Fred Coleman, of the Park House, and another Fredericton man, he visited the camp of one of the crews. Mr. Richards spied some bre[illegible] bread, and felt constrained to [illegible] in high praise of its appearance. The cook condescended to admit that it was pretty good stuff, considering the sort of flour it was made of. The cook did not know Mr. Richards.

"Who supplied you?" queried the latter.

"That —— old Bill Richards," replied the cook.

"Oh!" commented the person named. "If he supplied you, it is a wonder you get anything at all."

The cook quite coincided in this view and thus encouraged, proceeded to speak his mind very freely on the subject.

Mr. Richards heard himself discussed [illegible] satisfaction, and then asked the [illegible] the crowd something to eat. There [illegible] very choice roast in the oven, but the co[illegible] had sized it up and knew that it would [illegible] satisfy the hungry crew, who would soon appear. He therefore refused to [illegible] Mr. Richards and party a [illegible] any kind and advised them to go to a camp two miles away.

"Well," said Mr. Richards at last, "suppose we have something to drink before we start. Couldn't you get us some water?"

The cook started with alacrity for some of the required liquid. He had no sooner done so than Mr. Richards seized the contents of the oven and dumped it into the bunk. Then he and his companions fled.

In due time, the cook learned who his visitor was, and was so affected that when pay day came he sent another man to draw his share. He was afraid to face that "—— old Bill Richards."

Mr. Richards tells the story with much appreciation of its fine quality.

The Cuban Question.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Secretary Olney and Senor Duputy DeLone, the Spanish minister, have practically terminated the negotiations on the Cuban question, which are to be submitted to congress when it convenes on January 5th. The terms of the agreement are based on the recent communication from Premier Canovas addressed to the secretary of state.

The premier states clearly the terms which Spain will accede to the insurgents, and practically asks the United States to propose these conditions to her rebellious subjects. In return for the good offices Spain assures this government that she sincerely deplores the great commercial loss which has been sustained on account of the Cuban disturbance. She assures the United States that she is even now considering a reciprocity treaty which will deal mainly with Cuban products, and which will be framed in such advantageous terms towards this government that the losses both in commerce and in the destruction of American property in Cuba will be most generously compensated.

Premier Canovas says that Spain cannot, of course, as a self-respecting and respecting nation stand before the world as having been coerced into measures by the United States. She has freely granted all that she now offers, and that in the face of a rebellion. But she accepts the good offices of the United States to act as mediator and to guarantee to the insurgents amnesty and the enforcement of the new law which she is about to proclaim in Cuba.

The form of government offered is, the Spanish statement declared, the limit of independence which can be granted to a province by any nation without absolutely severing the bonds of union with the mother country.

Spring Hill Mine on Fire.

Spring Hill has had another visitation of fire. A despatch of last Monday says:—Christmas day was ushered in very gloomily in this community. On Christmas eve it was discovered that the lumber lining of the east slope steam pipe was on fire. The pipe carried the steam to the bottom of the pit. All night long a band of hardy workers fought with the smouldering fires, and the town's chemical engine was brought in to render assistance. The fire gained ground steadily until 9 o'clock Christmas morning when it was thought needful to ring the town fire alarm. The crowd of people which the alarm quickly gathered saw the huge volumes of steam and smoke issuing from the east slope; and they at once realized that the whole of the east slope was in danger of total destruction. Gallant bands of men were set to work in "bricking up" the various ways at the foot of the slopes in order to cut off the fire from the main pit. At the mouth of the pit everything of a combustible nature was cleared away, and the entrances blocked up with old iron rails, old iron and other impediments; and all day long gangs of men were kept busy filling the entrances with earth in order to choke the fire. The frozen state of the ground made the work exceptionally difficult. Quantities of explosives were used in loosening the frozen earth. By dusk of Christmas day all the entrances to the east slope were closed up and the smoke and steam confined to the bowels of the earth. Mr. Gilpin, the Nova Scotia inspector of mines, hastened to the scene by the first train and superintended the proceedings. J. S[illegible]vans, the general manager, was in Montreal, whither he had gone for the Christmas holidays, and when he heard the news left immediately for Springhill, and arrived there Saturday morning. If the fire continues the whole of the east slope will be lost. In any case it will probably be impossible to open up the slope for an indefinite period. It was this same fateful slope in which the explosion took place some years ago. Springhill seems fated to have heavy set-backs every year. Explosions, fires, strikes, etc., come with the unvarying law of [illegible]. The loss to the company will be enormous, and the loss to the men who will now be thrown out of work or get only slack work during the winter will be keenly felt.

AMHERST, N. S., Dec. 28.—Matters at Springhill mines are much better than [illegible] anticipated, and there is now no doubt t[illegible] the mines will be practically uninjured. The east slope was to have been closed the first of the year and the coal in all parts of the mine taken out by the north and [illegible] slopes, so that the mishap to the east slope will in no way diminish the output of coal.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 28.—The fire in the mines at Springhill is still burning and [illegible] situation remains much the same as Saturday. The company expected to c[illegible] the fire to No. 1 slope. The total [illegible] age will, it is thought, not be over [illegible] 000. Men are at work building a brick wall between No. 1 and No 2 slope[illegible] There is only about thirty yards [illegible] the two slopes. It is im[illegible] to work the fans to send air down [illegible] would tend to fan the flames and as [illegible] consequence several of the men at wo[illegible] Saturday building the wall were over[illegible] by [illegible] and nearly lost their liv[illegible] brought to the surface unco[illegible] a long time to bring [illegible] them to. [illegible] was feared at o[illegible] sion would occur. So far there has been none, but a most disastrous one may occur at any moment.

The Springhill mines have been [illegible] scene of several calamities, the most serious being that of February, 1892, when nearly 120 men and boys were killed by an explosion. The escape of all the men working in the mine when the present fire broke out is remarkable. Had an explosion followed immediately there would have been terrible loss of life.

"Advance" Scientific Notes.

In a new French method, thin nickel tubes are made by depositing nickel electrolytically on a matrix of fusible metal, then melting out the latter by immersion in a bath of boiling oil.

A proposed meteorological station at about 14,000 feet on Monte Rosa, Italy, will rank as the fourth in height among the twenty-seven mountain observatories of the world, the only higher ones being those of Arequipa, Mont Blanc and Pike's Peak.

The magnetism of Tuscan vases has been further investigated by Sig. G. Folgheraiter. These vases must have been fired while standing, acquiring permanent magnetism in the direction of the earth's magnetic force while in that position, and the dip of their north pole is found to vary from 15° above the horizon to 15° below. The present magnetic dip at Florence is 60°, and it is believed that the needle pointed above the horizon in the 8th century B. C. and was horizontal some centuries later.

The conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn to take place Nov. 28, 1901, will be the closest any person now living will see. A British astronomer states that these planets will approach within 32 minutes for six days. They will be evening stars, and 38° from the sun. The only closer conjunction since the invention of the telescope was 11 minutes in 1683, and no other as close will occur until 2020.

The military autocar of Mr. E. J. Pennington, the English inventor, is mounted on wheels with four inch solid rubber tires, is driven by a 15 horse power engine, and carries two rapid firing guns, with suitable shields for the two operators. A speed of 45 miles an hour is said to be possible, the guns—each provided with 500 rounds of ammunition—being capable of firing at a variable rate of 50 to 700 rounds a [illegible] with the car in motion or at r[illegible] sired, the guns can be rotated [illegible] during firing, and, in case of the oper[illegible] being shot after firing is commenced, they will continue in operation until the ammunition is exhausted.

A flying machine designed to imitate bird flight, and somewhat similar in principle to that of the unfortunate Lilienthal, has been a subject of experiment by Herr A. Stentzel, of Altona. The wings have a spread of about 7 yards, with a surface of 83 square yards. They have a parabolic curve of 1 in 12, and move through an angle of 70 degrees. The apparatus weighs 75 pounds. The engine is of special construction, using compressed carbonic acid, and yields one horse-power with a pressure of five atmospheres and two to three horse-power with seven to nine atmospheres. It is claimed that the machine can not only fly but that its speed can be varied at will.

The rather startling suggestion that the parting of the soul and the body is announced, in many cases at least, by an audible signal, is made by Dr. D. Ferguson in a serious medical journal as the London *Lancet*. "It has occurred to me," he says, "to witness a large number of deaths. In many cases—according to the usual acceptation—it is almost impossible to tell the exact moment of dissolution. When the last few convulsive inspirations take place we simply wait to see if they will be repeated and after waiting a few moments and everything remaining quiescent, we conclude that that is the time of decease. There is one sign, however, which I think indicates much more clearly the exact moment when life is extinct. We have read many times in poetical effusion and elegant discourse of a phrase like: 'When the thread of life is snapped,' but this, though used merely metaphorically, comes very near, I believe, to reality. If any one watches closely the [illegible] last spasmodic gasps of the dying, he will hear in many cases a peculiar snap [illegible] where in the region of the head; it is not loud, but it can be plainly heard if watched for. What this may be owing to I cannot say, but can only vouch for the fact."

An Esteemed Journal.

FRIENDLY APPRECIATION OF THE WITNESS JUBILEE YEAR.

[illegible]der the above heading the 'Cultiva[illegible] the paper of which the Hon. Mr. [illegible]arte is editor, publishes the following [illegible]: 'The year this is now drawing near to [illegible]se will remain a red letter date in the annals of the Montreal 'Witness' as being the one in which the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation occurred. Since the month of December last the 'Witness' [illegible] pass a single week without depositing [illegible] at one page every Saturday to the [illegible]tion of its jubilee year, and the be[illegible] that the subscribers themselves [illegible] case, furnished the [illegible] for that [illegible] page. The [illegible] contr[illegible] [illegible] to secure [illegible] found equal in [illegible] original [illegible]tion, the 'Witness' itself must have [illegible] in the feeling which inspired it [illegible]nitured it every week, a very sweet [illegible]tion, that of knowing that it has the love of the readers, a love such as yet no other Canadian journal has been able to secure. That fact, now established beyond all doubt, is the greatest success which our worthy English confrere could have dreamed of fifty years ago for its golden wedding of 1896.'

Chatham Y. M. C. A.

The Chatham Y. M. C. A. rooms are open from 9 a.m to 10 p.m. on every day except Sunday. Strangers and visitors are made welcome. Boarding and employment found for young men making application. R

See That You Get
"GOLDEN RULE" or
"WHITE EAGLE"
FLOUR
FROM YOUR GROCER
AND EAT NO OTHER.

Miramichi and the North Shore, etc.

HAPPY NEW ERA.

MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS has plowed out a nice skating rink on the ice off Nelson, which is much appreciated by the owners of good boots.

THE "ADVANCE" is for sale at Johnson's Bookstore, Chatham, at the Circulating Library, Newcastle, and at Stables, next door to the Telephone Exchange.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.—If you are looking for the best kind of cemetery work, you are quite sure that will draw the order from your inside vest pocket.

J. E. LAWLOR & CO.

THEY WERE SOLD.—The Liberal Herald people appear to have made their subscribers a commodity of history, as the Tory World announces "We have purchased the subscription list and good will of the Liberal Herald". There's chicken for you!

THOSE WHO ARE DEAD.—A correspondent writes us that Mr. T. W. Flett of Nelson thought a panel of the mountain passed upon the last page of the "Norman" was Lyon or one Top-bot Trades Journal, as it "at least will that the lumber was out for a rise."

FESTIVAL OF THE CIRCUMCISION AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Friday next, being the Festival of the Circumcision and New Year's Day, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion in S. Mary's chapel at 7.30 a. m., and morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon at 11 a. m.

OBITUARY.—Mr. James Carter, one of the best known citizens of Chatham, and who was also widely known all over the county in connection with his superintendence of bridge work under the local government, died on Monday morning last, after an illness of about two months. His funeral, which took place yesterday, was numerously attended by all classes of people, who will long hear deceased in kindly remembrance.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.—The Northumberland News, of Newcastle, and the Liberal Herald, of Chatham—the two alleged "Liberal" papers established under the auspices of the Mitchell party in Northumberland on the eve of last summer's election, have died a natural death within the last week. If they were not lovely in their lives, they were undivided in their deaths.

"THE ERA" is the name of a new paper published in Newcastle by Mr. T. W. Brown, of the Campbellton Enterprise, who purchased the plant of the defunct Northumberland News. We understand that Mr. Chandler of Campbellton is locally in charge of the newspaper, Messrs Brown and Chandler have conducted a clean and successful paper in Campbellton and, will, no doubt, make the Era of the same class and record.

MR. LAURANCE, the celebrated specialist in optics, will be at the Adams House Chatham, Wednesday, January 6th and at B. L. Street's Drug store, Newcastle, Thursday, January 7. All defects of vision accurately corrected, no matter how difficult the case. Mr. Laurance has fitted over forty thousand persons who have suffered from imperfect sight, and he can guarantee satisfaction in all cases. No charge for consultation.

ANOTHER STEAMER.—The Maritime Sulphite Fibre Company, of Chatham, have contracted with the Miller Foundry and Machine Works for a new steamer. She is to be a foot or two longer and two feet wider than the Lucy, but as nearly on that boat's lines as possible. The new craft will no doubt be one of the best on the river. The hull is to be constructed under the foremanship of Mr. Patrick Desmond.

A GOOD OFFICER.—Inspector MacLaren has detailed Mr. David J. Gleason, cashier at the Custom House of this port, to go to Chatham to help Collector Ferguson with his Xmas duties. Mr. Thomas Crimmin, the clerk at that port being ill. Mr. Gleason will remain at that port until the government appoints new clerks to the staff. Mr. Gleason is no doubt the best all round customs official in the Custom house here, and will be of great service to Collector Ferguson. [Record.

ST. LUKE'S JUNIOR REVERSIS LEAGUE.—The following successfully passed the prescribed Scripture examination and were awarded printed diplomas on Christmas Day: Fred Abbott, Ernest Abbott, Mary Dickson, Muriel Ellis, Allan Loggie, Harry Loggie, Lizzie Lyons, Maria McCallum, Lula Mitchener, Chester Mowatt, E. Maud Reid, G. Douglas Steel, Percy Steel, Lily Ross, Mabel Ross, James Tait, Willie Tait, Carrie Tait, Barbara Walker, Priscilla Wilcox, Mattie Taylor and Winnie Tingley.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT.—The Douglastown Sunday School scholars had a reunion Christmas night to enjoy a feast for the purchase of which Miss Stevens, formerly of Douglastown, had sent the money. This is an annual custom of the ladies. The children sang, and Rev. Mr. McIntosh and others gave short addresses. It was a very pleasant gathering for both old and young. The people of Douglastown feel very grateful to Miss Stevens for these donations, and also for her handsome annual contributions towards the support of the church.—[World.

PERSONAL.—Dr. Philip Cox, the new Principal of the Chatham schools is in town prepared to enter upon his duties on Monday next. We are glad to welcome as an college educationalist and citizen to the town.

Amongst Chatham's heartily welcomed holiday visitors are Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Benson, Mr. N. H. Bain of Vancouver, who left here for the west twenty years ago, and Mr. Frank Blair of Campbellton.

JAS. ROBERTS, Esq., M. P., who has been quite ill with pneumonia for nearly a fortnight is convalescent.

COUNTY COURT.—This court took place Thursday morning last, Judge Wilkinson presiding. Mr. James Kelly, of Newcastle, was appointed administrator of the estate of his daughter Mrs. McKay, late of the parish of Nelson, deceased. The property is probably supposed by Mr. A. R. Morrett, of McAdam, widow of Miss Dollie McCallum, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. The bride was the recipient of a number of handsome and costly presents, among them being a gold watch and chain from the groom. After partaking of a sumptuous wedding breakfast the happy couple left on the 10.30 train for St. John and Woodstock amid the good wishes of their many friends.—[World.

AN ATTRACTION to buyers of family groceries, provisions, dry goods and general household supplies is offered by Mr. Roger Plunkett at his well known store on St. John Street, Chatham, in the form of silver butter and forks, silver spoons, silver cruet stands and boxes of tea. He issues tickets which are presented by customers every time they make purchases, and no matter how small the amount, it is punched off, and when the purchase aggregate either $15 or $20, as the case may be, one of the articles specified viz.—a cruet stand, or a dozen of silver knives or forks for a $20 ticket or a 5 lb. box of tea, or 1 doz. silver spoons or a $15 ticket is given free.

Christmas Evening at Loggieville.

One of the most successful, as well as enjoyable of the Christmas celebrations was the Goose Supper and Cobweb party at Loggieville on Christmas evening. It began at five o'clock and the hall was crowded. All seemed to have their best holiday appetites and the Loggieville ladies are entitled to the credit of providing one of the most tempting spreads that could be devised. It is needless to say that full justice was done to it. The cobweb as first prepared contained nearly 200 strings, and about 100 more were added in the evening. There was also a fancy sale at which many useful and pretty things were offered. The managers of the entertainment express themselves as being much indebted to a number of the Marysville summer visitors to Loggieville for contributions to their supper table, the cobweb and sales table. They also express themselves as indebted to Mrs. Wm. Johnston, Mrs. Dunbar and Mrs. H. H. Pallen of Chatham for aid in arranging the cobweb, and they are further grateful to the generous friends whose patronage enabled them to net the handsome sum of $150.82 for the Loggieville presbyterian church fund.

Hymeneal.

A very large congregation assembled in S Mary's Church, Chatham, on Monday evening to witness the marriage of Mr. Arthur E. Ruddock and Miss Isabel S. A. Forbes, youngest daughter of Capt. H. Forbes of Upper Chatham. The bridesmaid was Miss Janie Cameron and Mr. E. N. Ruddock supported the groom. Suitable music was rendered by Miss Helena Goggin, organist of the church. The scene was quite a brilliant one and was enhanced by the Christmas decorations. The fair young bride was much admired and it is needless to say that the groom was pronounced in every way worthy of his good fortune. A large number of invited guests followed the newly wedded pair to the home of the bride's parents, where a beautiful supper was served and wedding festivities enjoyed, until the happy couple went to the Railway station, whither they were followed by their friends and sent off for St. John, Digby, etc., amid a bombardment of rice and the traditional slippers. They will be "at home" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ruddock on the 12th, 13th and 14th January.

At the eight o'clock Mass on Monday morning last, Mr. Michael Morris and Miss Mary A. Coughlan of Chatham were married by Rev. Father Joyner at the Pro-Cathedral. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Henry Morris, and the bride by her sister, Miss Nellie Coughlan. The bride was charmingly attired in a brown cloth costume shot with green, with brown velvet hat to match. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the bride's home where a wedding breakfast was served to a few of the most intimate friends of the family. Among the invited guests were Rev. Father Joyner, Miss Sara Curran, Miss Hetie Black, Mr. John J. Noonan. The groom's presents to the bride and bridesmaid were seal dyed otter ripple collars and gauntlets to match. The happy couple intend leaving on this morning's express, to accompany the bride's sister to Boston. Mr. Morris is one of our most popular young men, and the bride, who has been on the teaching staff of the Chatham schools, is well known and very highly esteemed. A host of friends join in wishing them every happiness in their new relationship.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS:—No experiment in buying from us. We always send out the best stock and work that can be obtained. No order too small, none too large. We are watching the mails for your correspondence on the subject of cemetery work.

J. H. LAWLOR & CO.

Christmas Services in S. Mary's and S. Paul's.

The Great Festival of our Lord's Nativity was appropriately celebrated with the usual services in S. Mary's and S. Paul's Churches, which were handsomely decorated with evergreen and flowers. There were celebration of the Holy Eucharist at midnight, New Year's eve, at 11 a. m. and at 11 a. m. on Christmas Day, in S. Mary's and at 8 a. m. at S. Paul's. The children of S. Mary's Sunday School sang Carols before Morning Prayer on Christmas Day. There was also Evening Prayer at S. Mary's on Christmas Eve at 7.30, and at S. Paul's at 3 o'clock on Christmas Day with sermon by the Pastor, at the latter service. The rector also preached at the celebration at 11 a. m. in S. Mary's on Christmas Day. Among the musical selections were the following at S. Mary's at midnight:—

Holy Communion Service, H. P. Woodward's Kyrie, Gloria, B. G., Gloria Tibi, and Sanctus; Credo, W. B. Gilbert, Benedictus qui venit, Mann, Agnus Dei, W. B. Gilbert, Gloria in Excelsis, W. B. Gilbert

Processional Hymn, 59 A. & M. Office Hymn 60 A. & M.; Nunc Dimittis, Recessional, Monk & Baker, Chant 417.

At the 11 a. m. service the following were among the selections:—Processional Hymn 59 A. & M., Venite, Chant 259, Mook & Baker, Te Deum and Benedictus, H. H. Woodward, Hymn 60 A. & M., Anthem, "Break forth into Joy," Vincent. Holy Communion service at at midnight.

At S. Paul's at 8 a. m. the Processional Hymn was 58 A. & M. Office Hymn, 60 A. & M. Kyrie etc. to appropriate chants, Anthem at 3 p. m. service "Behold I bring you good tidings," S. John Goss.

The offerings amounted to $25.

The services on Sunday last, the 1st Sunday after Christmas, which was also the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, were similiar to those of Xmas Day.

An Exciting Smash-up.

On Christmas afternoon there was a good deal of driving in Newcastle, as well as elsewhere on the Miramichi, and horses and sleighs filled with merry little parties out to join in the bracing air, or driven by ambitious owners of coming record-makers caused the streets to present a lively, not to say exciting appearance. The flyers predominated on the main street in the afternoon, but amongst the steady goers was a sleigh driven by Mr. Merritt, collector for the St. John Telegraph, who has many friends in Newcastle, as the paper he represents has all over the country. Mr. Merritt had with him Misses Ethel, Bits, Mabel and Bertha Elliott and a lady friend from Woodstock who is making them a holiday visit. They had been enjoying a drive, but one of the young ladies suggested, as they neared the Elliott hotel, that they had better bring their outing to a close as there were so many horses being speeded on the streets as to make it dangerous for those who were driving in the ordinary way. Mr. Merritt then made a wide turn to enter the hotel yard, in compliance with the suggestion, when Mr. R. H. Gremley drove along and, misjudging the speed of the larger team, collided with it, which caused Mr. Merritt's horse to shy and run away. The sleigh was banged against the McAllister store and badly broken, and its occupants upsetted viz.—a crust stand, or a dozen of silver knives or forks for a $20 ticket or a 5 lb. box of tea, or 1 doz. silver spoons or a $15 ticket is given free.

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One of the most successful, as well as enjoyable of the Christmas celebrations was the Goose Supper and Cobweb party at Loggieville on Christmas evening. It began at five o'clock and the hall was crowded. All seemed to have their best holiday appetites and the Loggieville ladies are entitled to the credit of providing one of the most tempting spreads that could be devised. It is needless to say that full justice was done to it. The cobweb as first prepared contained nearly 200 strings, and about 100 more were added in the evening. There was also a fancy sale at which many useful and pretty things were offered. The managers of the entertainment express themselves as being much indebted to a number of the Marysville summer visitors to Loggieville for contributions to their supper table, the cobweb and sales table. They also express themselves as indebted to Mrs. Wm. Johnston, Mrs. Dunbar and Mrs. H. H. Pallen of Chatham for aid in arranging the cobweb, and they are further grateful to the generous friends whose patronage enabled them to net the handsome sum of $150.82 for the Loggieville presbyterian church fund.

Hymeneal.

A very large congregation assembled in S Mary's Church, Chatham, on Monday evening to witness the marriage of Mr. Arthur E. Ruddock and Miss Isabel S. A. Forbes, youngest daughter of Capt. H. Forbes of Upper Chatham. The bridesmaid was Miss Janie Cameron and Mr. E. N. Ruddock supported the groom. Suitable music was rendered by Miss Helena Goggin, organist of the church. The scene was quite a brilliant one and was enhanced by the Christmas decorations. The fair young bride was much admired and it is needless to say that the groom was pronounced in every way worthy of his good fortune. A large number of invited guests followed the newly wedded pair to the home of the bride's parents, where a beautiful supper was served and wedding festivities enjoyed, until the happy couple went to the Railway station, whither they were followed by their friends and sent off for St. John, Digby, etc., amid a bombardment of rice and the traditional slippers. They will be "at home" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ruddock on the 12th, 13th and 14th January.

At the eight o'clock Mass on Monday morning last, Mr. Michael Morris and Miss Mary A. Coughlan of Chatham were married by Rev. Father Joyner at the Pro-Cathedral. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Henry Morris, and the bride by her sister, Miss Nellie Coughlan. The bride was charmingly attired in a brown cloth costume shot with green, with brown velvet hat to match. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the bride's home where a wedding breakfast was served to a few of the most intimate friends of the family. Among the invited guests were Rev. Father Joyner, Miss Sara Curran, Miss Hetie Black, Mr. John J. Noonan. The groom's presents to the bride and bridesmaid were seal dyed otter ripple collars and gauntlets to match. The happy couple intend leaving on this morning's express, to accompany the bride's sister to Boston. Mr. Morris is one of our most popular young men, and the bride, who has been on the teaching staff of the Chatham schools, is well known and very highly esteemed. A host of friends join in wishing them every happiness in their new relationship.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS:—No experiment in buying from us. We always send out the best stock and work that can be obtained. No order too small, none too large. We are watching the mails for your correspondence on the subject of cemetery work.

J. H. LAWLOR & CO.

Christmas Services in S. Mary's and S. Paul's.

The Great Festival of our Lord's Nativity was appropriately celebrated with the usual services in S. Mary's and S. Paul's Churches, which were handsomely decorated with evergreen and flowers. There were celebration of the Holy Eucharist at midnight, New Year's eve, at 11 a. m. and at 11 a. m. on Christmas Day, in S. Mary's and at 8 a. m. at S. Paul's. The children of S. Mary's Sunday School sang Carols before Morning Prayer on Christmas Day. There was also Evening Prayer at S. Mary's on Christmas Eve at 7.30, and at S. Paul's at 3 o'clock on Christmas Day with sermon by the Pastor, at the latter service. The rector also preached at the celebration at 11 a. m. in S. Mary's on Christmas Day. Among the musical selections were the following at S. Mary's at midnight:—

Holy Communion Service, H. P. Woodward's Kyrie, Gloria, B. G., Gloria Tibi, and Sanctus; Credo, W. B. Gilbert, Benedictus qui venit, Mann, Agnus Dei, W. B. Gilbert, Gloria in Excelsis, W. B. Gilbert

Processional Hymn, 59 A. & M. Office Hymn 60 A. & M.; Nunc Dimittis, Recessional, Monk & Baker, Chant 417.

At the 11 a. m. service the following were among the selections:—Processional Hymn 59 A. & M., Venite, Chant 259, Mook & Baker, Te Deum and Benedictus, H. H. Woodward, Hymn 60 A. & M., Anthem, "Break forth into Joy," Vincent. Holy Communion service at at midnight.

At S. Paul's at 8 a. m. the Processional Hymn was 58 A. & M. Office Hymn, 60 A. & M. Kyrie etc. to appropriate chants, Anthem at 3 p. m. service "Behold I bring you good tidings," S. John Goss.

The offerings amounted to $25.

The services on Sunday last, the 1st Sunday after Christmas, which was also the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, were similiar to those of Xmas Day.

An Exciting Smash-up.

On Christmas afternoon there was a good deal of driving in Newcastle, as well as elsewhere on the Miramichi, and horses and sleighs filled with merry little parties out to join in the bracing air, or driven by ambitious owners of coming record-makers caused the streets to present a lively, not to say exciting appearance. The flyers predominated on the main street in the afternoon, but amongst the steady goers was a sleigh driven by Mr. Merritt, collector for the St. John Telegraph, who has many friends in Newcastle, as the paper he represents has all over the country. Mr. Merritt had with him Misses Ethel, Bits, Mabel and Bertha Elliott and a lady friend from Woodstock who is making them a holiday visit. They had been enjoying a drive, but one of the young ladies suggested, as they neared the Elliott hotel, that they had better bring their outing to a close as there were so many horses being speeded on the streets as to make it dangerous for those who were driving in the ordinary way. Mr. Merritt then made a wide turn to enter the hotel yard, in compliance with the suggestion, when Mr. R. H. Gremley drove along and, misjudging the speed of the larger team, collided with it, which caused Mr. Merritt's horse to shy and run away. The sleigh was banged against the McAllister Newcastle a short time since. Col. Call has been chairman of the commission since its formation in 1868, and has the records covering the period.

In 1868 the commissioners purchased 150 acres of land, with 10 acres cleared, for $709.84. A building 64x20 feet, with 20 feet posts, was erected; also an all adjoining; and in rear a barn 64x30 feet was erected. A well was dug, fences built and other improvements made. On July 1st 1867, there were 31 paupers in the almshouse, and the total cost to the municipality to that date was a little over $6,000. This included board and clothing for the inmates for six months.

On Dec. 31st, 1871, after two and a half years, there were 36 inmates, and the total cost for the period was: Board, fuel and light, $1,175; clothing, etc., $975; a total of $2,680. The assessment for the next year was $2,450, which was less than that for Newcastle parish alone in 1867. In 1868 the assessment for Chatham and Newcastle together had been $4,369.63, and for the county $6,522.52. The average cost for seven years prior to the erection of the almshouse had been $6,112.44. Compare this with the $2,950 in 1872. The report for 1871 said that the total cost since 1868 had been less, while the county has property worth $6,000.

The average cost of board per week at the almshouse is 48 3-4c. and small as that amount may seem different investigations have proved that the inmates of the almshouse are well cared for. One year's assessment is held in advance, and all purchases are made at close rates for spot cash. The value of the property is now $9,270.

There is a level rate of assessment on the whole county, and then each parish is required to pay in proportion to the paupers from that district. In no one case is the charge a high one, and for parishes sending no paupers the charge is a mere trifle. The assessment includes a certain amount for outdoor relief, in the discretion of the commission.

One result of the erection of the almshouse was that the number of those receiving aid decreased. Quite a number appeared to discover that they could earn a living—and did so rather than go to the poorhouse.

There were 19 persons in the almshouse at the end of last year. The county assessment for this year was $1,825.

The books of the commission are so admirably kept that every detail of expenditure appears. There is a record for every parish, every inmate, every form of expenditure; and so complete and simple is the system that at a glance one may see the account for each and all.

Major A. S. Templeton, a Crimean veteran, is superintendent of the almshouse, and preserves perfect discipline, keeping everything in its place with the instinct and skill of an army officer, but without the rigor of the camp and field.

Christmas Remembrances.

On Christmas Eve the Rev. Canon Forsyth was called upon by Messrs. F. E. Winslow, Esq., Church Warden, Hon. Mr. Speaker Burchill, M. P. P., and His Worship Mayor Benson, M. D., representing the congregations of S. Mary's and S. Paul's churches, who presented the Rector with the following address, accompanied with a handsome fur-lined overcoat.

TO THE REV. CANON FORSYTH,

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—At this Christmas season, when it is customary to testify our regard for each other in more tangible form than words, and with a desire to combine a material and useful expression of our good-will, with assurances of continued regard for you, and our appreciation of your self-denying labors as our Spiritual Director, your parishioners, of S. Mary's and S. Paul's beg your acceptance of this Christmas offering. We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and earnestly hope that our present relationships as pastor and people may long continue in mutual love and appreciative regard.

The Rev. gentleman in suitable terms tendered his hearty thanks for the valued kindness and good-will thus expressed.

Hon. J. B. and Mrs. Snowball were agreeably surprised on Christmas eve by the arrival at their residence of an elegant onyx-topped stand and lamp, the gift of the store and office staff, accompanied by a note expressing the donors' appreciation of Mr. Snowball's uniform courtesy, good will and consideration towards them, and conveying Christmas greetings to himself and family.

Commodore J. C. Miller had a little surprise in the form of a holiday presentation the other evening. Hon. L. J. Tweedie, R. A Lawlor, D. G. Smith, Angus Ullock and Jas. Johnston, Chatham members of the yacht Maude's crew, and who have mainly formed the Commodore's Chatham cruising contingent on the Str. Florence and yacht Maude during the season of 1896; paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Miller at their home, Millerton, on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Mr. James Miller, where they received a warm welcome and enjoyed hospitality and a rare musical and literary entertainment, assisted by the phonograph and yachting quartette. Just before the announcement of supper in the evening, Hon. L. J. Tweedie, in behalf of himself and the other gentlemen named, presented Commodore Miller with a binocular glass, combining sights for marine, field and theatre use, reading an appropriate address expressive of the donors' indebtedness to him for many enjoyable hours of hospitality on his steamers and yacht, and their desire to give him some slight token as a reminder of their trips on the beautiful Miramichi. Mr. Tweedie supplemented the address with further appropriate expressions of the regard of himself and friends for the Commodore and their recognition of what he had done on the river to promote its steamboat and shipping interests, as well as the social enjoyment and hospitalities connected therewith, not forgetting Mrs. Miller's share therein. Commodore Miller in acknowledging his surprise in receiving and appreciation of the feeling which prompted the gift, made a very happy speech in behalf of himself and Mrs. Miller, and the whole occasion was one of the most pleasant of the season on hospitable Miramichi.

Mr. J. M. Ruddock of the Miramichi Foundry and Machine Works presented his employees with a Christmas goose each.

The employees of the ADVANCE office were similarly remembered by Mr.

Mrs. H. H. Pallen was presented by her boarders with a twenty dollar goose.

Rev. Mr. Steel and family St. Luke's church were the recipients of quite a number of tokens of the regard of members of the congregation.

Mr. T. W. Flett the enterprising lumber manufacturer of Nelson, presented each of his employees with a goose for his Christmas dinner.

ST. JOHN, Dec. 27.—Inspector Jones has received from F. Sinclair of Newcastle $10 and from ex-Ald. Robt. Wilkins $2 as a nucleus to a fund in aid of the bereaved and helpless family of the late Thomas McNamara, who was killed at the Boss biscuit factory a few days ago. The family has had a great deal of sickness of late, a number of the children having been stricken down with diptheria. The deceased parent was their only support and they are now in very straitened circumstances.

A number of friends of Mr. Alexander Gulliver, called on him at his home on Thursday, 24 December, and presented him with a Persian lamb cap, accompanied by the following address:

To Mr. A. Gulliver,

DEAR SIR:—As the season of Christmas is near at hand, the time when all exchange friendly greetings, we, the undersigned, beg of you to accept the accompanying gift, not for its value, but as a token of our esteem and our appreciation of your kindness towards us.

Wishing you a very happy Christmas.

We remain,
WILLIAM STEVENSON,
JOHN BROWN,
JAMES JOHNSTONE,
JOSEPH CHAMBERS,
ALEXANDER PERLEY,
WILLIAM MURRAY,
JAMES SHIELDS,
PETER COUGHLAN.

Chatham, N. B., Dec. 24th, 1896.

Week of Prayer.

Meetings during the week of prayer will be held in Chatham as follows:—

MONDAY, JANUARY 4th, St. John Church: Subject, Praise and Thanksgiving. Dr. McKay to preside, address by Mr. Steel.

TUESDAY, 5th, St. Luke's Church: Subject, The Church Universal. Mr. Steel to preside, address by Mr. McCoy.

WEDNESDAY, 6th, St. Andrews Church: Subject, Nations and their Rulers, Mr. McCoy to preside, address by Dr. McKay.

THURSDAY, 7th, St. Luke's Church: Subject, Foreign Missions. Mr. McCoy to preside, address by Dr. McKay.

FRIDAY, 8th, St. Andrew's Church: Subject, Home Missions. Dr. McKay to preside, address by Mr. Steel.

SATURDAY, 9th, St. John's Church: Subject, Families and Schools. Mr. Steel to preside, address by Mr. McCoy.

Meetings at 7.30 p.m. Collections, to be left with churches in which meetings are held.

Mr. Ready replies to "A Friend".

To the Editor of the Advance.

SIR:—In the weekly Liberal Herald of Dec. 23rd there is an article upon, more honesty needed in religion. We are all well aware of its pointed truths; it calls for no comment. But does it not occur to the mind of the Editor of that paper that politics would also be considerably improved by the addition of more honesty? After reading a contemporary political letter in the same issue, by one, who signs himself, A Friend, I conclude if the Liberal Herald confines itself to honesty, straightforward political truths and tactics, it will hereafter be compelled to issue a blank sheet upon politics for the edification of its intelligent Liberal readers.

It surprises me that an editor laying claim to the guidence of an electorate in the year 1896, should publish such a mixture of religious cant and depraved figures of speech from any correspondent, especially without his name in full. With the author's name no able pen would be needed to keep his memory fresh and green—in contempt—by all level headed men of both parties, who desire to see the Dominion advance in the art of self government, so that political questions could be discussed in a gentlemanly and edifying manner and the real truth arrived at, with the least possible amount of friction and no ill will, whereby all may come to that a political opponent is not a fool, rascal or rogue, because he differs from us in his opinions.

Our "Friend" draws before the public the name of R. B. Adams, former postmaster of Chatham, coupled with the terms of liar and thief, impating malicious political motives to the journal and editor who rendered the public good service in checking the careless conduct of that postmaster, who, evidently, was a man too big for his position, of which fact the public in general are well aware, but still I do not think there is a person in the community who believes R. B. Adams was a thief as "Friend" states was the belief of half the people of Chatham. I, having had my share of inconvenience at the Chatham P. O., during the tenure of R. B. Adams, write of what I know and can prove the truth thereof; and then as now, place my name at the finish. If our friend knows of any public wrong and he follows the same course, he will meet with the approbation of all honest people, but in handling such a serious subject in an indirect manner, as is done by him with the aid of the Liberal Herald, it is neither fair nor gentlemanly.

Our friend evidently has a D. G. and a J. B. of his own pattern in the empty apartment above his shoulders. The rattle therein may amuse the old timers, but it will fail to interest the present electorate, who all well know that the change has been for the better in Northumberland County this last 20 years, owing to the superior sagacity and energy of J. B. Snowball and others, who when circumstances demanded it, changed their political opinions, as other experienced politicians have done both before and after they did.

R. W. READY;
Clark's Cove.

Dec. 28th, 1896.

A Pedlar's Experience.

ILLNESS BROUGHT HIM ALMOST TO THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE.

PALE AND EMACIATED, SUFFERING FROM EXCAUCIATING PAINS IN THE BACK, LIFE BECAME A BURDEN AND DEATH WAS THOUGHT TO BE NOT FAR OFF.

From the St. Catherines Journal.

It is a curious pathological fact that spinal complaint has sometimes actually been mistaken for Bright's disease, and there is no doubt many have been maltreated for Bright's disease, when spinal trouble was the real malady. Geo. T. Smith, pedlar, of St. Catherines, is one who thus suffered. His narrative is as follows:—"In the fall of 1894 I began to experience alarming symptoms of what I thought to be spinal trouble. I resorted to lotions, plasters and other remedies, but to no avail, as I continued to grow worse. At this point my friends advised the services of a physician, which I gladly submitted to. The professional man made a minute examination, and pronounced mine a case of Bright's disease, which quite naturally gave me a severe shock, as I deemed the death sentence had been passed upon me. The doctor said he could alleviate my sufferings, but remarked that it would only be a matter of time with me. However, I accepted his medicine, and took it according to directions with no beneficial results. In the meantime a friend procured a remedy said to be a cure for Bright's disease. This medicine I took, but with no effect whatever. Ten months had passed away and I had become so haggard, emaciated, stooped and miserable that my friends had difficulty in recognizing me. In fact they, myself, harbored the most painful apprehensions. At this juncture a friend came to visit me, and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Like a drowning man reaching for a straw I did so. To my great surprise I soon noticed an improvement, the pain in my back began to leave, my appetite improved, my color returned, and by the time I had used eight boxes not an ache or pain remained, and I am able to travel about to-day as previous to the attack. I know that I owe my restoration to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I urge those ill or suffering to give them a trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Mr. Maltby's Reminiscences.

In the Sun recently an article on the north shore referred to Thomas Maltby, a venerable resident and native of Newcastle. But Mr. Maltby's age was incorrectly stated. He is 78, and not 87 years old.

Mr. Maltby has in his home a chair with a history. It was made by his father. The chair is made of birch, without rungs, and has a hair-cloth seat, and is as good today as when it was made. This chair survived the great Miramichi fire by reason of the fact that though all its companions perished it had been lent by Mr. Maltby's mother to a poor woman in whose house there was sickness—and with that house it was saved.

Later on, about the year 1842, Mr. Maltby thinks it was, there was a great celebration over the election of Hon. Joseph Cunard in that country. This old chair was borrowed, trimmed very elaborately and mounted on poles, and in it the successful candidate was carried on the shoulders of his admirers through Newcastle, and then down and through Chatham. Some time passed before it was returned to its owner, but he finally secured it, none the worse for the adventure.

In the house where Mr. Maltby and his son R. L. Maltby live, are a number of other birch chairs of precisely similar make. They were manufactured many years ago from some sunken birch that had lain for ten years under water in the Miramichi before being sawed up.

Mr. Maltby's father was an Englishman who followed the sea for many years, and was for a time pilot on board a French man-of-war during the Crimean war, being fully acquainted with the waters traversed. His father, Thomas Maltby, also had some experience in war time, for he spent seven years—from 1808 to 1815—in a French prison. He went from Sunderland in a vessel trying to run the Napoleonic blockade, and the craft was captured, with the above result.

When Capt. R. L. Maltby was in England with the Canadian marksmen some years ago he found out and visited members of the English branch of the family. His grandfather, the father of the present Thomas Maltby, abandoned the sea nearly a century ago, and settled on the Miramichi.

Thos. Maltby can relate some very interesting reminiscences of old times on the Miramichi. He remembers that elections were very exciting, frequently causing desperate faction fights between the friends of rival candidates, striving to keep each other's voters from the polls.

He also remembers a fierce feud arising between two factions of laborers in the woods and mills. Axemen and other laborers came to the Miramichi from Maine, and between these and the Irish settlers bad blood arose. An American flag, thrown out on July 4th, was torn down. There were many encounters, and it became necessary to call for soldiers. Accordingly troops were marched from Fredericton to Boiestown, and floated from there down the Miramichi on rafts. They spent some time at Newcastle. As one result of the disturbances, Mr. Maltby remembers to have seen two men in the pillory at Newcastle.—[Sun.

John E. Rysdyk, Jr.

Mr. George P. Searle is driving a very fine looking horse just now, and it will be good news to fanciers of well bred horseflesh that the animal has been purchased by him for stock purposes. He is John E. Rysdyk, Jr., a mahogany bay, has no white marks, stands 16 hands 2 inches high, weighs about 1375 lbs, was foaled June 22, 1881, bred by Angus Johnson, Wardsville, Middlesex, Ontario, and sold to McRae & Robins of Bedeque, P. E. I. in 1889. He has been in the stud on the Island until recently purchased by Mr. Searle. His pedigree and record are as follows:—

John E. Rysdyk, Jr., was sired by John E. Rysdyk, 5721, sire of Big Fanny, 2.26¾, he by Kulckerbocker, 200; 1st dam by Hector, he by Hector; 2nd dam by Webber's Tom Thumb (who trotted 10 miles in 29 minutes, and could trot better than 2 40), 3rd dam by Messenger Superior. Knickerbocker, 200, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; 1st dam by Lady Patchen by George M. Patchen, 30; 2nd dam by Abdallah, the sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, 10; 3rd dam by May Day, by Henry, 2297. John E. Rysdyk, Jr., 1st dam by McGregor Warrior, 2nd dam by old Imported Valparaiso, 3rd dam by old Imported Prospect.

John E. Rysdyk, Jr. has taken the following prizes: In the fall of 1883 he took the first prize at the Provincial Show in London, Ont.; in 1884 he took second in Toronto; in the spring of 1885 he took first prize at Lambeth, first at Montbridges, first at Strathroy, and first at Ilderton. These shows were open to all horses in the Dominion. In the fall of 1885 he carried off first prize at the city of St. Thomas, called the Southern Dominion Fair. He also took a diploma at the same fair. In the spring of 1886 he took first prize at Lambeth, first prize at Montbridges, and first at Strathroy. In the spring of 1887 he took the first prize at Glenworth, he also took first prize at Montbridges the same year. In the spring of 1888 he took the first prize at Glenworth, and first at Montbridges. In the spring of 1889 he took a first prize. At the Prince County Exhibition, held in Summerside, he took second prize; also second prize at the Provincial Exhibition held in Charlottetown.

The horse has beautiful action and has shown private trial for a half-mile in 1.19, and has never been handled on a track. It is thought he could trot very fast. His stock have proved a credit to him and carried off first prizes wherever shown. In the fall of 1890 out of 9 prizes given, his colts carried off 7.

The Nelson School.

The Nelson village school examinations were held and school closed for vacation on Friday, 18th inst. Miss McIntosh having resigned her position there and accepted a similar position in Chatham, she was presented with an address and a very handsome silver toilet dressing tray and writing companion. The address was as follows:—

MISS MCINTOSH—DEAR TEACHER:—We have heard with regret that you are about to sever your connection with us, and could not let you go without showing, in some slight way, the esteem in which we, the pupils of Nelson school, have held you during the many years you have labored amongst us and the many pleasant hours we have spent together.

We ask you to accept the accompanying gift not for its intrinsic value, but as a token of our love and appreciation for the kindness and interest you have always taken in our welfare.

We sincerely wish for a success in your new field of labor and hope that you will always kindly remember your Nelson pupils wherever your lot may be cast.

Signed, in behalf of the pupils of Nelson school,

MARY FITZPATRICK,
CARRIE STEWART,
MINNIE MCDIARMID.

In reply, Miss McIntosh thanked the pupils for their kindness, and said that she deeply regretted leaving them, and did not need a souvenir to remind her of the happy years she had spent among them. The boys and girls of Nelson would always hold a warm place in her memory. Although in the discharge of duty severity was sometimes necessary, they had always shown an admirable spirit of fair play, and a willingness to submit to reasonable rules. They had always treated her with consideration and she wished them to extend the same to her successor, so that their school life might continue to be pleasant and profitable. Their beautiful gifts would always be cherished and be a daily reminder of the affection of her Nelson pupils.

The Primary Department will continue in charge of Miss Irving.

To Fight on St. Patrick's Day.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 18.—James J Corbett yesterday afternoon at Taylor's hotel signed articles of agreement to fight Bob Fitzsimmons to a finish on March 17, 1897, for a purse of $15,000 to be given by Dan Stuart, the place of battle to be announced before February 17. Stuart to pay a forfeit of $5,000 in the hands of Richard K. Fox or Al Smith, and Corbett and Fitzsimmons must each post $2,000 as a guarantee of good faith. George Siler, of Chicago, was named as referee. Corbett signed the articles before he noticed they reserved all privileges for Stuart, but he became somewhat excited when he thought of the kinetoscope privileges. After some reflection he finally said: "I would not change the articles for $1,000,000; if I find out Julien or Fitzsimmons gets any share of privilege money I will kick for my share." Fitzsimmons was not present or represented.

Thanksgiving Let

DOCTOR JACK.

Back of that door a fearful sound is heard, like a peal of distant thunder oft repeated, and the audience catch their breath as the conviction strikes home, even before they see the bull, that here must be a warrior fit for the steel of Vasquez.

At the trumpet sounds, open flies the door, the ground seems to tremble as a mad bull, black as jet and ugly as sin, sweeps into the arena, ready to do battle.

Then the silence is broken, a whirl of furious applause arises, and the black terror is been in hot pursuit of a picador. Vain are the timid attempts of the chulos to distract his attention. The brute keeps one object in his eye, and pursues it with overwhelming zeal.

See! the horse is thrown over, gored to his death, and the man will be also, for his fallen steed pins him down, but just in the nick of time a footman flaunts a scarlet flag before the bull's eyes, and is presently assisted over the fence by his powerful pursuer, with a leg ripped open.

The fallen picador is helped out in time, and meanwhile the black bull has demolished two more horses. Such a terror has never yet been seen in the Plaza del Toros, and those who ought to be worrying him seem themselves only worried lest they cannot get over the fence fast enough.

Not a horseman is left. The animals lie upon the sawdust, downed by the horns of the sable giant, while their late valiant riders sit astride the fence with the chulos, ready to drop back if the bull but winks twice, and utterly unmindful of the jeers that greet them on all sides, accompanied with a shower of orange parings and nuts.

Undoubtedly the toro is master of the situation so far. He looks around him to make sure of this, and then contemptuously chews at a tuft of grass that appears above the sawdust, which action is greeted with shrieks of laughter by the people, who declare this noble fellow will break the whole bull-fighting community up yet.

As the remnant of the first brigade cannot be bribed or forced to enter the ring again, the dead horses are removed as best they can out of the way with a tackle provided for this purpose. Thus the ring is substantially cleared for the second scene of this quick panorama.

Enter the banderilleros with brave mien, bright ribbons flying, and to the music of a quickstep by the band. Jack imagines that unless these men are extraordinarily spry the same band will presently have occasion to play the Dead March in Saul, for there is blood in the eye of the bull.

He waits until one of them plants an explosive dart in his side, and then starts. Now they scatter like a flock of sheep. First (the one in chase) and then that other—such is the rapidity of the toro's advances that the men are bewildered by it.

The laggard is crushed against the planking, and a second only saves himself by clinging to the horns of the bull, which animal, by a toss of his powerful head, sends him into the crowd.

While this scene is taking place the people have forgotten that they have tongues. The equal of this ebony king has never been seen before. He strikes every one with a peculiar feeling of alarm and some timid souls are even contemplating the possibility of seeing him tear down the strong barrier, and proceed to demolish the whole amphitheater.

It takes Mr. Bull just about ten minutes to dispose of the banderilleros. He seems to enjoy the fun about as well as the audience do, for some of the latter have found their tongues now, and are shouting to the brute to kill the cowardly curs who dare not face him. The same braves who shout could not be hired to remain in that inclosure for half the money in Madrid, but it is so easy to sit in security and guy a poor devil whose teeth are rattling together like castanets, and who would not if he could, and could not if he would.

Is this the end?

The black bull remains master of the field, and has not been lured half enough to give the matador a chance of killing him. Of course it is not expected that Pasques will enter the arena unless men are found to torment the bull still more and weary him with faints.

The management attempt to expostulate with the dart throwers. They will sit upon the fence and cast their missiles at long range, but threats and bribes alike fail to induce them to enter.

A low murmur, that sounds like far away thunder, gradually rising as the storm sweeps near, until the moan becomes a shout, and this in turn a tumult. Jack asks the cause. It is not difficult to find.

The arena contains the figure of a man—Pedro Vasquez, Toledo blade in one hand and scarlet muleta in the other, stands there. Brave man, he knows the awful chances he takes, but by no sign does he show fear.

One hand is raised, it is to quell the deafening applause, which may unnerve him. Wait until all is over, and then if he wins give him what he deserves; should he lose he will probably need nothing beyond a requiem. Instantly all becomes as silent as death, and those two in the arena face each other, the man cool and watchful, the brute scraping up the sawdust and dirt with one hoof, as if in defiance.

It is a picture for a master.

Mercedes, with clasped hands, gazes and draws in inspiration—she looks as though the man in the arena were a god, and Jack hears her utter words that thrill him like electricity:

"Caramba! I adore a brave man!"

The tableau is broken.

It is the bull that makes the first move. The animal has seemed to scent new danger from the time Pedro Vasquez entered the arena, and at the same time some subtle power has given the brute to understand that he now faces a man and not a coward.

Up to this time the sympathies of the vast audience have been entirely with Taurus. Deep down in their hearts these Spaniards respect bravery, and they cheer the adversary who follows up his blow, and hiss those who strike and then fly as though the Old Nick himself were after them.

Now the toro is in motion again. He comes plunging down upon the daring matador as an avalanche. Pedro Vasquez has done a foolish thing, and he knows it, but perhaps some sneering remark has urged him on. He will show these people of Madrid, he swears, that the Vasquez of to-day is fully the equal of any matador whose memory is held sacred.

Even the American is forced to admire the man's grit, though he expects to see him suffer for it. In Jack's opinion the Spaniard has not the proper conception of what he should do under these extraordinary circumstances, for never has Pedro faced a mad bull such as the one now rushing at him.

"Fool! fool!" Jack mutters, almost unconsciously, and then he sees Mercedes turn and give one quick look into his face, showing she must have caught his words.

Then comes the collision—when a fast moving body bears down upon a stationary one, unless the latter gets out of the way in haste there is bound to be a smash-up. [illegible] the lighter [illegible] the worst of it, and in [illegible] generally the case the world over.

Pedro has depended on luring the bull to one side by mienas of his flaunting muleta, dangled out with his left hand. He seems to have taken it for granted that this animal will follow the tactics pursued by the last, and swerve enough from the course to allow the planting of the sword point upon his left breast, when, as in the case of the red bull, his own velocity will do the rest.

In this he has made a fatal mistake, for the onrushing animal has lowered his head, and keeps a straight course for the man.

A mighty shudder convulses the crowd. It all happens so quickly that no one has time to shout a warning, and up to the last second Vasquez seems to imagine the bull will swerve.

When he realizes his mistake it is too late. He endeavors to spring aside, but has planted himself so firmly, with outstretched legs, to resist the shock when the bull impales himself on the Toledo blade, that he loses a second, and this means all to him.

The man gives a shout as the horns strike him. It does not seem like an expression of fear, but rather one of excitement.

Not a sound has been heard in all that great amphitheatre, for every eye is fixed upon the arena. Finding that he has lost the game, the matador tries to save his life by clinging to the bull's horns. It is a most deplorable condition for him, as he may never again be the people favourite he was, but life is sweet even when one has to live without the favour of the fickle public, and there are matadors in the audience who have had their day, and strutted upon the field, of which he has now been king for some years.

The neck of the black terror is all muscle, and when that awful head is thrown into the air Pedro Vasquez is seen flying through space. He strikes a cruel blow upon a post or pillar that holds up the roof, and falls in among a number of chulos grouped there, who immediately bear him away.

Immediately the vast crowd breaks out in excited talk. The black bull goes back to his tuft of grass, and stamps viciously as though asking who will be the next victim.

There is generally a reserve matador, and the people wait to see him appear, but time passes, and the bull alone holds the arena.

It grows monotonous.

News has come that although Pedro Vasquez will live, he has been so thoroughly knocked out that he could not stand up again this day before a yearling bull.

What now? The management apparently have made no preparation for an emergency of this character. The people must be amused, but who will undertake the job? After what has passed, it is all a man's life is worth to enter the arena with that sable monster, be he chulo, picador, or matador.

What is that? Some Englishmen and Americans, delighting in fair play, are shouting "Viva toro! Bravo! old boy! Well done!"

Somehow the words exasperate the Spaniards, whose sympathies have been with Vasquez. They look at each other, and scowl. More than one friend of the matador touches his knife in a significant manner.

Ah! here is the gentleman who represents the management. He advances upon a little elevated platform, and holds up his hand. It is evident he desires to speak.

"Silencio!" passes the word around, and in a minute so quiet is it that one can hear every word the manager utters. He speaks in Spanish, of course, and in a loud voice.

First of all he tells of Pedro's condition, then of the refusal of the substitute to enter the ring with that mad devil, and deplores the fact that there is no man brave enough to make the attempt pro bono publico.

Turning so that he faces the foreigners who have been shouting so loudly, he continues:

"The management offers two hundred pesos to the man who will enter the arena and slay that toro with the matador's blow. Don't all speak at once, senors, I beg."

This is a thrust at the vaunted courage of the foreigners who could laugh to see a brave matador meet his fate. The men look at each other, and smile. Each generously declines to take away this pleasure from his companions. As a consequence, no one arises; seeing which, some of the Spaniards in the sun seats begin to laugh.

Jack feels a pair of midnight eyes upon him, the colour mounts to his face, and, turning, he looks at Mercedes. Her words seem before him in letters of fire—"Caramba! I adore a brave man!" Somehow the challenge seems to have been dropped at his feet—he must either pick it up or decline.

The manager still stands on his platform looking around, as if hoping that some old matador may deem the golden lure of sufficient value to risk his neck for, but no one signifies such an intention.

When Jack Evans arises from his seat and takes off his coat almost every eye is instantly glued upon him. He folds his outer garment, and lays it on the seat; then, with a smile, stands upon the railing, takes one look at Mercedes, sees the surprise and consternation on her face, for she has never expected this, and calls out in Spanish to the manager:

"Senor, I accept your offer. I am an American, and I will show you how we do this thing out in Mexico."

"Hurrah for Doctor Jack!" cries a voice from the foreign quarter—an acquaintance has recognized him.

Jack drops lightly over the barrier, and stands in the arena, alone with the black devil of a toro that has been playing such havoc with the regular stock company of bull-fighters.

CHAPTER IV.

Admiration for bravery is not confined to civilized races. Even the most savage people of the world respect those qualities in a man which induce him to face death without flinching, whether in front of a mad bull or as a captive tied to the stake with the funeral pyre about him.

Hence it is that at the conclusion of the daring American's speech a buzz goes around the whole amphitheatre, which quickly swells into a tremendous roar, for, although his words in accepting the open challenge may not have been understood by the majority of those present, there can be no mistaking his action in removing coat and vest.

While this shout still makes the welkin ring, Jack has dropped into the arena, lightly scaling the inner barrier. Then a sense of fairness seizes the multitude, and immediately cries arise:

"Silenzio! silenzio!"

The roar becomes a rushing stream, and this in turn a gurgling brook, until almost magically even the last sounds cease, and a death-like silence ensues.

Fifteen thousand human beings have their eyes riveted upon the form of the American gymnast. They seem to breathe as one man, waiting for the shock. Doctor Jack keeps his wits about him, and surely he has need of them with that black devil of a mad toro not more than twenty feet away.

He forgets the presence of the crazy mob that fills the amphitheatre to overflowing. A pair of black eyes have sent him into the arena, and he remembers only this.

His manner excites admiration, he is so cool and collected, and the majority of the good people of Madrid presently secretly wish he may be successful, but there are few who do not fully expect the stranger to be demolished at the first desperate onslaught of the animal, for when a man with the prestige of Pedro Vasquez is tossed out of the arena it seems like madness for an amateur to have a living chance, no matter how brave he may be.

Hardly has Doctor Jack gained the arena than a clattering sound is heard behind him, and turning his head, he sees the muleta, or red flag [illegible] matador, together with his sword lying near by. Stooping down, he takes both into his hands, tests the quality of the Toledo blade in bending it by main strength, and finds it a remarkable weapon, which has served Pedro in many a successful bout, and finally makes a blow, not in the direction of the representative of royalty, but squarely intended for the black-eyed damsel whose words have been the means of sending him upon such a quixotic errand.

All this consumes but a few seconds of time. The black toro has divined, from the rush of applause that greets Doctor Jack's action, something of the truth, and has even ceased chewing at the lone tuft of half dead grass growing near the centre of the ring, to lower his head and dig his blood-stained horns into the sawdust-covered ground, which he tosses up in a horribly suggestive manner, the while uttering those peculiar subdued bellows that strike terror to the ordinary heart.

Evidently the brute sees Jack, and will presently descend upon him with the fury of an avalanche. At present it pleases the royal animal to play with his anticipated victim much as a cat might with a mouse.

This suits the new matador, for it gives him a minute of time to note the position of the bull, and what impediments there may be in the arena, for a false step at any instant may cost him his life, and Doctor Jack is not in this game as a reckless fool, however much his admiring compatriots in the foreign quarter may believe.

The man who has led the life of a Texan cowboy for several years is apt to know something about wild bulls, and from his observation Jack is certain he has met just as fierce brutes in Mexico as this sable devil now preparing to demolish him.

One thing is against him—he is not in proper dress for such business, and unless exceedingly careful may slip upon the bloody tan bark or sawdust when such a thing will be fatal! What would he not give to have on a pair of baseball shoes at this moment, with spikes that might render his footing positively sure?

If the mountain refuses to come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. The bull continues to toss the earth as though he expected to see his new antagonist make for the barrier, and in truth the presence of the chulos, picadors, and banderilleros perched upon the fence like so many crows, with one leg thrown over, ready for retreat, gives good cause for such belief on the part of the monarch of the battle-field.

With a few rapid movements of his left arm Doctor Jack unfurls the little red flag, then he advances straight toward the bull, which ceases to plough up the soil, and gazes at the other as though deeming him crazy, lowers his massive head, and shoots forward.

The tan-bark flies into the air as his heels spurn it. Every human being in that vast audience holds his or her breath in anticipation of what is to come. Is that a shock as the bull's head comes in contact with a human figure? A cloud of dust obscures the scene in the arena, and, confident as to the result, more than one person looks aloft, expecting to see the American whirling through space, badly wrecked.

Such an anticipate a speedy ending of the adventurer confess their disappointment, and, turning to the ring agaiing to learn the cause, discover old toro again tossing tan-bark with his horns while the American stands there taunting him.

Jack knows too much to attempt the coup de grace until the beast is in a more exhausted condition. It has been a fatal mistake on the part of Pedro Vasquez, and he does not mean to repeat the blunder.

A nimble leap aside at the proper second has saved him from those cruel horns, and the bull's fury is increased doubly by the fact that he has failed in his first rush.

Ah! again he bears down upon his tantalizing foe, as though determined that this time he will crush the man to the earth or assist him over the barrier. A perfect gymnast, Jack has little trouble in avoiding the onslaught, and but for the ever present danger of a slip, might really enjoy the fun.

While the toro once more amuses himself with the inoffensive tan-bark, Jack coolly takes a look around the amphitheater. From the foreign quarter handkerchiefs are waved, and cries of "Bravo, Doctor Jack!" arise. These are incautious just now, and more apt to disturb the brave man who risks his life in the bull-ring for a woman's smile, than give him new energy. The Spaniards know better than to breathe a sound while the matador faces his foe.

Jack's sweeping glance takes it all in. He sees the eager multitude that is ready to shout "Viva toro" in case the bull downs him, but makes no note of the swarthy sea of faces. He lets his gaze rest an instant on the Turkish pasha, and notes the look of fierce eagerness visible there that tells him how anxious this man is for the bull to triumph, then his eyes sweep along until they reach his own vacant seat, and catch a glimpse of the beautiful girl next in line, at which he smiles coldly, and bows again.

"Look out, Jack!"

This shout comes from his American friend in the foreign quarter, and warns him that the bull has ceased his side play, and is once again on the war-path. Turning to receive the new charge, Jack's foot slips, and there is danger of his being struck, but quick as lightning he hurls himself out of the way.

Again the multitude breathe easy. They recognize the fact that this man is no amateur bull-fighter, with only reckless bravery to back him up, but one who has made a study of the animals in times past, and is qualified to anticipate the sable brute's every move.

Thus they expect to have pleasure in watching the struggle for supremacy. It is a matter of supreme indifference to most of them whether the bull eventually slays the man or is himself downed, so long as the combatants afford them a good show. The life of a bull-fighter is held very cheaply in Madrid.

Already has Doctor Jack evaded three of those wild rushes. Will he be able to continue this system of tactics until he has wearied the animal out, and brought him into the proper condition for the final blow?

The bull no longer tosses the tan-bark with his horns. His challenge has been met, and he finds himself opposed by one whom he cannot terrorize.

As soon as one furious rush fails the brute wheels and makes another. He is continually in motion, and it seems as though there may come a moment when by some lucky stroke he will disable his nimable adversary, and change the tide of battle.

As yet Jack has acted only on the defensive, leaping aside when the time comes, and each time with rare good judgment. He has not received a scratch, and although the bull steams and puffs with his tremendous exertions, the man is apparently as cool and collected as when he began the engagement.

For the first time the people awaken to the fact that the awful black toro has met his master, and when Doctor Jack begins to assume the offensive loud shouts greet him.

Lit O scijx h and the man went

As the lumbering animal rushes past, the American plucks him by the tail, and gives that caudal appendage a twist that elicits a fierce bellow from the furious bull, drowned by the storm of applause from the audience.

After eluding another charge, Jack pricks the flank of his foe with the point of his Toledo blade, and his action suits the [illegible] the lookers on, who shout [illegible] approval.

(To Continued.)

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Chatham, 29th Nov. 1896.

CHATHAM.

NEW BRUNSWICK,
COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND ss.
To the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland or any constable within the said County, Greeting.
Whereas Alexander Campbell and David M. Savoy executors of the last will and testament of William Gray Senior late of the parish of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, deceased, have prayed that the accounts filed by them of their administration of the said estate may be passed and allowed and that the said estate may be closed.
You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, legatees and all others interested to appear before me as a Court of Probate to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate in and for the said County of Northumberland at Newcastle in the said County on Monday the fourth day of January next at ten thirty o'clock in the forenoon to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts and the closing up of the said estate.
Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this eighth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six.
(L. S.) (Sgd.) SAM THOMSON.
Judge of Probate, in and for the County of Northumberland.
(Sgd.)—G. S. FRASER.
Registrar of Probates in and for said County.
12-31-96.

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