

General Business

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.



Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868 for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchises made a part of the original State constitution, in 1878, by an overwhelming popular vote.

THE GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in periods manage and control the same, with fairness, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the company to use this certificate, with fac-simile of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

Commissioners.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.

PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National Bank.

A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.

CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

Grand Monthly Drawing

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, September, 11 1888.

Capital Prize, \$300,000.

100 Prizes of \$500 each, \$50,000.

200 Prizes of \$250 each, \$50,000.

300 Prizes of \$150 each, \$45,000.

400 Prizes of \$100 each, \$40,000.

500 Prizes of \$80 each, \$40,000.

600 Prizes of \$60 each, \$36,000.

700 Prizes of \$50 each, \$35,000.

800 Prizes of \$40 each, \$32,000.

900 Prizes of \$30 each, \$27,000.

1,000 Prizes of \$20 each, \$20,000.

1,100 Prizes of \$15 each, \$16,500.

1,200 Prizes of \$10 each, \$12,000.

1,300 Prizes of \$8 each, \$10,400.

1,400 Prizes of \$6 each, \$8,400.

1,500 Prizes of \$5 each, \$7,500.

1,600 Prizes of \$4 each, \$6,400.

1,700 Prizes of \$3 each, \$5,100.

1,800 Prizes of \$2 each, \$3,600.

1,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$1,900.

2,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,000.

2,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,100.

2,200 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,200.

2,300 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,300.

2,400 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,400.

2,500 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,500.

2,600 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,600.

2,700 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,700.

2,800 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,800.

2,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$2,900.

3,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,000.

3,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,100.

3,200 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,200.

3,300 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,300.

3,400 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,400.

3,500 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,500.

3,600 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,600.

3,700 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,700.

3,800 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,800.

3,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$3,900.

4,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$4,000.

4,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$4,100.

4,200 Prizes of \$1 each, \$4,200.

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4,800 Prizes of \$1 each, \$4,800.

4,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$4,900.

5,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$5,000.

5,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$5,100.

5,200 Prizes of \$1 each, \$5,200.

5,300 Prizes of \$1 each, \$5,300.

5,400 Prizes of \$1 each, \$5,400.

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5,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$5,900.

6,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,000.

6,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,100.

6,200 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,200.

6,300 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,300.

6,400 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,400.

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6,700 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,700.

6,800 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,800.

6,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$6,900.

7,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$7,000.

7,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$7,100.

7,200 Prizes of \$1 each, \$7,200.

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9,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$9,000.

9,100 Prizes of \$1 each, \$9,100.

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9,700 Prizes of \$1 each, \$9,700.

9,800 Prizes of \$1 each, \$9,800.

9,900 Prizes of \$1 each, \$9,900.

10,000 Prizes of \$1 each, \$10,000.

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B., AUGUST 16, 1888.

(Continued from last week.)

The Northwest Miramichi.

CAMP ADAMS THE CENTRE OF FIFTY MILES OF SALMON-WATER.

SALMON GRILSE AND TROUT IN ABUNDANCE.

OVER PORTAGE BY ROCKBOARD, UP STREAM BY SKIFF, DOWN STREAM BY CANOE.

NOTES FROM TIDE WATER TO BALD MOUNTAIN.

WATERFALLS AND CHASMS, DAM AND NARROWS—INCIDENTS, BY PORTAGE AND STREAM.

BY D. C. SMITH.

During that July night, near the head waters of the Northwest, I was, several times, obliged to tuck my blankets about me and add my greatcoat to their heat-retaining folds, for we were between two and three thousand feet above sea-level and THE NIGHT AIR hung with cold breath over the treeless soil and upon the scarped faces of the mountains towering above us on either hand. Up from the river, too, rose the white mist that was, when we lay down, just a perceptible film, traceable only below our camp over the face of Square Rock pool, but had, as the night wore on, spread like a snow-wreath, filling all the valley with its damp and chill presence. My guides had a lean-tent, and depended largely upon refracted heat from their camp-fire upon its roof for warmth. It is, therefore, not surprising that they were astir several times during the night, piling on wood, an operation which awakened me every time it was performed, and made me wish they had learned the advantage of the little individual tents, in one of which I lay protected from the cold night air, as I had so often been from flies by the same simple device.

"DEPARTED SPIRITS"

With the early morning we were astir, and I observed that I had not noticed the evening before, viz.—that ours was not the first camping party to occupy this ground. I had, on coming to it, seen only the moss-covered soil of the bit of level land forming the river-bank, with the majestic hills towering above on the east and west and our camp-fire lighting up our spread of tin plates and cups, rude knives and forks, fried trout and the e of our supper, but as the morning sun climbed over the opposite mountain a bottle with the familiar legend of Bass, "bottled by Patterson & Hibbert," attracted my attention. Looking around I saw "another of the same," also a "square-face" with only the label of De Kuyper to suggest the origin of the spirits long since departed. I was just turning up my nose over the idea of ale and gin being brought so far, and thinking of something better, when a more gracefully formed bottle, labelled "Clifton," convinced me that my predecessors on the ground were more sybaritic than I had at first supposed, and I learned afterwards that a Camp Adams expedition, including some American visitors, had spent a night at Square Rock pool a year or two ago.

MORE GRILSE.

As soon as the sun had dispelled the mist from the river I cast over Square Rock pool and killed two grilse, by which time the boys had packed up our camping stuff for the trip down-river. About a quarter of a mile above us there was a promising pool on the right side of the river, which I had tried, but without success, the evening before, on my way up to the Forks. Saying to the boys I would give it another chance I went up to it for a farewell cast and was rewarded with a grilse. It is best reached by way of the barren land a hundred yards or more from the right bank, where the travelling is very good, and it may be distinguished by a rock about ten feet across and six feet high at its upper end, near the right bank of the river. Going back to Square Rock I found everything in readiness and a start was made at twenty minutes past eight for Camp Adams. The trip down was most enjoyable, the day being fine and many interesting features of the river and its surroundings that had escaped notice on the upward trip presenting themselves. We made halts of short duration at some of the pools, and before reaching the Camp I added ten grilse and a number of good-sized trout to the score of the previous day, making twenty-one grilse for the two days. While dinner was being made ready at Red Bank I investigated the long pool there and saw half a dozen grilse in it, but they were too lazy, in the low state of the water, to rise. I cast from the high bank directly over and in front of the fish, the water being only about three feet deep and very clear, but it was no use. One fellow came up indolently towards the fly, but did not take it, so I left them on hearing Bob give a whoop, which I knew meant dinner. The meal over we were soon aboard again and on our homeward way, reaching the Falls at half-past five and Camp Adams at 5.43. When my twenty-one grilse, averaging about four pounds each, were landed on a flat ledge just above the Camp, they made a fine display. They were entrusted to Ned Way to be prepared for the smoke-house, and I have since received them in prime order as proof

of his skill in this important branch of fishing science.

A RIVER TIME TABLE.

Those who may hereafter go over my route of the past two days will, no doubt, find the time-table, which I made up chiefly with regard to the fishing pools, useful. It may be depended on, for I was particular in noting the time of arrival as well as departure. All the places named indicate pools, excepting those marked by stars.

UPWARD TRIP.

FROM CAMP ADAMS TO SQUARE ROCK POOL. TUESDAY, JULY 10TH.

Arrived.	Left.
Camp Adams	8.10
The Falls & Basin	8.15
Chain Ledges	8.20
Black Pool	8.50
Smith's Pool	9.07
Big Rock	9.15
Ledge Pool	9.25
Bob's Pool	10.00
Big Twin Rocks	10.08
Coar Arm Pools	10.10
Little Twin Rocks	10.22
Push and be d-d	11.03
Redbank	11.12
Flattery Brook*	12.30
Twisted Spruce Pool	12.45
Catamaran Landing	12.50
Crawford Pool	1.35
Upper Chain Rocks	12.30
False Pool	2.32
Lone Pine Pool	2.52
Cedar Pool	3.00
Silence Pool	3.15
Square Rock Pool	3.50

DOWNWARD TRIP.

FROM SQUARE ROCK POOL TO CAMP ADAMS. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11TH.

Arrived.	Left.
Square Rock Pool	8.20
Silence	8.35
Coar Arm Pools	8.57
Lone Pine	9.12
False	9.32
Upper Chain Rocks	9.50
Crawford Pool	10.30
Catamaran Landing	11.42
Twisted Spruce Pool	12.10
Flattery Brook*	12.23
Redbank	12.30
Push and be d-d	2.00
Little Twin Rocks	2.40
One Arm Pools	3.02
Big Twin Rocks	3.20
Bob's Pool	3.25
Ledge	4.08
Black Rock*	4.20
Silence Pool	4.40
Chain Ledges	4.50
Flattery Brook	5.25
Falls & Basin	5.30
Camp Adams	5.43

THE DAN.

The distance between our camp in Black Silent Pool. The waters of the Dan are so continuously wild, nor is the chasm so crooked as at Curard's Ledges, but the view from the cliff, which overhangs the right bank between the first and lower falls and is, perhaps, seventy feet high, is one of rough grandeur that would delight an artist. At the last falls or Dam all the water of the Northwest Miramichi pours through between a fissure ten feet wide in the solid ledge, while the river is ten feet higher, the width is only twenty feet. How deep it is at this point no one has ascertained, for the water runs with such great velocity and power that no pole or plummet-line sounding can be made. Immediately below this spot the foaming waters are emptied into a great basin where they form a black whirlpool that eddies in a rock-enclosed circle and passing off, run away through a narrow gorge formed by perpendicular trappean ledges. The boys portaged the canoe around by the right bank, some 400 yards, while I was enjoying the beauties of the place and gathering teaberries, which abound on the summits of the cliffs. We left at half-past three, having spent 25 minutes at the Dan. In fifteen minutes more we passed Mountain Brook, the reddish waters of which came over a pretty fall on the left bank of the Northwest, and, five minutes later, we were at

THE NARROWS.

This place surpasses those above it in the boldness of its scenery. The ledges seem to have been thrust upwards on each side of the river, to a height of 100 feet or more, and to approach each other on the top. Looking down between them the river appears almost narrow enough to jump across and the canoe but a corkscrew. We ran a short distance through the foaming waters and down a pitch where we intended to land on the side of the pool below, for there was a fall at the lower end which was rather too heavy for our craft. We went over the pitch with enjoyable velocity, but the water below it was too deep to admit of our poles reaching water. Its swiftness and the impetus we had was sweeping us to the brink of the roaring fall, when Bob caught bottom and Bill soon did the same, but they did not move for another half hour they might miss. "Hold that for your life, Bob," said Bill, but, just then, Bob's pole slipped and I thought we were in for it, when Bill, by a magnificent exhibition of strength and science held his grip of the bottom turning the canoe's head up-stream and shooting her in alongside the ledge, while Bob's end hung three feet over the fall. "That was a close call, boys," said I. "Yes," said Bill, "but I went over that once, and lost my canoe, and had to swim three times in the pool below before I got ashore."

CUNARD'S LEDGES.

Exactly two hours from Camp Adams. The river here runs through one of the most magnificent gorges I have yet seen in New Brunswick. The ledge is scarred and twisted as it was when the soil covered it at its upheaval in past ages, but the rushing waters have bared the rocks and washed and worn out the chasma, until the cliffs hang "rugged and stupendous" on either hand over the dark, deep eddies from thirty to one hundred feet below. The mad waters, roaring as they tumbled down the top of the fall and leaped in cascades to the embrace of the giant cliffs, were a striking illustration of the power and grandeur of nature. Here, in the eddy caused by a spur of the

great ledge, which rises from the river-bank, are caught and jammed until they pile on each other in a sudden bend of the scarp, and men have to be lowered to them by ropes stretched from side to side of the overhanging precipices. It is work in which life literally hangs by a thread, and it seemed to me that a few dollars expended in dynamite operations at this season of the year, when the water is comparatively low, would result in the logs running free not only at Cunard's Ledges, but some other places equally wild and dangerous to the jam-breakers. The boys carried the canoe and our luggage around the portage nearly a quarter of a mile and just as we had put her in the water Bob discovered a peevy jammed in a fissure of an overhanging ledge, where it had probably been wrested from some driver's hands a year or two ago. After this there were two or three pitches to run and, then, we had dinner at the tail of the ledges, cutting our firewood from an immense dry pine spar that lay bleaching on the bare rocks. At a quarter to three—having spent an hour and fifty minutes amongst the grandeur of Cunard's Ledges, we were "all aboard" again and dashing off, literally down hill, through

MAD WHITE WATER.

that taxed all of the men's strength and skill to keep the canoe in the fairway between the boulders waiting to bring her to grief. In nine minutes we ran out of this exciting scene into Black Silent Pool. Here was a contrast indeed, for the water was as still as death and the surface suggested the idea of frozen ink, under the leaden sky which now indicated a renewal of dirty weather. Out of this we ran into more turbulent water, full of pitches and rocks, which dashed great drops and larger quantities aboard, as we went down the appreciable declivity of the stream, the canoe plunging and Bill and Bob handling their poles with a dexterity inspired by the fact that a false port might bring us side on to the current and end in a wetting, a narrow escape, or something more serious. Three quarters of a mile of this exciting work brought us to

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