

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning...

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 16--No. 11 CHATHAM NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 25, 1889.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS--\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

General Business.

Tea, Sugar, Beef, Pork, Bacon, Hams, Flour and Meal,

Milk Pans, Butter Crocks, Bean Crocks, Jars, Cup & Saucers, and Glassware in variety.

WM. FENTON.

ATTENTION!

Great Reduction in prices of

Dry Goods & Groceries

LOWER THAN EVER!

at F. W. RUSSELL'S,

NEW GOODS.

NEW CLOTHING.

NEW HATS. NEW BOOTS.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

NEW PRINTS. NEW MUSLINS.

NEW SUNSHADES. NEW GLOVES.

NEW JERSEYS. NEW SHAWLS.

NEW. NEW. NEW.

THE CHEAP CASH STORE.

JAMES BROWN.

PIANOS.

"THE FACTORY"

JOHN McDONALD,

MANUFACTURER OF SHOES, DRESS, MOUNDINGS

BAND AND SCROLL SAWING.

THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

DURDOCK'S PILLS

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,

INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

SGUAR, TOBACCO, and TEA.

TO LET

NEW GOODS.

Upper and East End Stores.

FLANAGAN'S

Dry Goods, Ready Made, Clothing, Gents Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes & Cc.

Also a choice lot of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

ROGER FLANAGAN.

HEAR! HAIR!!

1000 Bushels Plastering Hair.

PIANO - TUNING

BY W. C. KATNE,

Chatham, N. B., Sept. 11th, 1889.

GENERAL BUSINESS

DANIEL PATTON, WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANT.

Nelson Street, St. John; N. B.

GEO. A. CUTTER, WATER ST. - CHATHAM, N. B. DIRECT IMPORTER OF



PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES.

Thomas, Bell and Dominion Organs.

EVANS BROS. BELL DOMINION. NEW-COMBE & HEINTZMAN PIANOS.

Leading Canadian and American Sewing Machines.

Violins, Accordions, Sheet Music and Music Books.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

ASSETS. \$126,082,153.56.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. has Paid to Policy-holders since organizing \$272,481,899.820.

THE wonderful growth of the Company is due in a large degree to the freedom from restriction and the honest policy of the contract, and to the opportunities for investment which are offered in addition to indemnity in case of death.

THE Distribution Policy of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is the most liberal contract offered by any company and produces the best results for the Policy-holders.

JOHN S. STEARNS, WARREN C. WINSLOW, General Manager, Halifax, N. S. Agent, Chatham, N. B.



THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. has Paid to Policy-holders since organizing \$272,481,899.820.

Take time for the forelock ere that tasping, hacky cough of yours carries you needed you; low no time, but procure a bottle of the rational remedy for Lung and Bronchial Diseases, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, at 50c. and \$1.00.

Stauley was so utterly cut off from all communication with the outer world that when some one mentioned the name of General Boulanger, he exclaimed: "Boulanger, who is he? never heard of him before."

DECEMBER '89

AND

JANUARY 1890.

During the above time we will make a

SWEEPING REDUCTION

in the following Goods, viz,

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SHAWLS, CLOUDS, SCARFS, DRESS GOODS, FUR CAPS, FUR TIPPETS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.

ALSO

GENUINE BARGAINS IN MEN'S YOUTHS' AND BOYS' OVERCOATS AND REEFERS

William Murray, Argyle House, Chatham.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau, featuring a logo and text: "PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B." "I have done orders for 200 C.T.S. best quality United States 1/2 x 1 1/2 inch size letter-press which I will engrave at 1/2 cent per line or by the Currier's line of 1/2 x 1 1/2 inch or 1/2 x 1 1/2 inch or Northern and Western Railway."

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. - DECEMBER 25, 1889

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS

The most designing of men—the architect.

There is usually a good deal of noise when an engagement is broken.

Death-Dealing Drugs

SUCH as Calomel, Morphine, etc., are so remedies better left alone. They often weaken even strong constitutions.

This Barlock Blood Bitter never does, it contains no mineral or other poison, and cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidney, bowels, and blood by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities.

The strike of leather workers at Woburn, Mass., is submitted to arbitration.

When two deaf mutes plight their troth a sign of engagement results.

No Delays!

IS A perfect cure for croup and colds, and I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil—one bottle of which cured me of a very bad cold. I would say to all sufferers, make no delay in using it as it gives quick relief.

W. J. KENNY, Stittsville, Ont.

A boy's suit and overcoat for one dollar is one of the features of the New York Christmas sales.

New York has just given nearly half a million to build a new wing to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A New Element

MUST be infused into the blood of the weak and debilitated, who suffer from disease of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys or blood. This revitalizing constituent is supplied by Barlock Blood Bitters which repairs waste, drives out all impurities and restores health to the entire system.

There is a famous in Galicia and peasants are killing their horses to save the feed.

Emin Pasha expects to be on foot again by the end of the month. He will leave Bagamozi in February.

Life in a Lumber Camp

WHILE working in a lumber camp a year ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I got no relief until I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balm, which cured me entirely. I highly recommend it.

J. W. L. WILSON, Magnetawan, Ont.

The Presbytery of Halifax has nominated Rev. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, Ont., for moderator of the next General Assembly.

At St. Bakerville, Mo., a few days ago, Louisa Epperson shot Julius Hoper dead for persistently chaffing her about her admirers.

A Little Spark

MAY kindle a great fire, just so dyspepsia and bad blood give rise to countless complaints. High cannot be cured until the system is removed, and the blood purified. To do this is the work of Barlock Blood Bitters, which always cures dyspepsia, bad blood and all complaints of a similar origin.

The census of 1885 shows that out of 4287 British-born persons in Lynn, Mass., 2299 were Nova Scotians.

The Life-saving Service of the United States is maintained at an annual cost of less than \$300,000 and during the last year it saved 787 lives and property valued at \$5,000,000.

Road Island Reports

CAN state that have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil with great benefit for colds, sore throats, croup, hoarseness, chapped hands, etc. We can recommend it to be very useful and good in many different ways.

Mrs. ABEL HELMS, Rose Island, Ont.

Monsieur Bulaud, ex-Canon of Rheims, and a recent convert to Protestant and reformed christianity, is expected to visit Canada in January and will possibly lecture in Montreal and Ottawa.

Mrs. Colin Campbell, whose elopement recently took place, returned to Ottawa on Wednesday. She begged for a reconciliation with her husband, which was refused, and she left for Boston.

Your Life in Danger

Take time for the forelock ere that tasping, hacky cough of yours carries you needed you; low no time, but procure a bottle of the rational remedy for Lung and Bronchial Diseases, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, at 50c. and \$1.00.

It will cure you. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

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THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BARCLAY NORTH.

(Continued)

"What passed between you?" asked Tom.

"Nothing of any moment. She treated me outrageously."

He then gave Tom a literal statement of what had passed, save her curious manner toward him at the end.

He was abstracted, and did not hear what Tom was saying, but stealthily watched the group. He could not fail to notice the extreme nervousness in Flora's manner, and that she was urging their departure. It was quite evident the rest were comfortably enjoying themselves and not disposed to leave.

Finally Flora said something to the newcomer and he arose, stepped to her side and offered his arm. She took it, and they walked toward the front on the Broadway side and sat down out of view.

Holbrook followed them with his eyes. Suddenly he slapped his hand on his knee.

"By Jove, Tom, I've an idea."

"Got it down, my boy," said the imperturbable Tom; "sometimes they are valuable."

"It's a suspicion."

"Ah, that is valuable, especially in the enterprise we have entered upon."

"Yes, by Jove—tall—slim—dark hair—complexion—handsome profile—straight nose. By Jove!"

"What the deuce are you muttering about?"

"Did you see that man who joined the Witherspoon group while I was talking with Flora?"

"Yes, handsome fellow. Who is he?"

"I have a suspicion he is the murderer."

"The devil!"

"No, the murderer."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't think I suspect."

"Ah, a nice distinction. What makes you suspect?"

"You recollect that in my interview with Flora she inquired particularly about the man I saw running away, asking me whether he was tall, slim and dark complexioned."

"Very well."

"Well, this fellow answers to the description."

"So he does. How did they address him when he came up?"

"I only heard them call him 'Harry.'"

"On intimate terms with the family, then."

"That accounts for her curious manner when he joined them," said Holbrook musingly.

"What is that?"

"They had described how Flora conducted herself."

"Thunder, the suspicion takes form. It is something to work upon."

"We must learn who he is."

"That is easy; wait for me a minute."

Tom hastily disappeared in the direction of the elevator. Holbrook leaned back, smoking his cigar, and pondered on the situation. Tom joined him in a short time, and said: "Come with me to the elevator."

They went off together, and then a man stepped up them.

He was a medium sized, thin man, cheaply clad, with sharp features and small eyes.

"This is my friend Mr. Holbrook. He will point out to you a man to you. We want to know who he is, his name, residence, habits, business—all that you can find out."

"Very well," said the man.

"Follow Holbrook."

The two entered and seated themselves at a point where they could observe the Witherspoon group without being seen.

The two men had seated themselves when Flora and the man in whom they were so much interested joined their friends again.

"That is the man," said Holbrook.

"The one who has that handsome lady on his arm."

"Miss Ashgrove," said the man.

"Yes, you know her, I see."

"Yes, and the man too."

"Oh, let us go to Mr. Bryan, then."

They went out without being observed, for Flora's back was turned to them.

They found Tom at the elevator and went down stairs.

"He knows him," said Holbrook to Tom when they were on the pavement.

"Who is he?" asked Tom.

"Mr. Fountain—Harry Fountain."

"What is he?"

"Fashionable young man—member of Union club."

"Where does he live?"

"That I don't know. I've told you all I do know."

"Then find out everything you can about him. I shan't want to see you until you bring me the information."

"It will be a short job."

"So much the better," said Tom.

"Good-night."

"Good-night, gentlemen."

"Come, Holbrook, let's go," said Tom.

"Who is that man?" asked Holbrook.

"My shadow."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say. I employ him as a shadow. To find out things—to follow men—spy, if you will."

"What do you do that for?"

"You are not up to the new dodges of modern journalism. He is always in my employ."

"So that's modern journalism, is it?"

"Oh no, only one of the recent up-growths. I invented it."

"Well, come down to the hotel and take a nightcap."

"No, I'm for bed, and my room is not far from here. I've a big day before me to-morrow. I may call upon you in the morning. Good-night."

"Do; good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT EXPERIENCE ON BROADWAY.

HOLBROOK walked down Broadway to wear off the excitement under which he felt he was laboring.

"Man-hunting is as fascinating a sport as tiger-hunting," he said to himself. "Not that I know anything of tiger-hunting, but as I suppose it is, I wonder if I have struck the right track. At all events it is beginning and something definite to work upon. How grateful Annie Tem-

pleton would be if we were to be successful! What a pretty sight her face would present—an incentive for any man to work."

Thus musing he strode along at a rapid gait, feeling positive pleasure in the exercise. By and by he became conscious that some one was following him. He crossed the street to determine this; the person he suspected crossed also. He slackened his pace, a tall, slim figure passed him, and he thought he was mistaken as he saw it disappear in the darkness.

So he forged ahead. Shortly he found the person was behind him again.

He was now approaching a fashionable drinking saloon, and he determined to stop there and see what his follower would do.

He did so, and met an acquaintance with whom he went to the bar.

Immediately the door opened and a tall, slim man entered. It was the person who had followed him.

Holbrook observed him closely through the glass behind the bar, while chatting with his acquaintance.

The tall, slim man was by no means young—evidently 60 or 65 years of age; his hair was white, his face well scamed with wrinkles. He was clad in respectable black, and was upright in carriage.

Holbrook thought he might have been the man Fountain disguised to follow him, and then dismissed the idea as an absurdity and attributed it to his heated imagination.

A glance at the hand the person laid on the bar, which Holbrook could regard at short range without turning, such was his position, confirmed his idea of its absurdity. He was unmistakably the hand of an aged person; there could be no "make up" in that.

Presently the old man dropped a piece of money on the floor. As he stooped to pick it up he struck Holbrook in the back.

Convinced as he was that he had been touched purposely, from an impulse he could not restrain he turned.

The old man apologized in most courteous terms. His voice was pleasant, but Holbrook felt that the dark eyes of the old man most keenly and rapidly scrutinized his features.

However, he courteously responded to his apologies and the old man passed out into the street.

"That was done on purpose," said the acquaintance.

"I thought so too," replied Holbrook.

The barkeeper