

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mail of that day.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 16. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 19, 1890.

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

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions.

Freedom

From the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

EARLE'S HOTEL

Cor. Canal & Centre Streets, NEAR BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The best Hotel in the lower part of the City for Tourists, Professional and Business Men, Commercial Travellers, Agents, Etc.

This Hotel has been Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated.

Branch Office, SEYMOUR, BAKER & CO., members N. Y. Stock and Produce Exchange, and Chicago Board of Stock Exchange.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In its First Stages.

Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon Cod Liver Oil, sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

TIN SHOP.

As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than before, complaints

Japaned, Stamped and Plain Tinware

would invite those about to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am now selling below former prices for cash.

The Peerless Creamer; ROCHESTER LAMP.

The Success OIL STOVE Also a nice selection of Parlor and Cooking Stove with PATENT TELESCOPIQUE OVEN

A. C. McLean White Beans.

In Store—30 Barrels White Beans For Sale by C. M. BOSTWICK & Co.

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED HIS SHAVING PARLOR

to the Building adjoining the N. B. Trading Co's Office, Water St. He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' Goods generally.

WANTED.

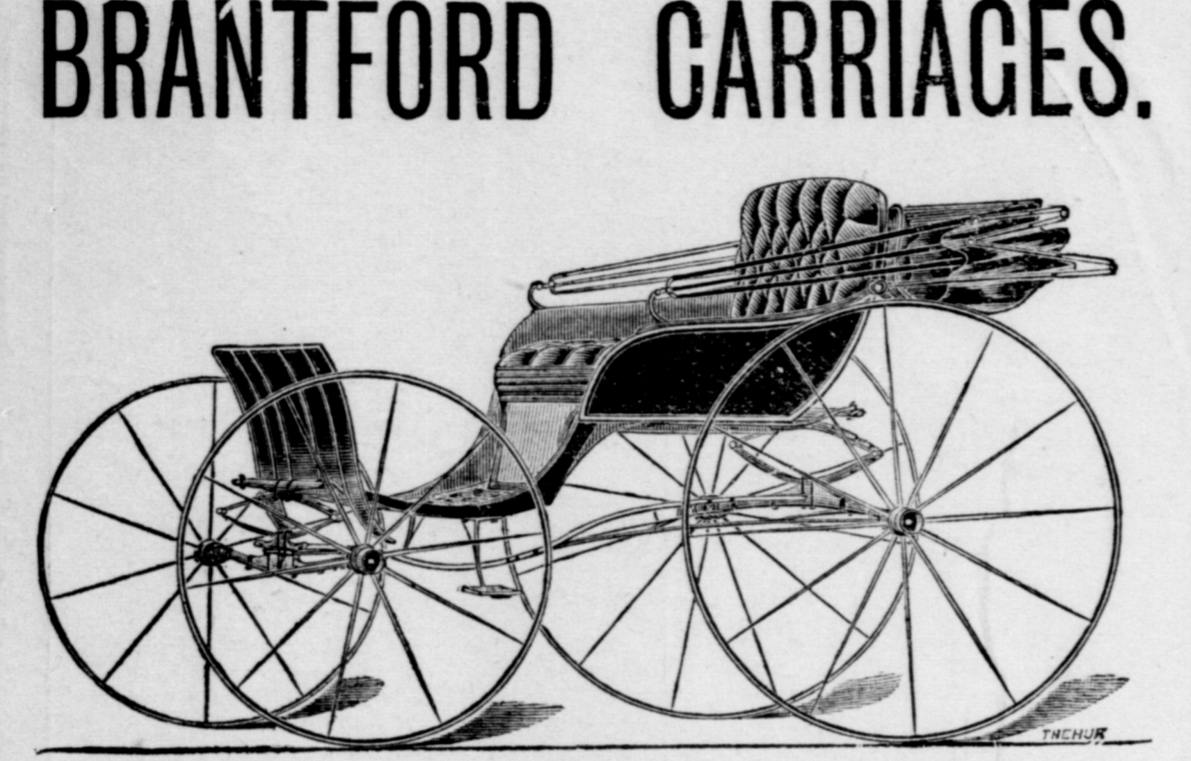
Local agents for the Manchester Fire Assurance Co'y. OF ENGLAND CAPITAL \$5,000,000 Established 1825.

D. R. JACK, GEN'L AGT.

GENERAL BUSINESS April & May 1890. SPRING IMPORTATIONS. SUMMER GOODS. ARRIVING DAILY

New Goods, Latest Makes, Splendid Value. at the Argyle House, Chatham. WM MURRAY.

BRANTFORD CARRIAGES.



Don't fail to call and see them and be convinced, as hundreds of others have already been, that they are the finest built, the most stylish and the cheapest carriages ever imported to New Brunswick.

J. M. Harness, Collar and Hames, \$15.00. X. C. Harness, Collars and Hames, \$17.00.

Warren C. Winslow, BARRISTER AT LAW, Solicitor of Bank of Montreal.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Consisting of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Mowers, Reapers, Rakes, Binders, Threshing Machines, Hay Cutters, Churns, etc.

GEO. A. CUTTER, Cunard St., Chatham, N. B., Opposite Strang's Grocery Store.

NEW! NOBBY! NICE!

The New Stock of Silverware just opened at Albert Patterson's.

Watches, clocks, Jewelry and Fancy China-ware of all kinds.

ALBERT PATTERSON,

MORRISON & MUSGRAVE, GENERAL MERCHANTS TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES, SPECIALTIES.

Furniture Rooms.

If you want to see a nice assortment of Furniture go to B. FAIREY'S

Who has on hand the largest stock of Furniture ever shown on the North Shore, comprising, Parlor, Bedroom, Dining Room, Kitchen and Hall Furniture.

BABY CARRIAGES.

Also, a large stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Curtains and Curtain Poles.

Established 1866

Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co., AMHERST, N. S.

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General Business. 1880--1889

Government vs Opposition! The above does not mean the result of voting on election day, but that I have decided to make a change in my business at the end of ten years—1st May next.

Call and be Convinced. Bear in mind these prices are only for CASH.

G. STOTHART. January 6th, 1890.

DR. FOWLER'S

WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, COLIC, CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Correspondence Writing Bureau.

New Field Seeds. Fresh Canadian Timothy

Vermont Clover, FIELD PEAS &c., 20 Bushels White Russian Wheat

ALEX. MCKINNON. Chatham, 29th April, 1890.

SPRING MEDICINES.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, WILSON'S SARSAPARILLA, SANDHAM'S SARSAPARILLA, BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. Includes all the essential elements of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system.

WANTED. Wanted, a good pushing salesman for Chatham district.

Cod Oil for Sale. Two to three hundred gallons of No 1 Cod Oil for sale.

Wrought Iron Pipe AND FITTINGS. GLOBE AND CHECK VALVES.

BABBIT METAL. RUBER PACKIG Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc.

J. M. RUDDOCK Chatham, N. B.

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD

"Begin at the beginning and go on to the end," I said royally. "But take up the fife a bit first."

"That shows how little we know what we do," said Mulvaney, putting it aside.

"Did I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife of mine?"

"I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had of her own good love and free will washed a shirt for me moving in a barren land, where washing was not.

"I can't remember," I said casually. "Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?"

"Before—before—long before, was that business of Annie Bragin an' the corpbill's ghost. Niver woman was the worse for me when I had married Dinah. There's a time for all things, an' I know how to keep all things in place—burnin' the drink, that, kapes me in my place wid no hops av comin' to be aught else."

"Begin at the beginning," I insisted. "Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks."

"An' the same 'is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney piously. "She spoke true, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye ever fallen in love, sorr?"

"I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued,— "Thin I will assume that ye have not. I did. In the days of my youth as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the soul av women. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut! For the first five years av my service, when I was what I wud give my soul to be no, I tuk whatever was within my reach and digested ut—an' that's more than most men can say. Durin' I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av Hiven, I cud play wid four women at wanst, and kape them from findin' out about the other three, an' smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. Dick Cullhan, av the battery we had, he do wanst on ut tonight, could drive his team no better than I mine, an' I hid the worse cattle! An' so I lived, an' so I was happy till after that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-saf, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to swallow.

"After that I sickened aw hile an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work; conceivin' mesil I wud study an' be a sargeant an' a major-general twenty minutes after that. But on top av my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my soul, an' me own opinion av mesil cud not fill ut. So I tuk to mesil: 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set-up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesil to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesil: 'For the glory av ut!' Sez mesil to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrms av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesil. 'Go to the married lines, sez mesil to me. 'Tis the same thing, sez I to mesil. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' said mesil to me: an' wid that I considered on ut a long while. Did you ever feel that way, sorr?"

"I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted he would go on. The clamor from the bivouac fingers beat up to the stars, as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way an' a bad time ut was. Wanst bein' a fool, I went in to the married lines for the sake av spakin' to our color-sergeant Shadd than for any thruck wid women-folk. I was a corpbill then—rejoiced afterwards, but a corpbill then. I've got a photograph av mesil to prove ut."

"You'll take a cup av tay wid us?" sez Shadd. "I will that," I sez 'tho' tay is not my diversion."

"Tend be better for you if ut were, sez old Mother Shadd, an' she had ought know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, drunk bung full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-play in thin, so that they stood alone—an' pulled up my chair lookin' round at the china ornaments an' bits av things in the Shadd's quarters. They were things that belonged to a man, an' no camp-kit, here to-day an' disphated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sergent,' says I. 'Tis the wife that did ut, boy, sez he, pointin' the steam av his pipe to old Mother Shadd, an' she snacked the top av his head upon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin when the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow an' her hair in a winkle' glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinkl' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread av her two feet lighter than waste-paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly-room when ut's emptied. Ben't but a ship av a

girl she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me moustache an' looked at the picture forinst the wall. Niver show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot-heels!"

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till yer body in the married quarters laughed at you, said I, remembering that unhalloved wooing and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I layin' down the gin'al theory av the attack," said Mulvaney, driving his boot into the dying fire. "If you read the 'Soldier's Pocket Book,' which niver any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. Thin Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had shut too)—"Mother av Hiven, sergent, says I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' says old Shadd, his eyes twinklin'; 'but Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion like iv'ry woman.' 'Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Thin why in the name av fortune did I niver see her before?' sez I. 'Bokaze you've been thrapesin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez old Mother Shadd. 'I'll thrapese no more,' sez I. 'D' you mane that?' sez old Mother Shadd, lookin' at me side-ways like a hen looks at a hawk when the chickens are runnin' free. 'Try me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, drank off the tea, an' went out av the house as stiff as a gin'al p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith! that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'ry man for the pride av the spurs to jangle.

"I went out to think an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that ship of a girl in the dotted blue dress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarters or near by on the chanz av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise an' my heart goin' like a farrar's forge on a Saturday mornin'?" 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day to you, corpbill,' for a week or two, and divil a bit further could I get bekeaze av the respect I had to that girl that I cudn't broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh, grunted Mulvaney. 'But I'm speakin' the truth, an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wid 'a' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower-hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the livin' mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—old Dinah, and never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway except through the eyes, that a little drummer boy grinned in my face when I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'Ain't I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barracks, sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will understand—an' 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll have no bone av you unbreakable.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, hovin'. 'Dempsey which?' sez I, 'ye un-washed limb av Satan.' 'Av the Bob-tailed Dhragoons, sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child!' sez I, droppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dressed you down.

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud 'a' been chated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'ry-man not fit to trust on a trunk. Presently I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—on a tallow, top-heavy son av a she-mule he was wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastrons an' all. But he never finched a hair.

"A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.' 'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, ye shovell-futtid, clod-breakin', infantry lance-corbill!'

"Before I cud gyard he had his gloved fist home on my cheek an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' in his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Greys or'cor. 'Content!' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jacket, an' an' glove. 'Tis the bog innin' av the overture; stand up!"

"He stud all he knew, but he niver peeled his jacket an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on my cheek. 'What hope had he forinst me?' 'Stand up,' sez I, time an' again when he was beginnin' to quarter the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This ain't ridin'-school,' I sez. 'O, man, stand up an' let me get in at ye.' But when I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in my left an' his waist-belt in my right an' swung him clear to my right front, head under, he hammerin' my nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest!' and I wud 'a' done ut too, so ragin' mad I was.

"My collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' 'So I helped him back.' 'And was his collar-bone broken?' I asked, for I fancied that only Leary could neatly accomplish that terrible

Continued on 4th Page.