

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 16. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 24, 1890.

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

GENERAL BUSINESS

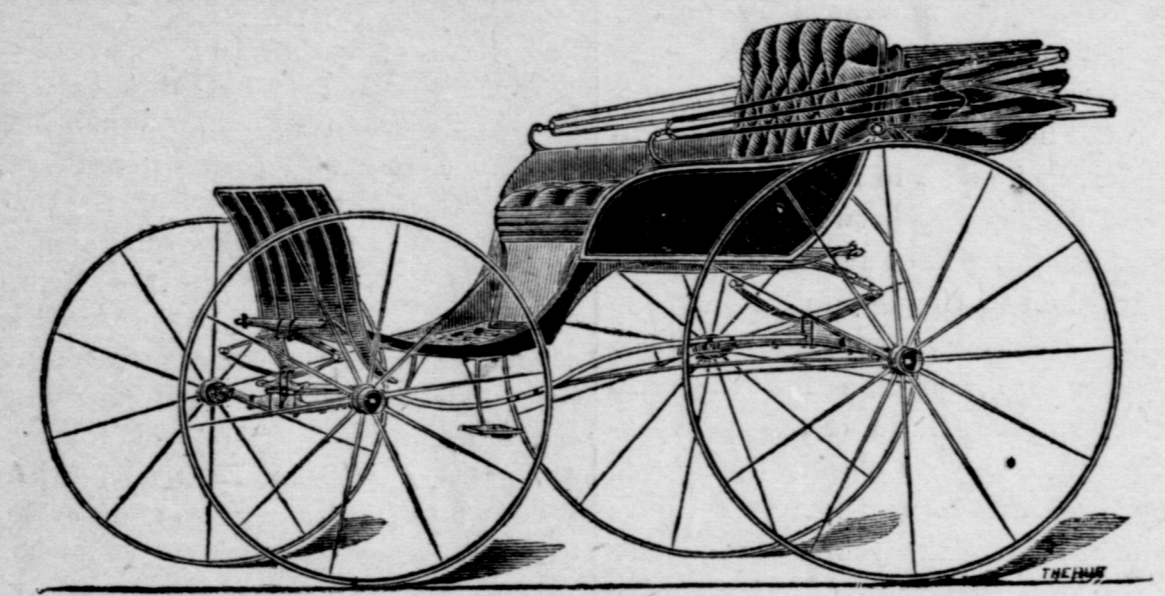
ATTENTION!

The Sweeping Reductions made in all classes of DRY GOODS are appreciated by the buyer.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, &c. Strictly best. See small Bills. Don't delay. Take your benefit.

WILLIAM MURRAY, Argyle House, - - Chatham.

BRANTFORD CARRIAGES.



Don't fail to call and see them and be convinced, as hundreds of others have already seen, 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.

Double Harness and Harness Parts kept constantly on hand. We will also keep a full line of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

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

Also Organs and Sewing Machines at lowest prices.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES TO 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.

The finest patterns of SILVER GOODS ever shown in Chatham.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES. Watches, clocks, Jewelry and Fancy China-ware of all kinds.

Also the usual A-1 stock of CIGARS, PIPES and TOBACCO-NISTS GOODS at prices that defy competition.

ALBERT PATTERSON, STONE BUILDING, - - - PALLEN'S CORNER.

HALIFAX!

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

AGENTS FOR WARREN & JONES TEA MERCHANTS, LONDON & CHINA. TOMKINS, HILDENHAM & CO., LONDON. THE ARMOUR-GUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO.

BANKERS

Bank of Nova Scotia and Peoples Bank of Halifax.

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.

My Dry Goods stock is again filled up with a full line in every department.

Room Paper and Window Shades a speciality.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Established 1866

Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. DUNLAP, COOKE & O., MERCHANT TAYLORS, - - - AND - - - GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

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.

All goods charged will be at regular prices.

G. STOTHART.

January 9th, 1890

DR. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS

DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY ALL who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

NEW GOODS.

Just arrived and on Sale at

FLANAGAN'S Upper and East End Stores.

Dry Goods, Ready Made, Clothing, Gents Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes &c. Also a choice lot of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

ROGER FLANAGAN.

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. HOP BITTERS. HERBINE BITTERS. ATWOOD BITTERS. ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC. FOWLER'S PILLO AND HUMOR CURE. BEEF IRON AND WINE. QUININE WINE. FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION PIERCE'S GOLD-N-MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

The above just received direct and are guaranteed fresh.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE. Medical Hall, Chatham, April 1890.

WANTED.

Wanted, a good pushing salesman for Chatham district. Apply to R. I. GREENLEAF, Ass't. The Singer Mfg. Co., Chatham, N. B. or The Singer Mfg. Co., Quebec.

Cod Oil for Sale.

Two to three hundred gallons of No 1 Cod Oil for sale. Also oil tanned using leather of home manufacture and superior to any thing that can be imported.

W. M. TROY. Chatham April 2nd, 1890.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE,

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

It has permanently cured THOUSANDS of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have premonitory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, etc., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists, 25 cents.

Wrought Iron Pipe

AND FITTINGS. GLOBE AND CHECK VALVES. BABBIT METAL. RUBER PACKING. Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc

J. M. RUDDOCK. Chatham, N. B.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. - - - - - JULY 24 1890.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS

Influenza is spreading in Iceland. Many fatal cases are reported.

Sixteen Ugly Scrs.

INFLAMMATORY rheumatism through I wrong treatment left me with stiff joints and ugly running sores on my limbs, and for seven years I could not walk. When I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I had sixteen sores, but they are all healed save one and I can now walk with crutches.

MARY CALDWELL, Upper Gasperaux, N. S.

Corps has passed under the control of the Americans, and American officers are living in the King's palace.

Mrs. Alva Young.

of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used."

Dr. Peters, the German explorer, has reached the Zanzibar coast from the interior of Africa. He is well.

Mr. Jesse Johnson.

of Rockwood, Ont., writes—"Last fall I had boils very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle totally cured me. A more rapid and effectual cure does not exist."

A great storm in Galicia, lasting forty-eight hours, devastated the crops over an area of 2,000 square miles.

Mothers and Nurses.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

The Soir says General Boulanger has asked the government to grant him a pardon.

How to Live Well.

100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters. Does your Head ache? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Are you Cautive? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. 1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Russia will appoint consuls at all the principal ports on the east coast of Africa, from Capetown to Zanzibar.

Vigilant Care.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaint. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safeguard.

A despatch from La Libertad, San Salvador, says a proclamation has been issued declaring the country in a state of siege and announcing that passports will be required in order to travel from one town to another. War with Guatemala is imminent.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. \$1.00.

Wet Waste on the Wolds.

I reached Pickering, in Yorkshire, in the course of the afternoon, and then began a series of experiments on local lines which ended, after several hours, in my finding myself deposited at a little out-of-the-world station within nine or ten miles of Wet Waste. As no conveyance of any kind was to be had, I shouldered my little portmanteau, and set out on a long white road, that stretched away into the distance over the bare, treeless wold. I must have walked for several hours, over a waste of moorland patched with heather, when a doctor passed me, and gave me a lift to within a mile of my destination.

The mile was a long one, and it was quite dark by the time I saw the feeble glimmer of lights in front of me, and found that I had reached Wet Waste. I had considerable difficulty in getting any one to take me in; but at last I persuaded the owner of the public-house to give me a bed, and quite tired out, I got into it as soon as possible, for fear he should change his mind, and fell asleep to the sound of a little stream below my window.

I was up early next morning, and inquired directly after breakfast for the way to the clergyman's house, which I found was close at hand. At Wet Waste everything was close at hand. The whole village seemed composed of a straggling row of one-storied grey stone houses, the same color as the stone walls that separated the few fields enclosed from the surrounding waste, and the little bridges over the beck that ran down one side of the grey wide street. Everything was grey. The church, the lower tower of which I could see at a little distance, seemed to have been built of the same stone; so was the parsonage when I came up to it, accompanied on my way by a mob of rough, uncouth children, who eyed me and Brian with half-defiant curiosity.

The clergyman was at home, and after a short delay I was admitted. Leaving Brian in charge of my driving materials I followed the servant into a low panelled room in which at a latticed window a very old man was sitting. The morning light fell on his white head bent low over a litter of papers and books.

"Mr. Er—" he said, looking up slowly, with one finger keeping his place in a book. "Blake."

"Blake," he repeated after me, and was silent.

I told him that I was an architect; that I had come to study a fresco in the crypt of his church; and asked him to let me take the keys.

"The crypt," he said, pushing up his spectacles and peering hard at me. "The crypt has been closed for thirty years. Ever since—" and he stopped short.

"I should be much obliged for the keys," I said again.

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No one goes in there now."

"It is a pity," I remarked, "for I have come a long way with that one object," and I told him about the paper I had been asked to read, and the trouble I was taking with it.

"Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria."

LET LOOSE.

By the author of "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

A few years ago I took up architecture, and made a tour through Holland, studying the buildings of that interesting country. I had one companion on this expedition, who has since become one of the leading architects of the day.

He was a tall, grave man, slow of speech, absorbed in his work, and with a certain quiet power of overcoming obstacles which I have seldom seen equalled. A more careless man as to dress I have rarely met, and yet, in all the heat of July in Holland, I noticed that he never appeared without a high starched collar which had not even fashion to commend it at that time.

I often chaffed him about his splendid collars, and asked him why he wore them, but without eliciting any response. One evening as we were walking back to our lodgings in Middleburg I attacked him for about the thirtieth time on the subject.

"Why on earth do you wear them?" I said.

"You have, I believe, asked me that question many times," he replied, in his slow, precise utterance; "but always on occasions when I was occupied. I am now at leisure, and I will tell you."

I have put down what he said, as nearly in his own words as I can remember them.

Ten years ago, I was asked to read a paper on English frescoes at the Institute of British Architects. I was determined to make the paper as good as I possibly could, down to the slightest details; and I consulted many books on the subject, and studied every fresco I could find. My father, who had been an architect, had left me, at his death, all his papers and note-books on the subject of architecture. I searched them diligently, and found in one of them a slight unfinished sketch of nearly forty years ago, that specially interested me. Underneath was noted, in his clear small hand: *Frescoed east wall of crypt, Parish Church, Wet Waste on the Wolds, Yorkshire (via Pickering.)*

The sketch had such a fascination for me that at last I decided to go there and see the fresco for myself. I had only a very vague idea as to where Wet Waste-on-the-Wolds was, but I was ambitious for the success of my paper; it was hot in London, and I set off on my long journey not without a certain degree of pleasure, with my dog Brian, a large nondescript brindled creature, as my only companion.

I reached Pickering, in Yorkshire, in the course of the afternoon, and then began a series of experiments on local lines which ended, after several hours, in my finding myself deposited at a little out-of-the-world station within nine or ten miles of Wet Waste. As no conveyance of any kind was to be had, I shouldered my little portmanteau, and set out on a long white road, that stretched away into the distance over the bare, treeless wold. I must have walked for several hours, over a waste of moorland patched with heather, when a doctor passed me, and gave me a lift to within a mile of my destination.

The mile was a long one, and it was quite dark by the time I saw the feeble glimmer of lights in front of me, and found that I had reached Wet Waste. I had considerable difficulty in getting any one to take me in; but at last I persuaded the owner of the public-house to give me a bed, and quite tired out, I got into it as soon as possible, for fear he should change his mind, and fell asleep to the sound of a little stream below my window.

I was up early next morning, and inquired directly after breakfast for the way to the clergyman's house, which I found was close at hand. At Wet Waste everything was close at hand. The whole village seemed composed of a straggling row of one-storied grey stone houses, the same color as the stone walls that separated the few fields enclosed from the surrounding waste, and the little bridges over the beck that ran down one side of the grey wide street. Everything was grey. The church, the lower tower of which I could see at a little distance, seemed to have been built of the same stone; so was the parsonage when I came up to it, accompanied on my way by a mob of rough, uncouth children, who eyed me and Brian with half-defiant curiosity.

The clergyman was at home, and after a short delay I was admitted. Leaving Brian in charge of my driving materials I followed the servant into a low panelled room in which at a latticed window a very old man was sitting. The morning light fell on his white head bent low over a litter of papers and books.

"Mr. Er—" he said, looking up slowly, with one finger keeping his place in a book. "Blake."

"Blake," he repeated after me, and was silent.

I told him that I was an architect; that I had come to study a fresco in the crypt of his church; and asked him to let me take the keys.

"The crypt," he said, pushing up his spectacles and peering hard at me. "The crypt has been closed for thirty years. Ever since—" and he stopped short.

"I should be much obliged for the keys," I said again.

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No one goes in there now."

"It is a pity," I remarked, "for I have come a long way with that one object," and I told him about the paper I had been asked to read, and the trouble I was taking with it.

"Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria."

AYER'S PILLS

Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every constitution, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill effects, but strengthen and regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore every organ to its normal function. For use either at home or abroad, on land or sea, these Pills

Are the Best.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pills used in our neighborhood."—Edmond C. Comly, Row Landing P. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.

"I have been in this country eight years, and, during all this time, neither I, nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

Family Medicine

For 25 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction. —James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe headache, from which I was long a sufferer."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardstown, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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, Contains a Grand Exchange, Passenger Elevator, Railroad and Steamboat Ticket, Telegraph Office and Billiard Room.

The House can be reached by Horse Car, Stage and Elevated Railroad, and a conveniently located and accessible place of amusements and business, including Grand Central, Rockaway, Manhattan, Brighton Beach, Central Park, High Bridge, Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn Bridge, Star's Glen Island, Fairchild Statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," etc.

Branch Office, SEYMOUR, BAKER & CO., members N. Y. Stock and Produce Exchanges, and Chicago Board of Trade, Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum, located at 115 Broadway, New York.

Sanitary and Fire Arrangements Perfect, the Location the Most Healthy in the City. Ferdinand P. Earle, Owner & Proprietor.

The Normandie,

BROADWAY & 38th STREET. European Plan; Restaurant Unsurpassed.

Katebrosky, Inspector of Buildings, says, "Every room in a place of this character, as the house is ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF." Steam heat, speaking tubes, electric bells, fire and burglar alarms attached to all rooms.

FERDINAND P. EARLE, Resident Proprietor.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumption. For Consumption, Scrophulous General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TIN SHOP.

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

Japanned, Stamped Plain Tinware

would invite those about to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am 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 TELESCOPIC OVEN

the lining of which can be taken out for cleaning thereby doing away with the removing of pipe or vent as is the trouble with other stoves.

A. C. McLean.

White Beans. In Store—30 Barrels White Beans

For Sale by C. M. BOSTWICK & Co.

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED

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 Insurance Co'y. OF ENGLAND

CAPITAL \$5,000,000 Established 1823.

D. R. JACK, GEN'L AGT. Chatham, N. B.