

THE ADVANCE... THE DATE... THE NUMBER...

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 16. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 8, 1890.

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

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

GENERAL BUSINESS

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

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

IMPORTANT To the People of Northumberland.

Having secured the agency of the Brantford Carriage Co., I have opened the store and wareroom opposite Mr. F. A. Strang's, Cunard St., where I will keep constantly on hand:

FINE BUGGIES, PHAETONS, SURRYS, EXPRESS WAGGONS, ROAD CARTS, ETC.,

manufactured by the Brantford Carriage Co., Brantford, Ont., a branch of the renowned Cortland Carriage Co., of Cortland New York.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, Consisting of—

Mowers, Rakes, Harrows, Plows, Etc., Etc.

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines of the best makes. HARNESSES FROM \$15.00 UP.

Our stock is all New Goods, direct from the manufacturers, and the best in the market.

R. C. TAIT, General Agent. GEO. A. CUTLER, Agent, Chatham, N. B.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. MCCRUDY, PRESIDENT. ASSETS, \$126,082,153.56.

Its business shows the Greatest Comparative Gain made by any Company during the past year.



THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. has Paid to Policy-holders since organizing \$272,451,829.80.

The wonderful growth of the Company is due in a large degree to the freedom from restriction and the liberal conditions in 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, General Manager, Halifax, N. S. WARREN C. WINSLOW, Agent, Chatham, N. B.

NEW! NOBBY! NICE! WHAT IS? 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, SPECIALTIES.

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

BANKERS. Bank of Nova Scotia and Peoples Bank of Halifax.

General Business.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.

PROMOTES DIGESTION. Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures CONSTIPATION Cures CONSTIPATION

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures CONSTIPATION Cures CONSTIPATION

Rapid Recovery. Dear Sirs—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.

Direct Proof. Sirs—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.

A Prompt Cure. Dear Sirs—I was very bad with headache and pain in my head. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters and in ten days I felt so much better that I got more money, I am now well, and can work as usual.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD. Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.

Bad blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a timple to a scrofulous sore.

THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST. 100 doses for 100 cents Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is your Head aching? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

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Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. MAY 8, 1890.

GENERAL NEWS AND NOTES

Stanley arrived in England on April 26th.

Sir Chas. Tupper has returned to London from the Riviera much improved in health.

The Public Warned. MANY people are deceived into neglecting bad blood (Dyspepsia, constipation, etc.) and thus allow these and other diseases to become established.

The legislature of Ontario has been dissolved. Nominations will take place on May 28th and polling on June 5th.

BERNARD, April 29.—Queen Victoria left Darmstadt this morning on her return to England. She will receive Mr. Stanley on May 6th.

A Seasonable Hint. During the breaking up of winter, damp, chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common.

It is rumored in Quebec and Montreal that Mr. Chaplain will give up his seat in the Dominion Cabinet and assume the leadership of the Quebec Opposition.

High Time to Begin. After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleansing, toning and regulating to remove impurities and prepare for summer.

It is reported from Vienna that Schmidt, who was implicated in the Crostadi scandal, has been secretly shot in the fortress of Peter and Paul, at St. Petersburg.

Autumn Ailments. I HAD a very bad cough this fall, but Hagar's Pectoral Balsam cured me completely.

Randolph Dubois who murdered his wife, two children and his mother-in-law, in the village of St. Albans, Quebec, a couple of months ago with an axe, has been sentenced to hang on June 30th.

The Best and the Cheapest. 100 doses for 100 cents Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is your Head aching? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

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THE DESERTER.

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A little later that afternoon Mrs. Rayner had occasion to go into her sister's room.

It was almost sunset, and Nellie had been summoned downstairs to see visitors. Both the ladies were busy with their packing. Mrs. Rayner, as became an invalid, superstitious, and Miss Travers, as became the junior, doing all the work.

It was rather trying to pack all the trunks and receive visitors of both sexes at odd hours. Some of her garrison acquaintances would have been glad to come and help, but those whom she would have welcomed were not agreeable to the lady of the house, and those the lady of the house would have chosen were not agreeable to her.

The relations between the sisters were somewhat strained and unnatural, and had been growing more and more so for several days past. Mrs. Rayner's desk was already packed away. She wanted to send a note, and bethought her of her sister's portfolio.

Opening it she drew out some paper and envelopes, and with the latter came an envelope sealed and directed. One glance at its superscription sent the blood to her cheek and fire to her eye. Was it possible? Was it credible? Her pet, her baby sister, her pride and delight—until she found her stronger in will—her proud spirited, truthful Nell was beyond question corresponding with Lieut. Hayne!

How could she have done this! How many more might not have been exchanged! Ruthlessly now she explored the desk, searching for something from him, but her scrutiny was vain. Oh, what could she say, what could she do, to convey to her erring sister an adequate sense of the extent of her displeasure!

How could she bring her to realize the shame, the degradation of vice! Ah! she did it! What would ever move her as that could and must?

When the trumpets rang out their sunset call and the boom of the evening gun shook the windows in Fort Warren and Nellie Travers came running upstairs again to her room, she started at the sight that met her eyes. There stood Mrs. Rayner, like Juno in wrath inflexible, glaring at her from the commanding height of which she was so proud, and pointing in speechless indignation at the little note that lay upon the open portfolio.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Miss Travers, who had turned very white, but whose blue eyes never flinched and whose lips were set and whose little foot was tapping the carpet ominously, thus began:

"I do not recognize your right to overhurl my desk or supervise my correspondence."

"Understand this first, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rayner, who hated the baptismal name as much as did her sister, and used it only when she desired to be especially and desperately impressive: "I found it by accident. I never dreamed of such a possibility as this. I never, even after what I have seen and heard, could have believed you guilty of this; but, now that I have found it, I have the right to ask, what are its contents?"

"I decline to tell you."

"Do you deny my right to inquire?" "I will not discuss that question now. The other is far graver. I will not tell you, Kate, except this: there is no word there that an engaged girl should not write."

"Of that I mean to satisfy myself, or rather—"

"You will not open it, Kate. No! Put that letter down! You have never known me to prevaricate in the faintest degree, and you have no excuse for doubting. I will furnish a copy of that for Mr. Van Antwerp at any time; but you cannot see it."

"You still persist in your wicked and unnatural intimacy with that man, even after all that I have told you. Now for the last time hear me; I have striven not to sully your thoughts by such a revelation; but, since nothing else will check you, let it I must, and what I tell you my husband told me in sacred confidence, though soon enough it will be a scandal to the whole garrison."

And with these words settled down on the floor, she opened the letter and read the first warm breeze from the south came sighing about the casements, and one by one the lights appeared along officers' row, there was no light in Nellie Travers' window. The little note lay in a heap on the floor, with burning, shame-stricken cheeks with a black, scorching, gnawing pain at her heart, was hiding her face in her pillow.

And yet it was a jolly evening after all—that is, for some hours and for some people. As Mrs. Rayner and her sister were so soon to go, probably by the morning's train if their section could be secured, the garrison had decided to have an informal dance as a suitable farewell. Their announcement of impending departure had come so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to prepare anything elaborate, such as a German with favors, etc.; but good music and an extemporized supper could be had without trouble. The colonel's wife and most of the cavalry ladies, on consultation, had decided that it was the very thing to do, and the young officers took hold with a will; they were always ready for a dance.

Now that Mrs. Rayner was really going, the quarrel should be ignored, and the ladies would all be as pleasant to her as though nothing had happened, provided, of course, she dropped her absurd airs of injured womanhood and behaved with courtesy. The colonel had had a brief talk with his better half before starting for the train, and suggested that it was very probable that Mrs. Rayner had seen the folly of her ways by that time—the captain certainly had been bludgeoned into that view, and the estrangement—and it encouraged by a "let-drop-the-whole-thing" sort of manner she would be glad to reciprocate. He felt far less anxiety here than he did in leaving the post to the command of Capt. Buxton. So scrupulously had he been courteous to that intrepid veteran that Buxton had no doubt in his own mind that the colonel looked upon him as the model officer of the regiment. It was singularly unfortunate that he should have to be left in command, but his one or two seniors among the captains were away on long leave, and there was no help for it. The colonel, seriously disquieted, had a few words of earnest talk with him before leaving the post, cautioning him so particularly not to interfere with any of the established de-

tails and customs that Buxton got very much annoyed, and showed it.

"If your evidence were not imperative, I believe I'd leave you behind," said the colonel to his adjutant. "There is no telling what mischief Capt. Buxton would do if left to himself."

It must have been near midnight, and the hop was going along beautifully, and Capt. Rayner, who was officer of the day, was just escorting his wife into supper, and Nellie, although looking a trifle tired and pale, was chatting brightly with a knot of young officers, when a corporal of the garrison came to her for a fire of alarm; but old Bux. begins putting on frills the moment he gets a chance. Thank God, I'm not on guard to-night!" said Mr. Royce.

"What can he want with you?" asked Mrs. Rayner, pettishly. "The idea of my captain ordering another around like this!"

"I'll be back in five minutes," said Rayner, as he picked up his sword and disappeared.

But ten minutes—fifteen—passed, and he came not. Mrs. Rayner grew worried and Mr. Royce, as the men ran rapidly to see what they could see, and several others strolled out at the same time. The music had ceased, and the night air was not too cold. Not a soul was in sight out on the starlit parade. Not an unusual sound was heard. There was nothing but a faint, far-off, faintest trouble; and yet Capt. Buxton, the commanding officer, had been called out by his "striker" or soldier servant before 11 o'clock, had not returned at all, and in little over half an hour had sent for the officer of the day. What did it mean?

Questioning somebody, she thus among themselves somebody said, "Hark!" and held up a warning hand.

Faint, far, muffled, there sounded on the night air a shot, then a woman's scream; then all was still.

"Mrs. Clancy again!" said one. "That was not Mrs. Clancy; 'twas a far different voice," answered Blake, and tore away across the parade as fast as his long legs would carry him.

"Look! The guard are running too!" cried Mrs. Waldron. "What can it be?"

And, sure enough, the gleam of the rifles was seen as the men ran rapidly away in the direction of the east gate. Mrs. Rayner had grown ghastly, and was looking at Miss Travers, who with white lips and clinched hands stood leaning on one of the wooden posts and gazing with all her eyes across the dim level. Others came hurrying out from the hall. Other young officers ran in pursuit of the first starters. "What's the matter? What's happened?" were the questions that flew from lip to lip.

"I—I must go home," faltered Mrs. Rayner. "Come, Nellie!"

"Oh, don't go, Mrs. Rayner. It can't be anything serious."

But, even as they urged, a man came running towards them.

"Is the doctor here?" he panted. "Yes. What's the trouble?" asked Dr. Pease, as he squeezed his burly form through the crowded doorway.

"You're wanted, sir. Look! Hayne's shot; our Capt. Rayner he's hurt too, sir."

"CHAPTER XV. Straight as an arrow Mr. Blake had sped across the parade, started through the east gate, and turning, had arrived breathless at the wooden porch of Hayne's quarters. Two bewildered looking members of the guard were at the door. Blake pushed his way through the little hallway and into the dimly lighted parlor, where a strange scene met his eyes; Lieut. Hayne lay senseless and white upon the lounge across the room; a young and pretty woman, singularly like him in feature and in the color of her abundant tresses, was kneeling beside him, clasping his hands, imploring him to speak—to look at her—unmindful of the fact that her feet were bare and that only a loose wrapper was thrown over her white night dress; Capt. Rayner was seated in a chair, deadly white, and striving to stanch the blood that flowed from a deep gash in his temple and forehead; he seemed still stunned as by the force of the blow that had felled him, and Buxton, speechless with amaze and heaven only knows what other emotions, was glaring at a tall, athletic stranger who, in stocking feet, undershirt and trousers, held by three frightened looking soldiers and covered by the carbine of a fourth, was hurling defiance and denunciation at the commanding officer. A revolver lay upon the floor at the feet of a corporal of the guard, who was groaning in pain. A thin veil of dew had floated through the room. As Blake leaped in—his cavalry shoulder knots and helmet cords gleaming in the light—a flash of recognition shot into the stranger's eyes, and he curbed his fearful excitement and stopped short in his wrath.

Blake, glaring intently at Buxton, demanded: "These people resisted my guards, and had to take the consequences," said Buxton, with surly—yet shaken—dignity.

"What were the guards doing here? What, in God's name, are you doing here?" demanded Blake, forgetful of all consideration of rank and command in the face of such evident catastrophe. "I ordered them here—to enter and search."

"Search what? What for?" "For—anything! I had reason to believe he had brought out here from town."

"What? You infernal idiot? Why, she's his own sister, and this gentleman's wife!"

The silence, broken only by the hard breathing of some of the excited men

[Continued on 4th page.]

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.

MINNIE M. MORRISON. Is prepared to receive pupils in OIL, WATER AND PASTEL. Also PORTRAITS in Crayon, Charcoal and Paint.

DRAWING FROM NATURE. MODEL AND CAST. PERSPECTIVE & SHADE COMPOSITION, ETC.

And takes orders in any of the above work also PORTRAITS in Crayon, Charcoal and Paint.

Studio—Benson Block, Chatham, N. B. February 5th

DR. G. J. SPROUL, DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial Teeth set on Gold, Rubber or Celluloid.

Crown and Bridge work a Specialty. Offices in Benson Block, Chatham, N. B.

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. Steam, Central Park, High Bridge, Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn Bridge, Statue of Liberty, etc.

This Hotel has been Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated, and contains a Billiard Room, Billiard Room, Passenger Elevator, Railroad Station, etc.

Branch Office, SEYMOUR, BAKER & CO., members of the New York Stock and Exchange, and Chicago Board of Trade, Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum.

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

THE NORMANDIE, BROADWAY & 38th STREET. European Plan; Restaurant Unsurpassed.

Resident Proprietor. FERNAND P. EARLE, Resident Proprietor.

LAND FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for Sale five acre field on east side of Richfield Road lately in possession of Wm. Croft.

5 C. BREAD-MAKER'S YEAST. Never fails to give satisfaction. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

NOTICE. There will be a Bill presented before the Provincial Legislature of New Brunswick to incorporate an enterprise to construct a line of Railway from some point in the Town of Chatham to Black Brook in the Parish of Chatham, and from thence to Point Esplanade in the Parish of Hardwick, in the County of Northumberland.

HOUSE FURNISHING. SPRING 1890. 6000 ROLLS ROOM PAPER.

Brown Blanks, White Blanks and Gills, with bordering to match, many new designs.

50 SPRING ROLLER BLINDS. In Clothes and Carpets in great variety. Whiting, Alabaster and ready mixed, coloured to lovers reasonable. Inspection invited.

W. S. LOGGIE, FOR SALE. The two dwelling houses situate on Cunard Street, Chatham, at present occupied by Capt. McLean and Archibald Gamble, respectively. For terms and particulars, apply to L. J. TWEDDIE, Broker.

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.