

**THE KEY TO HEALTH.**  
**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the bowels, kidneys and liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time correcting acidity of the stomach, curing biliousness, dyspepsia, headaches, dizziness, heartburn, constipation, dryness of the skin, dropsy, dimness of vision, jaundice, salt rheum, erysipelas, scrofula, flutering of the heart, nervousness, and general debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

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**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.

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# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 16. CHATHAM NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 30, 1890.

**General Business.**  
 Tea, Sugar, Beef, Pork, Bacon,  
 Hams, Flour and Meal,  
 and all other things generally found in a Grocery.

—ALSO—  
 Milk Pans, Butter Crocks, Bean  
 Crocks, Jars, Cup & Saucers,  
 and glassware in variety.

All of which I will sell Cheap  
 at Highest prices given for Butter & Eggs.

**WM. FENTON,**  
 ATTENTION!

**Great Reduction**  
 in prices of  
**Dry Goods & Groceries**  
**LOWER THAN EVER!**  
 at F. W. RUSSELL'S,  
 BLACK BROOK

**NEW GOODS.**  
 NEW CLOTHING. NEW CLOTHING.  
 I have the largest and best stock of  
**MEN'S BOYS AND CHILD-  
 REN'S CLOTHING**

ever shown in Miramichi. If you want a SUIT,  
 COAT, PANTS or VEST it will pay you to call  
 and get them.

**NEW HATS. NEW BOOTS.**  
 In Hats and Caps, Boots and shoes you will find  
 good assortment and prices low.

**NEW DRESS GOODS. NEW.**  
 My stock of dress goods is not so large as  
 usual but what I have is nice and extra good  
 value.

**New Prints. New Muslins.**  
 The Prints this year are in many new designs  
 and low in price, also Colored and White Muslin.

**New Sunshades. New Gloves.**  
 SUNSHADES. They are good, large sizes with  
 nice handles.  
 GLOVES. Another lot, 4 buttoned Kids,  
 Heavy stitched in Black and Colored, also silk  
 and Lisle gloves and Mitts in great variety.

**NEW JERSEYS. NEW SHAWLS.**  
 In Black and Colored. Very cheap. New  
 Staple and Fancy Dry Goods of every description.

**NEW. NEW. NEW.**  
 Teas, Tobacco, Guns, Revolvers, Trunks  
 Valises, Room Paper, etc.

**THE CHEAP CASH STORE.**  
**JAMES BROWN.**  
 Newcastle, N.Y. 23th, 1889.

**HACIARD'S YELLOW OIL**  
 CURES RHEUMATISM

**FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS**  
 Are pleasant to take. Contain their own  
 Fungicide. Is a safe, sure and effectual  
 destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

**TO LET**  
 Office over Bank of Nova Scotia, Benson Block  
 Apply M. S. Benson,  
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 Chatham, Sept. 28th.

**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. &c.

Also a choice lot of  
**GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.**  
 Intend to sell Cheap for Cash.

**ROGER FLANAGAN.**  
**HEAR! HAIR!!**  
 1000 Bushels Plastering Hair.  
 ENOCH PLETT,  
 Nelson Steam Tannery.

**PIANO TUNING**  
 BY W. C. KAINE,  
 Piano and Organ-Tuner—Graduate of  
 Boston Conservatory of Music.

Orders left with or addressed to J. Y. Messerand,  
 Photo Rooms, or to myself will be promptly  
 attended to.

W. C. KAINE,  
 Chatham, N. B., Sept. 11th, 1889.

**F. O. PETERSON,**  
 Merchant Tailor  
 (Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq.)  
**CHATHAM, - - N. B.**  
 All Kinds of Cloths,  
 suits or single Garments.  
 Inspection of which is respectfully invited.

F. O. PETERSON.

**GENERAL BUSINESS**  
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 PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS,  
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 AND CATALOGUE WORK  
 DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.  
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 Leading Canadian and American Sewing Machines.

Violins, Accordeons, Sheet Music and Music Books.

**THE MUTUAL LIFE**  
 INSURANCE COMPANY,  
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**ASSETS, - - - \$126,082,153.56.**

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

**THE LARGEST AND BEST**  
**Life Insurance Co. in the World.**



THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. has Paid to Policy-holders since organizing \$772,481,000.  
 The wonderful growth of the Company is due in a large degree to the freedom from restriction and "sneaky" conditions in the contract, and to the opportunities for investment which are offered in addition to liberality in case of death.  
 The Distribution Policy of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is the most liberal contract offered by any company and provides the best results for the Policy-holders.

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

**DECEMBER '89**  
 AND  
**JANUARY 1890.**  
 During the above time we will make a  
**SWEEPING REDUCTION**  
 in the following Goods, viz.,  
 BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SHAWLS, CLOUPS, 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.

**Miramichi Advance.**  
 CHATHAM, N. B. - - - - - JANUARY 23, 1890

**GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS.**  
 Official notices have been given at Ottawa that the motus vivendi will expire on February 15th.

**The Ladies and Streets**  
 Of a city are like the veins and arteries of the body; if out of order, disease results. Cleanse the blood from the taint humors by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the best blood purifier ever devised to cure all blood disorders from a common impure to the worst scrofulous sore.

An organization similar to the W. C. T. U. has been created at Cleveland, called the National Crusaders.

**Prevailing Sickness.**  
 THE most prevalent complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat inflammations and congestions. For all these and other painful troubles Hacyard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

The Montreal wholesale trade, according to a despatch, are complaining bitterly of dull business and diller collections.

**Worn out and run Down.**  
 BY disease and debility the human system becomes worn out and run down before its time. Keep the head clear, the bowels regular, the blood pure, the kidneys and liver active by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's great tonic and regulator, and disease cannot exist.

An attempt is being made by the Canadian Rolling Mills Companies to prevent an attempted advance of the present duty on wrought scrap iron.

**If you have a Cough**  
 DO NOT neglect it. It should be loosened as soon as possible, and to do this nothing excels Hacyard's Pectoral Balm. Obsolete coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, while cold, hoarseness, whooping cough, asthma, etc., are promptly relieved by its perfect action on the throat and bronchial tubes.

United States Tailors have struck at English tailors by combining in an agreement not to make over or alter clothes made out side the United States.

**Sudden Change.**  
**MRS. GEORGE FLEWELLING,** St. John, N. B., writes:—"I suffered from weakness and dizziness, so I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I finished it, noticed a change. After using three bottles I am now entirely cured, and recommend B. B. B. as a positive cure for constiveness."

Mr. Ben Batterworth, while advocating his bill for Unrestricted Reciprocity between the United States and Canada, said that true protection doctrines are abused on this Continent.

**Well Contained.**  
**DEAR SIRS,**—I can recommend Hacyard's Yellow Oil as a sure and reliable cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time and was cured by two bottles, and I must say it is the best thing I can get for general use as a pain reliever.  
 J. MUSTARD, Strathroy, Ont.

The sentence of Johann Most to one year's imprisonment for using language tending to incite riot in November, 1887, while expressing indignation at the hanging of his Chicago brethren, has been confirmed by the United States Supreme Court.

**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. and \$1.00.

**THE DIAMOND BUTTON**  
 FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By DANIEL NORTH.  
 [Continued]  
 This thought touched a tender chord, and she wept violently.  
 The storm of tears acted like a storm on a sultry day; it cleared the atmosphere.  
 When she recovered herself she began to think.  
 She made a close examination of the room; it was similar in size and appearance to the one she had first found herself in.  
 A mattress lay in the corner with a pillow and a horse blanket tumbled on it, as if some one had slept there. Two chairs stood near the dormer window. On one was a newspaper. She picked it up. It was of the date of the 14th of September. That was the day she was last at home. It must still be that day. The newspaper was new and fresh; it had not been opened.  
 A small, round table stood in the center of the room, a plain, wooden top, not particularly clean. A plate, a cup, both dirty, and some crumbs, showed that not long before some one had eaten there.  
 A stump of a lead pencil lay on the table.  
 She went into the other room.  
 It was bare of everything save a chair and the bed on which she had lain.  
 Apparently there was no hope of escape. She listened. She could hear no sounds in the house. Only the noises from the street—the cries of hawkers, the shouts of children at play, the roll of vehicles—all these came to her deadened by the distance.  
 What was the meaning of her seizure and confinement, she asked herself. Who was the enemy of her family who first killed her brother and then abducted her? Why were these calamities so suddenly precipitated upon them, who had always lived so quiet and uneventful lives?  
 It was a problem too deep for her to solve; she was not even aware of an enemy.  
 Her thoughts instinctively turned to Holbrook. He would assist her if he knew of her distress, and he would know because of her failure to meet him as requested.  
 Ah, she thought! She had been trapped by forged notes from him. She grew the more frightened by the thought.  
 Oh, if she could but communicate with Holbrook! She prayed heaven to open a way.  
 "Hi, missy, hi!"  
 A voice startled her. She looked in every direction but the right one.  
 "Hi, missy, look up."  
 She did. In the roof there was a skylight. Through a broken pane the very dirty face of a boy looked down upon her.  
 If it had been the face of an angel it could not have appeared more beautiful to her.  
 "I seek them when they bring you up here. Was you sick?"  
 "Yes. Can't you come down here?"  
 "No, de winder is nailed tight. 'Sides, he'd trash me. He kicked me down stairs once."  
 "Who's he?"  
 "De feller 'wot's got yer locked up. Oh, he's a tuff!"  
 "He's a bad man?"  
 "He's an orful bad man, I'm tellin' yer, missy."  
 "Do you want to help me?"  
 "You'd tell on me."  
 "No, indeed I won't. If you would only help me, I could get a bad man punished."  
 "What, trashed? What, walloped right up and down, his eyes blackened and his teeth knocked out—say, missy, would yer if I'd help yer?"  
 His eyes danced with glee at the prospect.  
 "Indeed, I would," said Annie; and she was quite sincere.  
 "I golly! that would be good. Yer would tell on me, sure?"  
 "No, indeed."  
 "Den I will if I kin."  
 "I want you to go to Mr. Holbrook"—and she gave him the address—"and tell him where I am, that I am locked up here."  
 "Write it down, missy."  
 "I have no paper. Wait," she said, as she ran hastily to the other room. She snatched up the paper and tore a strip from the margin, and catching up the pencil on the table she wrote hurriedly: "Help. I am locked up on the top floor of a house."  
 But where?  
 She looked up at the boy.  
 "Where am I?"  
 The boy snickered. "Why, right down dere, missy."  
 "No, no, but in what street?"  
 "Oh, in Mott street, three doors from Bayard."  
 She wrote: "In Mott street, three doors from Bayard street. Come quickly and help me."  
 "ANNE TEMPLETON."  
 She folded it up. But how to get it to the boy?  
 He put his arm through the broken pane and she tried to throw it to him. Several ineffectual attempts showed her the futility of this effort.  
 She thought a moment.  
 "Wait," she cried. She ran into the other room and dragged the table under her and put it directly under the skylight, and then climbed to its top and reached up.  
 She was still too far away, stretching as she did on her tiptoes.  
 But she was too much disturbed to think or to sit.  
 She began pacing up and down the floor.  
 She had taken but a few turns when she heard a bolt drawn back and a key inserted in a lock.  
 The door opened.  
 It was the one opening into the other room.  
 A step or two on the floor.  
 A man stood before her. He was dressed in shabby black clothes. A battered black derby hat was on his head, under which showed the straggling and matted locks of his brown hair. His

face was covered with a coarse, bushy beard and mustache, above which glowed a prominent hooked nose, the end of which was inflamed. Two piercing, fiery eyes peered out on her.  
 "So," he said, "yer've found yer way into this room, have yer, my lady?"  
 She made no reply.  
 "Tryin' to find a way out, eh? Well, I don't blame yer for that. It's what I expected yer to do, so I fixed it that yer couldn't."  
 His eyes fell upon the discarded calico dress, and he laughed.  
 "Oh, ho, yer didn't like the nice purty dress yer friend presented yer with, eh?"  
 "Why am I confined here?" she asked.  
 "Not knowin' can't say," the man replied. "Why be yer confined here? Not knowin' I couldn't say."  
 "Why do you keep me here, then? Oh, sir, I pray you, let me go. I will pay you handsomely if you will let me."  
 "Oh, no, my lady! I couldn't do that. No, I'm only obeyin' orders, and so you will have to. Let yer go? Oh, no, that wouldn't do at all; but I wish they'd take yer away from here, for I don't want yer."  
 Annie save the uselessness of further words, and she trusted to the boy.  
 The man continued:  
 "Here, there's somethin' to eat for yer and some beer"—pointing to the table.  
 He walked over to it and took away the plate and cup that Annie had just seen there. He moved the chair on which lay the paper to the table. As he lifted the paper he said: "And here's some readin' for yer."  
 His attention was attracted to the mutilated margin. He looked quickly to the table and saw the pencil was gone.  
 "What have yer been doin'," he asked, fiercely, going to her. As he did he saw the pencil on the floor.  
 "Ho, hol Yer've been a-tryin' to communicate, hev yer?"  
 "Yes," she replied, boldly.  
 "Well, did yer," he said, peering at her keenly and suspiciously.  
 The idea swept over Annie's mind that it would be wise to conceal her attempt.  
 "Of what use was it?" she said, wearily. "Women are born obedient. How was I to send a letter from here?"  
 "True for ye. Where's 'wot yer writ?"  
 "I didn't write anything. I tore the paper up."  
 He looked upon the floor, and saw pieces of paper which Annie had idly torn into bits.  
 This did not satisfy him. He looked at her suspiciously a moment, and then said:  
 "I don't believe ye. Not that ye saw anybody, but yer've thrown somethin' out for a chance. I'll see to that once yer better eat." He said as he turned away, "for yer've a long ride before yer to-night."  
 With that he strode hastily out of the room, locking, bolting and barring the door after him. Her heart failed as she heard the bolts shoot.  
 She saw bolts on the bars on the inside. With a quick impulse she put up the bars and shot the bolts. She flew to the other door and bolted and barred that.  
 She was safe from unwelcome intrusion.  
 Then she sat down to wait for Holbrook.

**CHAPTER XXXI.**  
**THE SENSATIONS ACCUMULATE.**  
 OM knew that the cry of joy Holbrook had uttered meant that news of Annie had been received. Just what he didn't know, but that the messenger who had brought the information would be valuable to them he quickly appreciated.  
 He hastened after the lad, and as he reached the head of the stairs he heard the pattering of bare feet several flights below, going at a rapid rate of speed.  
 He called to him, but the owner of the pattering feet took no heed of his call, and, perceiving the uselessness of attempting to follow him, he desisted and returned to Holbrook's office.  
 As he passed the door of the elevator shaft, it opened to discharge a carload of passengers, and among them Tom recognized the man who had watched them in Lexington avenue.  
 He made no sign of his discovery.  
 In the same carload was the Shadow, and to him Tom gave a sign to follow.  
 As he entered the office again he met Holbrook going out.  
 "Where are you going?" he asked.  
 "Going? To help Annie. To rescue her, of course. Where else would I be going?"  
 This reply was made in a tone of the supremest contempt.  
 "Wait a moment. I want to have a moment's conversation with you."  
 "Don't stop me, Tom. You've been particularly irritating today, and I am hardly in a condition to be responsible for my acts."  
 "That's the truth," replied Tom, calmly, "for else you have a desire to make the rescue of that girl impossible."  
 "What do you mean?" cried Holbrook beside himself. "Have a care. I am in no mood to be trifled with."  
 "Perhaps," said Tom, looking him steadily in the eyes. "But you are in a mood to make an eternal ass of yourself. By heaven, Holbrook, if you leave that door in the frame of mind you are in this minute, I predict you will regret it to the very last hour of your life."  
 Holbrook looked at him angrily, but, nevertheless, he was somewhat staggered by Tom's sudden exhibition of energy.  
 Seeing that he had made an impression, Tom continued:  
 "You want to rescue the girl, but you are going about it in a way to make it impossible—you have taken leave of your usual good common sense. Now give me five minutes and I'll convince you."  
 He laid his hand upon Holbrook's arm. The lawyer sullenly submitted to being led into his private office. Tom closed the door after them.  
 "I do not know but the damage is done already. The man I suspected of watching us in Lexington avenue is in the hall now. If he was within earshot he has heard your injudicious talk."  
 "Point him out to me," said Holbrook, springing to the door, "and he'll never watch any one again."  
 Tom placed himself between Holbrook and the door, crying:  
 "In the name of heaven how can you be such a lunatic?"  
 Holbrook glared at him. Tom turned the key in the door, took it out and put it in his pocket, saying:  
 "I am positively ashamed of you, Holbrook; you act and have acted in this matter like a madman. I tell you, man, this is a case where the lion skin will not do; the fox's skin is the one we want."

[Continued on 4th page.]

**Dress the Hair**  
 With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the Efficacy of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernard, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but it failed in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with success. I then procured Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color."—Mrs. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor,**  
 PREPARED BY  
 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
 Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

**CEDAR SHINGLES,**  
 PINE CLAPBOARDS, HEM-  
 LOCK BOARDS.

Dimensions rive Lumber etc. etc.

FOR SALE BY  
**GEO. BURCHILL & SONS.**

**Cheap Cash Store.**  
 Dry Goods, Boot & Shoes,  
 Provisions of all kinds,  
 Flour & Meal,  
 meats and general supplies constantly on hand at  
 a SWEEZEY'S  
 Lower Napan

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
 The subscriber offers for sale his farm in Napan, containing 140 acres, more or less, 30 rods front, 20 acres cleared, formerly cut 10 tons upland and 10 tons water and Interval Hay, Dwelling House, well watered, good coal fencing, 24 miles from Chatham, sold in two lots if desired. If not sold before Sept. 1st will be offered at Public Auction. Terms easy. Apply to  
 W. M. KERR,  
 Chatham, Oct. 22nd, 1889.

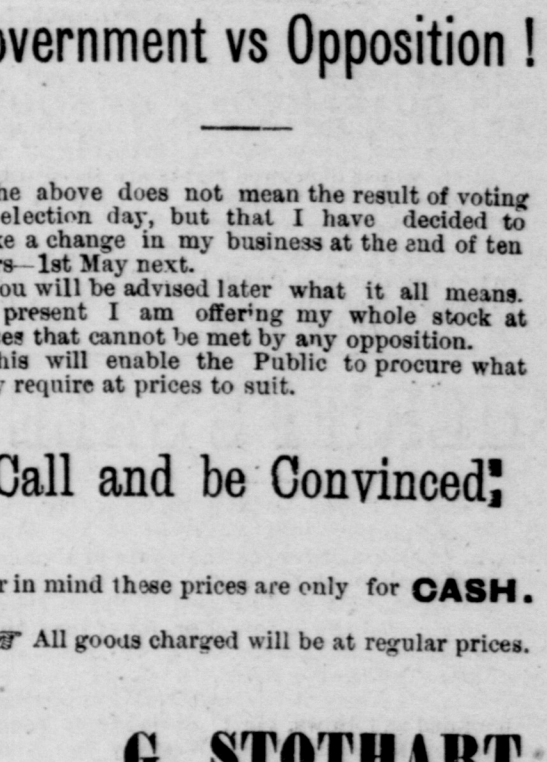
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 —AND—  
**FITTINGS.**  
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**BABBIT METAL.**  
**RUBBER PACKING**  
 Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc  
**J. M. RUDDOCK.**  
 Chatham, N. B.

**1880--1889**  
**Government vs Opposition!**

The change 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—let me say.  
 You will be advised later what it all means. At present I am offering my whole stock at prices that will be met by any one.  
 This will enable the Public to procure what they require at prices to suit.

**Call and be Convinced!**  
 Bear in mind these prices are only for CASH.  
 All goods charged will be at regular prices.

**G. STOTHART.**  
 January 6th, 1890.



**MIRAMICHI**  
 MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE  
**WORK.**  
**John H. Lawlor & Co.,**  
 PROPRIETORS.

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

**Cheese! Cheese!**  
 IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE:  
**2 500 BOXES**  
**Factory Cheese,**  
 For sale low in lots by  
**C. M. BOSTWICK & CO.**