

NEW BUSINESS NOTICES

The MERRIMACK ADVANCE is published at Chatham, N. B., every Friday morning in time for dispatch by the earliest mails of the day.

MARBLE WORKS. The Subscriber has removed his works to the premises known as Golden Hill corner, Chatham, where he is prepared to execute orders for

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

EDWARD BARRY. A good stock of marble constantly on hand.

Robert Murray, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC., ETC., ETC. CHATHAM N. B.

G. B. FRASER, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC AGENT FOR THE NORTH BRITISH MARANTILLA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Warren C. Winslow, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor of Bank of Montreal, CHATHAM N. B.

PIANOS. The Subscriber having taken the Agency of the Emerson Piano, the best and cheapest in the States, and above Catalogue Prices and a sample instrument at any requiring one.

J. N. GARDNER & CO. Wholesale Commission Dealers In Fresh Fish, Lobsters, country Produce &c. NO. 16 T WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.

THOS. FITZPATRICK, HAS REMOVED HIS Boarding & Livery Stable TO THE PREMISES ADJOINING Messrs. Sutherland & Creighton's Water Street, Chatham, N. B.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER, MERCHANT TAILOR, Torryburn Corner, CHATHAM, Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS Established 1866. Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., MERCHANT TAYLORS, AMHERST, N. S.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 17. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 23, 1891. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

WANTED. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Permanent position guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. For particulars apply to D. G. SMITH, Editor, Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

1890-1891 SPECIAL. We are now offering Special Bargains in the following:—

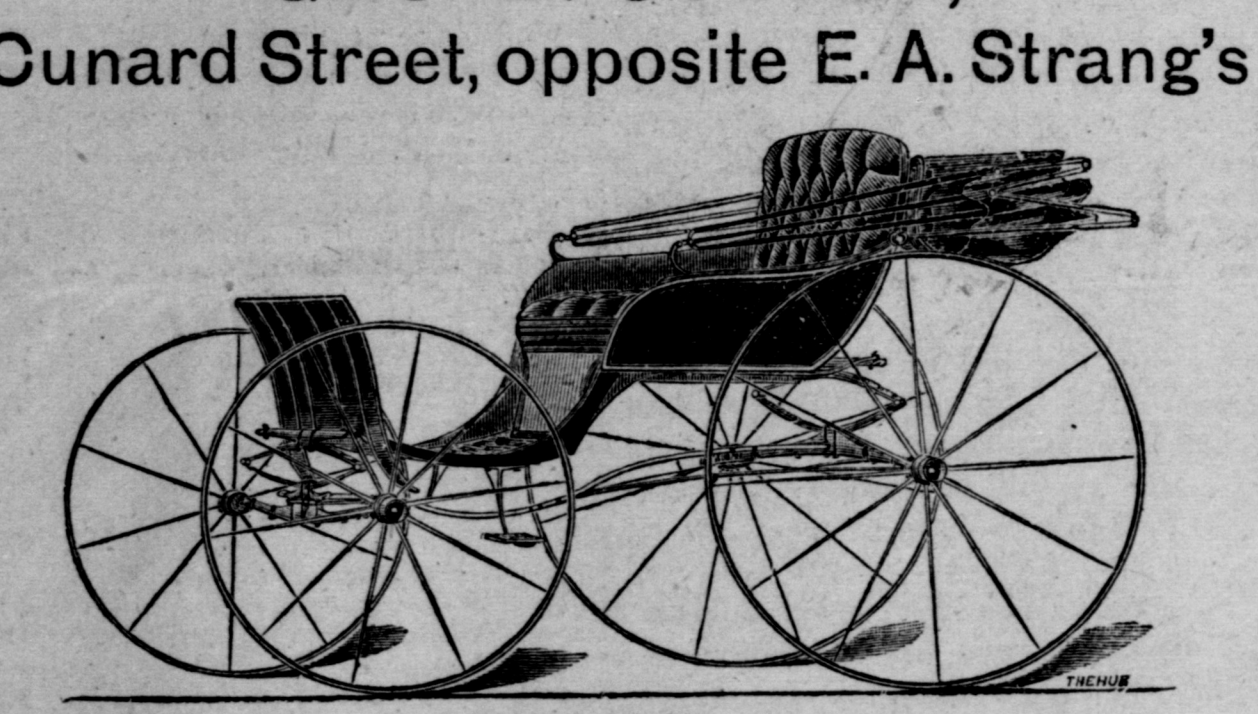
LADIES' ULSTER CLOTH, LADIES' SHAWLS AND CLOAKS, LADIES' FUR COATS, LADIES' FUR BOAS, LADIES' HOSIERY, MEN'S OVERCOATS, MEN'S REEFERS, MEN'S PANTS AND VESTS, BOYS' OVERCOATS, BOYS' REEFERS, BOYS' UNDERWEAR.

WILLIAM MURRAY, Chatham, Dec. 11th, 1890. HAY! HAY! 300 Tons best quality Hay at low rates, by Car or Bale.

WORTH SEEING AND HAVING! FURS! FURS! FURS!

Overcoats, Jackets, Ulsters. Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Reefers. I have a fine Stock. Also Ladies' Ulsters and Jackets in Nice New Styles. CLOTHS, DRESS GOODS. I can show extra value in Cloths for Ladies and Gent's wear—New Patterns. Also Dress Goods a good Assortment.

JAMES BROWN, NEWCASTLE. October 22nd, 1890. GEO. A. CUTTER, Cunard Street, opposite E. A. Strang's



AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED BRANTFORD CARRIAGES, TORONTO, MASSEY AND BUCKEY BOWERS, SHARP'S AND ITRACA RAKES, MASSEY HARVESTER & TORONTO MINERS, CLIPPER AND OTHER PLOUGHS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, CHURNS, HAY FORKS AND CARRIER'S CHAMPION STUMP PULLER, FEED CUTTERS, FANNING MILLS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, ETC., ETC.

HALIFAX! JAMES A. MORRISON, COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT. SPECIALTIES: TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES. AGENT FOR WARREN, COKEHEAD & CO., TEA MERCHANTS, LONDON, ENGLAND. DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOS, W. L. & C. & C. Reference:—Thos. Fyche, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY (N. & W.) SUMMER 1891.

Table with columns for routes (Chatham to Fredericton, Fredericton to Chatham) and fares for different classes of service.

CONNECTING WITH I. C. R. TRAINS. GOING NORTH. LOCAL TIME TABLE. No. 12 EXPRESS. No. 10 EXPRESS.

THOS. HOBEN, Superintendent. Established 1866. Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., MERCHANT TAYLORS, AMHERST, N. S.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORCELAIN BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N. B.

SUMMER STOCK! COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. FULL LINES OF

Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Haberdashery, Carpets, Cutlery, Hats, Caps, etc., etc. HARDWARE.

Wholesale & Retail. J. B. SNOWBALL, CHATHAM.

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WM. McLEAN, Undertaker.

BUTTER & CHEESE. IN STORE AND BOUGHT 1000 Tubs Butter, 1200 Boxes Cheese.

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Notice to the Farmers. French Fort Carding Mill. I have leased the property known as the Hopson Carding Mill at French Fort Cove below Newcastle and placed Mr. Thos. Ambrose the well known carder, as manager.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. JULY 23 1891. A Cardinal Sin.

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW. The six miles of road between Brackley and Redton is delightfully picturesque, but terrible in its gradient. As you drive over it, and pause now and again at some of its most elevated parts, you are filled with two feelings—admiration at the beautiful view you get over Westshire, and pity for your horse. He, poor creature, driven in blinkers is quite unable to understand your admiration, and can only hope your pity will allow him to take his own time up those hills.

It is a terrible road—you get a bit of level ground after leaving Brackley, then the up-and-down system begins. If you are not descending a hill you are ascending one, and the worst hill of the lot is the one about half way, called Steepside, but better known by those who have to climb it often as "Belows-to-mend"—a very significant term, which needs no explanation. You go down a hill called Littlestep—an ironical name which evinces Westshire will be forever yours to Steepside, then the road begins to grow steep forms the apex of a gigantic triangle, the plane of which is Steepside, and the base a line drawn from the bottom of Littlestep to the upper line of road on the former hill.

Even a donkey knows that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side. Westshire folks not being donkeys, from time immemorial a zigzag footpath had been cut or worn up the base line, and a pedestrian, by taking a stiff pull up it, could cut off the best part of a mile of the road; so most people under sixty, whose lungs were in working order, walked that way.

These descriptions are given with the accuracy of an ordnance survey, that you may be able to exactly realise the position of the first witness of some curious events which occurred on the night when Mr. Bouchier, M. P., was kind enough to give a strange man a lift from Brackley to Redton. It is from William the groom's point of view we look first.

He was a stolid young man—irreproachable in appearance, as a gentleman's servant should be, and obedient, as Mr. Bouchier's servants were bound to be. He knew his business well, and upon an emergency could show he was not a fool. He sprang up to the stable door on the night when Mr. Bouchier, M. P., was kind enough to give a strange man a lift from Brackley to Redton. It is from William the groom's point of view we look first.

Had Mr. Bouchier not been so careful of his horse, and had William been left undisturbed on his back seat, he would have been surprised at hearing his master, for the first time on that drive, break silence voluntarily. He would have heard him say abruptly to his companion, "Have you a horse and would have heard the man by his side, who was, no doubt, chaffing at Mr. Bouchier's unmitigated assumption of superiority before his servant, reply with a curt 'No'.

William, of course, did not hear this. It had he might have thought his master was taking a kindly interest in the stranger's belongings. He struggled manfully up the zigzag road for a moment at the top, and then started on the road. Now he was laughing, he thought he might as well go on a bit and spare the horse. He looked back wistfully several times, and at last was rewarded by seeing the lights of the dog-cart approaching. He gave a sign of relief, and continued to walk on at the side of the road. Master would see him, stop and pick him up. Soon he heard the sounds of wheels, the ring of hoofs, and wondering what the doer was, he stopped to kill him, if necessary. It was only when the dog-cart was close to him that the idea entered his head that there was no one in it.

It was too late to think of stopping the horse; and he stood stupid, he afterward said, as the empty vehicle flashed past him. "Men can take care of themselves—horses can't" was an unspoken axiom of William's; so, without more ado, he turned and pursued the retreating carriage; it was not such a foolish action as it seemed to be—shrewdly suspected that any sensible horse would soon become aware of the folly of running away with "Belows-to-mend." This horse, he knew, was a sensible one. William was quite right, for by the time he was nearly pulled, and his legs ready to drop off by reason of the improper use they had made of such a pace, he stopped to kill him, if necessary. It was only when the dog-cart was close to him that the idea entered his head that there was no one in it.

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William gathered up the reins, mounted the box, and retraced his steps down the hill. No damage being done to horse or carriage, he did not think much could be done with the late occupant; but it was well to ascertain as quickly as possible, from force of habit he took up the horse, which lay under his feet, and drew it over his knees. Then a curious thing occurred—a thing which William has never yet been able to explain. He noticed the edge of the rug was wet, and, after raising it, his horse was also wet. So he leaned forward and held his hand in front of the lamp, and his

stolidity gave way when he saw that his dogskin glove was covered with blood. "Tis an accident—an terrible accident! So help me!" said William, and, drawing the worst, he drove down Steepside faster than he ever had dared to drive before—blaming himself for not going after the man before the horse, but also comforting himself by thinking how handy the trap would come in.

He kept a sharp look out, but saw nothing until he reached a point about a hundred yards from that acute angle where the steeper road commences. There, in the moonlight, he saw a tall, erect figure standing near a dark mass lying in the road, and William's heart rejoiced that master was all right, anyway. He stopped the horse, a d in the light of the lamp Mr. Bouchier turned round with a pale, stern face. His hat appeared crushed out of shape, his dark coat covered with dust, his whole appearance dishevelled.

"Accident, sir?" asked William, in awe, but touching his hat, nevertheless. "No, far worse," said Mr. Bouchier, in a grave, solemn voice. "I have shot the man." You might, as William said, have knocked him off his seat with a feather. "Shot him, sir?" he repeated, in amazement. "He tried to rob—I believe to murder me," said his master, in the same grave way. "I was bound to do it in self-defence. If I had been too hasty, may Heaven forgive me!" "Amn," said William, who was not without religious feelings. "Shall I drive to Redton for the constable, sir?" he continued. "I am afraid it's not a case for a constable, answered Mr. Bouchier. "The poor fellow is stone dead."

William offered no further suggestion, but waited commands. His master took one of the lamps out of the socket, and, holding it in his hands, bent over the dead man. He placed his hand on his heart, felt his pulse, and then rose. "He is quite dead. Turn round and get the wheels into the bank; then get down and help me—we can't leave him here. Mr. Bouchier obeyed, abiding as he did so, yet admiring his master's nerve. "Give me the rug," said Mr. Bouchier. "It is all over blood, sir." Mr. Bouchier started. "Nonsense," he said, sharply; "if so, it is mine—give me the rug."

AYER'S PILLS. Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every condition, 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 pill used in our neighborhood."—Redmond C. Conly, New Landing P. O., W. Feliciano 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 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. "I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a Family Medicine for over thirty years, and they have always given me the most satisfaction."—James A. Thomson, Birmingham, 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.

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Oranges, Lemons and Grapes and a large assortment of CONFECTIONERY. PURE GOLD FLAVOURING EXTRACTS AND SPICES A SPECIALTY.

RAISINS AND CURRANTS, Citron and Lemon Peel, AND A RICE LINE OF Gift Cups and Saucers and Mugs, All of which I will sell at REDUCED PRICES. ALEX. MCKINNON. DERAVIN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS ST. JAMES, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin. LEON. DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

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



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Japanned, 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 Stoves with PATENT TELESCOPE OVEN

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